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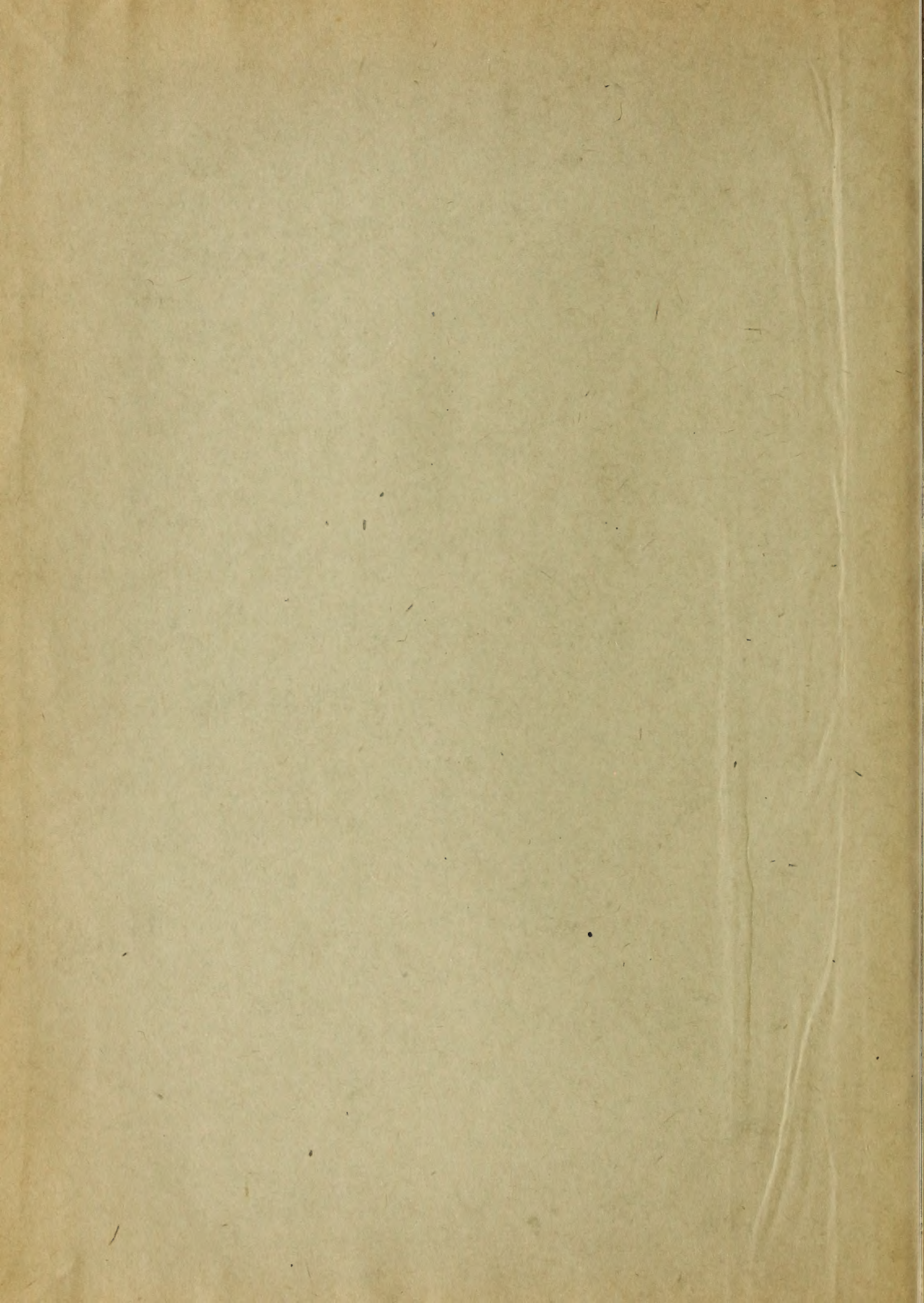


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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XXXVII.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1909, TO APRIL, 1910.

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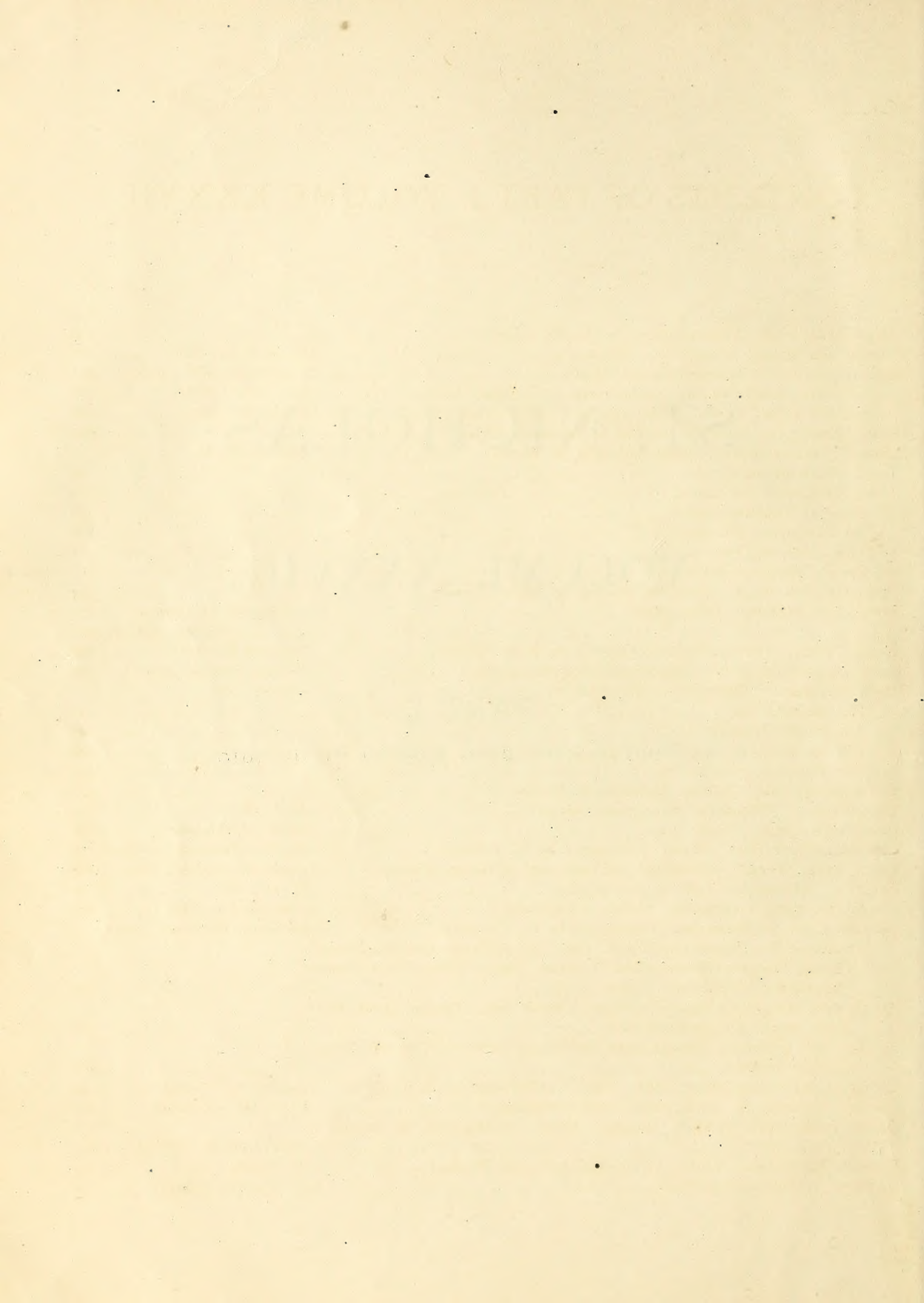


# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXVII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1909, TO APRIL, 1910.





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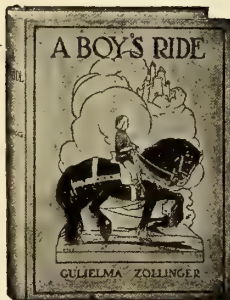
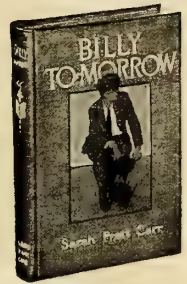
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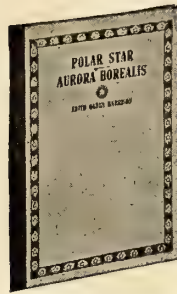
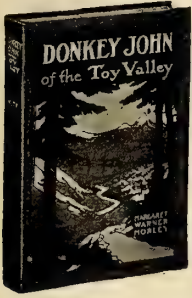
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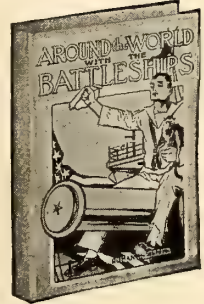
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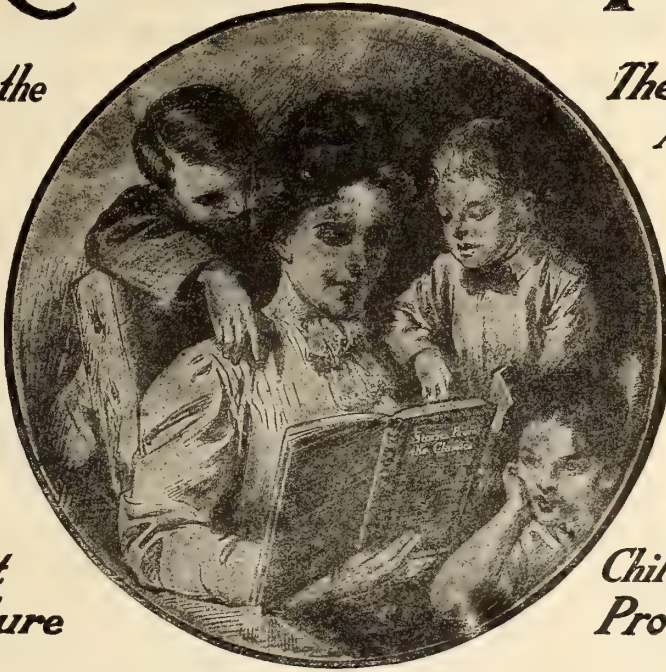
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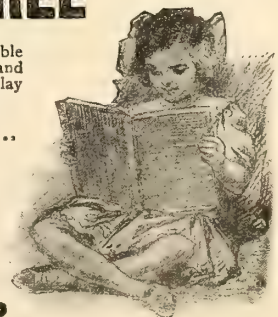
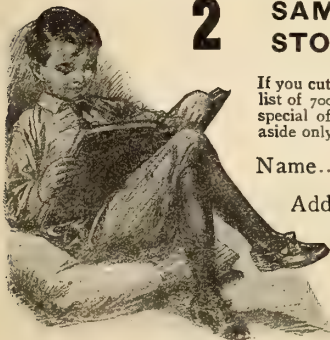
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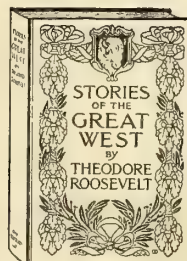
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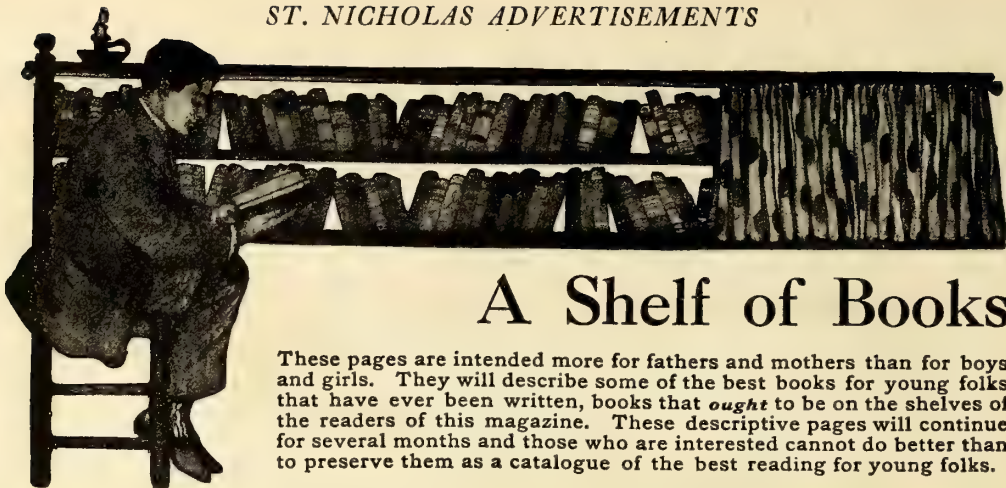


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LITTLE MISS HOLLISTER.

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# ST. NICHOLAS

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## THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

### CHAPTER I

#### THE VICOMTE LANDS

A SEAFARING man, who had come from Ipswich by the London coach and walked to Dedham from Stratford St. Mary, had openly boasted in the tap-room of the Sun Inn that he knew every inlet on the North Sea coast between Mersey Island and the port of Hull. At this, both Master Anthony Packe, then in his fifteenth year, and John Constable, two years the other's senior, were prodigiously impressed, then and there putting him down for a smuggler, which, as a matter of fact, he was.

These suspicions were by no means decreased when, shouldering a stick to which he had tied all his portable belongings done up in a red bandana handkerchief, the man left the village at sunset and set off along the tow-path in the direction of Flatford Mill.

A quick word passed between the boys. John vouched he had caught a glimpse of the heel of a pistol-butt; and Anthony was even ready to swear that he had seen the stain of blood on the stranger's hands. Whereupon, the adventurous pair set off to follow him, holding back under cover of the willows that fringe the banks of the Stour.

The man, with his thick, bushy eyebrows curling upward from above a pair of penetrating eyes and his short, stubbly beard as black as ink, looked a desperate blade, and into the bargain as strong as Hercules. He was nearly as broad as he was high, with a chest as deep as a churn.

Altogether, there was an element of adventure in the air—so much so, in fact, that at Flatford the boys, deeming it expedient to reinforce their party, called for their comrade Willie Lott, who lived at the now famous house by the Mill, and told him they were on the track of a dangerous man. Lott listened, and observed that he had best get hold of a bit of a stick. He then turned into the cottage and came out again with a bludgeon that could have felled an ox.

"Are you armed yourselves?" asked Lott.

They both felt in their pockets. Anthony produced a "catapult," a sort of powerful bean-shooter; but John Constable could do nothing better than a sketch-book and a box of crayons.

"No matter," laughed Willie, as yet as bold as brass. "I reckon the three of us will be as much as he 'll care to manage."

And at that they set off together, still keeping to the riverside.

Owing to the delay, they had temporarily lost sight of the man, but on quickening their footsteps they soon caught the sound of his boots sucking and cheeping in the mud, though he himself was entirely lost to view; for, by then, the sun had set, and a mist was risen in the valley that was only topped by the tall white poplars and the crest of Jupe's Hill above the osier-bed to the south.

Between Dedham and Flatford the country is laid out in rich pastures, bounded by leafy, tortuous lanes, with here and there a hayrick or a barn. But at Jupe's and the Valley Farm this



Arcadia, that in after years John Constable, the great landscape-painter, was to make so famous, comes abruptly to an end; and in the year of grace seventeen hundred and ninety-two he who ventured farther set foot on no-man's-land. It is a stretch of open marsh, as level as the sea. The poplars no longer tower into the air; and even the crooked, dripping willows are few and far between.

As the three boys picked their way across the marsh, they felt their pulses quicken; for it was an ugly place at any time, and most of all at night. There are many weird legends of the Essex flats, of ghosts and will-o'-the-wisps, and even in quite recent years there were smugglers in the creeks. And barefaced ruffians they were, who made no secret, but rather boasted openly, of their crimes; breaking into the inns at Brantham in the small hours and shouting loudly for rum, with their pistols smoking and the powder

first and as cunning as the latter; and they put their trust in no men, least of all their friends.

Yet this was not the whole of it. There were other dangers by the score. There were the dikes and bogs and, last but not least, there was Judas Gap—a wooden gate, surmounted by a bridge, that separates the water of the river from that of a wide and silent pool.

This spot lies in the marshland between Flatford and Brantham locks. The pool itself is about a hundred feet across. No man yet has ever found its depth; and if you throw a stone into the center, it goes in with a dull splash, rather like that of a bullet into a bank of clay. Perhaps a moor-hen starts up from the reeds and makes off up one of the creeks, the only sign of life that is anywhere to be seen. Then it is that you may stand upon the Gap itself and watch the rings upon the surface, rippling toward the bank, so quick and close upon each other that it is not



"THE MAN BOASTED IN THE SUN INN THAT HE KNEW EVERY INLET ON THE COAST."

on their thumbs. They were none of your forest outlaws or peeping fugitives in caves: they carried their cutlasses in their belts and their lives in their horny hands, by day and night, in the lowlands or out on the open sea. They knew the dikes and the osier-beds as only the otters and the foxes knew them; they were as quick as the

possible to count them. You stand in patience, waiting for them to end. But the rippling circles only laugh at you; you have filled the place with life, and as they softly lap the woodwork at your feet, each time it is as if it were the traitor's kiss.

Judas Gap is against the river-bank on the Essex side; and the gate is green with slime and

warped with many years. Yet, should a dog go down to the pool to drink, he quickly turns away, for the water is salt, though the sea is miles away.

The truth of the matter is, that there is a long and narrow creek, which, twisting and turning as the river does, in general direction runs parallel to the Stour, and carries the sea-water from the estuary up to Judas Pool. When the river is swollen, the fresh water pours down and mingles with the salt; and at twelve o'clock, when the moon is full and the spring tides rise across the marshes, it is the creek that is flooded, and the salt water bursts into the river at the Gap.

When the man boasted in the Sun Inn that he knew every inlet on the coast, a significant look passed between the boys. Though they never spoke, they understood each other; for the look meant "Judas Gap!" Instantaneously, the eyes of both went back again to the man: and it was then that Constable thought he saw the pistol-butt; and Anthony, the blood upon the stranger's hands.

At the meeting of the Old River with the Stour the stranger turned to the south, toward the cattle bridge that leads to the open marsh. In the silence, the boys heard his heavy boots ring out upon the planking. There was something ghostly in no-man's-land at night.

With fast-beating hearts they crossed after him on tiptoe. As they reached the center of the bridge a water-rat slid into the black, weedy water, and made up the stream. Each of the boys involuntarily drew back his hands and clutched his neighbor's sleeve.

Across the bridge, they stopped to listen. The man had turned to the north.

At Judas Gap he halted; and the three paused to listen, crouching low in the long, coarse grass, while the water drew in about their knees.

They remained thus for some time, during which the stranger could never have moved, else they had heard his boots in the mud; and previously he had taken little care of how he went, never suspecting that there were followers on his track. The whole place was inordinately still. They heard only a pewit cry and the rising tide in the creek gently stir the reeds. There was not a breath of air when the moon rose and caught the standing water on the marsh.

Suddenly a long whistle, soft at first, but swelling as it gained a higher note, broke out upon the silence of the night. It came from Judas Gap.

Then a silence, during which the boys hardly dared to breathe. The whistle was repeated. And then from far across the marsh came an answering call, like an echo faint and broken in the distance.

Lott's teeth began to chatter, but he closed his jaw with a snap, and laid a tighter hold upon his club. Constable was low down in the grass; and despite the water that trickled in at the top of his boots, he never moved. Anthony alone had raised himself. His eyes were peering eagerly in the direction of the Gap.

How long they remained there they could not afterward say. It seemed an interminable time.

At last they caught the sound of the wash of oars: a boat was stealthily approaching up the creek. Time and again a bird rose from the rushes; and they heard an otter take the river to their left.

The moon now lit up the valley, and, catching the white lowland mist, spread over it a white, iridescent sheen, like that of phosphorus in the sea.

"Boys," exclaimed Lott, in horror, "they're coming right on the top of us!"

"Hist!" whispered Anthony. "They are in the creek, you fool! I'm going on to see."

And before they could stop him, he had slipped like an eel from between them, and soon was lost in the mist.

His two companions looked at each other askance. There was not a yard between them. In the pale moonshine they each thought how white was the other. It was some time before either found the voice to speak.

"I'm going to follow him, Willie, or see where he goes," said Constable, at last, very brave, but with a tremor in his voice.

He moved forward; but Willie Lott had quickly grasped him by the leg.

"Wait a bit!" he gasped; "wait a bit for me! I'm not going to loiter here alone! There's been dead men found in Judas Pool before to-night."

"Then come on," said Constable; "only keep your head down, or we're lost."

"Oh," groaned Lott, "I wish I'd never come!"

Nevertheless, he had; and no doubt hoping to make the best of a bad job, he pulled himself together, and they crept on side by side. They paused frequently to listen. Each time they heard the boat drawing near to the entrance to the pool. They could now hear the water dripping from the oars. Then, on again they went, until they came unexpectedly upon Master Anthony, flat upon his face, on the bank of the pool not five yards from Judas Gap.

The river was on the one hand, the pool upon the other. Near by, a water-lily caught the current of the stream; and the water lipped and juggled on the leaf. The moonshine fell upon the pool, which was all but filled to overflowing. The



white face of the salt water between the rush-grown banks was as still and silent as a stone upon a grave.

Upon the opposite bank, between themselves and the entrance to the creek, stood an oak-tree, gnarled and crippled—the only one for miles around. (It is now fallen to the water's edge; but all this took place more than a hundred years ago.) Beneath the oak a twig snapped suddenly. They guessed it was the man, though they could not see him; he was altogether lost in the darkness under the tree.

"There are two, at least," whispered Lott, "and maybe there 's a score."

"What of it?" answered Anthony, in disdain.

"What of it!" echoed the other. "Why, if we were caught—" But Anthony had sharply closed Lott's mouth with the palm of his hand. For, at that moment, a boat shot out from the creek to the center of the pool.

By the light of the moon they could distinguish two figures: the one, in the bow, leaning well forward on his oars; the other, seated on the stern seat, as a man lies back in a comfortable chair.

"Are you there, Gipsy?" said a voice, hushed and very hoarse.

And "Aye, aye" came from the other side.

"Shall I run her under the tree?"

"That ain't no good," replied the man they had followed. "Do you back her against t' other side, an' I 'll come round to yer there."

"Lost!" groaned Lott; "we 're lost!"

The man backed the boat into the reeds, close to the spot where the three boys were. They were no longer the sleuth-hounds. It seemed that now the tables were turned. Indeed, their situation was none of the pleasantest, for, in order to reach the boat, the man from the other side would have to pass within a few yards of where they lay. Fortunately Anthony had selected a place where the grass was high; and they lay flat upon their chests, listening to their hearts thumping against the ground.

As the man passed the Gap he stepped into a puddle, and the water, splashing against John Constable's face, sent a cold shiver down his back. But he passed without seeing them; and at one and the same moment they all three breathed again.

The other man in the boat now struck a light and lit a lantern, which cast a bright golden pathway across the surface where the troubled water danced. Leaving the lamp in the bow, he next sprang on to the bank, and made fast the painter to a pilehead in the reeds. This done, he knelt down at the water's edge, holding the gunwale of the boat close beneath the bank.

At that, the man in the stern rose lazily from his seat; and so close was he to the boys that they even heard him yawn. He then stretched himself, extending his arms at full length, and they could see the lace falling about his wrists.

"Hurry up, me lud," growled the man at the water's edge. "I ain't a-going to hold this boat here all night."

"Mon Dieu, but I am stiff," drawled the other, in tones that sounded particularly melodious after those of the men who had spoken before. "So this is your island fog of which I have so often heard?"

"Fog!" exclaimed the other. "Fog! Sink me, this ain't no highland fog, governor! It 's wot we calls a bit of a river mist."

"Ah, of the mist I know nothing; but it is bitter indeed, as you say."

"Well, supposing yer ludship steps on ter dry land."

"Pardon, the land is wet. That much, at least, I can see."

"Don't argify," roared the other.

"I have not my dictionnaire."

"Git out, or I 'll jump in an' kick yer out of it!"

"My friend, I will make that unnecessary. I will do as you say. But, I tell you frankly, I am not impressed with either this England of yours—or yourself."

At that, he stepped gaily on to land; and as he did so the light from the lantern caught the silver buckles of his shoes.

And thus it was that the Vicomte des Ormeaux first set foot upon the shores of England.

## CHAPTER II

### HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN

THROUGHOUT this conversation the man whom the boys had followed, and who had been addressed as "Gipsy," had kept back some paces from the bank. He now approached, and touched his hat to the Vicomte in a surly kind of a way.

"Where do yer want ter git to?" he asked.

"A house, my friend," was the suave reply; "any sort of a house where I can close the door and keep out your bitter river mist."

"Yer won't keep away from the dags in the *Stow-er* Walley this time o' year," growled the other.

"Ah, my very thought!" exclaimed the Vicomte, closing his snuff-box with a snap, "though I understand not a word of what you say."

And there he was, standing in the moonlight, as straight as a larch, and a very courtly figure of a man. He spoke our language prettily, with only the shadow of a French accent. He pro-

nounced each word separately, in a crisp, incisive manner, fearing perhaps that he might find a difficulty in being understood. But of this there was little chance. The correctness of his pronunciation, as everything else about him, was plainly overdone. And in this, when we know him better, we shall find his most rooted weakness. He did everything *too* well. It would have been better for him in the end had he been a little less of a masterful man. He was a bundle of self-confidence, as he was a mountain of resource. It was not within the man, either in love or in war, ever to acknowledge defeat. He knew how to fight to the end. When fair means failed, he turned to foul; for it is very doubtful whether he ever possessed a code of honor of his own. He was as cruel as a panther, and as cunning as a fox. Yet, even after we have learned to hate him, to do him justice we must still carry this much in our minds: he had always with him a subtle sense of humor and was inordinately brave.

The man in the boat suddenly blew out his lantern and sprang upon the bank.

"Lookee here, me lud," he said, with a touch of meekness that he plainly considered a joke; "what did yer ludship pay me for?"

"What for," answered the Vicomte, "but to place me in safety in your fog-begotten land."

"Ex-act-ly," added the man, drawing out the syllables and emphasizing each with a nod of the head. "Now," he went on, "me and my mate are honorable gents. Ain't we, Gipsy?" he added hurriedly, as if he anticipated contradiction.

"We are," said Gipsy. "Sink us if we ain't."

"Well," continued the other, "me and my mate considers that at this point of the proceedings we ought ter come ter a definite understanding with yer ludship. Don't we, Gipsy?"

"We does," said Gipsy. "Both on us."

"Ex-act-ly." And there he stopped.

"Pray proceed," remarked the Vicomte.

"Gipsy," said the man, suddenly turning to his comrade, "do you perceed, as his ludship orders."

Gipsy drew in a long breath, like a man about to dive.

"My name 's Yates," he began, "Gipsy Yates, on account of me complexion, which you can't see because it 's dark; and my mate here (who 's a honorable gent same as me) hands me sealed orders to heave to at Judas Gap at eight o'clock ter-night, and—well, here I am," he ended a trifle weakly.

"I don't dispute it," said the Vicomte. "But in the meantime my feet are getting confoundedly damp."

"That 's due to them there finnickin' boots," observed Gipsy. "But where was we?"

"At eight o'clock to-night," prompted the Vicomte.

"Ya-as. Well, my mate tells me he 's undertook to land you safe an' sound in merry England, and being a honorable gent, born an' bred, he 's done it; and you being another honorable gent, also born an' bred, has paid him; and the whole transaction was fair and square and aboveboard—while it lasted. But it 's finished—savvy?"

"Pardon?"

"There ain't no pardong about it. You 're in England, all right? Are n't yer?"

The Vicomte threw up his hands.

"Ma foi!" he cried, looking around him. "Am I likely to forget it!"

"Well, then," continued Mr. Yates, "wot my mate wishes to specify is that he ain't undertook to take you further."

"Then, gentlemen," said the Vicomte, with the shadow of a bow, "I have only to thank you for your service, and to wish you both a very good night."

And at that he took a step forward, but Gipsy caught him roughly by the arm.

"Not so sloppy," he observed. "It ain't no use stepping off across the marsh by yerself. You 'll only walk into a dike; and maybe it 'll be fower months afore yer gets washed up at Brantham. I 'll show yer the way inter Dedham, as a matter of ettiket atween gents, arter you 've handed over to me and my mate all the waluables yer has about yer. Now, then, fust of all, the coin."

The Vicomte, whistling, pulled out his purse.

"I have precisely one louis d'or, three francs, and a twenty-five-centime piece."

"Me lud," cried the second man, "that won't go. We ain't a-going to accept that. Are we, Gipsy?"

"We ain't," said Gipsy. "Neither on us."

"Accept it or not as you will," was the serene reply. "It is all I have."

"It 's going to be five louis," growled Gipsy, "or—Judas Gap."

"Ma foi!" exclaimed the Vicomte, with a glance toward the pool. "We live in a world of complexities! I have but just escaped from my native land, where they wanted to cut off my head because I had too much money; and I am no sooner arrived here than you wish to drown me because I have not enough. Truly, it is not possible to give satisfaction to every one!"

"Well, one louis ain't going to satisfy us."

Mr. Yates stepped away from the Vicomte and drew from his pocket a long cord coiled around a stick.

"Un moment!" cried the Vicomte, for the first time raising his voice. "You imagine, gentlemen,



that you have me in a trap. Permit me to explain to you that the opposite is the case. I suspected this, and have made my plans accordingly. Gentlemen, you are completely surrounded. Observe!"

Gipsy dropped the cord, and the other man as suddenly let fall a shout of surprise, as three heads came simultaneously out of the grass. The Vicomte had placed himself on the other side of the men, and confronted them, with fingers on the triggers of a brace of pistols in his hands.

It was a wonderful stroke, yet no longer wonderful when we consider the man's inherent custom of finesse. Though his voice had been perfectly calm and he had appeared throughout self-possessed and wholly at his ease, all the time he had been glancing around for some method of escape. The marsh everywhere was desolate. He had no idea of where he was. He only knew that if he followed the creek he would come again upon the sea. He had passed the lights of Manningtree and Brantham, and little doubted that at one of these places he would be able to find a lodging for the night, if he could but free himself from the ruffians who were then threatening his life. This, therefore, he made up his mind to do; and in looking about him to select his ground for escape, his sharp eyes caught the figures of the boys, who, at the instigation of Anthony, exposed their heads at the Vicomte's words.

Lott actually rose to his feet before Anthony could stop him. Fortunately, he was the tallest of the three, and in the gloom might very well have been a full-grown man. But Anthony, who from the start had fallen in with the Vicomte's game of bluff, held John Constable to the ground by force.

"Mate," exclaimed the boatman, "we 're nabbed! Who 'd 'a' thought it! But we ain't took yet!" And as quick as lightning he whipped a knife from his belt. He had taken one step toward the Vicomte, when a stone from Anthony's bean-shooter caught him clean between the eyes.

He went down into the mud, groaning loudly and crying out that he was shot through the brain.

The Vicomte stepped across to Gipsy, and, holding a pistol before his eyes, told him with a great show of politeness to hold up both hands.

"Mercy, me lud!" the man let out. "It was all gammon wot I told yer of Judas Gap. We was only frightening yer, truth we was."

If that was all, they had made a sorry show of it; for never was a man more tranquil in the world. Yet he said nothing in reply, but just took Gipsy by the sleeve, and led him to the bank of Judas Pool, all the time holding his pistol within

an inch of the fellow's ear. And there he suddenly bundled him into the boat.

After he had done that, he returned to the other man, who was by then upon his feet, holding his head and still crying out that he had been shot through the brain. When the Vicomte again raised his pistol, the fellow protested that it was enough to have killed a man once; and forgetting for the moment he was dead, leaped vigorously into the boat, taking the painter with him. He dropped clean on to the back of his comrade's neck. Yates, thinking it was the Vicomte, let fly with his fist, and, catching him under the chin, laid him out full length in the bow, more nearly dead than he ever had been before.

By the time Yates was obliged to stop for want of breath, the boat had drifted to the center of the pool, and the only sound to be heard was the Vicomte's rippling laugh—soft, low, and artificial, yet as much a part of himself as his cambric handkerchief or the buckles on his shoes.

There was something catching in it, nevertheless; and Anthony, despite himself, found he was laughing too.

"He who laughs last laughs longest," said the Vicomte. "But may I ask to whom I am indebted for salvation?"

"My name is Anthony Packe, at your service, sir." And the boy bowed, for he had caught a little of the courtesy of the Vicomte.

"And your friend?"

"John Constable of East Bergholt on the hill."

Lott stepped forward of his own accord.

"And Willie Lott of Flatford Mill," said he, putting Anthony to shame in the matter of a bow. "And here 's my bit of a stick, and here 's my hand!"

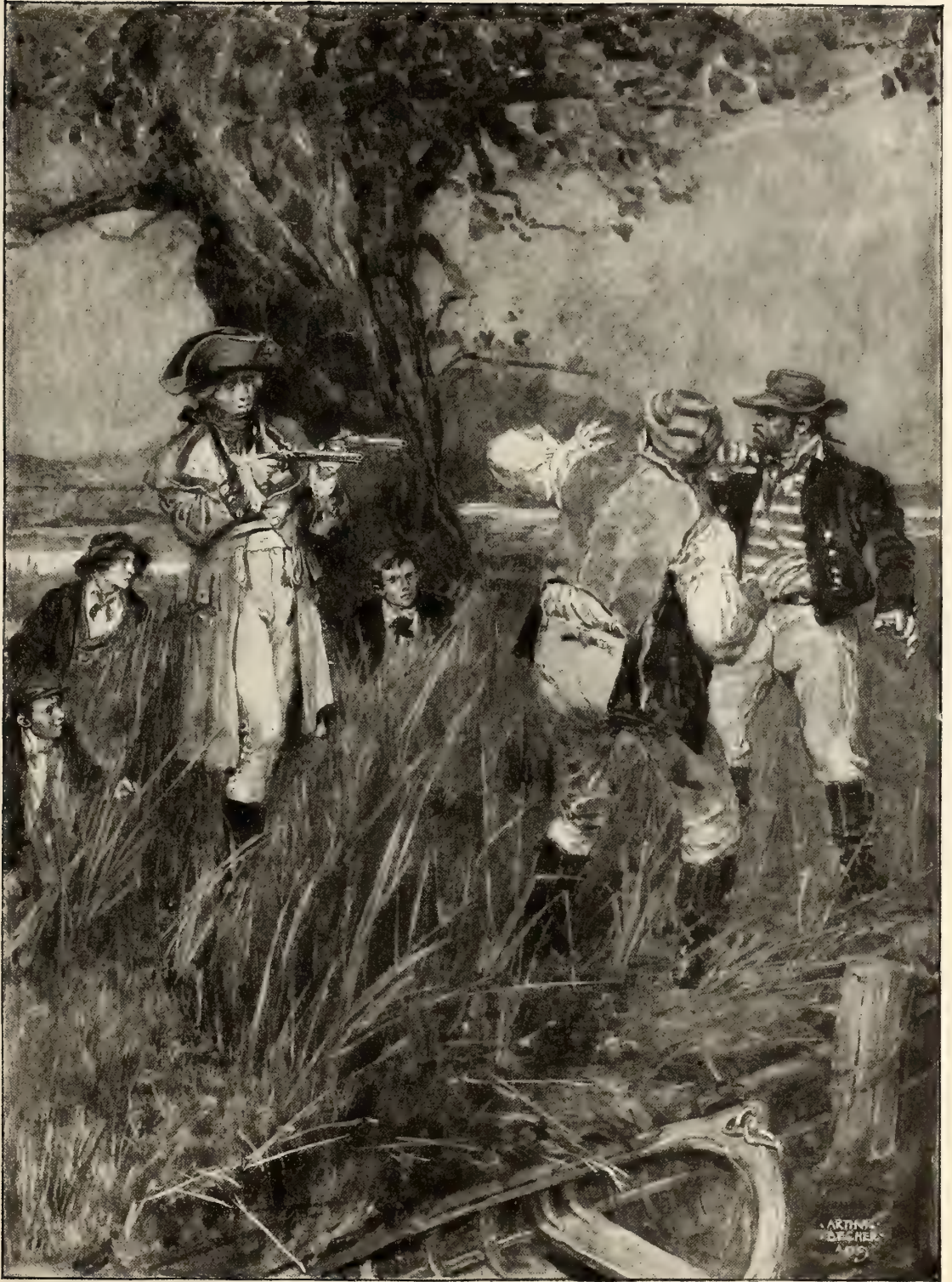
The Vicomte smiled, and took it. Then he winced; for his own hand was thin and white and no larger than a girl's.

"I am overcome with the honor," he said, somehow managing to smile again, though it is doubtful whether he ever forgave Willie Lott that shake of the hand. And indeed, in after years, Lott himself bitterly repented it.

But on the famous night that the Frenchman landed they little dreamt of what the future had in store. Indeed, then, as for months afterward, they deemed him all that a courtly gentleman could be.

The boys led him away from the marshlands; for he had again complained that his feet were wet and cold. Together they ascended Juke's Hill, and entered Dedham, long after midnight, by way of the Manningtree Road. On the way he told them tales of the Revolution: of how his





"THE VICOMTE CONFRONTED THEM WITH A BRACE OF PISTOLS IN HIS HANDS."



brother had died upon the scaffold and how he had seen his father's statue pulled down from its pedestal and shattered in the street in the midst of a cheering mob.

That there had been a statue of the Frenchman's father in Paris, profoundly impressed the boys; and, on being further questioned upon the matter, the Vicomte owned that he had once counted as his greatest friend Louis XVI of France, who was his King. Then he went on to tell them of the terrible doings in Paris: of how the mob was running the government and had sent many of the nobility to the guillotine; of how the King had fled in a glass coach, with the pale faces of his wife and children hidden in their cloaks; of how Jacobins had converted Paris into a very stubble-field of gibbets, and of how "his" France was now dead and soon would be forgotten, and the prison lock had turned upon his King. So that in no time he had the three of them gaping and flushed in the face, and they were come to Dedham Street.

Very dark and deserted it was; nowhere was there any one about. The old weavers' houses lay together where the moonshine mingled with the fog, in a single snaky line, that crossed the shadow of the tall tower of the church and gained the lower slopes of the valley-side.

The Vicomte stood in the square and ran his eye along the street. He made a wry face, as if he were about to take a dose of some unpalatable medicine. Then, all of a sudden, he launched out at the height of excitement, throwing his hands wildly into the air and making the ruffles dance.

"Saved!" he cried. "Mon Dieu, but I am saved! My head should be in the basket of the guillotine; my body should be floating in the Seine! But I am here—here in this fog-begotten village; and I shake my fist at the stars!"

It was play-acting; nothing more. It was manifestly done only for effect; for the stars of which he spoke were hidden in the mist. The last words he had shouted at the top of his voice; and without so much as drawing breath, he added: "Where's the inn?"

But not one of his listeners yet could find his voice. Louis des Ormeaux would have made his mark upon the stage.

"I must find a lodging for the night," he continued. "We must rouse up these good people. It is necessary for me to sleep."

Then Anthony Packe, upon a sudden, generous impulse, did the thing which was at the root of all the trouble that the future held in store.

"If you will come with me to my home," he said, "I am sure you will find my father will

give you a hearty welcome. All his sympathies are with the Royalists in France."

The Vicomte agreed upon the instant. So, leaving John Constable and Lott to spend the night at Dedham Mill,—which was the property of Constable's father,—Anthony and the Vicomte passed through the street, and followed the road along the Essex side of the Stour, until they came to the house that was called Nether Hall, that lay back a little from the road.

Here Anthony, turning in at the gate, set to a knocking at the great oaken door.

It was several minutes before a front window was thrown violently open and a head in a night-cap was thrust out into the air.

"I 'll not let ye in, ye young blackguard!" bel-  
lowed a voice so loud that they heard the roosting birds shifting on the branches of the trees.

"But, Father—"

"Outside ye are, and outside ye 'll stop, ye ragamuffin. Nor dare to speak a word to me. Gallivanting about in the dead of night, ye blackguard! What would the country come to if all were the likes o' ye?"

"But, Father—"

"Don't keep on fathering me! I disown ye, once and for all. If ye choose to come home at this time of the night, ye can sleep in a ditch for aught care I, or get some of your own low-down playmates to take ye home to their pigsties of cottages; but the only bit o' my house you rest on is the door-stone."

And down went the window with a bang.

"A cordial greeting!" observed the Vicomte, laughing again.

"I apologize," said Anthony, meekly.

"For what? For a stern parent? An excellent thing for any one to have."

"Can you climb?" asked Anthony.

"Mon Dieu, no! I would never force my way into a stranger's house."

"He 'll give you welcome enough," answered Anthony; "but he does not know you are here. He was in too great a rage either to notice you or to give me time to explain. I know!" he cried, as if a sudden thought had struck him. "My sister's window! She 'll come down and let us in! She's done it before for me, and my father never says anything to her."

So round they went to the side of the house, where they threw pebbles from the pathway against a window that Anthony pointed out.

It opened; and all they could see was something white.

"Cis?"

"Oh, Anthony!"

By her voice she was excessively shocked. The

Vicomte was under the cedar-tree, bowing with unceasing vigor, with his hat upon his heart.

"Cicely, let me in?"

They passed on tiptoe round to the front; and there they waited patiently in the porch.

At last the door opened; and Anthony stepped in, leading the Vicomte by the hand.

Cicely Packe stood in the hall, candle in hand, and in terrible dishabille, with her fair hair

hanging about her shoulders, and wrapped around with a shawl.

"Monsieur le Vicomte des Ormeaux," said Anthony, with a regal wave of the hand, "allow me to present you to my sister, Mistress Cicely Packe."

The Vicomte bowed, lower than ever before.

But Cicely only turned very red and then blew out the light.

*(To be continued.)*



## HUMPTY DUMPTY

BY INEZ F. FOSTER

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,  
 Yet Humpty Dumpty feared not a fall,  
 For the King and his men had promised when  
 He fell, they would put him together again.  
 So there he waited for some one to pass,  
 Till Alice came "through the looking-glass"  
 And said, as she saw him sitting there:  
 "Why, it 's Humpty Dumpty, I declare!"



# THE GAME



BY WILLIAM R. BENET

*Crouching on the sidelines in Indian array,  
Watching for the desperate gain that turns the tide to-day:  
Roar—Roar!*

*The stands are howling "Score!"  
Hearken to the substitutes eager for the fray.*

Clenching hands, the Fullback stands,—his body rigid, tense.  
There 's a surge, a thudding impact, and a cluster of defense.

*Haul it through—*

*Maul it through!*

*Crash—and up again.*

Quarterback is yelping now, "Four-eleven-ten!"

*What? Begun already?*

*Keep your eyesight steady.*

*Lay your plan, pick your man, and tackle diving in.*

*Thew to thew and eye to eye*

*Play it cool and heady.*

*It 's the game—game—game now!*

*The game you 've got to win!*

Hunching low, the lines wait so, for Center's snap and lunge—  
For trampling charge and mêlée and the bucking, toppling plunge.

*Ram it through—*

*Jam it through!*

*Up and into place!*

Curb your bitter temper or you 'll get five yards disgrace!

*Yes, begun already!*

*Steady, Tackles, steady!*

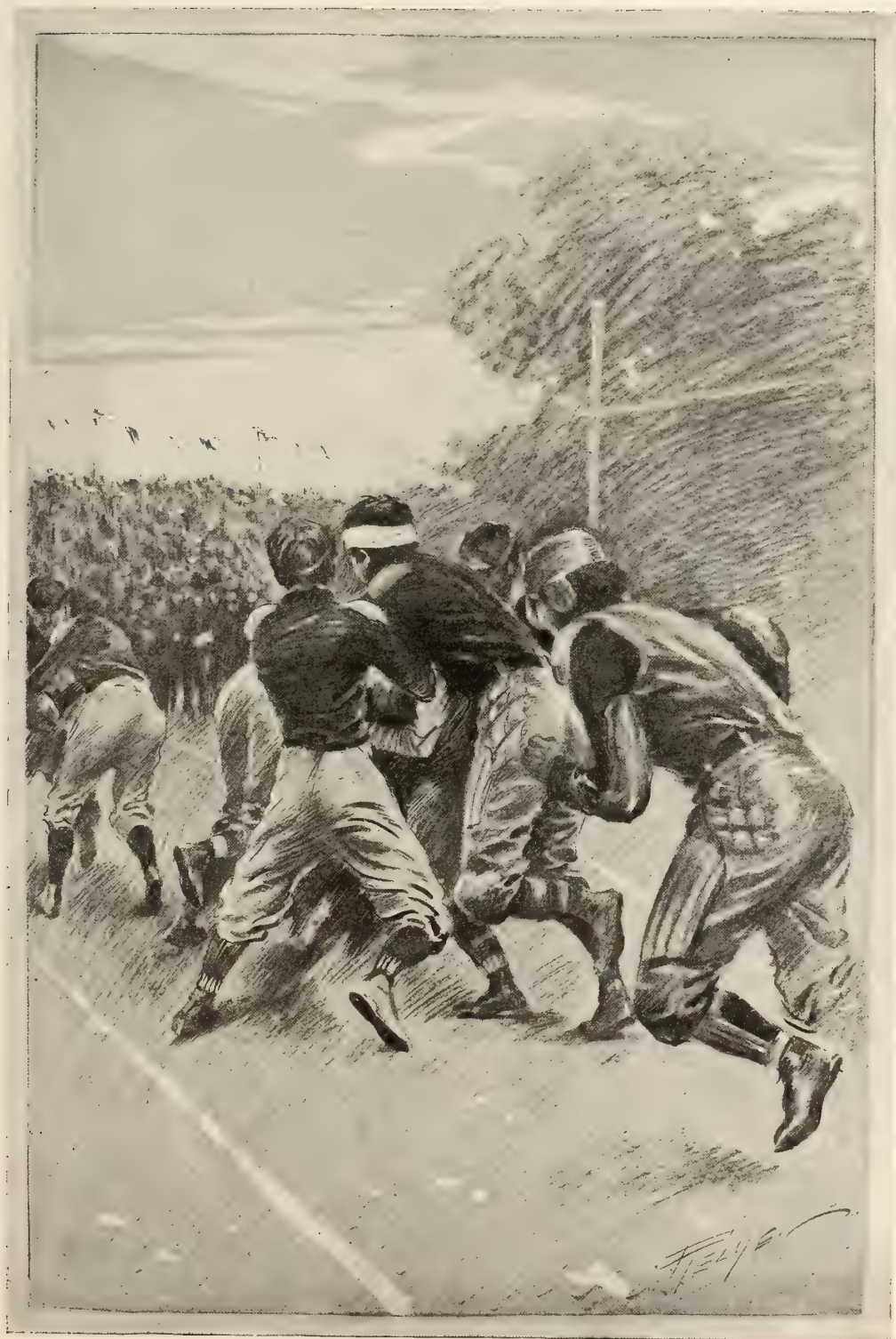
*Ends, be quick to block a kick, and tackle diving in!*

*Knee to knee and arm to arm*

*Play it cool and heady.*

*It 's the game—game—game now!*

*The game you 've got to win!*



"EVERY YARD CONTESTED HARD."



## THE GAME

One man back—the line holds slack. It 's sure to be a kick.  
 Long pass—feint—a scamper . . . A-ah! It 's nothing but a trick!  
     Shake it up—  
     Break it up!  
     See, he 's getting clear!  
 Watch him dodge and double with the open field so near.

*Strategy already?  
 Meet it, Halves,—be steady!  
 Keep your sense for last defense—and Quarterback close in!  
 Turn for turn and feint for feint—  
 Steady, cool and heady!  
 It 's the game—game—game now!  
 The game you 've got to win!*

Every yard contested hard, so the issue sways.  
 Once, beneath their goal-posts, the stands will wave ablaze!  
     Push it on—  
     Rush it on!  
     Hold 'em—one and all!  
 A final moleskin-ripping heave—and—over goes the ball!

*Over? Yes, already!  
 Held them both halves steady!  
 Broke their line like rotten twine, and boxed their end-men in!  
 Punt for punt and gain for gain  
 We matched them, cool and heady!  
 The game won! The game won!  
 They said we could n't win.*

*Leaping on the sidelines with frenzied shout and scream—  
 Umpire's whistle in their ears, like a shriek of steam,  
     Roar—Roar!  
 The stands are howling "Score!"  
 Harken to the substitutes cheering for the team!*





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"DIVIDED AFFECTION."

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.





## DAWDLES

( "Doctor Daddiman" Stories )

BY DR. JOHN C. SCHAPPS

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY Y. CORY

IN the morning, after the Senior Partner has lighted the fires, he visits the Junior Partner while the house is warming. Cuddled down so comfortably, with the stronger arm around the warm, soft, drowsy little form, and the young head on the father's shoulder, they meet the coming of the day. It is a time of dream and story, of plans and secrets; a time when the hearts of both are fresh and brave, when the good is large and the bad is small, a "close-together" time.

And it all came from the Junior Partner having the dawdles.

Now perhaps you think that it is not fair to be always telling about the Junior Partner's ailments or what the fussy would call his faults. Why, bless your dear heart! I would n't do anything to hurt the Junior Partner's feelings. I know very well that if you had something unusual the matter with you, you would not like to have attention called to it. Have you ever seen thought-

less people staring right at a lame person or a person with a strange mark on the face or with a crooked eye? How do you suppose it felt to be looked at like that?

And I have known lots of the dearest lame children and children with crooked legs and children with crooked backs, and it seemed as though they had trouble enough as it was. But let me tell you that the sufferings which the lameness or the legs or the backs gave those dear children was nothing like as great as the suffering they had from being noticed and remarked upon and stared at and pitied. They become used to being as they are, but they cannot get used to being pitied. Never talk to them about themselves. Tell them something funny.

But if you have had any sickness or lameness and *have gotten over it*, then you do not mind it being talked about. You like to tell about it and how bad it was, lots worse than Ethel's or Arthur's, and how the doctor was afraid that it would turn into—and so forth; and how the nurse said that if it had not been taken in time—and so forth; and how it was cured. And if anybody has anything in the least like it (not as bad of course; it could n't be!) he must try your medicine (though it might be the very worst thing possible for *him*).

Is it not strange that if you have anything the matter with you that attracts attention you hate to have people notice it; and if you have something that does not attract any attention at all, you feel like telling them all about it?

So now that the Junior Partner is much better of the dawdles, he will not mind my telling about them, and how he was treated. And, of course, if you thought that the subject was unpleasant, you would not mention it should you meet him.

If you should pass the Junior Partner on the street you might think that he was just an ordinary boy. It would be a great mistake. He is not a bit ordinary. In fact, there are no ordinary boys and girls. When you come to know them you find that they are all so *extra-ordinary* that an ordinary one would be the most extraordinary of all. Even collecting them, like fish, in large schools, and passing them through the same mesh, does not make them all alike. The Senior Partner knew that the Junior Partner was the finest sort of a fellow when he was himself, and he wished him to grow up into the finest sort of a man.

But to do that he would have to get rid of the dawdles!

The disease was most noticeable in the mornings, and affected the hands and feet, which were heavy and slow in dressing and frequently

stopped to play. The Junior Partner had very little control over them. Two stockings and two shoes added together make a great many, it seems, when one has the dawdles.

The Senior Partner examined the Junior Partner's brain with the Q-ray spectacles which he has invented, and found that it was the seat of the trouble. Sure enough! There were dawdles running all through the brain and carrying off the thoughts. When a shoe-lace thought or a tooth-brush thought came into the brain, those miserable dawdles would whisk it away, and, of course, the Junior Partner could not do a thing but wait until the thought came back. This took a lot of time.

Q-rays are much more wonderful than X-rays. X-rays show only solid things, such as bones or needles or bullets, which you could see without the rays if the things were not covered up; but by the Q-rays the Senior Partner could see things such as dawdles and thoughts, that are invisible,



THE GREEN AND YELLOW CHINA PIG, IN WHICH THE JUNIOR PARTNER KEPT HIS MONEY.

even to the X-rays. And the beauty of the Q-rays is that when they show anything no one can contradict them and prove that it is not there. The Senior Partner has seen many strange things



with his Q-ray spectacles. They were named Q-ray spectacles just because they showed such cu-ray-ious things!

After a careful examination, the Senior Partner decided that the Junior Partner needed a stimulant or, rather, a combination of stimulants. People generally expect more than one medicine.

Money has always been known to be a strong stimulant. To many people it is the strongest possible. Like every other powerful remedy it is an excellent medicine if properly used in the proper case, but very injurious when wrongly applied. People easily get to like it and have a craving for it which they can never satisfy and never get over. They seem to care for nothing else, and will do almost anything to get it. No other medicine has done so much harm. But the Senior Partner thought that this was a proper case for a small quantity.

It has been found that goats and mice that have eaten paper money are not subject to dawdles.

And the wolf, they say, will not come near the door of a house where it is. It is pleasant to take, too. The Junior Partner took his little doses by dropping them through a slit in the back of a green and yellow china pig. But the money was only a small part of the treatment.

So the Senior Partner said:

"After this, Partner, you will be allowed twenty minutes for dressing. For every minute you take *less* than twenty, I will pay you one cent. Suppose you dress in sixteen minutes, how much will you get?"

"Four cents."

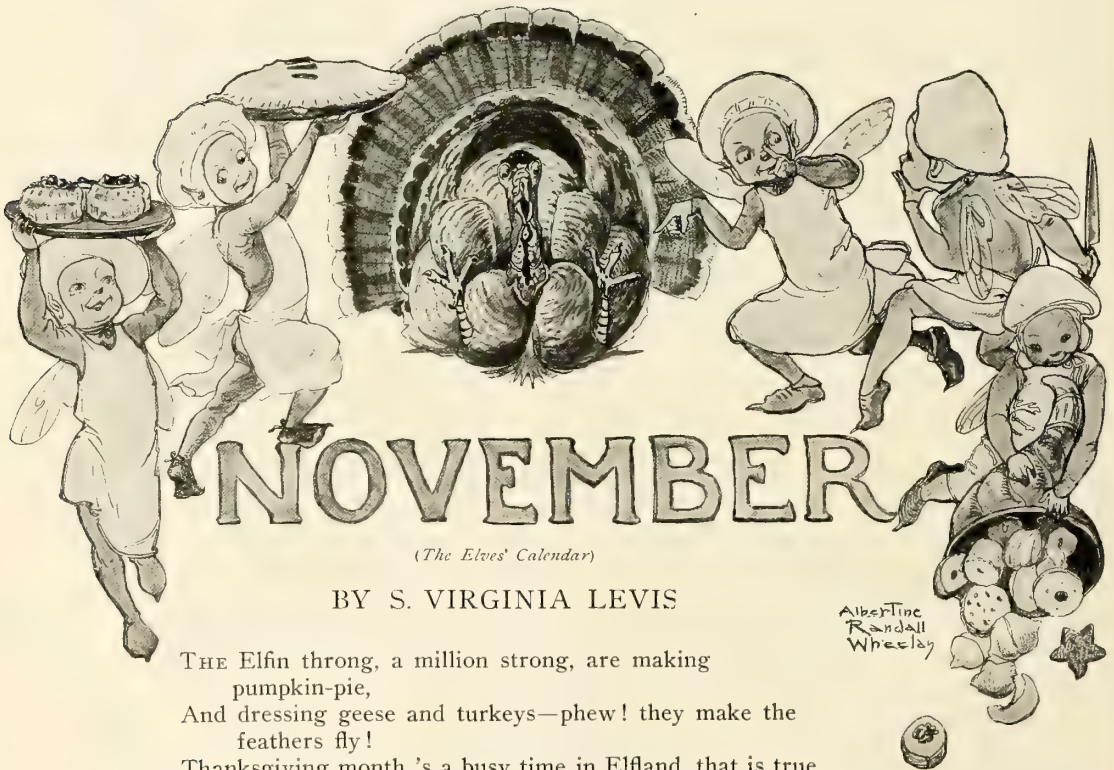
"In fifteen minutes?"

"Five cents."

"Right!"

The Junior Partner took his medicine regularly and began to improve right away. And now, if you ask the Senior Partner what sort of a fellow the Junior Partner is, he will say:

"As good as gold—and a quick dresser!"



THE Elfin throng, a million strong, are making  
pumpkin-pie,  
And dressing geese and turkeys—phew! they make the  
feathers fly!

Thanksgiving month 's a busy time in Elfland, that is true,  
For lads and lassies all like goodies—such a hungry crew!  
It 's good the Elves are fond of work—they 're regular little busters,  
And soon, I 'm told, they 'll all engage in making feather dusters.

# THE YOUNG RAILROADERS

TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

## I

"A NEW KIND OF 'WIRELESS!'"

WHEN, after school one afternoon, Alex Ward waved a good-by to his father, the Bixton station agent, and set off up the track for the spring's first fishing, he had little thought of exciting experiences ahead of him. And likewise, when two hours later a sudden heavy shower found him in the woods three miles from home, and with but three small fish, it was only with keen disappointment that he wound up his line and ran for the shelter of an old log-cabin a hundred yards back from the stream.

But scarcely had Alex reached the empty doorway than he was startled by a chorus of excited voices from the rear. He turned quickly to a window, and with a cry sprang back out of sight. Emerging from the woods, excitedly talking and gesticulating, was a party of foreigners who had been working on the track near Bixton, and in their midst, his hands bound behind them, was Hennessy, their foreman.

For a moment Alex stood rooted to the spot. What did it mean? Then suddenly realizing his own possible danger, he caught up his rod and fish, and sprang for the door.

On the threshold he hesitated. In the open he would be seen at once, and pursued! He turned and cast a quick glance round the room. The ladder to the loft! He darted for it, scrambled up, and drew himself through the opening just as the excited foreigners poured in through the door below. For some moments afraid to move, Alex lay on his back, listening to the hubbub beneath him, and wondering in terror what the trackmen intended doing with their prisoner. Then, gathering courage at their continued ignorance of his presence, he cautiously moved back to the opening and peered down.

The men were gathered in the center of the room, all talking at once. But he could not see the foreman. As he leaned farther forward heavy footfalls sounded about the end of the house, and Big Tony, a huge Italian who had recently been discharged from the gang, appeared in the doorway.

"We puta him in da barn," he announced in broken English; for the rest of the gang were Poles. "Tomaso, he watcha him.

"An' now listen," continued the big trackman,

fiercely, as the rest gathered about him. "I did n't tell everyting. Besides disa man Hennessy he say cuta de wage, an' send for odders take your job, he tella da big boss you no worka good, so da biga boss he no pay you for all da last mont'!"

The ignorant, gullible Poles uttered a shout of rage. Several cried: "Keel heem! Keel heem!" Alex, in the loft, drew back in terror.

"No! Dere bettera way dan dat," said Tony. "Da men to taka your job come to-night on da Number 20. I hava da plan.

"You alla know da old track dat turns off along da river to da old brick-yard? Well, hundred yard from da main line da track she washed away. We will turn da old switch, Number 20 she run on da siding—an' swoosh! into da river!"

Run the Accommodation into the river! Alex almost cried aloud. And he knew the plan would succeed—that, as Big Tony said, a hundred yards from the main track the old spur line embankment was washed out so that the rails almost hung in the air.

"Dena we all say," went on Big Tony, "we all say, Hennessy, he do it! We say we caughta him! See?"

Again Alex glanced down, and with hope he saw that some of the Poles were hesitating. But Tony quickly added: "An' no one else be kill buta da strike-breakers. No odder peoples on Number 20 dis time o' night. An' da trainmen dey all hava plent' time to jump.

"Only da men wat steala your job," he repeated craftily. And with a sinking heart Alex saw that the rest of the ignorant and excitable foreigners had been won.

Again he moved back out of sight. Something must be done! If he could only reach the barn and free the foreman!

But of course the first thing was to make his own escape, as if he were seen they would know he had overheard everything. He glanced about.

At the far end of the loft was a glimmer of light. Cautiously he crept toward it, found a small door, and sought to open it. For a moment it resisted, then suddenly gave, with a loud squeak. Alex caught his breath as the talk below immediately ceased. But after a brief silence some one remarked: "De wind, dat's all," the conversation resumed, and Alex, promptly swinging



the door out, turned and let himself down by his hands, and dropped.

In another moment he was stealing through the now gathering twilight toward a stable at the rear of the barn, determined to try and free the foreman. He reached it safely, and cautiously entered. The door into the barn was ajar. Pausing after each step, Alex went forward, and peered within.

Yes, the foreman was there, a dim figure sitting on the floor a few feet from him. But just beyond, in the outer doorway, was the man on guard! Trusting to the gloom, however, Alex determined to make a try, and opening his knife and holding it in his teeth, he sank to the floor and began slowly worming his way forward, flat on his stomach. It was a nerve-trying ordeal. A dozen times he was almost sure the crackling straw had betrayed him. But pluckily he kept on, inch by inch, and finally was within touch of the unsuspecting prisoner. Very softly he hissed. The foreman started, half turned, then quickly became rigid. And Alex knew he had been heard.

Moving immediately behind him, he whispered: "It is Alex Ward, Mr. Hennessy. I was in the house when they brought you up, and I've just overheard them planning to run Number 20 into the river to-night. Big Tony told them she was bringing men to take their places."

In spite of himself the foreman uttered an exclamation, but quickly covered it with a cough; and Alex continued: "Now I am going to cut your cords. Be careful not to seem to be free."

The caution proved unnecessary. At the moment the cords were severed there came a call from the house, the man at the door stepped out, and with a bound both Alex and the foreman sprang to their feet and darted into the stable.

"Now for a sprint!" said the foreman. "And in opposite directions, Alex—to make sure of one of us getting away!"

"Right!" responded Alex, and they sprang forth. Darting about the rear of the barn, Alex turned east, for the woods toward the river.

Scarcely had he cleared the building when from within came a shout, then yells from the house. The escape had been discovered! On he sped, and neared the woods. Suddenly from behind him rose a cry of "De boy! De boy!" and glancing back in alarm Alex discovered several Poles cutting across the clearing to head him off.

Onward he dashed with redoubled speed, with a final rush made the trees ahead of them, and, plunging into the friendly gloom, darted on recklessly, diving between trunks, and over logs and bushes, like a young hare.

A quarter of a mile Alex ran desperately, then paused to listen. Not a sound broke the stillness. Surely, thought Alex, I have n't shaken them that easily. Off to the right rose a shrill whistle. From immediately to the left came an answer. Then he understood. They were heading him off both from the railroad and the river spur.

Alex's heart sank. Suddenly, then, he thought of the brick-yard. It was only a half mile north, and was full of good hiding-places! At once he turned, and was off with renewed vigor.

And finally, stumbling into the brighter light of the brick-strewn clearing, he made his way to an old oven, scrambled through its low doorway, and threw himself on the floor, utterly exhausted, but confident that at last he was safe.

As he lay panting and listening Alex's thoughts turned again to the train. Had the foreman made his escape? With so many promptly after him it seemed scarcely likely. Then the saving of the Accommodation was still upon his own shoulders!

And there was little time, for Number 20 was due at 7:40, and it must be 7 already!

Rising to his knees, Alex crawled back to the entrance. Near the doorway he stumbled over something. "Oh, our old switch-lantern!" he exclaimed, holding it to the light, and momentarily paused to examine it, for it had been placed under cover there the previous fall by himself and some other boys, after being used in a game of "hold-up" on the brick-yard siding.

"Just as we left it," said Alex to himself, and was about to put it aside, when he paused with a start, studied it sharply a moment, then uttered a cry, shook it to see that it still contained oil, and scrambled hurriedly forth, taking it with him.

A moment he paused to listen, then set off on the run for the old yard semaphore, dimly discernible a hundred yards distant. Reaching it, he caught the lantern in his teeth and ran up the ladder hand over hand, clambered onto the little platform, and turned toward the town.

Yes! Through the trees the station lamps were plainly visible! With a cry of delight Alex at once set about carrying out his inspiration. Quickly trimming the lantern wick, he lit it, tied it to the semaphore arm with his handkerchief, and turned it so that the bull's-eye pointed toward the station.

Then, pulling off his cap, he held it over the bull's-eye, and alternately covering and uncovering the stream of light, began flashing across the darkness signals that corresponded with the telegraphic call of the Bixton station.

"BX," he flashed. "BX, BX, BX!"

"BX—AW" (his private sign)! "BX, AW!"



"FINALLY ALEX HAD CRAWLED WITHIN TOUCH OF THE UNSUSPECTING PRISONER."



The station lights streamed on.

"Qk! Qk! BX, BX!" called Alex.

His right hand tired, and he changed to the left. "Surely they should be on the lookout for me, and see it," he told himself. "For when I go fishing I am always home at—"

One of the station lights disappeared. Breathlessly Alex repeated his call, and waited. Was it merely some one pulling down a blind, or—

The light appeared again, then disappeared, several times in quick succession, and Alex uttered a joyful "Hurrah!" and, turning his whole attention to the lamp, that the signals might be perfect, began flashing across the night his thrilling message of warning:

"THE FOREIGN TRACK HANDS—"

From a short distance down the spur came a shout. Startled, Alex hesitated. Again came a cry, then the sound of swiftly running feet.

He had been discovered! In a panic Alex turned and began to scramble down the ladder. But sharply he pulled up. No! He must complete the message! And bravely choking down his terror, he climbed back onto the platform, and while the running feet and threatening cries came nearer every moment, continued his message:

"ARE GOING—"

"Stop dat! Queek! I shoot! I shoot!" cried the voice of Big Tony, immediately below him. Again for a moment Alex quailed, then again went bravely on, while the old semaphore rocked and swayed as the enraged Italian threw himself at it and scrambled up toward him.

"TO RUN NUMBER—"

With a plunge the trackman reached him, grasped him by the ankle and wrenched him back from the lantern, clambered up beside him, and with a sharp jerk sent the lantern hurtling to the ground. And then in a grim silence, more terrifying than words, he descended and, seizing Alex by the leg, proceeded to drag him down after.

But help was at hand. As they reached the ground a second tall figure suddenly loomed up from the darkness. "Who dat?" demanded Big Tony. In answer came a rush, and with a cry of terror the big track worker went to the ground in a heap, the foreman on top of him.

Alex uttered a cry of joy, then with quick presence of mind, while the men engaged in a terrific struggle, darted in search of the lantern, found it, fortunately unbroken, and in a moment was again running up the semaphore ladder.

As he once more reached his post on the platform the big Italian broke from the foreman, and dashed off across the brick-yard. "Come down, Al; it's all over," called Hennessy as he

gathered himself up. "And we've got to hike straight off for the main line if we are to save that train. They ran me so far off I only just got back. Unless the train's late—"

"I am trying to stop her from here," interrupted Alex, relighting the lantern.

"Up there! How?" exclaimed the foreman in astonishment.

"Signaling with the telegraph code," said Alex, replacing the lantern on the semaphore arm. "Come on up."

"Al," said the incredulous foreman as he reached the platform, "if you can really work it you're a good one!"

But Alex was doomed again to interruption. Scarcely had he begun once more flashing forth the telegraph call of the station, when from the direction of the woods came a sharp call, several answers, then a rush of feet.

"Some of the Poles!" exclaimed the foreman. "But you go ahead, Al, and I'll see that they don't get up to interfere," he added determinedly.

The running figures came dimly into view below. "If any of you idiots come up here I'll crack your heads!" shouted Hennessy.

"I've got the station again," announced Alex. "Now it will take only a few minutes."

One of the men below reached the ladder, and, looking up, shouted threateningly: "Stop dat! Stop dat, or I shoot!"

"Go ahead, Al," said the foreman, looking down. "He has n't a gun." But even as he spoke there was a flash and a report, and a thud just over Alex's head.

"Yes, stop! Stop!" cried the foreman. "Stop. They've got us. No use being foolhardy."

Leaning over, he addressed the men below. "Look here," he said persuasively, "can't you fellows see that Big Tony is only using you to make trouble for me, because I fired him for loafing and stealing?"

The men were silent a moment, then one of them addressed Alex. "Boy, is dat true?"

"Every word of it," said Alex, earnestly. "And I would have heard all about it at the station if they had intended cutting your wages, or bringing others here to take your places."

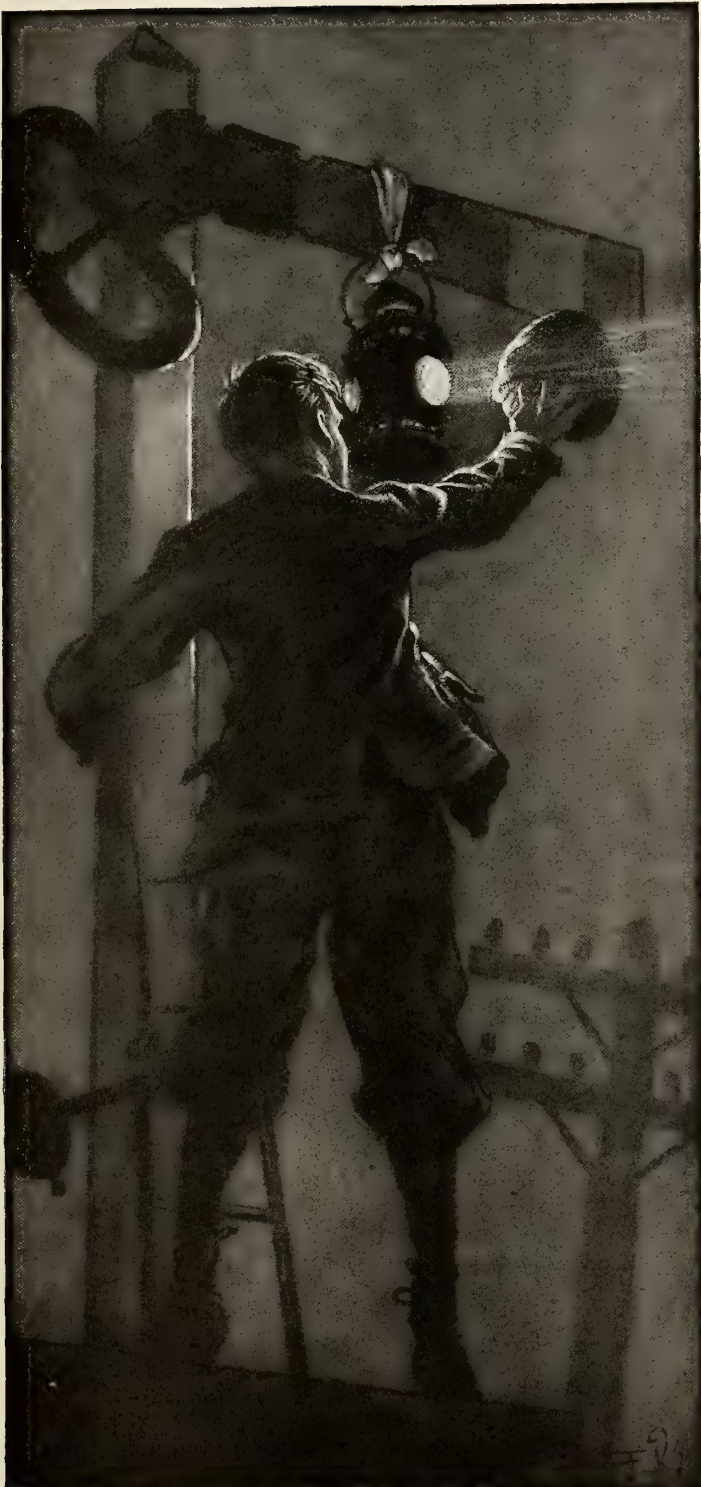
"Den I believe it," said the Pole.

The man with the pistol returned it to his pocket. "I am sorry I shoot," he said.

"And now, what about the train?" inquired the foreman. "Did you touch the switch?"

In the look of guilt the foreigners turned on one another he saw the alarming answer. Whipping out his watch, he held it to the light.

"Alex," he said sharply, "you have just ten minutes to catch that train at the Junction! If



"PULLING OFF HIS CAP, HE HELD IT OVER THE BULL'S-EYE, ALTERNATELY COVERING AND UNCOVERING THE STREAM OF LIGHT."

you don't get her she 's gone! There 's not time now to get down to the main line to flag her!"

Before he had ceased speaking Alex had his cap over the light and was once more flashing an urgent "BX! BX! BX!" while below the foreigners looked on, now with an anxiety equal to that of the two on the tower.

"BX! Qk! Qk!" flashed the lantern.

The station light disappeared. "Got 'em!" cried Alex.

"Just tell them first to stop Number 20 at the Junction," said the foreman.

"All right!" responded Alex, and while the rest watched in profound silence, he signaled:

"STOP NUMBER 20 AT JUNCTION. SPUR SWITCH IS THROWN. GOT IT?"

As Alex read off the promptly flashed "OK," the foreman sprang to his feet and gave a shout that was a wild hurrah. He caught Alex under one arm, carried him down the ladder, and there hoisted him, despite his objections, to the shoulders of two of the Poles, who were now as enthusiastic as they had previously been threatening. So all set off for the switch, and home.

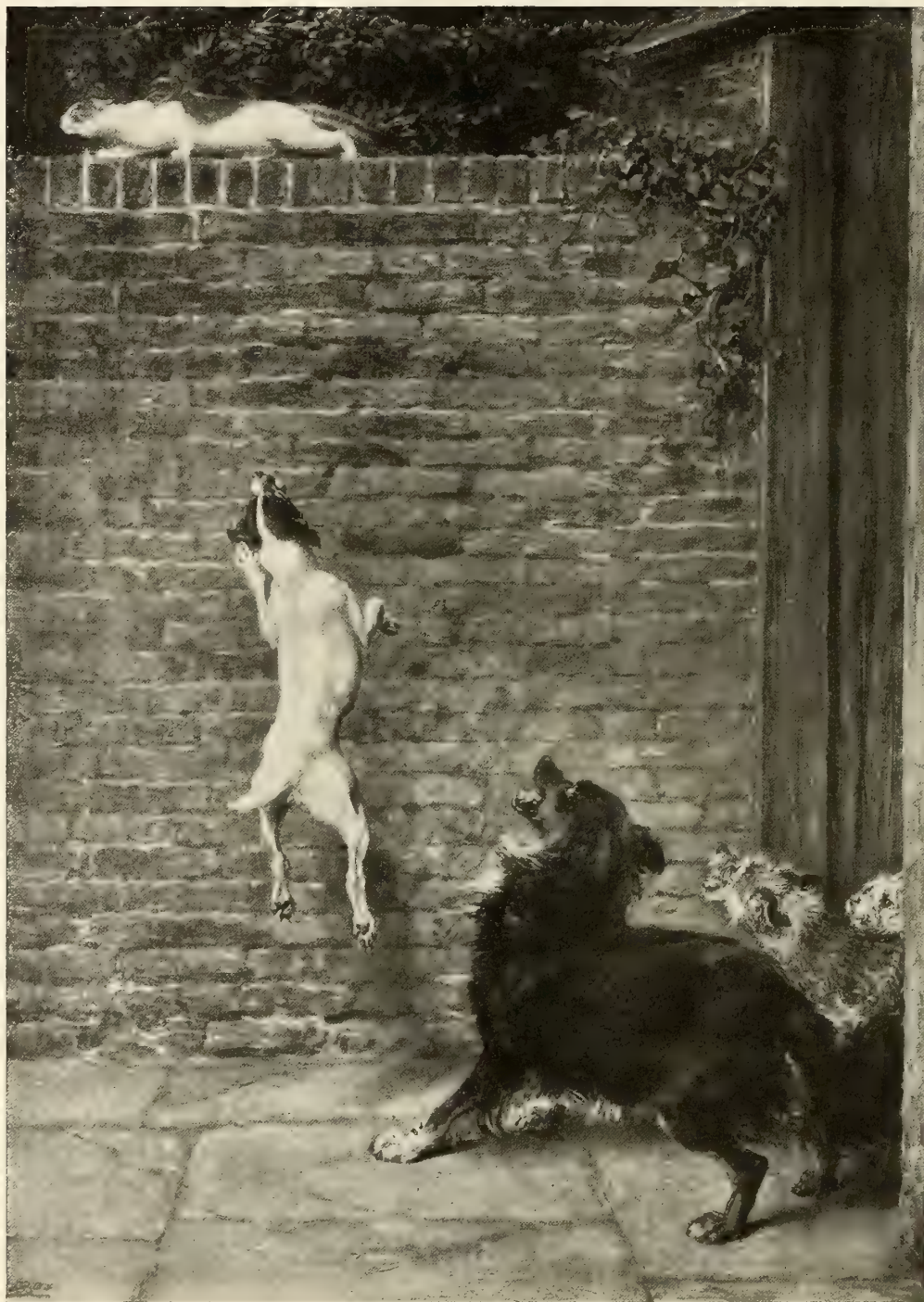
And an hour later Alex's father and mother, anxiously awaiting him at the station, discovered his approach, carried at the head of a sort of triumphal procession of the entire gang of trackmen.

When Alex's father the following morning reported the occurrence to the chief despatcher, that official called Alex to the wire to congratulate him personally.

"That was a fine bit of work, my boy," he clicked. "I see you are cut out for the right kind of rail-roader. And if fourteen was n't a bit too young, I 'd give you a job on the spot. But we will give you a start as soon as we can."

The start was to come much sooner than Alex expected, and with it a further test of his resourcefulness equally unlooked for.





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# A BLOCKADE RUNNER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BRITON RIVIERE.

# A THANKSGIVING GUEST

(More "Betty" Stories)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"WHAT a gorgeous day for a sleigh-ride! Did you ever see such sunny, twinkling snow, and such crisp, crackly air? It fairly snaps off as you breathe it!"

Betty McGuire stood on the steps of the veranda as she spoke. Her mother, in the doorway, was smiling down at her, and her pony, Dixie, was jingling his bells and pawing at the snow and ice in the driveway below.

It was the first trial of the pretty new cutter, and the joyous excitement of the occasion made Betty's cheeks as red as her scarlet tam-o'-shanter cap, or her red cloth coat with its high fur collar. Betty drew on her driving-gloves, still talking to her mother.

"Is n't it a darling sleigh, Mother? Did you ever see such a pretty one? And Dixie is so proud of it."

"It 's a beauty, Betty. I know you 'll enjoy it. Are you taking Tilly for a ride?"

"No; I 'm going for May Fordham to-day. We 're planning for the party, you know. I 'll take Tilly some other day."

"Very well; be home by sundown, won't you?"

"Yes; or very soon after. All right, Pete."

The face of the big Irishman beamed with pleasure as he assisted Betty into the new sleigh and tucked the fur robe round her.

"'T is a foine turnout, Miss Betty," he said; "an' mosht becomin' to Dixie,—the proud little baste!"

"He is proud of it," agreed Betty, as she gathered up the lines. "He 's just vain enough to love those silver bells jingling about him. Good-by, Mother."

"Good-by, darling," said Mrs. McGuire, and after watching Betty disappear down the winding drive, she returned to the house.

Denniston Hall, though a beautiful summer place, was equally attractive in winter. Then the wide front veranda was inclosed with glass, and, heated by an arrangement of steam-pipes, made a delightful sun-parlor. The house was of the old-fashioned type that has two front doors opening into two large halls.

Large parlors between these halls and a wing on either side, provided numerous rooms, and several of these boasted wide fireplaces where crackling logs blazed gaily or smoldered comfortably, as occasion required.

The family at Denniston was a rather unusual

one. The place belonged to Betty, the fifteen-year-old daughter, who had recently inherited a large fortune from her Grandfather McGuire.

As already told in *ST. NICHOLAS*, she had supposed herself an orphan, but after buying her home and establishing herself there, she had discovered that her mother was living, and, to their mutual delight, they were at last brought together. Mrs. McGuire had come to Denniston to live with Betty and was more than willing to accept also Betty's adopted brother, Jack, and the three-year-old baby, Polly.

And now, though Mrs. McGuire was nominally head of the household, yet, as the details of housekeeping were looked after by capable Mrs. Kinsey, Betty's mother had little to do except to enjoy the reunion with her long-lost child. As for Betty, now that her mother was restored to her, there seemed to be no flaw in her happiness, and the merry girl danced gaily through life, like a ray of glad sunshine.

Unused to advice or restraint of any sort, she could not at once accustom herself to asking her mother's permission for anything, but Mrs. McGuire appreciated the unusual circumstances, and wisely concluded to bide her time, and establish their rightful relationship by degrees.

Moreover, she was so happy herself, at the reunion with her idolized child, whom she had lost as a tiny baby, that she had no wish to dictate or to interfere with Betty's plans. Mrs. McGuire was a gentle little lady, with golden hair and blue eyes, and her amiability made her beloved by all the servants and adored by the three children. She had fitted into her niche at Denniston without disturbing any one else, and had supplied the one want of Betty's life, that of a real mother, who would love her with real mother-love. And happy in the knowledge and possession of this love, Betty felt that life had no further joys to offer her; and she was as contented as any girl of fifteen could wish to be.

On this particular sunny afternoon, as she went skimming along the white roads in her new sleigh, her mind was divided between the actual delights of the bracing winter atmosphere and gay jingle of her new sleigh-bells, and her busy imagination which was looking forward to some fine plans that she and May Fordham had in prospect. She drove in through the open gates of a large, well-kept place, and as she neared the house, May,



who had watched from the window, came out, all ready for the sleigh-ride.

"Oh, Betty, what a beautiful cutter!" she exclaimed, as Dixie paused and stood in prancing attitude to be praised. "And it suits Dix perfectly, does n't it?" she added, patting the pony, who showed by his actions that he fully appreciated the applause he was getting.

May jumped in beside Betty, and in another moment, away they went, flying along the firm, well-packed road. Betty turned away from the village, and toward the open country, where they might dash over long stretches without meeting much traffic, and thus have a better chance to chatter.

"Thanksgiving 's only just a week from to-day," said May; "will there be time, Betty, to get everything ready?"

"Well, we 'll have to fly round, of course. But if we invite everybody to-day, they can all get to work on their costumes at once. And a week 's time enough, I should think. I hope Tilly will like the idea, but I don't know about her,—she 's such a fuss."

"We 'll soon know," laughed May, as Dixie was gently drawn to a standstill in front of Tilly Fenn's home.

The well-trained little pony always stood without being tied, so the girls jumped from the sleigh and ran up the steps, moderating their gay laughter as they decorously pushed the door-bell.

"Come up to my room, girls," called Tilly, over the banister, as they were admitted.

So in a few moments the three chums were busily talking of Betty's project.

"A 'real old-fashioned Thanksgiving party," said Betty, enthusiastically; "everything Puritan, you know. We 'll all wear plain gray dresses and white fichus and aprons, and dear little Puritan caps, and the boys must rig up the right kind of clothes. What did men wear then?"

"Oh, knee-breeches and long stockings, and bunches of bows at the knees," said May, who was a history lover.

"Yes, and broad white collars, and sort of Norfolk jackets, and broad-brimmed hats," added Tilly.

"With a feather?" suggested Betty.

"Oh, no; not a feather,—I think,—that is n't Puritanish. But a buckle,—I think,—well, anyway we can look up pictures, and see."

"Yes," agreed Betty, "and I 'll fix up Jack's clothes. Mother 'll help me. Then we 'll have the feast of the real old-timey kind. Baked beans, you know,—and doughnuts, and cider,—"

"And pumpkin-pies,—"

"And nuts and gingerbread;—it will be lovely!"

"Well, I like it," said Tilly, a little hesitatingly, "but I don't know about a dress. Aunt won't help me,—I 'm sure;—and I simply can't make one myself."

"I 'll help you," said Betty, "and I 'm sure Mother 'll make you one, if you can't get one any other way. But perhaps you could borrow one. The old Adams ladies have lots of old-fashioned clothes."

"Yes, maybe I could," and Tilly's eyes brightened at this way out of her difficulty. "And I can make brown bread for the feast. That 's old-fashioned."

"Oh, I 'll provide all the supper," said Betty, "because it 's my party. And afterward, we 'll have old-fashioned dances, with a fiddler to call out the figures."

"I don't believe the Puritans danced," said Tilly.

Betty's face fell. "Well, I don't care to keep it *too* Puritanic," she said. "We 'll just have it as old-fashioned as we like, and have the rest any way we want it."

"Yes, that 's the best," said May.

"But your table must look old-fashioned,—with candles, you know; Aunt 'll lend you her old brass candlesticks if you want them."

"Yes, I do; and I know where I can borrow some old blue dishes and pewter platters."

"Oh, it will be lovely fun!" sighed May. "How many are you going to ask?"

"About twenty. I don't believe Jack will care much about dressing up—he hates it; but I 'll coax him to. Well, come on, May, we must go and invite the others. Don't worry about your dress, Tilly. If you can't borrow one, Mother and I will fit you out."

"Thanks. You 're a dear, Betty; I wish you 'd let me make brown bread for you, though. I can make it to perfection."

"I 'll tell you what, Betty," said May, "why don't you have a sort of 'Harvest Home.' They 're lovely and picturesque. You make a great big pile of things like cabbages and pumpkins and potatoes, and decorate it with corn husks and things; and then, don't you see, we can all bring something for it, and afterward we can give the eatables to the poor people in 'The Hollow.' And Tilly can donate some brown bread to them, too."

"That 's a fine idea," said Betty; "we 'll ask everybody to bring something for the Harvest Home, and then the next day we can all make the round of The Hollow in the big box-sleigh."

"Yes, I know some families down there who would be more than glad to get things like that," said Tilly.

"And well may anybody be glad to get the good bread you make," said Betty. "I 'm coming to-morrow, Tilly, to take you for a ride in my new sleigh, and then we can talk about your dress for the party and other things to be done."

sympathetic in the matter of young people's pleasures, and taught Tilly to sew and to make bread, because she considered such things the important part of a girl's education. And she was right enough in that, if she had only realized that a



"OH, BETTY, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CUTTER!' EXCLAIMED MAY."

Gay good-bys were said, and the two girls went jingling away in the sleigh again.

Tilly was not so happily situated in life as Betty and May. She lived with an aunt who, though she took good care of her, was not very

girl of fifteen wants and needs her share of fun as well as of useful knowledge.

Moreover, Mrs. Fenn was not wealthy, and though she had had sufficient means for comfort, she was economical by nature, and would have



considered a purchase of a dress for Tilly to wear just for one occasion, a reckless extravagance.

But in spite of her aunt's restrictions, Tilly was a very gay and merry girl, and was always one of the half dozen that composed Betty's little clan of friends.

"I don't believe the boys will dress up," said May, as they drove back to the village to deliver more invitations.

"Then they can stay home," said Betty, promptly. "It 's going to be a lovely party if everybody takes interest in it, and those who don't take an interest are n't wanted. Now, we 'll go to Agnes Graham's, and see what she and Stub say about it."

Agnes said yes at once, and declared that she could fix up a dress as easily as anything. "Come in, Stub," she called to her brother who was in the next room; "somebody wants to see you."

Stub Graham was so nicknamed because he was the thinnest and scrawniest boy you ever saw. He was very tall for his age, and the name of Stub or Stubby was so comical that it pleased his friends to use it.

"Hello, girls," he called, as his smiling face appeared in the doorway. "What, Betty, a party? Will I come? Well, I should say so! When is it to be?"

Stub festooned his length along a sofa and gave a brotherly tweak to Agnes's long, thick pigtail.

"On Thanksgiving night," said Betty, and then she told him what kind of a party it was to be.

"Gay!" exclaimed Stub. "Of course I 'll get up a rig. Sweet little sister will help me, and I 'll be a regular Miles Standish or somebody like that. May I wear a cloak, I mean a golf-capey thing? I think they wore those in Puritan days, with a dinky white collar, like Fauntleroy's, only without lace on it."

"Good for you, Stub!" cried Betty. "You have just the right ideas! Can't you help the other boys,—if they need help?"

"Sure! I 'll get them all together, and if they don't learn quickly enough, I 'll be a dressmaker to 'em. And I 'll help you fix your show, Betty. You ought to have strings of red peppers and onions hung across overhead."

"Oh, do help me, Stub! Won't you and Agnes come over in the morning, and help me do those things? Oh, *won't* we have fun!"

After that it was easy. Very few of the girls they invited made any objection to wearing the Puritan costume, and if the boys objected, as some did, they were referred to Stub Graham, who soon changed their minds for them.

"It 's going to be perfectly beautiful, Mother!" said Betty, as, after dinner that evening, she sat on a low stool at her mother's side.

This was Betty's favorite position, for, though a big girl, she loved to cuddle against her mother and caress her pretty hand, or play with the laces and ribbons of her dainty gown. And now, in their beautiful drawing-room at Denniston, they sat before the big open fire, while Betty told about the party.

Jack, who lounged in a big chair on the other side of the fireplace, was greatly interested. To Betty's surprise he was entirely willing to wear a Puritan costume, though he observed, incidentally, he 'd rather dress as an Indian, and Indians were quite as appropriate to the period as Puritans.

"But they did n't attend the Thanksgiving feasts," said Betty; "they lurked in the ambushes; so if you want to do that, all right."

"Ho!" cried Jack, "I believe you think an ambush is a kind of a shrub!"

"It is, is n't it, Mother?" asked Betty, turning her big dark eyes confidently to her mother's loving face.

"No, my girlie, that 's one of your funny mistakes. But you 're right about the Indians not joining with the Puritans at table; at least, they did n't often do so."

Both Betty and Jack had been deprived of early education, and though they were now studying very hard in a brave endeavor to "catch up" to other children of their own age, they frequently made errors which were quite funny enough to make any one smile.

So Jack good-naturedly explained to Betty about Indians in ambush, which was a subject he had quite thoroughly studied in his history lessons.

"And if I can't be an Indian," he went on, "I 'll be a Puritan gentleman. Grandma Jean will make my toggery; I 'll tell her just how, and I 'll make you proud of me, Betty."

Grandma Jean was Mrs. Kinsey, the house-keeper and general assistant to the children, whenever they needed her capable aid.

"And what shall I wear, Mother?" asked Betty, draping the soft frills of her mother's trailing gown across her own slippered feet.

"I think you 'll have to be the 'Puritan maiden, Priscilla,' though you 're far from the right type. Your dark curls, dancing eyes, and red cheeks ought to be pale, fair hair in smooth bands, and a pale face with meek eyes."

"Ho!" laughed Jack, "you 're not very Puritanic, are you, Betty? But you 'll look all right in a cap, I 'm sure."

"I think I 'll make you a dress of gray silk," went on Mrs. McGuire; "with a soft mull fichu crossed on your breast, and a starched cap, turned back in Puritan fashion."

"I like red," observed Betty, looking down at her own red cashmere frock with black velvet bows on it.

"But not for Puritan attire," said her mother, smiling.

"I 'll fix your costume, Betty, and you must promise not to slip up-stairs and add a red sash at the last minute."

Betty's fondness for bright colors, and especially red, was a household word, and Mrs. McGuire fancied that the novelty of plain dove-gray and white would not be unbecoming to rosy-cheeked Betty.

For the next few days nothing was talked of but the old-fashioned party.

Pete was consulted about the Harvest Home part of it, and he suggested that an old flower stand which was out in the tool house should be painted up, and put in one end of the dining-room to hold the donations of fruits and vegetables.

Then, by adding a few vines and flowers, it could be made an attractive decoration.

"Fine!" cried Betty. "That 'll be just the thing! We can put pumpkins and cabbages down below, and apples and potatoes in the upper shelves, and trail vines over them all."

Ellen, the cook, was quite willing to make all sorts of goodies that were deemed appropriate, and to the lists of baked beans and gingerbread, were added such satisfactory dishes as roast turkey and pumpkin-pie.

But no ice-cream or dainty salads or bonbons were allowed, for Betty wanted to keep the real atmosphere of a plain old-fashioned Puritan Thanksgiving.

Preparations went busily on, until on Tuesday a letter came from Grandfather Irving.

He was the father of Mrs. McGuire, and lived in Boston. Both Mr. and Mrs. Irving had been invited long ago to spend Thanksgiving at Denniston, but had declined because of another engagement.

Now, Mr. Irving wrote, the other engagement had been canceled, and they were greatly pleased to say they could go to Denniston after all. Moreover, he announced, they would bring with them a charming young lady who was visiting them.

"She is an English girl," Mr. Irving wrote, "Miss Evangeline Maxwell. As she is sixteen years old, she will prove a delightful companion for Betty, and I am glad to show her such an at-

tractive portion of our country, as I am sure Denniston must be. She has never visited America before, and though she finds some of our ways strange, she tries to adapt herself to them. We will arrive on Wednesday afternoon about four o'clock."

Betty read this letter with dismay. Mr. and Mrs. Irving were of an old and aristocratic Boston family, and Betty rather stood in awe of them.

They had not yet been to Denniston, but Betty had made a brief visit to their Boston home.

The somewhat oppressive grandeur of the great house on Commonwealth Avenue made a strong impression on simple-minded Betty, and she had determined that when Mr. and Mrs. Irving should visit her at Denniston she would do all in her power to surround them with the careful formality they seemed to enjoy.

So when she learned that on the very next day not only Mr. and Mrs. Irving would arrive, but also a strange young lady from England, Betty wished she had more time for preparation.

It was in vain that Mrs. McGuire told her that her grandparents were not at all exacting.

"Why, Betty," she said, "Mother and Father and I used to spend our summers down in that old country house of the Ross's, and do you suppose there was much form or ceremony there?"

But Betty was not to be turned aside from her purpose.

"I 'd be ashamed not to do the right honor by my grandfather and grandmother," she said. "And it 's not but what my home is good enough, and my ways of living, but I must not have the foolish party I was going to have. I must have a fine and bountiful Thanksgiving dinner, with soups and fancy ice-creams and things with French names to 'em. I 'd not set before them the baked beans and pumpkin-pies, at all. And I 'd not have a rollickin' crowd of boys and girls dressed up in the silly rags we 're thinkin' of!"

It was only when Betty grew very much excited that she neglected her final g's and *almost* relapsed into her long-discarded Irish accent. But she was so earnest in this matter, that she lost control of her tongue.

"An' I 'd think shame for the stylish English girl to see such cuttin's up, so I would! They 're all right for us Greenborough girls as likes 'em; but the fine young lady shall find accommodations more to her taste, that I 'm bound!"

And so what did impulsive Betty do but jump into her little sleigh, and fly round the village, recalling her invitations to a Puritan Thanksgiving feast, and asking the young people to come instead to a dance in the evening, and to wear their prettiest and most correct party frocks.



Then she consulted with her mother and Ellen and Mrs. Kinsey, and among them they planned a dinner that would have pleased the most fastidious diners-out in any great city. Betty did not herself know the names of the dishes she wanted served, but the services of a competent caterer were to be assisted by the skilled work of the home servants, and Betty felt that she had done the best she could to honor her relatives with a Thanksgiving feast.

Mrs. McGuire tried to persuade her not to give up the Puritan party, but Betty was firm.

"No," she said, with snapping eyes; "I'll not have the English young lady making fun of our country games. I'll give her as good as she has in her own country, and I'll do the best I can for my grandparents as well."

"Well, I think it's a shame!" declared Jack. "Here I've the loveliest brown cloth rig you ever saw. Cloak and knickerbockers and buckled slippers! Why, Betty, your grand Miss Maxwell would like me a heap better in those togs than in my Tuxedo."

Betty faltered for an instant, then said:

"Maybe she would, Jack; but the girls and boys have n't all such fine costumes. Some are just fixed up out of cheese-cloth and waterproofs. No, sir, it is n't right by quality people to give 'em the kitcheny things we were going to have to eat at the feast, and if we leave out the old-fashioned dinner, there's no fun in the old-fashioned clothes."

"All right," said Jack, who always bowed to Betty's commands and never presumed to dictate.

And Betty was honest in her motives. It was not at all pride in her handsome home and its beautiful appointments that influenced her; it was the impulse to give of her very best to honor her dear grandparents and their young guest, and it was a more severe disappointment than any one knew, for her to give up the gay and jolly party she had planned for.

But Betty's determination was of the immovable kind, and every plan for the Puritan party was dropped, and every plan for the proper reception of the guests was pushed forward; and so ably was all this done, that, on Wednesday

afternoon, the house was in readiness and the family, in holiday attire, awaited their guests.

The Denniston carriage brought them from the station, and the reunion was a most happy one.



"'HELLO, GIRLS,' HE CALLED, AS HIS SMILING FACE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY."

Mr. and Mrs. Irving may have seemed a bit punctilious as to the formal routine of their own house, but that in no way interfered with their hearty expressions of pleasure at finding themselves under their granddaughter's roof. And they soon showed both by joyous words and manner that they were genuinely glad to meet Jack and Baby Polly and Grandma Kinsey.

Miss Maxwell was not quite as Betty had pictured her. She was quiet and reserved, but she seemed shy rather than haughty.

Betty tried hard to draw her out, but the English girl replied in monosyllables, and though

most courteous and polite, was bafflingly unresponsive to the cordial chatter of both Jack and Betty.

"Iceberg!" thought Jack, to himself; "I've a good notion to say Boo! and see if she'd jump."

But he did n't, for Jack was always on his good behavior when Betty wanted him to be.

Dinner passed off beautifully. Of course, this was not the grand feast,—that was for to-morrow; but the well-cooked and well-served family dinner was a credit to Betty's household. The evening was a little stiff. All sat primly on the brocaded chairs in the drawing-room and made polite conversation; but there was a certain restraint, which, however, Betty accepted as a necessary result of "having company."

At last they all went to bed, and Betty lay awake, wondering whether it could be her fault that Miss Maxwell did n't seem to be enjoying herself. "No," said her mother, to whom Betty confided her anxiety in a little bedtime chat. "No, dearie, it is n't your fault, except that perhaps you're a little overanxious about it all. Perhaps if you'd take Miss Maxwell a little more simply,—a little more as you take May Fordham or Tilly Fenn,—"

"Oh, Mother, I could n't talk to Miss Maxwell as—as jokingly as I talk to the other girls! Why, even her name is Evangeline!"

Mrs. McGuire smiled, as she kissed Betty good night. "It is an imposing name," she said, "but try not to be afraid of it."

Next morning, Betty did try. She took Miss Maxwell for a sleigh-ride, but they did not make much progress toward chumminess.

It was after luncheon, when the girls went up to Betty's room for a little chat, that Betty, more perplexed than ever, involuntarily blurted out her anxiety.

"Are you like this at home?" she said, scarcely realizing that the question was extremely personal. "Do you never chum with people?" Miss Maxwell broke into a ringing laugh.

"I'm the chummiest thing in the world," she said; "I'd love to be chums with you, but I'm so—so afraid of you!"

"Afraid of me!" exclaimed Betty, opening her dark eyes wide in astonishment. "Why, it's scared to death I am of you!"

Then both girls went off into peals of laughter, for Betty's quick wit caught the real state of the case, and Evangeline, too, saw the truth.

"But I thought you so grand I must be extra polite," said Betty, as they became calm again.

"And I thought because you were the owner of this big house, I must behave with great dignity! Please be chums. May I call you Betty?"

"I should hope so! I'm still too much afraid to say Evangeline, though."

"Call me Van, then; lots of my friends do, and I like it."

"I love it! It makes us friends at once. I think it was the 'Evangeline' part of you that scared me most. Why, when I heard that, I made the boys and girls give up our baked beans dinner, and have lobster pâtés and soufflé meringue."

"A baked beans dinner! What do you mean? My! but that sounds jolly!"

So Betty told Evangeline of the Puritan party that had been set aside because of the unexpected guests.

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Van. "I should have *loved* it; can't you get it up again?" I can scabble up a frock, I'm sure! It would be so *much* more fun than a grand dinner! oh, a thousand times more! Pumpkin-pie and cider and candle-light! Oh! Oh! *Can't* you get it back?"

"I don't see how I could, Van. It's after two now, and dinner's at seven. But let's try. Jack! Jack!"

Jack came at Betty's call, and he was informed of the wonderful discoveries the two girls had made concerning each other. He looked a little disgusted at Betty's lack of intuition in the matter, and said: "Whew! what queer things girls are!" but he accepted the new situation, and set his wits to work to help Betty out.

"Why, I should think we could manage it somehow," he said. "Give Pete and Ellen charge of the dinner part of it; send word to your gorgeous caterer man that the dinner is postponed; and you, Betty, hop into the cutter and fly round and tell those who have n't any telephone, while I stay here and call up all those who have. I'll wager they'll all come."

Come they did, every one of them. They wore quaint Puritan costumes, which were delightful to look at, if they were made of such humble materials as cheese-cloth and silkoline. The boys were stunning in their picturesque suits, and the dining-room was truly old-fashioned with its onions and red peppers strung from the rafters. The homely viands were eaten with decided enjoyment, and afterward even old Mr. Irving joined in the Virginia Reel.

"I'm so glad," said Betty, as she and Van went to their rooms after the party was over, "that I learned of your ability to 'chum,' before it was too late."

"I'm glad, too," said her English guest; "I would n't have missed this experience for anything. I shall always remember what is probably the only Thanksgiving party I shall ever attend."



# JEANNE D'ARC OF THE FLAMING SWORD

(The Story of Joan of Arc—January 6, 1412–May 30, 1431)

“MORE than two thousand books have been written about Jeanne d'Arc, many being mere repetitions of previous books. The mere list of these works makes a formidable volume. She is almost the only human being who grows more admirable and wonderful the nearer you come to the truth about her. Occasionally you will hear a reader exclaim, like the courtiers at Bourges: ‘Jeanne d'Arc! I am sick of her!’ But the majority of the world go on from generation to generation imitating the troops of France, who form in front of the stone shed where she was born and present arms to her before they pass by.”—MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

## I

THE FAIRY TREE. ONCE upon a time when the IN FAIR DOMRÉMY. world was five centuries younger, there stood an ancient beech-tree on a gentle hillside in fair Domrémy, a tiny French village on the banks of the river Meuse, which watered the fertile province of Lorraine. It was a beautiful tree, wide and spreading, and it leaned a little forward, as if to cast a deeper shade, with its leaf-laden boughs. Its topmost branches waved over a smiling country of pasture-lands and gently rolling hills, and, beyond, dark woodland stretches, sharply outlined against the blue of the horizon.

At the foot of this beech-tree ran a brook, called by the peasants of Domrémy the Fountain of the Currant-Trees. This fountain was supposed by these simple folk to possess healing properties, and the sick and ailing came to drink of its waters that they might be strong again. The tree which guarded it they called the Fairy Tree, because, so the story ran, in the night, when mortals slept, the fairies came and danced around the Tree in a maze of mystic light. It might just as well have been called the Children's Tree, for in the spring and summer-time for many centuries it had been the meeting-place for the children of Domrémy, boys and girls, who clustered about it and danced and sang the happy hours away, pausing from time to time to eat the little cakes they brought with them, to drink of the stream which flowed beneath, and to cast shuddering, furtive glances at the dark Forest of Oaks, which stretched away in the distance; for every child knew that in the far-away old times it was said that a dragon had lived there, and no child cared to venture in its depths. But they loved their Tree, and in summer-time hung garlands upon it for the fairies, and in the spring and summer festivals they would clasp hands about it, singing this, their favorite song: *L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont*. This was the Fairy Tree of Pierre de Bourlemont, whose castle stood in Domrémy. Every year the ladies of Bourlemont gathered the village children under the Tree and feasted

them on cakes and white bread. So all the children who lived in Domrémy were called the Children of the Tree.

## II

JEANNE THE  
PEASANT GIRL.

Not far from the Fairy Tree, clustering together about a hundred yards below the tree-clad heights, stood the simple homes of the Domrémy peasants,—shepherds and tillers of the soil,—and in one thatched cottage, but a step away from the church, dwelt Jacques d'Arc and his wife, Isabel Romée. They were well-to-do in

HER HOME.

a modest way; they owned their home, and a fair portion of land, and a flock of sheep; they had, besides, a flourishing family of five children—three sons, Jacques, Jean, and Pierre, and two daughters, Jeanne and Catharine—a strong and sturdy household. They lived together happily in their thatched cottage, mingling with the other children in all their sports and festivals. They shared the delights of the Tree, and talked of the fairies; and looked with awe toward the shadow of the Forest of Oak, and pondered on a prophecy of a certain wise old seer, who declared that some day “from the country of Lorraine, approaching through the hoary woods, would come a young girl who would subdue the archers of Breton and who would perform wonders.”

Now the young folk often talked of this, for the dear France was in a sad state, if one could believe the tales of adventurers who straggled

HER COMRADES.

into the village, and help must come from somewhere, or all the beautiful, smiling country would pass into the hands of the English, who were fast overrunning it, and whose advances France seemed powerless to resist.

All these children were French at heart and hated the English. But in the group of chattering little Jeanne sat silent, her dark head against the trunk of the Fairy Tree, her dreamy eyes gazing far away to the border of the Forest

of Oak. The superstitions of the Domrémy children had never touched her; young as she was, the little maid would have ventured without fear

while they grazed she could go into this quiet place, and think and pray; for Jeanne was a pious child, and a chapel was meant for prayer. It was



DOMRÉMY, JEANNE D'ARC'S NATIVE VILLAGE.

or tremor into the heart of it all, and her thoughts were not of the dark secrets of the forest, but of the country which lay beyond, the poor distracted country under the heel of the English. Sometimes she would steal apart from her companions into the church, to pray for the prostrate France and the King, who, she had heard, was a wanderer in his own land, a king without a crown, for that was far away in the city of Reims, and he would have to pass through fields of battle to get it.

### III

#### THE MAID OF DREAMS.

THE simple, every-day tasks of little Jeanne d'Arc were like those of the other peasant girls. In the morning she helped her mother with the housework and the spinning; later she would follow the plow with her father, and often she would take her flock of sheep far away to graze, and she would sit and watch them, weaving weird fancies, and as the years passed, a strange gift came to her—the gift of seeing ahead; it did not come at once, but little by little her companions noticed that Jeanne would talk of to-morrow or the day after, or a week thence, as if it were that very day. The little maid herself scarcely took heed of this, but, as she watched her flock, a hope sprang up in her heart that France would sometime be free, that help would surely come. And then, when Jeanne was nine years old, came the dream of dreams, that meant so much to France.

Not a hundred yards below the Forest of Oak stood a deserted hermitage in which there was a little chapel. Near by were rich pasture-lands, and here Jeanne loved to bring her flock, because

so restful and still that often the tired little girl would close her eyes, and sleep would steal upon her; and one day she dreamed that God spoke to her and commanded her to leave her flock and her work at home, her parents and brothers and sister, and all her little friends in Domrémy, and go forth to help France and the King.

So vivid was the dream, so deep and reverberating the voice, that Jeanne awoke with a start and sat up, rubbing her bewildered eyes. It had grown quite dark in the chapel, and over the dis-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH JEANNE LIVED.

tant hills sounded the warning rumble of thunder; that was surely what she had heard in her dream. So, gathering her flock, she set out for home, to get under shelter before the storm broke.



But the vision stayed with her, and the child kept thinking sadly of her France, torn by civil war, fighting within herself and weakening her own defenses, while the Lion of England was crouched, ready to spring and take what he could.

Those in France who fought for the King were few in number and their leaders timid. The Burgundians were powerful allies of the English, and they were passing in triumph through the country, burning and plundering as they went.



THE ROOM IN WHICH JEANNE WAS BORN.

Now the village of Domrémy was devoted to the King, and as it lay along the line of march, it was put to the sword, and the poor peasants had to run for their lives. The family of Jacques d'Arc fled to Neufchâteau, where they took shelter in the house of a friend; and when at length they ventured back to the village, poor little Jeanne, who was only ten years old, sat down and cried at the sight of her home. The roof had been torn off, and all the year's harvest, that her father and brothers had gathered so patiently, had been burned or trampled underfoot by the horses of the soldiers; the cattle had all been killed, there were signs of desolation everywhere; and as Jeanne turned away from the pitiful sight, there came a stirring at her heartstrings, and a rush of memories as she thought of her dream.

Yes, she would obey the voice of God and save France if she could; and all at once the child became an earnest, thoughtful girl. She had told no one of this dream, but when she was lying wide awake at dead of night, in the little room she shared with Baby Catharine, it came to her again and again, this wild, passionate longing to save France. She would sit in her quiet corner, too, and listen eagerly to the tales of war and bloodshed brought by the chance travelers who stopped overnight at her father's house.

With the other children she still played games, and laughed and sang around the Fairy Tree; but when alone with her flock, she would sit ab-

sorbed, her knitting dangling, forgotten in her hand, her dreamy eyes looking far across the devastated fields.

#### IV

##### THE CALL.

WHEN Jeanne was thirteen, a strange thing happened. That summer in the very heat of the day, she stood in her father's garden, which overlooked the church where she went daily to pray. Suddenly a great light seemed to come from a corner of the church, and a voice, sweet and full, spoke her name.

"Jeanne d'Arc, Jeanne d'Arc," it called, not only once, but twice, thrice, before she realized that it was the voice of an angel, and the great fear that at first struck her dumb melted away, and the voice spoke further.

"Be a good girl, Jeannette, and serve God," it said, and, raising her head, Jeanne looked straight at the dazzling light, through which she could plainly see the face of St. Michael. She knew him by the glittering armor he wore and the flaming sword he carried, and behind him, in the streaming light, she could see the angels who followed in his wake.

"Jeanne d'Arc," he said, "you are chosen of God to deliver France. Be good and wait."

The great light vanished, there was only the noonday sun glancing through the leaves of the trees, and Jeanne upon her knees in tears.

Then other visions came to her: St. Catharine and St. Margaret, who told her always to be good and patient, to say nothing, but to wait the future coming of St. Michael, who would send her forth upon her mission. For three years the visions came from time to time, but St. Michael did not appear, though her "voices," as she lovingly called them, told her he would summon her later.

At last one day Jeanne was sitting in her favorite seat in the Tree, her hands idle in her lap, her head bent in deep thought, when a white shadow came gliding across the grass, and stood before her in the guise of a warrior. A great light seemed to come from him and flow over the girlish form on the tree-trunk, as he said gently: "The time has come, Jeanne; go forth and save France."

"But I am over-young!" she cried, raising her hands. "How can I go forth alone in the world? How can I mingle with men—I, a poor peasant girl, knowing nothing of their ways?"

"You will lead them to victory, riding at the head of the army of France," said a voice like the clear, sweet tones of a bell. "Be of good cheer, little maid; God sends you forth!"

"But I know nothing of war, nor what to do. I cannot even mount a horse."

"Go to the governor of Vaucouleurs; he will show you how. Be of good cheer, Jeannette; the time has come. Go forth—go forth!"

Then he vanished in his trail of light, and Jeanne felt a new strength suddenly growing in her heart. She remembered an old prophecy—that France, betrayed by one woman, should be saved by another. The wicked Queen Isabelle, widow of poor, crazy Charles VI, had sold his kingdom to the English; who then was to wrest it from the hands of the enemy? And the words of the wizard came to her as she knelt in the little church during the quiet vesper hour: "From the country of Lorraine, approaching through the hoary woods, would come a young girl who would subdue the archers of Breton and who would perform wonders."

Were not the hoary woods the Forest of Oak, in fair Domrémy? Was she not young, with the spirit of God in her heart? And St. Michael had said: "Go to the governor of Vaucouleurs."

Then into the soul of this girl of sixteen leaped a mighty purpose. Night after night, in her little room, she prayed for strength, and day after day she mingled with her merry comrades—with them, yet not of them.

Her little sister, Catharine, and her two girl friends, Mengette and Haumette, loved to be near her, but they spoke in whispers when they saw Jeanne's far-away look, for in their child-fashion they felt that Jeanne was different from them all. And the boys, too, brave peasant lads, hung about her with awe, for there was a strange spirit in this slip of a girl they had never seen before.

#### THE JOURNEY TO VAUCOULEURS.

At last, after many tears and prayers, Jeanne took things in her own hands. She made a visit to her uncle, Durant Laxart, an excuse for going to Vaucouleurs, and after confiding in him something of her visions, she made him promise that he would obtain an audience with the governor, named Robert de Baudricourt.

Many were the weary days she waited, but she was only a peasant girl, and Uncle Laxart but a simple man, who did not know the way of great folk; but Jeanne's voices and visions counseled her to be patient, and at last she got a hearing. She stood up before the governor, told her errand boldly, and begged him to send her to the King—or the Dauphin, as she called him, for the crown lay at Reims, which was in the hands of the English. But the governor laughed scornfully, and told her good uncle to take her home and have her well punished. So Jeanne was sent home in disgrace, and little by little it was noised about that she had lost her senses, and people began to point at her and call her mad—this girl of visions

and voices, who dared to think that *she* could go forth and save France!

Poor Jacques d'Arc was shamed to his peasant soul; he scolded Jeanne well, and her pious mother prayed with her, and saw that she went often to the little church. Jeanne herself was



Photographed by Giraudon.

THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC CLASPING THE SWORD  
OF FIERBOIS, AT VERSAILLES. BY PRINCESS  
MARIE D'ORLÉANS.

much disappointed over the seeming failure of her mission, but her "voices" said: "It is nothing; wait and hope and pray."

So she took up her shepherd's crook and her daily simple life. But she was changed; she grew strangely gentle and abstracted, she held her head as if she were always listening, and the children, while they loved her, drew apart when they saw her so absorbed. Her father was disturbed. Surely something must be done to rouse her, his good little Jeanne, who never before had given him a moment's trouble. She must have a husband and a home of her own; so he chose her a stalwart shepherd lad, and brought him to where Jeanne sat one day beneath the Fairy Tree.



Her face was rapt, for visions had been coming thick and fast of late, and the clumsy shepherd lad was afraid to approach her. The voice of her father brought her back to earth.

"Jeannette, it is time for your marriage. See, I have brought you a husband, too bashful to speak for himself; it is my will that you become his wife." But Jeanne shook her head. "I may not wed," she answered.

Jacques d'Arc grew angry. "*May not?* You shall. You have no need to speak, girl. See, he holds his sheep staff toward you; grasp it, and you are plighte."

Jeanne took a step forward; then of a sudden she saw a great light beside the figure of the shepherd lad, and through it St. Michael in his glittering armor.

"Monseigneur!" she cried, holding out her arms, "I am ready!"

"Well, then, take the staff and come along," said her father, thinking she spoke to him.

Jeanne looked at the staff, but it had vanished, and in its place gleamed a flaming sword, a tall, slender thing with a hilt in the shape of a cross, that blazed in the gathering twilight. "Take it, Jeanne d'Arc!" said the voice of St. Michael, as he disappeared.

"Take it, take it, Jeanne d'Arc!" said the voices of St. Catharine and St. Margaret, adding as she held forth her hands to grasp it: "Daughter of God, go forth!" Then the flaming sword vanished as marvelously as it had appeared.

## V

JEANNE D'ARC THE HOPE OF FRANCE. STRENGTHENED by this last vision, Jeanne determined to steal away from her home and go once more to Vaucouleurs. This time she took into her confidence the only one of her companions who believed in her; this was young Louis de Contes, an orphan boy of good birth, who had been brought up by the priest of Domrémy.

"You," she said, "shall be my page and secretary when I lead the army of France, for if Robert de Baudricourt will not send me to the Dauphin, I will go myself, if I have to walk every step of the way. Orléans is besieged, and I must hasten, or it will be too late, and France will be lost. You must follow me to Vaucouleurs; but first say good-by to my parents and my brothers and dear little Catharine, whom I shall never see again, and my dear friends Mengette and Haumette. My brothers may come to me some day, and they may bring my parents' blessing—who knows! I am sorry to go without it," and the dark eyes filled with tears.

ONCE MORE TO  
VAUCOULEURS.

So once again she appealed to her Uncle Laxart, in whom she had always found a ready sympathizer, and once more he managed to obtain an audience with Baudricourt. By this time Jeanne's fame was beginning to spread, and when it was rumored that she was at Vaucouleurs, people flocked to look at her and speak with her. At seventeen Jeanne was good to look upon. She was very tall, straight-limbed, and broad-shouldered; she had fine features, a clear, true eye which penetrated to the very soul of those with whom she spoke, and dark hair, which she wore short-clipped a little below the neck.

Since last she faced the governor, a whole year had passed—to her, a gain in strength and courage and the determination to accomplish her mission. She told Baudricourt many things which made him marvel, for the strange gift of looking ahead had grown mightily, and it awed the governor in spite of himself; so at last he agreed to send her with an armed escort to the castle of Chinon, whither the Dauphin Charles had fled with his court.

The people of Vaucouleurs went wild with enthusiasm; they gave her a horse and armor, and mounting for the first time in her life, Jeanne, at the head of a troop of horse, set out on her mission, under the protection of two great knights, Sieur Jean de Metz and Sieur Bertrand de Poulengy, who were always faithful to her.

JEANNE FINDS A WAY. That was a dangerous journey. The Burgundians, the enemies of the King, were infesting the country, and the little band of eighteen or twenty were forced to march by night and conceal themselves by day. Jeanne it was who planned the route like a general, seeming to know the open country and the forest paths as if she had traveled through them all her life, though in reality she had seldom ventured beyond the limits of Domrémy; and it was strange to see those seasoned soldiers obey her orders like good children. Many were the adventures that befell them on their way, but after eleven days of weary travel they arrived at last before a river, the Loire, and, shabby-looking and bedraggled—all save Jeanne herself, whom nothing could tire—the little company entered the friendly town of Gien. Here they rested for a while, but later pushed on to a small village called Fierbois, within a short distance of the castle of Chinon, on March 6, 1429.

## VI

THE DAUPHIN WHO WOULD BE KING. THE Maid and her mission could no longer be concealed. The news of her arrival spread like wildfire, and



JEANNE D'ARC'S VICTORIOUS ENTRY INTO ORLÉANS.

From the painting by H. Scherrer.



at Chinon itself the idle, uncrowned King and his handful of courtiers were inclined to treat the whole matter as a joke. When Jeanne sent a letter to the Dauphin demanding an audience, they all set to work to see what sport they could make of this simple sheep-girl, who dared to think she could lead the armies of France and raise the siege of Orléans.

The Dauphin's councilors urged him not to see her at all. These were Seigneur de La Trémouille, the King's favorite, and Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, both of whom, from the first, bitterly hated the Maid, and many another shared their distrust; but, on the other hand, there were envoys from the beleaguered city of Orléans, and, stronger than any, the good Queen Yolande of Sicily, mother-in-law to Charles, who took the lonely girl under her protection and insisted on her being received.

But though the Dauphin yielded, it was more from curiosity than from anything else. Jeanne had written (at least, Louis de Contes, her secretary, had written for her, for the poor peasant girl could neither read nor write) that she would know the Dauphin anywhere and in any disguise, so it was agreed to play a trick upon her. When the day of the audience arrived, there were great preparations in the castle, for the Dauphin was very poor, and the court in rather a dilapidated condition; but they put forth all their finery to make an impression on the simple child that would awe her and benumb her wits; then dressing the Duc d'Alençon, the King's cousin, in the kingly robes, they placed him on the throne, while Charles himself, dressed plainly, mingled with the group in the great hall.

THE MAID WHO  
WOULD MAKE  
HIM KING.

There was a stir when Jeanne was ushered into this brilliant throng. The kind Yolande had wished to dress her richly, but she chose instead a dainty white gown, which made her look very fair and young. As she entered the hall, she scarcely glanced at the throne, but, without a moment's hesitation, she went quickly past it, and, going straight to Charles himself, knelt at his feet, and, with eyes full of happy tears, smiled up into his face.

The Dauphin was touched in spite of himself, and surprised that, amid all the tinsel and glitter, Jeanne should have picked him out; and when she spoke fearlessly and begged him to give her men-at-arms and send her to raise the siege of Orléans, and bade him hope that the throne of France would soon be his, he seemed for one brief moment to look into the white heart of this little maid, and to see all the truth and honor cloistered there. He was a weak young prince

but at times he yielded to good impulses. In spite of all the intrigues of his wily courtiers, he finally gave ear to Jeanne's entreaties—indeed, there seemed no other choice, for Orléans had been in a state of siege for eight months, pressed sorely by the English and their allies, the Burgundians, and its people and soldiers, all the flower of France, were dying hard, for the city would never yield until there was no one living to defend it.

Now this child, with the sweet face and the brave heart, had said there was a way. He would see. So he piled honors upon her and made her general-in-chief of all the armies. Think of it! A mere slip of a girl, with sunburnt cheeks and wind-tossed hair, to wear the armor of a general of France!

## VII

JEANNE OF THE  
FLEUR-DE-LIS.

THE Dauphin had made for her the most magnificent armor of linked steel and silver mountings, and all her trappings bore the emblem of the fleur-de-lis, the flower of France, but the sword she carried was the one in her vision that had vanished as she tried to clutch it. Her "voices" had told her that she would find a sword behind the altar of St. Catharine's at Fierbois, and, sure enough, there it was, rusty from disuse; but they polished it up, and she carried it through all.

It is needless to go into history; what boy or girl has not followed the brilliant victories of this Hope of France? How she marched to Orléans, taking the fortresses of the enemy on her way, and how in ten days she raised a siege that had defied all the power of France for eight long months; how she rode through the liberated town, followed by men, women, and children, who shouted with joy as her white horse passed through the streets. But little Jeanne was unspoiled by the worship of the people; her pure heart was bent only on saving France and crowning the King at Reims.

THE MAID OF  
ORLÉANS.

With a sudden bound she had touched the heart of the army of France. The men adored her, and the generals—La Hire, Dunois, D'Alençon, De Boussac, De Retz—looked upon her as a being inspired of God, and never wavered in their allegiance. They had seen her during that ten days' fight for Orléans, at the head of the army, cheering on the men; waving the sacred sword of Fierbois, yet never striking; rushing into the thick of danger that others might follow; wounded, yet plucking forth the dart with her own hand, and staggering once more to the front with the standard which meant

sc much to France; and on that glorious 8th of May they had ridden beside her through the densely packed streets, and they loved her for the modesty, the humility, the grace, and the girlishness which crowned the heroic little figure of this Maid of Orléans.

## VIII

WHEN the news of Orléans reached the King, there was rejoicing at the court, and Charles came to Tours to meet his victorious young general—a little overdressed dandy of a king, before whom Jeanne d'Arc fell on her knees. But

THE JOY OF THE  
KING.

this he would not permit; he rose and, stretching out his hand, led her to a seat beside

him, and before his whole court thanked her again and again for what she had done. Then he asked her to name her reward, but Jeanne was not ready for reward; she wanted only to push on to Reims, with the King at the head of his army. La Trémouille, the wily minister of state, opposed her, as he always did to the very end—her enemy to the last.

"March with me to Reims," was her one prayer. "Use me, Sire, I beg of you; there is but little time, I know. I feel it in my heart, I shall last but a year, and there is so much to do!" She clasped her hands beseechingly, and the tears

THE VISIONS OF THE  
TREE.

filled her eyes, for, strangely enough, in the quiet hours of the night, in the brief

snatches of rest that the busy young general took whenever she could, had come the vision of the Tree, not once, but twice; she had seen it rise before her in all its spring-laden beauty, and she knew—as all the children of Domrémy knew—that to the pure of heart whom death had summoned, the vision of the Fairy Tree came *thrice* within the year.

This, then, was in her voice—a warning, a foreboding, in the midst of all this pageantry and splendor, and though the King showered empty honors upon her, knighting her in the presence of his grandees, conferring upon her the title of Du Lis, because of the victories she had won for the Lilies of France, she took no thought of it.

"I am only a peasant girl, my liege, and, by your grace, I would be called Jeanne d'Arc and nothing more."

She had no wish for fame, this simple child! Her heart was the heart of France, her every wish and thought was for her country. He promised to go to Reims if an army could be raised, and straightway Jeanne set about her work. Common people and nobles flocked to her

standard; she was the life and hope of them all, as, at the head of an army of eight thousand men, she went forth to clear the way for the King.

Battle after battle she fought, fortress after



STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC BY FREMIET. IN THE PLACE DES PYRAMIDES, PARIS.

fortress went down before her. Tourelles, Jargeau, Patay, are all names that live in history beside that of Jeanne d'Arc. Then came Reims

THE CROWN JEANNE  
WON.

and the crowning of the King, a wonderful moment when all France united in praise of the Maid. But she, riding beside the



King in the grand procession, espied her father and her Uncle Laxart in the crowd, and her heart cried out to them, aching with its longing for Domrémy and the simple life she had left behind. There was still more work to do; after that she would go home to the cottage and the good mother; but, alas! poor, lonely girl, her heart would cry out many times—in vain.

At Reims the King again besought the Maid to think of some personal reward for her great service. "You have saved the crown,"

he said; "you may have what you will."

Then Jeanne thought of Domrémy, poor and hard pressed, and she begged that her dear home might nevermore be taxed. That was all, though the King would have granted half his kingdom—that was all she asked.

This favor the King granted, and for three hundred and sixty years Domrémy enjoyed this privilege, granted to "La Pucelle," the Virgin soldier, who had tended her flock in this lovely spot.

After the coronation Jeanne's father and uncle were sent for and honored by the King. But it was at the royal banquet that the crowning honor was conferred. The King put up his hand for silence, and from some far corner came the simple air of *L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont*, in tender, rich tones that made the girl-soldier cry for the memory of it all. Her lost childhood, the happy days, the tranquil nights—poor little Jeanne d'Arc!

## IX

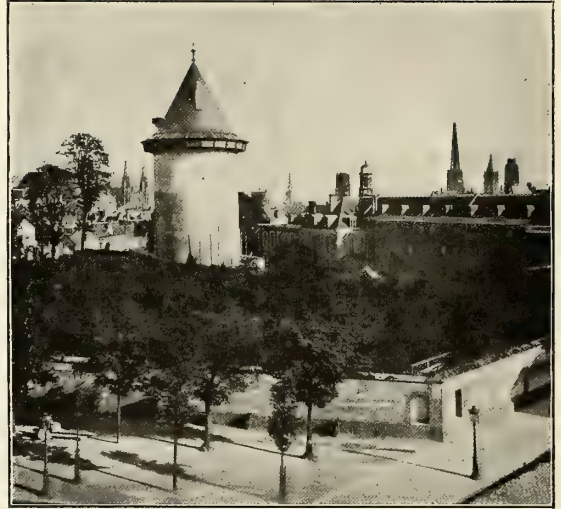
THE HOMESICK MAID. THE King could not long be stable; he was the easy prey of evil councilors. Jeanne wished to go forward with the war; La Trémouille opposed her by delays, while the King took his pleasure in his gilded court, and forced the Maid to postpone her plans.

The King was advised to fall backward instead of pushing forward as Jeanne had wished; her enemies were growing as her fame spread, and, shame be it said, there were many, even among the French themselves, who would have betrayed her had they dared. England had reason for her capture, but France—ah, there was the pity! Delays and petty subterfuges of the King lost them Paris, and Jeanne, who had never been defeated by the enemy, was defeated by her own ungrateful King. She sadly hung up her white armor in St. Denis, and begged to go home. But the King refused; he would need her still, he said; in truth, La Trémouille wished to keep her where he could best oppose her.

Her "voices" now came to her. "Remain at St. Denis!" they said, and Jeanne determined to

JEANNE'S VISIONS  
AND THE KING'S  
COMMANDS.

stay, even if the King left, for God's commands were above his. But the King decided to march, and compelled Jeanne to go with them, and because she had been wounded at the siege of Paris and



THE TOWER AT BAUREVOIR IN WHICH JEANNE WAS IMPRISONED.

was still weak, she was forced to submit. After that the glorious army of heroes was disbanded by the King's orders, and Jeanne's heart was nearly broken. If only she had not been wounded!

This was in September. From that time the skies grew dark for the poor Maid. For months she was forced to inactivity, while the King idled away the time in pleasure. She was allowed once or twice to make small forays, but they were child's play to the restless spirit. Her friends—and there were many at court—felt sorry for her, but her enemies were working secretly, as we shall see, and La Trémouille was already bartering for her betrayal with the English leaders.

Once their prisoner, it would be an easy matter to hold the rest of their possessions in France. Once rid of Jeanne at court and from the King's side, La Trémouille's way would be easy. But she must be taken in battle. Many a time she barely escaped capture, but at last the crash came. The Maid, with her troops, was in the neighborhood of Compiègne, which was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy. The captain of the city of Compiègne, Guillaume de Flavy, who was the tool of La Trémouille, demanding help during the siege, Jeanne had gone

FRIENDS AND  
ENEMIES.

to its rescue, and, as usual, she had given her men new courage by her presence. On the 24th of May she made a sortie at the head of five hundred men. It was a beautiful cloudless day, and the Maid, on her spirited horse, looked brave and lovely as her armor flashed in the sunlight. She wore, too, a silver cape which rose and fell over her shoulders with the motion of her horse.

Now, the dastardly plan was to send her on the field with as small a force as possible, surround her on every side, and when she would retreat into what she thought her refuge, to close the gate and raise the drawbridge of the city so that she could not get in and so would surely be captured. There were master minds to plot this treason: the Duke of Burgundy; De Chartres, Archbishop of Rheims; Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais; Flavy, the traitor to France; and La Trémouille, the arch-plotter of them all.

And where were Jeanne's friends, stanch and tried in battle or in peace? Held at different posts by one pretext or another until the deed was done and the Maid a captive. On the 24th of May it happened. Jeanne could fight all but treachery; her horse was surrounded, and rough hands caught hold of her cape and dragged her off. And so she fell into the hands of her enemies—this poor, defenseless girl—into the jaws of a pack of wolves who were ready to tear her to pieces.

## X

THE KING WHO FORGOT. JEANNE D'ARC, Soldier of France, Savior of the Crown, Defender of the People, Maid of Orléans, was a prisoner, and the King did not lift a finger! Month after month she lingered in prison, while the King kept his gay court, and La Trémouille whispered in his ear. Perhaps he did not think they would hurt a general of France, perhaps he did not think about it at all—this straw image of a king who had no heart. She was at the mercy of her captors, but how were they to punish one whose record in war was so spotless, whose character was so pure? Die she must, that was certain; but for what offense?

Then the wonders she had wrought were brought up against her. Satan must dwell in this girl of eighteen, else how could she have planned such marvelous deeds? The Maid was a witch, and the Church alone could deal with witches. Alas, poor little unlearned shepherd girl of Domrémy! On the field, in the camp, wherever life was active, her mind worked with the skill of a general. But shut up from the light of day, in clanking chains that she could scarcely carry,

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forced to endure privations and misery unspeakable—how could she stand against those who dared to persecute her in the name of the Church?

## THE ENGLISH WHO SLEW HER.

It was chiefly through the plotting of Pierre Cauchon, an unscrupulous priest, the deposed Bishop of Beauvais, that the Duke of Burgundy was induced to deliver Jeanne d'Arc to her English foes for the sum of ten thousand livres of gold. Hitherto she had been in honorable captivity at a castle near Cambrai, in the hands of the wife and aunt of John of Luxembourg; then she was moved because of two attempts at escape, until at last the duke sent her to Baurevoir, where she was shut up in a tower sixty feet high, and then he concluded to bargain with Cauchon, who was working for the English. He was to be made Bishop of Rouen, and he claimed the right to try her in his diocese. The English immediately handed her over to Cauchon, who had power to take her life. "And

## THE FRENCH WHO FORSOOK HER.

the French King and the French nation stood thankless by and said nothing."

And so they did her to death, poor little Maid! She knew it was coming upon her, for she had seen the Fairy Tree in a vision for the third time; every child of Domrémy knew that warning, and, after all, she was but a child, for she was only nineteen years old. And they sentenced her to be burned at the stake in the market-place at Rouen, on the 30th of May, in the year 1431, the month of her victory just a short year before, the month of her martyrdom now.

The English who slew her, the French who forsook her in her need, stood by to see her die, the pitiful, slender, white-robed figure, bound to the stake, from the foot of which the flames crept upward. But the eyes of little Jeanne looked higher, far above the heads of the multitude, into the infinite space of the heaven where she was glad to go; and some said that a snow-white dove rose into the blue vastness—the soul of Jeanne d'Arc.

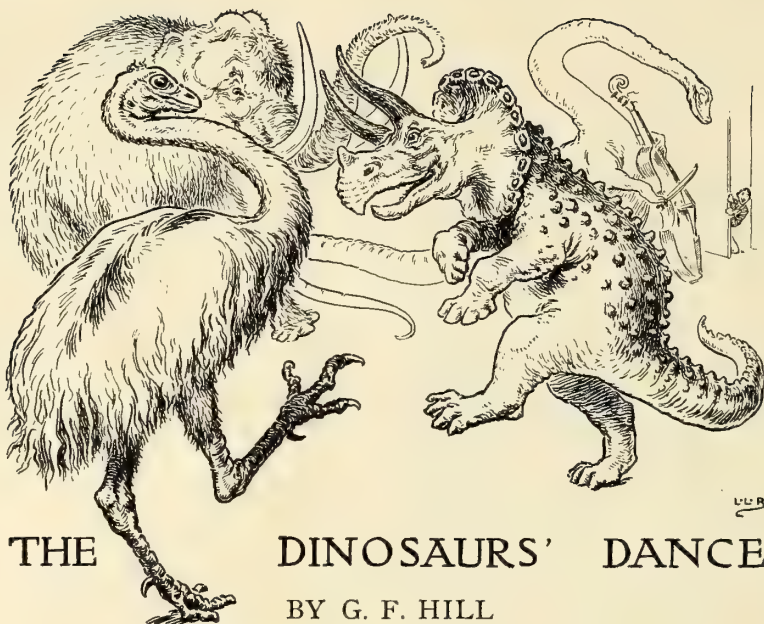
The world now claims the little maid of Domrémy. The centuries roll back as we picture her sitting beneath the Fairy Tree, wrapped in

## THE WORLD WHICH CLAIMS HER.

the visions which meant so much to France. Before or since, there have been none like her. Men have died for their country; saints have suffered for their church; they are dust. But this girl, this child of France, has risen from the cruel flames, and lives always in the hearts of old and young, as pure and fair as when she waved her banner of fleur-de-lis upon the walls of Orléans.

*Belle Moses.*





## THE DINOSAURS' DANCE

BY G. F. HILL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE BROOKE

'T WAS in the big Museum, where  
You 've very often been,  
I saw a sight that made me stare;  
The time was Hallowe'en.

As I have always done, I went  
To see Diplodocus;  
Down to my ear his head he bent  
And whispered softly thus:

"When every one has gone away,  
We 're going to have a spree;  
I think you really ought to stay;  
'T will be a sight to see.

"For every Hallowe'en, you know,  
We animals have a party;  
If you would like to see the show,  
We 'll give you welcome hearty."

I thanked him much, and walked about  
Until the clock struck four,  
And when they turned the people out  
I hid behind a door.

I sat and waited on a seat  
Until, at half-past five,  
I heard a noise of shuffling feet,  
And the animals came alive.

The Dinotherium stretched himself,  
The Mammoth yawned aloud,  
The Dodo fluttered off his shelf  
And mingled with the crowd.

They cleared the Reptile Gallery  
(A most convenient place);  
They had such lots of company  
There was n't too much space.

The Mammoth danced with Triceratops,  
Diplodocus played the fiddle;  
The Moa, with gigantic hops,  
Went pounding down the middle.

While some of 'em danced, the others sang;  
Tinoceras led the chorus,  
And the whole enormous building rang  
To the voice of the Brontosaurus.

But in the midst of all the fun  
A voice was heard to cry:  
"Go back to your places, every one,  
Or I 'll know the reason why!"

The words that the Director spoke—  
For it was he, of course—  
They simply treated as a joke,  
And laughed till they were hoarse.

They pulled his hair, and shook him well,  
And thumped him on the back, till  
He felt so silly, he could n't tell  
A Bat from a Pterodactyl.

And then they tied him hand and foot,  
And set him on a table,  
And just above his head they put  
A neatly written label.

His full description and his name  
And age thereon appeared,  
And all the curious creatures came  
And flouted him and jeered.

I heard the Ichthyosaurus say  
To the Archæopteryx:  
"I think in future he will play  
No more unpleasant tricks.



"AND THE WHOLE ENORMOUS BUILDING RANG  
TO THE VOICE OF THE BRONTOSAURUS."

"He's spent his life in calling us  
All sorts of horrid names;  
And now he comes and makes a fuss  
And spoils our harmless games."

They tickled him and teased him so,  
They made him shriek and roar;

He cried: "If you will let me go,  
I'll call you names no more."

The Megatherium shed a tear;  
He had a tender heart.  
He thought it time to interfere  
And take the victim's part.



"AND THEN THEY TIED HIM HAND AND FOOT,  
AND SET HIM ON A TABLE."

"I vote, myself, for his release;  
But, while we've got the chance,  
We'll make him swear to keep the peace,  
Next time we have a dance."

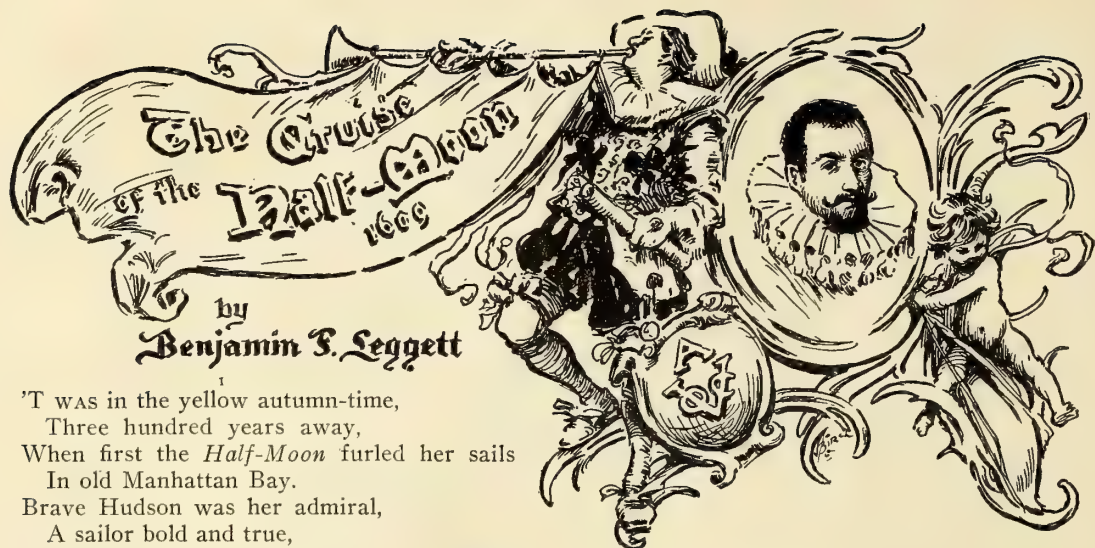
With sympathy the others heard;  
The vote was quickly passed;  
He gave them all his solemn word,  
And he was free at last.

A sadder and a wiser man  
He struggled home that night;  
It's doubtful if he ever can  
Recover from the fright.

When other people ask him if  
The tale I've told is true,  
He answers, with a snorty sniff:  
"Pray, what is that to you?"

If you yourself do not believe,  
You'd better come with me  
When I go there next Witches' Eve,  
And see—what you will see.

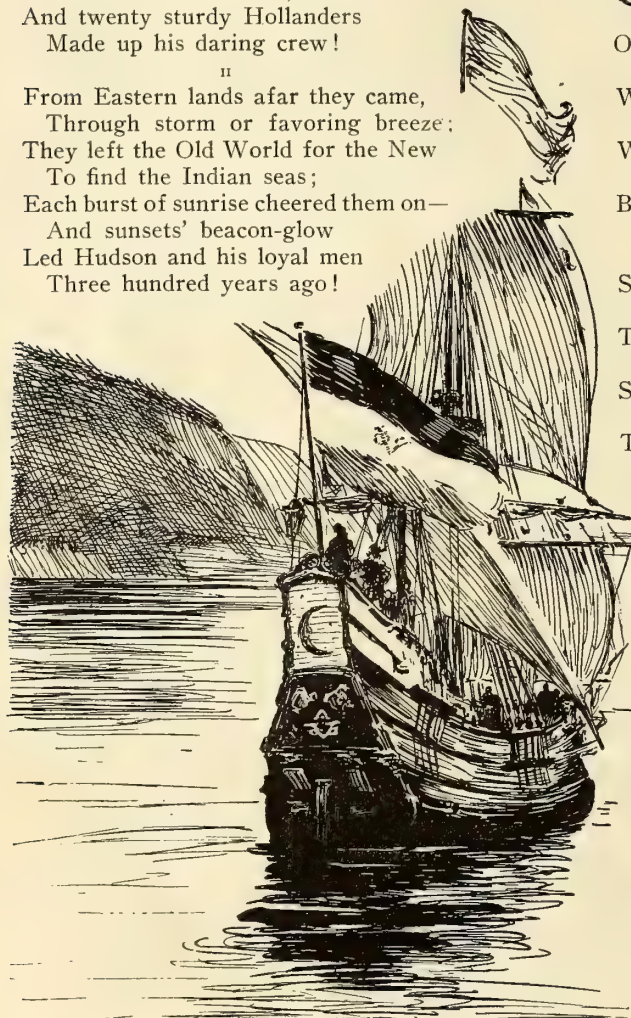




by  
**Benjamin F. Leggett**

I  
'T WAS in the yellow autumn-time,  
Three hundred years away,  
When first the *Half-Moon* furled her sails  
In old Manhattan Bay.  
Brave Hudson was her admiral,  
A sailor bold and true,  
And twenty sturdy Hollanders  
Made up his daring crew!

II  
From Eastern lands afar they came,  
Through storm or favoring breeze;  
They left the Old World for the New  
To find the Indian seas;  
Each burst of sunrise cheered them on—  
And sunsets' beacon-glow  
Led Hudson and his loyal men  
Three hundred years ago!



III  
On either hand the wooded land  
Came down to meet the sea;  
While from the North the tides returned  
Brimful of mystery!  
Whence came the mighty waters wide  
With Titan force unspent,  
But through the cloven mountain wall,  
The rock-ribbed continent?

IV  
So vast the sweep of waters deep,  
So wide the waters rolled—  
This way *must* lie the world-wide sea  
And India's strand of gold!  
So northward turned the *Half-Moon's* prow  
To brave the haunted stream,  
The first white sail to break the hush  
Above the New World's dream!

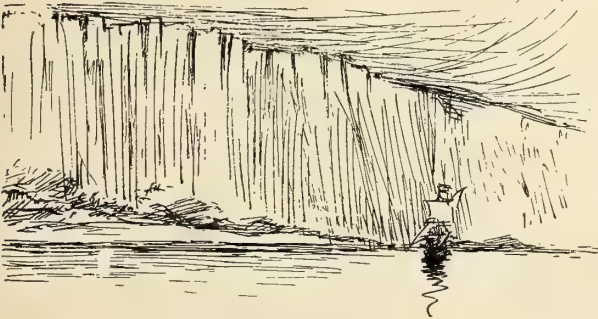
V  
And on by cliff and palisade  
And misty domes of blue,  
The weird stream opened wide its gates  
To let the *Half-Moon* through;  
While Autumn spread upon the hills  
Her riches manifold,  
As if she held in utter scorn  
The quest for other gold.

VI

And while the *Half-Moon* sailed and sailed,  
 And woodland echoes called,  
 The waters widened to the view—  
 A blue bay mountain-walled.  
 And from the headland's dizzy crags  
 The Red Chiefs looked below  
 On Hudson and his daring men,  
 Three hundred years ago!

VII

Then rugged hills on either hand  
 Shut in the winding stream—  
 A mirror of the shaggy wild  
 That leaned above its dream.  
 By day the white sails onward sped  
 And strained the leaning spars;  
 By night they idly hung between  
 The silent gulfs of stars.

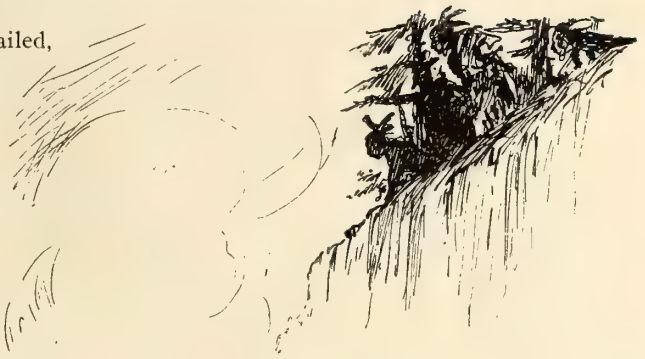


VIII

Beyond the guarded mountain gates  
 The hills retreated far,  
 And softly crept the stealthy tides  
 Past cape and sandy bar.  
 A hundred miles they sailed and sailed,  
 And half a hundred more,  
 Before the shallows barred their way  
 Along the winding shore.

IX

Down from the hills the river came,  
 Fraught with strange mysteries,  
 To seek the purple flood below  
 And mingle with the seas.  
 But not the sweep of waters deep!  
 No more the sea-wide zone!  
 The lure that led them on and on,  
 In mockery had flown!

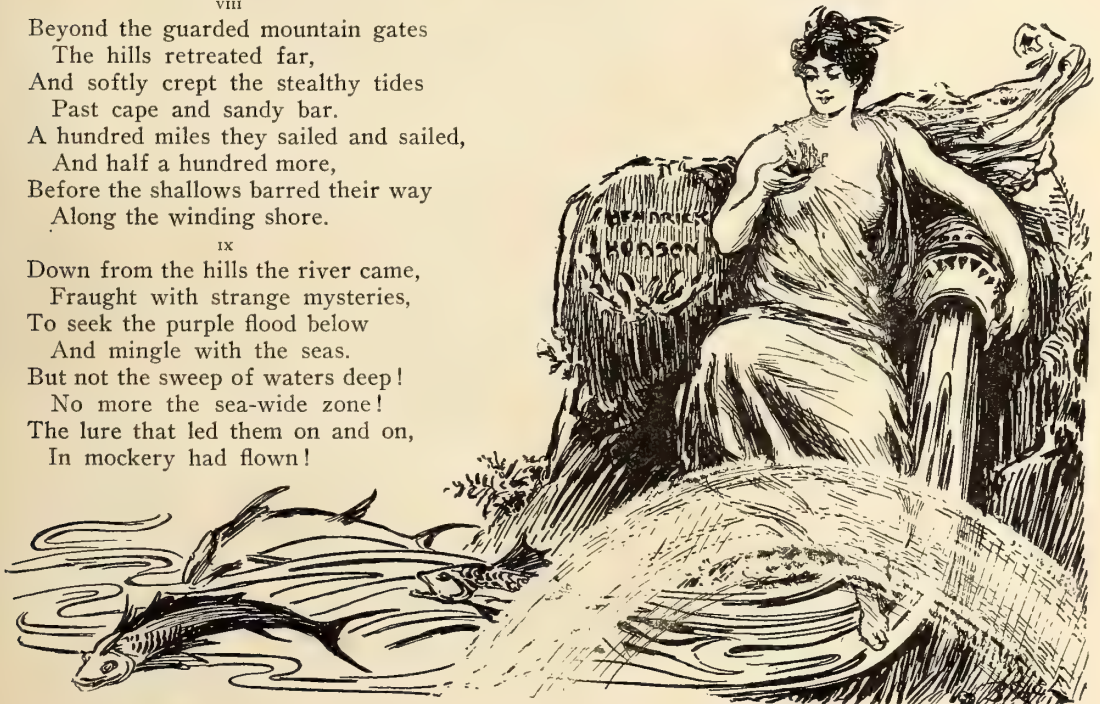


X

So ended here the eager cruise  
 The *Half-Moon* made of old;  
 So failed the dream that led them far  
 In quest of India's gold.  
 Then southward turned her prow again—  
 Back through the wonderland,  
 Brave Hudson and his sturdy crew  
 To Holland's distant strand.

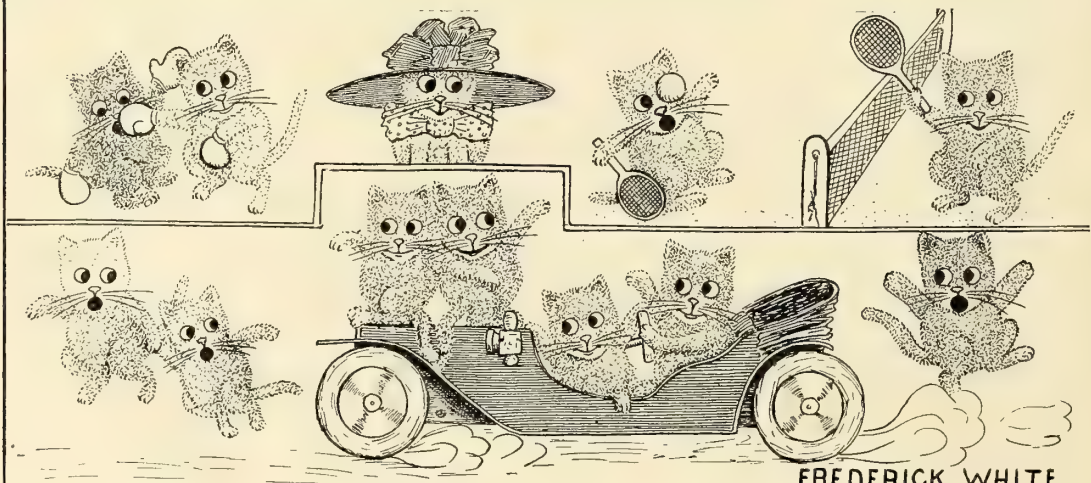
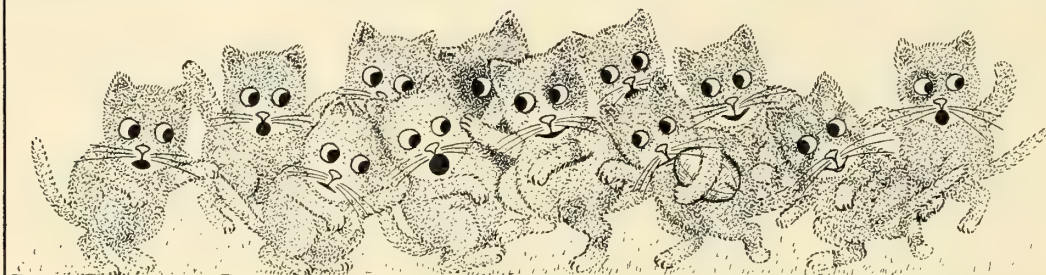
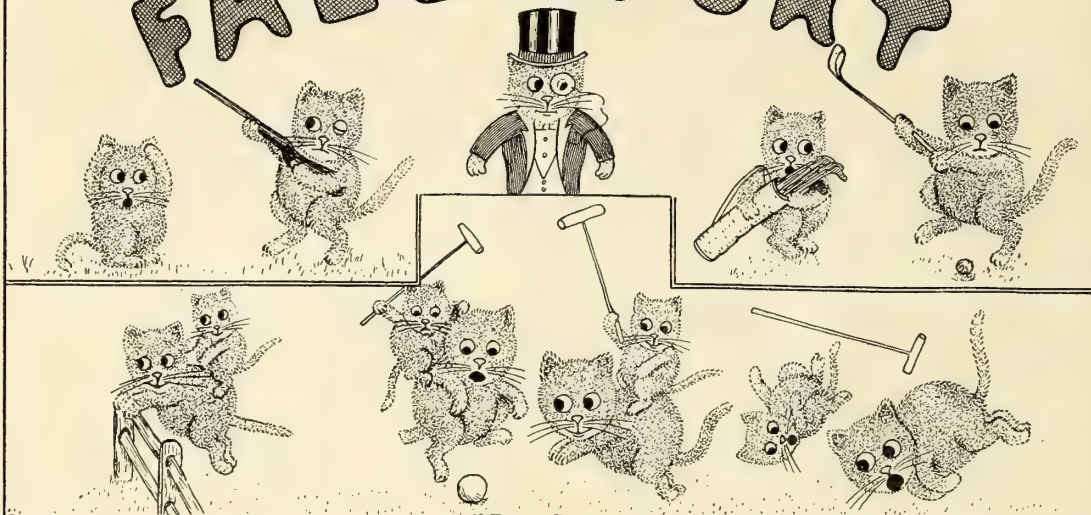
XI

But still the mighty River runs  
 In shade or sunny gleam—  
 A royal highway, grander far  
 Than Hendrick's golden dream.  
 Roll on, O River of the hills!  
 Long as thy waters flow  
 Keep thou his fame who found thee fair  
 Three hundred years ago!





# FALL SPORT



FREDERICK WHITE



# HOUSE-FURNISHING.

## A TALE

### IN TWO CHAPTERS



Two little maids I've heard of, each  
 with a pretty taste,  
 Who had two little rooms to fix and  
 not an hour to waste.  
 Eight thousand miles apart they lived,  
 yet on the selfsame day  
 The one in Nikko's narrow streets,  
 the other on Broadway,  
 They started out, each happy maid her heart's desire to find,  
 And her own dear room to furnish just according to her mind.

#### CHAPTER I

When Alice went a-shopping, she bought a bed of brass,  
 A bureau and some chairs and things, and *such* a lovely glass  
 To reflect her little figure—with two candle-brackets near,—  
 And a little dressing-table that she said was simply dear!  
 A book shelf low to hold her books, a little china rack,  
 And then, of course, a bureau set and lots of bric-à-brac;  
 A dainty little *escritoire*, with fixings all her own,  
 And just for her convenience, too, a little telephone.  
 Some Oriental rugs she got, and curtains of madras,  
 With "cunning" ones of lace inside, to go against the glass;  
 And then a couch, a lovely one, with cushions soft to crush,  
 And forty pillows, more or less, of linen, silk, and plush;  
 Of all the ornaments besides I could n't tell the half,  
 But wherever there was nothing else, she stuck a photograph.  
 And then, when all was finished, she sighed a little sigh,  
 And looked about with just a shade of sadness in her eye;  
 "For it needs a statuette or so—a fern—a silver stork—  
 Oh, *something*, just to fill it up!" said Alice of New York.  
 (My rhyme is getting longish, but I'm really nearly done,  
 For Chapter Two is shorter, you will see, than Chapter One.)

#### CHAPTER II

When little Oumi of Japan went shopping, pitapat,  
 She bought a fan of paper and a little sleeping-mat;  
 She set beside the window a lily in a vase,  
 And looked about with more than doubt upon her pretty face;  
 "For, really,—don't you think so?—with the lily and the fan,  
 It's a little overcrowded!" said Oumi of Japan.

Margaret Johnson.



# HUNTER'S LUCK

BY FRANK STICK

It was the year of the great hunger. A tall, gaunt Indian struggled up the steep slope of Lost Mountain. From cap to moccasins he was clad in heavy furs and the skins of wild animals, but at this high altitude even the furs availed little against the cutting blast. When at rare intervals he paused for a breathing spell and to search the white landscape for signs of game he shook and trembled, for he was very weak from want of food. Far below in the valley between the mountains, his squaw and children awaited his homecoming, and in the wigwam there was nothing to eat but a few strips of green buckskin.

After a while his tired limbs doubled beneath him and he sank down into the snow. He thought there was little use in prolonging this struggle, for the mountain-sheep that at one time had been so plentiful in the region seemed to have disappeared with the rest of the animals. Better to stop now before his strength was entirely exhausted, he thought, and after a while perhaps he could return and fight it out to the end with the others down there in the wigwam. As his gaze wandered over the mountain side suddenly his eyes lighted upon two black dots high above him. He rolled over upon his stomach and watched them eagerly, his chin propped upon his two fists. He knew at once they were the creatures he had been in search of, for no animal but a mountain-sheep could scale the almost perpendicular side of the cliff as these animals were doing. To intercept their course and obtain a position from which he would have a chance to bring his bow and arrows into play it was necessary to cross a huge expanse of exposed, snow-covered mountain side. Then all at once he threw himself flat, burrowing under the snow like a frightened rabbit. When he emerged, he was coated from head to foot with the feathery crystals, and at a distance he appeared to be merely another of the numberless snow-capped boulders which protruded from the surface.

Immediately he began to worm himself along the slope, half crawling, half dragging his extended limbs, working gradually higher and higher.

After almost an hour of this labor the Indian found himself in a position some fifty yards below the narrow animal trail the two mountain-sheep were pursuing. Above him reached the sheer face of the cliff; craggy but yet unsurmountable. It was still entirely too far for a

successful shot with his bow, and unless some whim should cause the sheep to seek a lower level the chances were that his painstaking stalking would prove to have availed him nothing. As he gazed at his quarry his eyes discerned two animals still higher up the mountain. Two tawny mountain-lions were creeping stealthily, yet with considerable speed, along a ridge that intercepted the trail at a point not far from where the Indian crouched.

As he discovered that these lions also were intent on making a meal off the carcass of a sheep, the Indian's heart gave a leap, for it was quite possible, in fleeing from the great cats, one of the animals might approach close enough for him to venture a shot.

So they waited, the two lions above the trail, the Indian below, while their quarry approached with no knowledge of the danger that lay ahead of them. As the sheep rounded an elbow of the cliff, the mountain-lions started from their concealment, covered the space intervening between themselves and their prey in half a dozen low, gliding leaps and were upon them. Surprised as they were and with no chance whatever of escaping by flight along the path by which they had approached, the sheep halted, then, without turning, seemed to deliberately leap into space. Their keen eyes, however, had discovered several projecting rocks thirty feet below. Inadequate though they seemed, they yet afforded a sufficient foothold for the clinging hoofs of the fleeing animals. In this way, bounding from rock to rock with incredible speed, the two sheep safely made their way down the precipitous face of the cliff.

With a snarl of baffled rage one of the cats had halted on the very brink of the precipice. Her mate, more eager to make a kill or unable to stay his rapid charge, shot over the edge and, whirling over and over, clawing at the wall of rock in a futile endeavor to halt his descent, fell at last at the very feet of the red man, where he was transfixed with two feathered shafts.

It did not take the Indian many seconds to loop his sash over the animal's head and set off down the mountain, dragging the carcass behind him. It was a long journey and a perilous one, but it was n't many hours ere he reached the wigwam. You may be sure his squaw and children were made happy by his return, and they soon had the pot over the fire in preparation for a big *pot-lach*, which, in Indian language, means a feast.



"AS THE SHEEP ROUNDED AN ELBOW OF THE CLIFF, THE MOUNTAIN-LIONS STARTED  
FROM THEIR CONCEALMENT."



# TWO LITTLE LESSONS

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

## A LESSON IN PUNCTUATION

Now, punctuate this, if you can:

*Suppose while out walking to-day  
You carelessly pull out a five-dollar bill  
And puff the wind blows it away*

You think you would make a full stop?

Or pause to strew commas at will?

I think you would let exclamation points drop!!!!

And make a *dash*—after the bill!

## THE SPELLING LESSON

PRAY, little seamstress, which  
Of all the letters going  
Begins, but never ends, a stitch,—  
And yet stands first in sewing?

I fear you'll never guess;

In spelling you're so heedless.

Which is it but the letter S,

That renders *needles needless*!



BUNNIE: "YOU SEE WHAT IT SAYS ON THIS SIGN? NOW STOP YOUR BARKING AND GO RIGHT AWAY OR I'LL CALL A POLICEMAN!"



# The Magic Football

Albertus T. Dudley.

WHEN Phil Rutherford was twelve years old, he deserted his young lady sister, whom he was escorting to a train, and trailed for two whole blocks behind a college foot-ball player, just to feast his eyes with gazing at the hero. When he was thirteen, while lunching with a Harvard brother at the Union he caught sight of the easily identified form of a 'varsity tackle who was just entering the dining-room. "James Henry Jones!" cried Phil, in a piercing whisper, as he sprang to his feet and pointed at the distinguished arrival. The students at the neighboring tables laughed uproariously; the brother blushed to his ears and muttered fierce threats between his teeth. At fourteen Phil was captain of the fourth team of Norwood School. At fifteen he played a glorious game as full-back on the third. At sixteen his one consuming ambition was to make the school eleven.

This ambition was based on something more than a mere itching for school-boy notoriety. For all that concerned foot-ball Phil was a genuine amateur. To him the mysteries of the modern game were as easy as the confused antics of  $x$  and  $y$  to the teacher of algebra. He understood the scheme of open defense, the practical limitations of the forward pass, the ins and outs of rules and exceptions. He had acquired sound ideas, unusual in a boy of his years, on the subject of foot-ball strategy. His knowledge was ample, but his body—aye, there was the rub! It was inches and pounds that he lacked.

In the spring of the same school year in which he had distinguished himself on the third team, Phil came down with tonsillitis. While a prisoner in his room, he looked over his book shelves and

dipped into certain favorites of his earlier years. There was a decided strain of the romantic in Phil's make-up which had not yielded entirely to the prosaic influence of school-room and playing-field; and now, as he reread "Arabian Nights," dwelling intermittently on the great ambition of his heart, his imagination conjured up a genie who should be capable of realizing the desires of the modern boy.

"Or supposing I had a magic sweater, now," he thought, "that would make me irresistibly strong in the line. What holes I could make! How I would plow through the defense! What a corker I should be in getting across the goal-line on the last desperate smash! Or, say, magic boots that were sure kickers. Why, I could kick field goals from any old place as often as I could get my hands on the ball!"

From such pleasing visions he awoke to the grim fact of the tonsillitis and the sure loss of pounds from his undersized self.

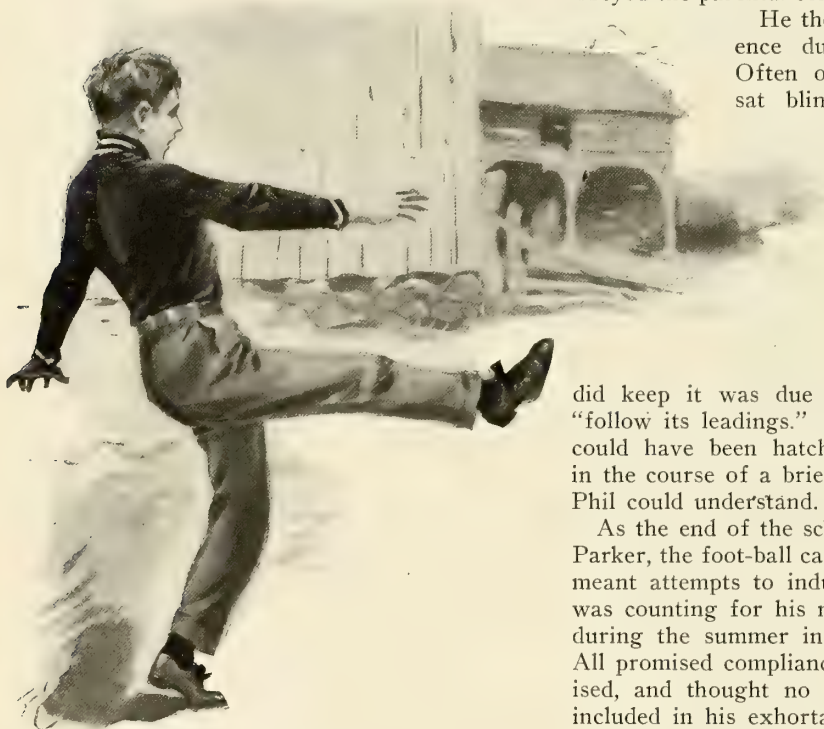
On a day of convalescence, Phil's father took him down to their shore-house at Manchester, where certain repairs were going forward. While Mr. Rutherford was busy with the workmen, the boy was left to his own devices. His legs were heavy and his head was light; he soon sought rest on a bench in the garden. Tim was engaged in trimming the fruit-trees, and as Phil drowsed on his bench in the sun, a twig encircled by a dark fungus dropped almost into his hand. Mechanically he picked it up and held it as he glided away into a dream.

He seemed to be sitting beside the goal-posts on the edge of a great empty rectangle. At the farther end of the field stood a player in a dark-



red jersey, holding a foot-ball in his hands. As the boy looked, the man stepped forward and punted, and the ball sailed up in a long, sweeping curve, along which it sped end foremost, with a momentum that brought it to Phil's very feet. He stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he saw that the punter was coming down upon him with great strides, and recognized the face of Opdyke, whom he had seen kicking more than once in the stadium—the pride of the 'Varsity team.

"That was a wonderful punt," said Phil, as he



PHIL AND PETER PRACTISING BEHIND THE BARN.

tossed the ball to its owner. "How in the world could you send it such a distance?"

"It's easy enough if you have the talisman," answered Opdyke.

"What talisman?" asked Phil.

"Why, this." As Opdyke spoke, he began to pass the ball rapidly from hand to hand. With each pass the ball grew smaller, until it looked no bigger than a robin's egg.

"I'll give it to you," said Opdyke, thrusting the miniature foot-ball into Phil's hand. "Wear it and follow its leadings, and in three months you will kick as well as I can."

"Philip!" called Mr. Rutherford from the

porch, "don't sit there baking your brains in the hot sun. It's luncheon-time."

Phil sat up, dazed, expecting still to see the friendly 'varsity man who had condescended to talk familiarly with a school-boy. Opdyke had disappeared, and the magic foot-ball—but what was that in his hand, this dark oblong thing, in appearance, indeed, a plum wart, yet so like a foot-ball in shape that, with the ends of the twig snapped off, it seemed a very counterfeit?

"Come!" repeated Mr. Rutherford, sharply. "Don't you hear me?"

Phil tucked the fungus into his pocket and obeyed the parental command.

He thought often of this experience during the spring months. Often of a quiet evening, as he sat blinking at the monotonous pages of his Vergil, he would open the drawer which contained his most precious relics, and, taking out the queer-shaped plum wart, ask himself why he was such a fool as to keep it. That he

did keep it was due to the mysterious words "follow its leadings." How that Delphic saying could have been hatched out in his brain-cells in the course of a brief sun-bath was more than Phil could understand.

As the end of the school year approached, Joe Parker, the foot-ball captain, made the usual well-meant attempts to induce the men on whom he was counting for his next year's squad to work during the summer in preparation for the fall. All promised compliance with his wishes—promised, and thought no more of it. The captain included in his exhortations the members of the third team. Two of these, Ned Marsey and Howard Phillips, he encouraged with definite assurances that there was a good chance of their making the eleven. To Phil he was curtly contemptuous.

"Get some meat on your bones if you can! You could make the second if you were only heavier."

Ned and Howard made no secret of the encouragement they had received. Phil, who knew that he had outplayed his heavier classmates during the last season, carried home a heart bursting with indignation. He took the talisman from the drawer, placed it on the desk before him, and gazed at it in silence.

"I'll do it!" he cried at last, bringing down his



fist with a whack that made the little foot-ball jump a foot. "I 'll follow its leadings, whatever that may mean. There is n't a man in school who can really kick."

When Phil went down to the shore for the summer, he carried the plum wart in his pocket and a brand-new foot-ball in his trunk. One of the first things he did after his arrival was to hunt up Peter Gove, a village boy with whom he used to swim and sail. Peter was friendly and willing to oblige, but he was loath to commit himself to a whole summer of foot-ball practice.

"There 's my lobster traps to tend," he said; "I 've got to do that, and I get consid'able many chances to do jobs for the summer folks."

"We 'll kick after supper, at night," answered Phil, eagerly; "and I 'll pay you for your time out of my allowance. I 'll help you mornings with your lobster traps, and you can help me at night."

This arrangement commended itself to the thrifty Peter as advantageous, and the summer campaign was opened that same night on Mill-camp's back pasture. Phil sewed the talisman into the watch-pocket of his trousers and sailed boldly in to test its merits. As Peter suffered under the disadvantage of inexperience and lack of definite purpose, the bearer of the talisman proved himself distinctly superior. On the next day each kicked from the point at which the ball was received, and Phil gradually drove his friend across the pasture.

So it went on for a week. Then Peter, perceiving that he was always out-kicked, undertook to win back his self-respect by other means. After the kicking practice the boys rested under

the old oak-tree at the head of the pasture. Here Peter drew his city friend into a scuffle and comforted his wounded vanity by putting Phil's shoulders squarely on the ground seven times in succession.

Hereafter the evening practice was twofold: first, a kicking-match in which Phil, the possessor of the charm, pushed his opponent at will across the field; then a catch-as-catch-can wrestling-match, in which the charm gave no help. As Pete was bigger and stronger, Phil had to be quicker and shrewder. He learned to grapple low, to catch his hold firmly, to throw himself instantly for the opening, to put all his strength into a sudden, hard resistance when his weak point was attacked. As he saw that his comparative weakness in arms and back gave Pete an advantage over him, he undertook to strengthen himself in the way in which Pete's muscle, according to his own explanation, had been gained: by rowing instead of sailing. The hauling of the heavy lobster traps also contributed their portion toward building up the strength of Phil's back and arms.

There were days when Pete could not join him in the kicking practice. Then Phil carried the ball over to the Fosters' big red barn, where a certain vaguely noted series of battens and nails served to indicate the lines of goal-posts and cross-bar. Here he gave himself solitary training in kicking drops. He used to count the scores he made and match himself against his previous records. He found this occupation fully as interesting as golf, and often took a turn at it by way of extra, even when Peter was expected in the evening; he did not tire so easily now.



The summer drew near its end, and Phil grew more confident in the merit of his talisman, for how else could he explain the steadily widening gap between his attainment and that of Pete? But the phrase "follow its leadings" was still enigmatic.

One day late in August, when Philip had driven his friend nearly to the Fosters' fence, he punted with his knee well up, meaning to kick short. His extended foot caught the ball with an unexpected snap of the ankle. The ball sailed over Peter's head twenty yards beyond the fence.

"I 'll get it!" cried Phil, astonished at the queer jump it had taken under apparently very slight impulse. "Let 's kick back across the pasture."

"I 've had all I want to-day," grumbled Peter; but he condescended to stop in the middle of the pasture to receive the return kick. Phil's first attempt was a failure, but the second time he pointed his toe well down, and, bringing his knee high, worked the peculiar snap again. Once more the ball rebounded as if forced by a secret spring, and floated over Peter's head.

The wrestling-bouts that night were walk-overs for the village boy, since Phil's mind was too much absorbed in the new discovery to be capable of foiling Pete's strategy. He knew now the "leadings" which he was to follow. There was a better way of getting off a kick than merely to let fly at the ball with his foot. The talisman was teaching him a lesson. Hereafter his whole effort must be concentrated on the task of learning this lesson well.

When Captain Parker called out the candidates for foot-ball on the first afternoon of school, Phil took an inconspicuous place on the outskirts of the throng; but he bore his precious amulet sewed into his foot-ball trousers, and his confidence was firm. Parker evidently cherished no high opinion of his powers, for he found himself handed over, with a dozen mediocrities, to the care of a sub-altern, while the captain led the first squad which was under the immediate supervision of the coach. Nothing was done that day but practice in handling and falling on the ball, and a slight exercise in tackling. The next day brought no change. The despised "seconds" pursued their work with perfunctory zeal in an out-of-the-way corner, while the big company of the superior players occupied the center of the field.

On the third day of practice the drill was cut short soon after it began by a demand for the ball hallooed across the field by Coach Perkins, who was instructing a new candidate for center.

"Let me kick it over," said Phil, taking the ball from the leader's hand.

He stepped forward and punted. The ball

soared over the forty yards that separated the squad of incapables from the waiting coach, but instead of settling into his hands, as he expected, it swooped over them, twisting on its axis, and bounded away behind him.

Perkins did not turn to follow it. Instead he walked directly across the field and demanded: "Who kicked that ball?"

"I did," said Phil, reddening with pleasure.

"Go and get it and punt it back!"

Phil's second kick was longer than his first. The coach met him with the ball in midfield. "I shall want you in ten minutes," he said, and went to work again with his big center.

A little later Phil was standing on a line with Hurd, a veteran back, each kicking down the field to give the linesmen practice in following punts. Phil had no fear of the comparison, first, because he had seen what Hurd could do, and, secondly, because of his increasing confidence in the power of his charm. It soon appeared that his punts carried yards better than his rival's, that he could place them where he wished, and that they had a most puzzling way of squirming out of the receiver's arms. The first squad, up to this time humorously tolerant of Phil's pretensions, began to look at him with more respect.

Then came the first line-up. Perkins put the newly discovered punter on the second's left end and told the captain of the second to change him with Metcalfe, the full-back, when there was kicking to be done. Into that first encounter Phil entered with body and soul. He played hard because he loved the play, loved the shock and the hand-to-hand struggle, and the joy of downing his opponent squarely in open fight. Here he shone again, through his sure instinct and the skill developed by the evening bouts with Pete under the oak-tree. While others grasped at the plunging runner vaguely and gingerly with slipping hands and slackened effort, Phil leaped at the critical moment, as a wrestler catches for the underhold; and when he caught he threw with a slam. The interference of the first seemed strangely weak before the charges of the light left end. He picked the bearer of the ball out of their very midst.

Many were the compliments sung in Phil's ears as the fellows dressed after the practice. Perkins exulted as a miner might who has unexpectedly uncovered a rich vein of gold. Parker's congratulations were bluntly mixed with expressions of wonder. Others spoke in tones tinged with envy. Phil, however, feeling that he had played in a strength not wholly his own, quelled the emotions that tore at his heart, and made little of his success. Here, indeed, the talisman served

him well, for nothing so injures the prospects of a player as arrogant self-esteem.

In two weeks Phil Rutherford had gained his place as quarter-back on the school team. In that position the disadvantage of his lightness was felt the least, while his sure tackling, his accurate kicking, his knowledge of the details of the game derived from long and fond study, came into direct play. Gradually the coach built up a clever strategy about the little quarter, in which a puzzling mixture of quarter-back kicks and long punts had an important place. And withal the quiet modesty of the player, and his contagious confidence, made him one of the strongest forces on the team.

When the first of the great matches came, Phil was out with a strained leg; but his team-mates played a determined game and won by a narrow margin on the strength of the line. Phil was back in the play for the last week before the hard contest with Brinton, Norwood's chief rival, feeling the stronger for his rest, and as confident in his unnatural powers as ever.

The team was to dress at the quarters and be driven across the city in a barge. Light-hearted and happy, as free from anxiety as Watson, the class shark, when he entered an examination-room, Phil opened his locker and tipped his foot-ball clothes out upon the floor in a heap. He kicked the heap apart, gazed at the garments in perplexity, then fell to sorting them in violent haste. The grimy trousers with the precious little bunch sewed into the left hip-pad were missing!

Phil dropped on the bench and covered his face with his hands. His strength was suddenly stripped from him as Samson's when his head was shorn. The power which had carried him gloriously through the whole season had failed him at the critical moment!

"What 's the matter?" demanded Humphreys,

stopping suddenly with his shirt half over his head. "What 's the matter, I say? Sick?"

"My trousers!" groaned Phil.

"Gone? That 's the way with things here. I lost a good jersey last week. Some kid 's put 'em



"PHIL FELT, AS IT LEFT HIS FOOT, THAT IT WAS GOING AS HE MEANT IT TO GO." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

in his locker. Lovering 'll lend you his, I'm sure."

"I 've got to have mine," wailed Phil.

"You need n't be so particular. Things are more or less common property round here. Take anything you can find!"

"Here 's a pair!" yelled Parker from the other end of the room, and a brown canvas garment caked with mud came flopping through the air and fell at the quarter-back's feet.

But Phil would have none of it. He hunted



through the locker-room; he dove into the dark closet among the old shoes and broken bats and base-ball bases; he pawed over in hot haste the janitor's collection of unclaimed clothes. His search was fruitless.

"All out!" shouted the coach, at the door of the locker-room. "Not dressed yet, Rutherford? Get a move on, can't you? We ought to be starting now."

There was no help for it. Phil pulled on the borrowed trousers, stamped his feet into his shoes, seized sweater and head-guard, and ran to appease the noisy crowd who were impatiently calling him. He hardly uttered a word during the ride. His amulet was gone, his kicking power taken from him. He was still necessary to the team, for he alone could run the game; he still had his part to play as receiver of punts and final defense before the goal. There was a great responsibility which he must meet as best he could, but the complete triumph which he had dreamed of, the splendid, far-carrying spirals with which he had hoped to eat up the distances to the Brinton goal-line, were not to be.

He tried a couple of punts in the five-minute practice before the game, cautiously and with apprehension. It was as he feared. He could not do better than McCune, the Brinton full-back, who was punting on the other side of the field. He thought with heavy heart of the disappointment in store for the loyal schoolmates who had built a rosy structure of hope upon his boasted skill. His quick rise to school fame was destined to be followed by a far quicker fall.

Then came the call to places, and the shrill whistle that set the play in motion. From the moment when big Humphreys lunged forward to make the kick-off, anxiety and fear vanished from Phil's mind. He was a sportsman to the marrow. He loved the struggle and the keen matching of wits and strength. To be in it and not absorbed in it, to have any thought but for the play of the moment, was for him an impossibility. From his post in the rear he saw Brinton start the ball back from their twenty-five-yard line. He watched the Norwood line break three times at guard and tackle and let McCune and Ranney through. He saw the foolish overhaste of the Norwood end that enabled the Brinton runner to circle the line. He called a warning in vain when Sturgis, the Brinton end, broke away from the pack and took a forward pass ten yards in front of him. Small comfort was it to lay Sturgis low before his interference could help him, for backward and ever backward the victorious enemy pushed the struggling Norwood rushers to the fifty-, the forty-, the thirty-yard line.

The play was but twenty-five yards from the Norwood goal-line, when Parker at last discovered the hole in his defense and plugged it tight. The advance was stayed. Brinton tried an on-side kick. Sturgis and Phil both sped for the ball, which fell between them. The Brinton man stooped to catch it as it rebounded; but Phil threw himself upon it as it struck the ground, while Sturgis pounced upon him as a cat on a mouse.

And now, on Norwood's ten-yard line, there was but one thing to do—punt for safety, and try to hold the enemy again in the middle of the field. Phil dropped back behind the goal-line and held out his hands for the pass. His whole soul was centered on Stubby Carleton's hands clutching the ball between two very solid legs.

The ball came clear and straight. Phil felt, as it left his foot, that it was going as he meant it to go. He watched it soar away, spinning top-like on its axis, and wondered if his ends would keep pace with it. And then, with the howl from the Norwood benches storming his ears, he thought, for the first time since the game began, of his talisman, and his heart gave a great leap within him. It was a delusion, that talisman—a helpful delusion while it lasted and inspired his practice, but as an amulet the fungus was as useless on the field as a finger-ring. The best punt of his life he had made without it; his kicking powers were his own!

With a whoop of joy Phil ran forward to the middle of the field, whither his friends were vigorously calling him. The uncertain spiral had taken an ugly shoot as it approached the Brinton back, had slipped from his hand and fallen under the feet of the Norwood end, who covered it with his body on the ground. The ball was Norwood's. Phil sent an ineffectual drive against left tackle. Then the ball lingered for a few telling seconds behind the line, only to be punted over the heads of the charging backs into the hands of Lovering, the Norwood end, who carried it to the Brinton fifteen-yard line.

Here the heavy Brinton line held, and the third down was called. Parker consulted with his quarter-back, and decided on a drop kick. It was Phil's distance. Phil fell back to his position; the backs lined up to protect him. On the Brinton side rose fierce yells, but Phil, with his hands outstretched, his eyes fixed on Carleton's steady legs, shut his ears to the disturbing din. Blind to the threatening avalanche that was to crush him, he saw only the red side of the Fosters' barn, with its fancied outline of goal-posts, peacefully sunning itself in the calm of a summer afternoon.

The ball came back. Carefully he dropped it, struck it squarely with his toe as it touched the ground, and—he was hurled flat by the Brinton tackle. When he gathered himself together, the Brinton players were bringing out the ball, and the spectators on the Norwood side were dancing and yelling and embracing one another in a wild delirium of joy.

It was those three points that won the Brinton-Norwood game. Norwood scored again near the end of the first half, on a fortunately blocked kick, and in the second half Brinton succeeded, by persistent use of their ponderous line as a battering-ram, in planting the ball between the Norwood goal-posts. That the same move was not repeated was due to the discouragement caused by a long punt from Phil's foot, which bounded outside at Brinton's twenty-yard line and forced the impetuous heavy-weights to start again up the long ladder from the bottom rung. Time was called before the ball again reached midfield.

It was a tired but hilarious crowd that the barge carried back to the Norwood quarters.

Despite the violent congratulations which were showered upon him, Phil was the quietest of all. He was mourning for his lost talisman, which, though in a way quite different from what his imagination had pictured, he still felt was the cause of his success. As the players, uproariously gleeful, were stripping for their shower, Joe Parker laid hold of his younger brother Tom, who was standing in a group of gaping admirers near the dressing-room door, and demanded the fresh towel which the boy was supposed to have in his possession. Tom opened his locker and pulled out, among other things, two pairs of trousers. One of them Phil seized immediately and felt eagerly beneath the left hip-pad.

"So it was you that pinched the trousers, you little rascal!" cried the captain, with the kindly roughness which older brothers often feel privileged to use.

"It's all right," Phil made haste to interpose, "I had a better pair."

But he was careful to take the trousers with him when he went home that night. The talisman had earned a place of permanent honor.



MR. LEO: "I THOUGHT I ORDERED TURKEY!"

WAITER: "VERY SORRY, SIR. TURKEY'S JUST OUT, SIR."



# The Peaceful Pirate-man

A Complicated Ballad

By C. F. Lester



As Oscar Alexander Dubbs was strolling by the sea  
 (The youth was after pebbles, and the time was after tea),  
 The while the beach he idly eyed, he happened to descry  
 A Peaceful Pirate pensively consuming custard-pie.

"Avast!" remarked the Pirate (as pirates mostly do),  
 So the youthful Dubbs avasted, and promptly hove to, too.  
 "Now, prithee, pious person, spin me a yarn," quoth he,  
 Then thus the Peaceful Pirate-man discoursed to Oscar D.:

"One time when I was pirating (and likewise reading law)  
 We came across the queerest-looking craft I ever saw;  
 Her sails were round, her mast was square (she did n't have but one),  
 And she did her sailing sideways (which is *very* seldom done!);



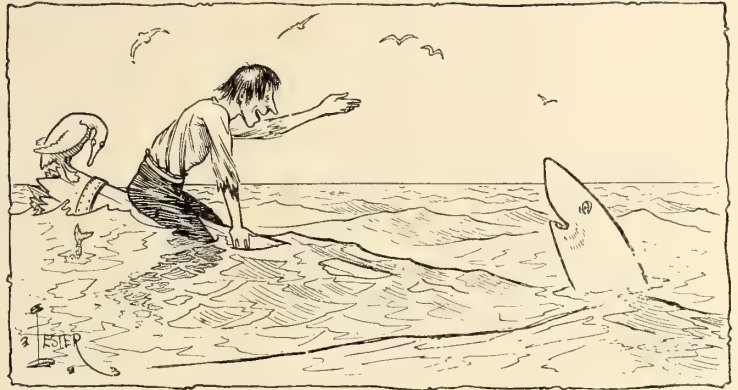
"The youthful Dubbs avasted."



"the queerest-looking craft"

"Her keel was on the bowsprit, and her crew was all in red,  
 And after we had captured him, these words are what he said:  
 'My name is Smith; my residence is mostly where I live,  
 And, since 't is rather novel, my history I 'll give.



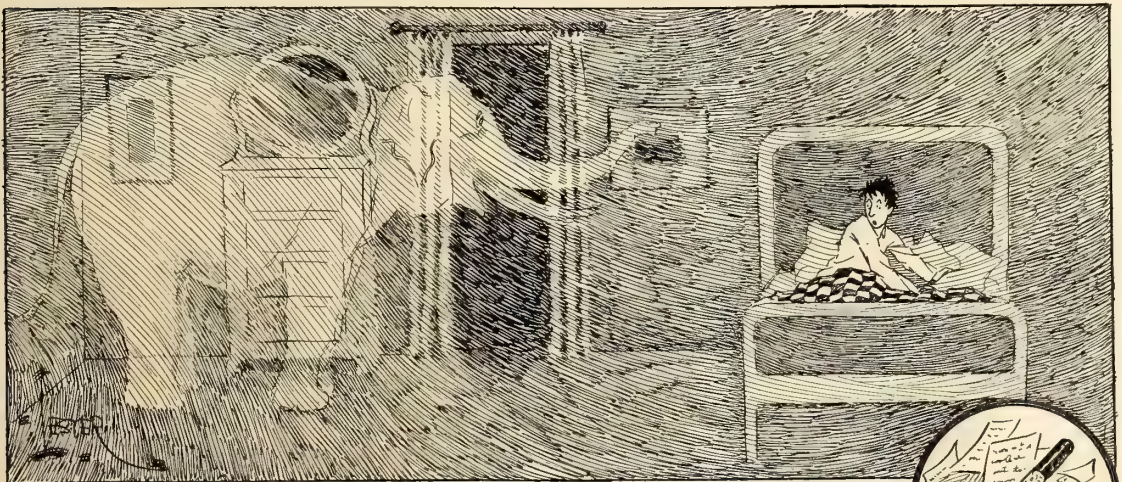


"I've traveled to and fro a lot, particularly fro,  
And I always have adventures, no matter where I go.  
The last time I was shipwrecked was when I was at sea,  
And a friendly shark, who saved me, told this curious yarn to me:

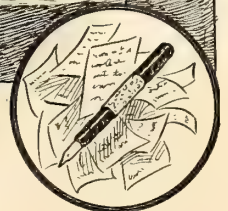
"As I was busy basking in the tropics, one hot day,  
A wayward, wandering waterspout came whirling by my way;  
I was quite taken up with it, until, one afternoon,  
It dropped me (very dizzy) in the car of a balloon.

"The balloonic was peevish at first, but when I told  
How I became a flying-fish, of course he could n't scold;  
And when he found I meant no harm, he soon became more gay,  
And told this little anecdote, to pass the time away:

"I don't believe in spirits, and spooks I treat as jokes  
(I can't respect a specter I suspect to be a hoax);  
But once at midnight, in my room, I saw, as clear as day,  
A white transparent elephant, and plainly heard him say—'"



(Dear me! This ballad business is a most perplexing thing!  
The way I don't get anywhere is quite discouraging.  
I'd like to start all over, but it's too late now to try,  
For I've used up all my paper, and my fountain-pen's run dry!)





# A LITTLE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

(In the manner of a morality play for young folk)

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

## CHARACTERS

*The Little Pilgrim.  
Dame Decision.  
Steadfast.  
Knowledge.  
Courage.  
Joyousness.*

*Honesty.  
Falsepride.  
Selfishness.  
Boastfulness.  
Faintheart.  
Anger.*

SCENE: *Dame Decision's Inn, 1678. Door in center background. Windows on each side of it curtained in chintz. A door at left leading to another room of the inn. At the left, in the center of the stage, a wooden table, settle, and chairs, in mission style. At right, in the center of the stage, another, with the same style of settle and chairs, etc. At the right (if possible) a fireplace. An iron pot hung over the embers: on the hearth a thorn broom, a bellows, etc. On the mantel-shelf a trencher, plates, etc. On the tables wooden cups and flagons. The rest of the room is quite bare. Through the curtained windows falls the light of afternoon, gradually deepening through twilight to night.*

## COSTUMES

DAME DECISION. *Blue-gray Puritan dress, white cape and kerchief.*  
PILGRIM. *Trunk hose, and suit of russet, slashed with pale blue.*  
STEADFAST. *Old rose suit and hose.*  
KNOWLEDGE. *Deep purple robe, falling in folds like an abbess's. Purple cloak.*  
COURAGE. *Bright blue suit and hose. Gold breastplate and helmet.*  
JOYOUSNESS. *White robe, same style as Knowledge, gold spangled.*  
HONESTY. *Brown suit, slashed with white. Brown hose. Peddler's pack.*  
FALSEPRIDE. *Brocaded robe. Much jewelry. Rose cloak.*  
SELFISHNESS. *Black robe and cloak. Chalk-white face.*  
BOASTFULNESS. *Yellowish-green suit and hose. Silver breastplate and helmet.*  
FAINTHEART. *Suit and hose half of one color and half of another, preferably slate color and yellow.*  
ANGER. *Scarlet suit and hose.*

## THE PROLOGUE

(Spoken by DECISION)

FRIENDS, to what follows list ye well,  
And we will straightway strive to tell  
A little Pilgrim's history:  
How at an inn he came to be,  
What friends he made, what foes he met,  
How in the end he was beset.  
Here for a space there shall abide  
Selfishness, Anger, and Falsepride.  
Stanch Courage with his broadsword bright,  
And Joyousness with footsteps light.  
Our curtain, rising, will disclose  
What comrades the young Pilgrim chose

To company his onward way.  
So hearken, friends, unto our play;  
And whether it shall please or pall,  
We cry your patience for it all!

(*At the rise of the curtain DAME DECISION is stooping, mending the fire. The LITTLE PILGRIM pushes open the door, which is already ajar, and enters, somewhat timidly.*)

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

Good Dame, I pray you, may I rest me here?  
A Pilgrim, I!

DAME DECISION (*rising*): Enter and be of cheer.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: I thank you.

DAME DECISION: Whither are you journeying?

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

I go to seek the City of the King,  
And here the road turns.

DAME DECISION: Aye, for good or ill.  
My name is Dame Decision. Sit you still  
And rest, till other pilgrims hither wend.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

Think you among them I shall find a friend  
To bear me company along the way?  
Oh, counsel me, good dame, I pray you!

DAME DECISION: Nay,  
Pilgrim, I may not. Who doth here abide  
Must choose his own friends, and his way decide.

STEADFAST (*entering*): Good morrow, comrade!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: Will you stay by me,  
Seeing that pilgrims at this inn we be?

STEADFAST (*clasping PILGRIM's hand*):

Although I know you not, I like you well!  
My name is Steadfast.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*gazing at him while DECISION exits, left*):

So thine eyes do tell!  
To seek the City of the King I go.

STEADFAST:

Then I will fare with you come weal or woe,  
And so will all my friends who now draw nigh,  
Knowledge, and Joyousness, and Honesty.

## THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

Now by the doorway I see some one stand.

## STEADFAST:

'T is Knowledge, with a script and staff in hand.

KNOWLEDGE (*entering*):

Pilgrim, much good I wish you.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*bowing*): Gramercy!  
(*eagerly*)

And wilt thou tell us tales of land and sea  
As on we journey, give us counsel sage?

KNOWLEDGE (*as they all go to table, left*):  
Yea, to the ending of your pilgrimage.

COURAGE (*entering*):

A blithe good morrow to you, one and all.

KNOWLEDGE: 'T is Master Courage.

STEADFAST: Now if ills befall  
We shall be valiant!

COURAGE (*to PILGRIM*): When you are dismayed  
Take up this broadsword. It will be your aid.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: Courage, I thank you.  
(*Faint music is heard from without.*)

STEADFAST: Hist! Do you not hear  
Sweet strains of music? Joyousness draws near.

JOYOUSNESS (*dancing in*):

Comrades, a thousand greetings!

STEADFAST: Now shall we  
Set out upon our way right merrily,  
Since you are with us.

JOYOUSNESS (*joining them*):

It will be my part  
To bring great gladness unto every heart.  
(*They fill flagons and seat themselves at table, left, taking bread from their wallets, pilgrim fashion. Enter FALSEPRIDE, followed by SELFISHNESS. They go to the table at right, paying no attention to those seated at left.*)

## THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

Look now who enters in a splendid dress.

## STEADFAST:

'T is Falsepride, followed close by Selfishness.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*to JOYOUSNESS*):  
Will they not come? Are they not friends of  
thine?

## JOYOUSNESS:

Nay, Pilgrim, they were never friends of mine,  
And whoso chooseth with them to remain  
Must say farewell to us and all our train.

(*BOASTFULNESS enters*)

See, Boastfulness now joins them.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*plainly interested  
in the new-comers*):

With an air  
More valiant than doth even Courage wear!

KNOWLEDGE (*gravely*):

If you would spurn the false and choose the true—  
Judge not by what folk *seem*, but what they do.  
(*Those at the table at right laugh and talk in dumb show. Enter FAINTHEART, who joins them.*)

STEADFAST (*to PILGRIM*):

Now comes that trembling wight named Faint-  
of-Heart,  
Whose very shadow makes him shrink and start.

A VOICE WITHOUT: Wares ho! Wares ho!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*excited*):

Do you not hear a shout?

FALSEPRIDE (*to SELFISHNESS*):

Mayhap some merchantman is there without.

HONESTY (*at door*): Wares ho!

ALL (*rising*): A peddler!

HONESTY (*coming forward, center*):

Honesty's my name.

(*Holds up gems richly set in gold*)

And these fair jewels, glancing like a flame,  
Are Love and Kindliness.

ALL (*entranced at sparkle*): Ah!!

HONESTY: Who will buy?

SELFISHNESS (*elbowing forward*):

Friends, give me room! I wish the gems to try!

HONESTY (*with a wise smile*):

Nay, gently, Selfishness! Release your hold!  
For see, your touch doth tarnish all the gold!

FALSEPRIDE (*selecting looking-glass from  
HONESTY's pack*):

I pray you, sell this mirror unto me.

HONESTY (*shaking his head*):

It is the Mirror of Humility.  
You cannot purchase it, Falsepride, alas!  
For you have looked too long in Self Love's glass.



BOASTFULNESS (*with a cry*): Good lack!

HONESTY (*amused*):

What, Boastfulness, hath felt the prick  
Of Truth's sharp needle reaching to your quick?  
(BOASTFULNESS and his followers withdraw to  
the right of stage, while STEADFAST and his  
surround HONESTY at left, doing a brisk trade  
with him).

FALSEPRIDE (*winningly, to PILGRIM, who  
stands irresolute in center of stage*):

Pilgrim, will you not join us?

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*somewhat flattered*):

Nay, Falsepride,  
For I have sworn with Steadfast to abide.

BOASTFULNESS (*swaggering up*):  
And who is *he* that you should promise so?

FALSEPRIDE (*sneering*):  
Will you with strollers and with peddlers go?  
(*cajoling*)  
You, who are wise and brave!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*drawn*): Her words are  
sweet!

FAINTHEART: Tarry with us!

SELFISHNESS: Yea, stay, I do entreat!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*turning, sees his late  
comrades preparing for departure*):  
What! Courage, will you go, and Knowledge,  
too?

COURAGE (*leaving with KNOWLEDGE*):  
Yea, Pilgrim, for our way we must pursue  
To the King's City. (*Exeunt*)

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: Joy, will you begone?

JOYOUSNESS:

Aye, for where Courage leads I follow on  
With peddler Honesty. (*Exeunt*)

STEADFAST (*pausing*): Bethink you, friend!  
You promised to go with us to the end.

FALSEPRIDE (*plucking at PILGRIM's sleeve*):  
Nay, but you are too fine for such as they.

FAINTHEART (*over PILGRIM's shoulder*):  
Rough is the road they tread, and long the way!

STEADFAST (*sturdily*): Be straight and sure!

BOASTFULNESS: Heed not the tales they tell.

STEADFAST (*sorrowfully*): Then farewell, Pilgrim.  
(*Exit*)

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: Steadfast, fare thee well.  
Heavy my heart feels now that he is sped.  
(*Goes slowly to table at right and seats himself.*  
ANGER enters suddenly, and lays fierce hands  
on PILGRIM's shoulders.)

ANGER:

Wilt thou usurp my place? The table's head?

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*startled*):  
I knew not 't was *thy* place to which I came!

ANGER (*loudly*): Peace! Lest I smite thee!

FAINTHEART (*to PILGRIM*): Anger is his name.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*ruefully*):  
So says the ear he tweaked!

FAINTHEART (*cringing*): Nay, vex him not,  
For if thou dost, full hard will be thy lot!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:  
Alas! The friends I did but now forswear  
Were kind and gentle and their speech was fair.

FALSEPRIDE (*rising*):  
Come, comrades, we have supped and drunk our  
fill.  
Let us begone! (*All rise, don cloaks, etc.*)

FAINTHEART: Tarry a little still!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*radiantly*):  
Now set we forth upon our journeying  
At last, to seek the City of the King!

SELFISHNESS:  
The City of the King? What words are these?  
I take whatever path doth me most please.

FAINTHEART:  
To me the easiest way doth seem the best.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*bewildered*):  
Will none of ye go with me on my quest?  
(*passionately*)  
Why, but you promised the same road to take!

FALSEPRIDE:  
Promises, Pilgrim, that were made to break.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*beseeking*): Faintheart—

FAINTHEART: Nay, Pilgrim, plead not thus with me.  
I go with them. I *dare* not go with thee.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*still more urgently*):  
Boastfulness—

BOASTFULNESS: Nay—I *will* not!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: You did prate  
Of bravery!

BOASTFULNESS:

Aye, but the hour grows late.  
With darkling shadows all the way is sown.  
Night comes.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*terrified*):  
Ye will not leave me here alone?

FALSEPRIDE:

Yea, if you come not with us. Pilgrim, choose!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*to himself*):  
The dark! . . . Alone! . . . I fear my way to lose!  
(*moving toward table, left*)  
What was it Courage said: "When sore dismayed,  
Take up the broadsword. It will be thine aid!"

ANGER:

Enough! such dallying doth make me rage!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*snatching up sword  
that COURAGE has left*):  
I fear thee not! I choose my Pilgrimage!

FALSEPRIDE (*in a low voice*):  
Let us begone. (*Exeunt all instantly*)

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*turning and per-  
ceiving they have vanished*):  
So swiftly have they left,  
Of friend and foe alike I am bereft!  
I 'll call the inn-wife. (*raises voice*) Dame  
Decision! All  
Is quiet, and she does not heed my call.

(*calls again*)  
Good Dame! 'T is of no use! I must prepare  
To rest me here or on the way to fare.  
Oh, by my bitter folly now I know  
That that which Knowledge said was surely so.  
If one would choose between the false and true,  
Choose not by what folk say, but what they *do*!  
Joyousness, Courage, Steadfast, all, were mine,  
These I forsook for Falsepride's raiment fine,  
For Faintheart's flattery, Selfishness's greed,  
And they forsook me in my utmost need.  
Oh, gentle Steadfast, thou who wert so true,  
I lost my heart's best friend in losing you.

(*bows head on arms*)

STEADFAST (*entering, and stealing  
softly up to him*):

Nay, did you think so far from you I 'd wend,  
I, who had promised you to be your friend?

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*much moved*):  
Ye did return!

STEADFAST: Aye, for my heart did ache  
To leave you friendless.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: I did you forsake.  
And you forgive it!

STEADFAST (*smiling*): 'T is a little thing  
When comrades seek the City of the King.  
(*Enter DECISION, left*)  
Here comes the inn-wife bringing us a light.

DAME DECISION (*giving lantern to PILGRIM*):  
The lantern of Discernment, shining bright,  
To guide your footsteps.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM (*taking it*):  
Much I thank you, Dame.

DAME DECISION:  
Take up your staff. Fail not to tend the flame.  
Now speed you forth with comrades leal to dwell.  
(*Exeunt PILGRIM and STEADFAST. The music of  
JOYOUSNESS is heard approaching without.*  
DAME DECISION *stands at the door watching  
them.*)  
They take the path together: all is well!

CURTAIN

## THE EPILOGUE

(By DAME DECISION)

Ye who have listened to our play,  
Beheld the Pilgrim on his way,  
And seen, how by Discernment's light  
He learned at length to choose the right.  
Mock not his stumbling. Vanity  
Hath beguiled stronger ones than he.  
Pilgrims along the selfsame road  
Are we, with wallet, staff, or load.  
His pitfalls are our own. Let us beware  
Faintheart's enticements, Falsepride's silken snare.  
Thus, choose ye wisely at Decision's Inn.  
So in the end ye happiness may win.  
Now, friends, good night, and pleasant dreams  
to ye,  
And thanks for your full gentle courtesy.

NOTE. This play may be given by a cast of  
all girls, or all boys, or of boys and girls together.



# KLAMATH JOE'S CAPTIVE

BY CARL LOUIS KINGSBURY

KLAMATH JOE, lifting his head, thatched with long, straight black hair, from its pillow in the grass, rolled over on his stomach, propped his elbows on the ground, and, with his chin in his palms, gazed thoughtfully up at my father. The midday lunch was over and the engineering corps had gone back to work,—all but Father, Joe, and I, for, strange to relate, Joe had worked during the forenoon; hence the utter repose and content of his after-dinner siesta in the grass at the rear of the headquarters cabin.

Father was sitting on a bench beside the door in an attitude that, in any one else, would have been one of dejection. I knew why it was that he was lingering behind after the engineers had gone straggling, somewhat aimlessly, back to work. It had been one of those days when a number of annoying little incidents had followed fast on each other's heels, trying even the elastic patience of the chief. As a starter, Jose Antonio's helper, a raw Swede, whose most pronounced characteristic was a dislike to being told how anything should be done, and a steady habit of doing things wrong, when left to himself, had liberally sprinkled the breakfast supply of beefsteak with soda, under the impression that he was using salt, and there was no time to cook a fresh supply. That was a little thing; it did not matter, except that it was the beginning of a series of small mishaps that had finally culminated in the unpleasant occurrence that resulted in Father's sitting alone, brooding, while the men went afield, to follow their own devices, as far as he was concerned. We were short of men, and when a competent-looking six-footer had presented himself at the headquarters tent the morning before, and asked for employment, Father had been glad to take him on. He had gone out as axman and had worked well all day, but at the beefsteakless breakfast he was missing. These were among the minor vexations. The real trouble was something entirely different. It was because of my knowledge of this, and because I, as well as all the rest, had spent a good deal of time in hunting for a very important little article that was also missing, that I was loitering after the others had gone. I had a vague hope that I might yet be able to help Father in some way, though it was difficult to see in just what way.

But Klamath Joe did not know of the trouble and, as he lay idle in the grass, his glinting eyes turned from his silent survey of Father, to me:

"Yo' fadder look tired," he said, and his tone was distinctly reproachful: "Mos' boys, w'en dey got fadder like w'at he is, was glad to do all he work, and let him res', but yo'"—

"Yes, it sounds well for you to talk about work!" I interrupted angrily. "You worked this forenoon, and that 's the first half-day's work you 've done for the last three weeks"—

"Me? I need new rope; got to have money to git him; got 'nuff now," Joe interposed, serenely making excuse for the brief period of labor to which he had condescended. "As for Father," I was beginning again, when Father forestalled any disclosures on my part by getting up and coming toward us. Joe, who never seemed to listen to anything, and to whose presence, for that reason, no one ever paid the slightest attention, dropped back into the grass, pulled his hat over his eyes, and apparently addressed himself to sleep again. Father seated himself on the log beside me. "Shall I go out to work, Father?" I asked, after a little, as he did not speak.

"No; there 's no use in your doing so. We shall have to go back, I 'm afraid, and do our cañon work all over again, and there 's no object in running the line here any farther until that is done. I let the men go out this afternoon mainly to get them out of the way, although, of course, what is done will be no loss—unless the Stanislaw Company gets through a survey of the cañon before we can do it over again."

"And is the whole business a loss, Father, unless we can get through first?"

"Virtually, yes. There 's room for but one line along the river and we had that secured, as I supposed—until my book of field-notes disappeared."

"But there are our stakes along the cañon route; I should think that was enough to establish a prior claim."

"Enough to indicate a prior claim, not to establish it. In order to do that I must be able to show a map of the route. I 've bent all my energies to getting the preparatory work done, leaving the mapping until that was secure. The Stanislaw Company have been pushing us hard, but they were hopelessly behind when it came to the cañon, and, if you remember, their engineering force gave up trying to get a route through there when they found the only feasible one taken. But they have been watching us as a cat does a mouse, that I know, and they 'll



CAYLE  
PORTER  
HOSKINS

KLAMATH JOE MAKES A CAPTURE. (SEE PAGE 69 )



not let the grass grow under their feet when it comes to snapping up that route if we fail in any way to comply with all that the law requires. Our construction gang ought to be at work there now, but they've only the stakes to go by. Willard is down there at the end of the cañon with teams and men; he can begin work, but the chief engineer of the Stanislaus has a right to know, and will probably ask, what he purposes doing. Willard will, naturally, refer him to me, and—I've nothing to prove my survey. The notes that went with that little red book covered, practically, all of the cañon work. It's a bad business. It's quite liable to render all of our work on this survey of no avail. I shall keep on trying, however. We will stay here until to-morrow; if nothing turns up by that time, we will have to go back and make a re-survey of the cañon."

I knew when Father said "if nothing turns up," that he meant if the book was not found, but Klamath Joe did not give me a chance to say anything on that point. Evidently, he had not been asleep. Pulling the old hat from over his face, he turned brightly inquiring eyes on Father:

"Yo' los' him, dat little red book?"

"Yes," Father replied, with an indifferent glance in Joe's direction; "it's lost."

"Dat little red book w'at yo' carry here"—Joe indicated the locality on his shirt, where his left breast pocket would have been, had he worn a coat—"an' the Transilman w'en he carry it, carry here?" He laid his hand on his hip pocket.

Father smiled, grimly:

"It's pretty plain that you know the book, Joe. Yes, that's the one."

"Huh!" Joe grunted, and, with his hat over his eyes, dropped back into the grass.

Father sat beside me on the log, talking, for a half hour longer; then he got up and went into the cabin and I turned to speak to Joe. There was no Joe to be seen. I had been absorbed in the talk with Father, but I knew that Joe must have stolen away very quietly, indeed, to have gone without my knowing it. Certainly, he had a right to go when and where he pleased, but I was wrought up and disturbed over the misfortune that had befallen Father and was by no means inclined to take a reasonable view of the fact that Klamath Joe had had the audacity to be absent from my presence when I desired to speak to him.

"Regular sneak! Crawling off like a coyote and never making a sound!" I reflected wrathfully. Then I recalled that the Indian part of Joe was much given to feasting on whatever

odds and ends of food could be procured at unseasonable times—the more unseasonable the time, the better he liked it—and though it was a little past noon, Joe would be hungry after his nap—if he had had one.

Accordingly, I made my way over to the cook tent. To my inquiry as to whether Joe had been there, Jose Antonio, the cook, replied with a snort of indignation: "He? Dat misbul half-breed! Not twenty minit' ago, it was, he came to this table and says: 'Bread, meat, quick!' Just like dat! Sometime, mos' days, when he comes hungry an' ask respectful, I gives him w'at he like, but this time—he orders it. *Orders* it, of me!"

"Well, well, Jose, what then?" I interposed impatiently.

"I tole him, git out, an' he did, but he snatch up whole loaf of bread an' all cole meat I was slice up for supper, and he went away as fas' as he could walk! Me! I was lame, or I would ha' chased him an' got 'em back."

Jose was lame, but if he had not been, I do not believe he could have recovered from the Indian boy anything that the latter had decided that he wished to keep. However, I did not say that to Jose, and he went on angrily:

"Dat Indian t'ief! Dis morning dat Swede spoil the beefsteak"—

"Hold on, there, Jose! Joe is n't a thief, and you know it!"

"W'at you call it, then, w'en he come here an' take my bread an' meat without my permit, hey? W'at you call it?"

"He must not do such things as that, of course. I'll speak to him about it, and if that does n't do any good I'll ask Father to speak to him."

"Yo' was better git yo' padre speak at him!" responded Jose, darkly. It was plain that he had no great faith in my powers of persuasion when it came to influencing Joe.

"He laughs at wounds, who never felt their smart." It had been easy enough to take on a tone of superior charity, when it came to reproving Jose for the way that he spoke of Klamath Joe, but it was a different matter—a vastly different matter—when I presently strolled down to the corral to find not only Joe's pony and saddle missing, but mine gone as well.

One of the strictest rules of our camp—and one that did most to preserve the general peace—was that no one was to take another's mount without permission, yet that was what Joe had done with mine; there could be no doubt about it. More angry with him than I had ever been in all the months since he had attached himself to our band of workers, I hurried back to the cabin and gave Father a vivid, wrathful account of

Joe's proceedings. At its conclusion Father looked sympathetic, but not particularly disturbed.

"Queer fellow, Joe," he said thoughtfully. "Don't worry about the horse, Jack. I have an idea that Joe will show up, after a while, with some explanation for his conduct that will make you willing to overlook his taking the horse—although I shall certainly speak to him about that. As for his having *stolen* it, as you suggest, that 's nonsense. Where could he go? Besides that, Klamath Joe is too shrewd an individual—he has too much solid good sense and good feeling, to stoop to such meanness as that!"

That was a good deal for my silent father to say. As I pondered the observation, my anger cooling somewhat, he went on:

"Of course, if Joe does not get back within a reasonable time, we must try to look him up; it ought not to be difficult, I should say. Meanwhile, be patient, and await his explanation."

But the afternoon passed, the evening, the night, with no sign of the missing boy and horses, until it was the middle of the next forenoon and I could see that even Father's faith in Joe was beginning to waver.

As for me, I had ceased to even try to believe any good of him and resolutely turned a deaf ear to the still small voice of conscience which would persist, at every opportunity, in asking what evil I had ever known of him. The notebook, for which we still kept up a steady, anxious search, had not been found, and Father had given orders to break camp preparatory to a return to the south of the cañon that we had so recently surveyed.

The men were all at hand, busily engaged in packing their personal belongings, and I was wondering, bitterly, if Father intended leaving the locality without making an effort to recover my horse—the horse that he knew I loved above all others—when the sound of hoofs down the road, around the shoulder of a low bluff, attracted my attention.

As I looked, the horses broke into a gallop. Klamath Joe, mounted on his own pony, and leading mine, burst into view. But it was at my pony's rider that I, in company with Father and all the men, stared in surprise.

Dusty, begrimed, his hands tied together at his back, his body enwound with a rope and securely lashed to the horse and to the saddle horn, there sat the man who had worked for us one day, as axman, and then had disappeared! His face was a study of rage and pain and helplessness as Joe brought the horses to halt in the midst of the circle. Probably Joe himself was tired and worn, but his countenance gave no hint of such weakness.

"Jack," he said, addressing me first as if to make amends for having taken my pony and saddle, "yo' may please untie this man's han's for him."

Without a word, I at once stepped forward to comply; while Joe, still in the saddle, his competent right hand lightly swinging the noose of his ever-ready lariat, informed his captive, in a tone of gentle warning:

"Yo' make jes' one break an' it 's goin' to be more worse for yo' than w'at it 's been yet."

As I loosed the strong pack-cord that had bound them, the man's hands fell stiffly to his sides, but, with the rope before his eyes, he made no other movement—he had already made acquaintance with the rope.

"Now," said Joe, "yo' han's is free. Yo' han' this White Chief dat little red book w'at you got in yo' coat pocket."

Slowly, stiffly, the man put a trembling hand up to his breast and from the inner pocket of his vest drew forth the missing red book, which he silently held out toward Father. As Father stepped forward to take it, Jose Antonio exclaimed excitedly: "T'ree sheers for Klamas Joe!"

The three cheers were given with laughter and hand-clapping, and Joe so far forgot his dignity as to smile, his white teeth flashing out like an ivory Aurora Borealis, if there is such a thing.

Then he got down from the saddle rather stiffly.

"I t'ink mebbe Jose Antonio goin' give me some breakfas'," he remarked, as his feet touched the ground. He was right. Jose, his face wearing a delighted grin, hurried back into the cook tent, and after I had called one of the stable-men to look after his horse as well as my own, Joe and I immediately followed Jose.

It was worth something to see Jose wait on that Indian boy, while the white man, still captive as to his legs, was placed at another table and allowed to shift for himself, as best he could from whatever the cook deigned to put before him.

After the man had breakfasted—and a very slight breakfast he made of it—Father told me to take off his bonds and let him go free. I did so, and he left the camp without a word.

Father, however, had had a moment's conversation with him, and on my venturing to inquire why he had let the man go, he explained:

"He was hired by the Stanislaw Company to do the work that he did—or tried to do. He failed, ignominiously and conspicuously—thanks to our faithful Joe. He is an intelligent man. The remembrance that he will always carry with him of this escapade will be punishment enough."

Later on, several of the engineers tried to wrest from Joe some of the details of his clever





"THE HORSES BROKE INTO A GALLOP."

exploit. But Joe was tired and inclined to sleep after his exertions—particularly, I think, after those at the breakfast-table—and it was not until Father questioned him that he could bring himself to explain:

"How did I know he had dat little red book? Me, I saw him take it. I was layin' under dat bush by the door, watchin' some bluejay w'at got a nest there, an' I see you"—to Father—"take off yo' coat an' hang it up by the door while yo' go to was' yo' face at the bench. Yo' look roun' an' there ain't no soap. Yo' step inside the cabin to git him, an' then, jes' quick, this man steps roun' corner an' puts his han' in yo' pocket and grabs dat little red book, quick, all before yo' come out with dat soap. I not know yo' like him, dat book so well, till I hear yo' talkin' at Jack yest'd'y. I think dat man take it for joke—silly joke, like white mans make at each other—but w'en I hear yo' talk I know w'at for he steal it; I knew he would be hurry down the trail for Stanislaw camp. He was. I overtook him fifteen mile straight down the trail; pikin' 'long fas' he was. I see he did n't have a shootin'-gun, so, when he start runnin', I jes' rope him plenty easy by the leg. Then I tie him up good and put him on horse, and we come nearly half way back here. Then it was dark and the horses was tired, so I lifted him off the saddle an' laid him down beside the trail. Then I picketed out the horses an' went back an' give the man some bread and meat w'at I

had with me. I stood over him with the rope while he was eatin' it; then I tied him good again an' then I et myself. Then I went to sleep an' w'en it was morning I put him on pony—had to take your pony—Jack"—

"That was all right, Joe."

—"Yas, I know it was, me. I could n't stop to tell yo' I was goin' take him 'cause there was no time to be los'; can't rope a man so easy after he git into camp—an' then we come on here, an' that 's all."

"Not quite all, Joe," Father said. "You have done me a very great service and I want to make you a present."

We were standing at the back of the cabin and Joe had dropped down into his old place in the grass; he roused himself to glance with languid interest at the twenty-dollar gold piece that Father was holding out to him, but he made no motion toward taking it:

"I got money 'nuff for new rope; that all I want. Money, if yo' have him, make lots trouble take care of him; better yo' don't have him." The last words were a drowsy murmur. Joe was asleep. Father stood for a moment looking down at the faithful Indian.

"Queer fellow, that Joe!" he mused. We turned away; he to work at his notes in the cabin, I to my place in the field, for the order to break camp was, happily, countermanded—thanks to Klamath Joe, who was always expert with the lariat.







From the engraving of the painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

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"I 'SE BIGGEST!"



Who 's afraid of a pumpkin  
 Ripening in the field?  
 Who to fear of a candle  
 High on the shelf would yield?

Each by itself is harmless,  
 Terror it has for none;  
 But just put the two together,  
 And *then* see the people run!

*Eunice Ward.*







## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

SOME years ago Robert Louis Stevenson wrote a poem which was very short and just as true. He said:

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings,"

and one of the things it is particularly full of nowadays is books. Books, books, books! Thousands and millions of them in every language and about all the other thousands of things in the world. It was n't always full of books, this world, of course. Time was when there were none at all, and then people told each other the stories and poems they liked and which they had heard from other people, just as tales are told to children nowadays before they learn to read. Because we must have stories; we cannot get on without them, no matter how many of the rest of the things in the world we may have. "Tell me a story," is one of the first things we learn to say; and we keep on saying it all our lives, only later we ask it of the books themselves instead of people. So it has come that all of the stories have got into books, besides much else that is n't

story but which we want to have told us. And there are so many of these books that no one can possibly read them all. For each book one of us reads he or she must give up reading some other. And this, the more one comes to think of it, is a most important matter.

One of the ways in which people have amused themselves is by planning what books they would choose to take with them if they were going to be stranded on a desert island for several years, with no chance of getting off it or of having anybody with new books get on it. These persons have made out lists of six or ten or a dozen books which they felt they must have, in which they would find the greatest amount of pleasure and use, and which, even though they would have to be read over and over again, would still hold something new, still be alive for them. For great books have a real life of their own, and even though they were written when the world about them was an utterly different place from what it now is, they are just as interesting and just as true to-day as they were hundreds of years ago. Since such books have lasted so long

for all men, they can very well last one man any number of years on a desert island or whatever other place he may be in.

But desert islands lie too far off for most of us to feel it likely that we shall ever get to one. And many of us think it unnecessary to be particularly careful in the books we choose for reading. Yet it is true, in a sense, that for each book read there is one left unread. And, after all, the world itself is a kind of wonderful island in space on which we are landed for a certain number of years. If we are lucky and wise enough to choose the right things, we can make it a comfortable, interesting place, and ourselves happy. If we don't, the years we spend on it will leave us little better off for being in it, and with nothing fine or sweet or lovely inside or outside of us.

For it is also true that what we read has an actual effect on us. Books are also like people in that. The people among whom you spend most of your time will make you more or less like them, and the books you read will make your mind something like themselves, too. If we get into the habit of reading silly or careless or cheap literature, we gradually lose the power to read what is strong and true and fine. It is occasionally necessary to take a good deal of trouble to read a fine book, just as it requires care and time to do a fine piece of work. But it is worth the trouble. What is called a taste for good literature is one of the most delightful possessions in life. We must begin to get this taste while we are still young or we run a risk of never getting it at all; in which case we lose forever out of our lives all the beautiful and wise and noble books which the world has been making for us these many hundred years. It would be like going about in a few ugly rags when the closet up-stairs is full of charming clothes ready to put on, and ours only for the trouble of unlocking the closet door.

What I hope to do is to help you find the key and unlock the door that leads to the good books. You must n't think that these books are less interesting than others which are not so good. On the contrary, they are a great deal more interesting, and they keep on being so years after you have finished reading them. I remember a story by Laboulaye called "Abdallah, or The Four-leafed Clover," which I read when I was a little girl. I remember at least that it was the story of a young Arab who set out when he was a child to find the four separated parts of a wonderful clover-leaf. One part was copper, one silver, one gold, and the last part was of diamonds. I cannot now recall any of his adventures, except that they were thrilling and

beautiful. But what I do remember is the effect Abdallah's courage and splendid perseverance had on me. I remember that he suffered in his long search, and that he had to give up many things dear to him in order to find one little leaf after another. At last he had all but the diamond one. And in order to reach that he had to give up his life. I cried over the ending, yet it was really a happy ending, for Abdallah had won his heart's desire and had grown always finer and braver and better through his long search. There seemed to come from this story a fragrance, like the perfume of lovely flowers. And it is this fragrance which breathed itself into me, and which my memory has never lost.

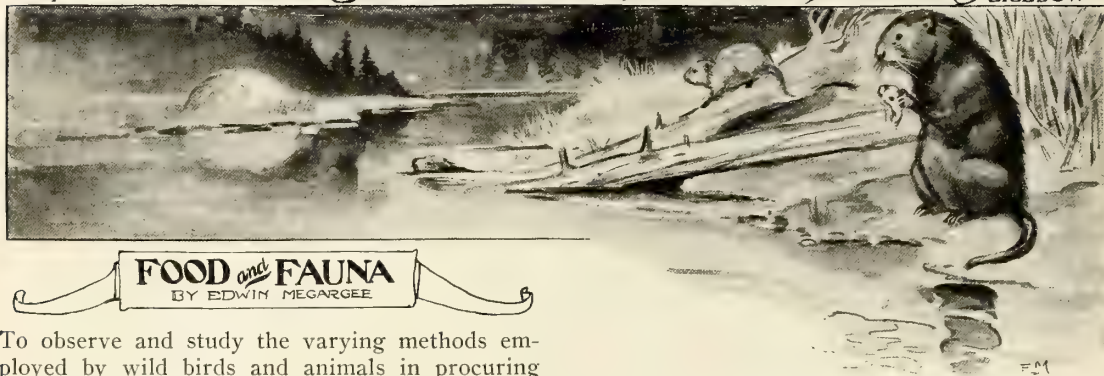
Some of us are afraid of fairy stories or contemptuous of them as "not true." But that depends upon what we mean by true. Fairy stories, if they are good ones, tell true things about life in a sweet and fanciful way. They talk about princesses and seventh sons with magic powers, of gnomes and speaking trees and animals, to be sure, and we know such things cannot be. But whether or not these things themselves are real does n't matter. The important thing is that all our lives are a sort of fairy story and that many strange things lead us hither and thither, and teach and help, or trouble and hinder us. And the fairy tale that tells about these things in its own funny and strange way may be a lot more real and true than a book about school-girls and boys playing every-day games and doing the usual things. Even stories that are pure fancy are very much worth reading if they are beautifully done, because we all have something in us that is kept happy and alive by imagination and fancy. That is why "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" have found so many children and so many grown-up people to read and love them.

I hope to tell you, from month to month, something about the best and loveliest books, some old and others new, and I hope to tell you of them in such a way that you will want to read them yourselves. The things you put into your mind are like stones which you might set into a coronet. You may put into the coronet precious and beautiful stones of many colors arranged in an exquisite pattern. Or you may stick in dull and common pebbles without plan or harmony. One does n't take very much more time and trouble than the other. But think how different the two crowns will be when the work is over and they are finished! Moreover, there is all the delight of finding the rare jewels, each so shining in itself. Let us get about it.



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY  
EDWARD F.  
BICELOW



## FOOD and FAUNA

BY EDWIN MEGARGEE

To observe and study the varying methods employed by wild birds and animals in procuring and eating their food have always been most interesting to me. All have their peculiarities and their distinctive traits, sometimes odd and curious, but always entertaining. When a bird or other animal is out for his dinner, it is then that one sees him at his best. Take, for example, the big solemn-looking blue heron, common to all our bays and watercourses; watch him stalking through the shallow water, silent as a shadow, or standing motionless as a sentinel, his yellow eyes fixed on the bottom, his head poised, ready to strike. Woe betide the unwary fish or frog that is tempted to stray within the radius of his sharp eyes and the reach of his sharper beak! Suddenly his neck straightens, his head swoops down, and in an instant he is composedly swallowing his prey.

Who has not admired that daring freebooter, the fish-hawk, soaring aloft in great circles, poising

THE MUSKRAT IS A DAINTY FEEDER.

He brings the root up from the muddy bottom and carefully washes it.

ping, he emerges and wings his way majestically to his nest, a struggling fish in his talons.

But there are other and rarer sights than



WOODCOCKS OBTAINING EARTHWORMS FROM  
MOIST EARTH.

By the aid of the upper part of the bill the bird can feel around and pull out an earthworm from the mud in about the same manner that you would take a string from an open mouth bottle with your finger.



BLACK DUCKS GETTING THEIR FOOD UNDER WATER.

Their long necks and their ability to hold themselves head downward in the water enable them to do this.

for a moment, and then dropping like a meteor? Under he goes with a surge; then, heavily flap-

these, although perhaps not more charming. To see a black duck or a redhead feeding on his native heath, dipping and diving, preening and pluming himself, is both pretty and amusing. The black duck is a splendid diver, although he sel-

dom takes to deep water; his greatest forte is his ability to sneak. He can keep below the surface for hours, with just the merest tip of his bill protruding, and thus elude the sharpest pursuit. As for the redhead, or for any member of the broadbill tribe, he is a daring and inveterate diver, feeding in the deepest channels and descending to astounding depths for the grasses upon which he subsists. There is an instance on record in which a fisherman found a redhead drowned in his nets which had been set at a depth of ninety feet.

Another bird whose bill serves quite a different purpose is the woodcock. Extremely long and slender, his bill seems out of proportion to his size, and yet it is most efficient, serving his purpose admirably. The woodcock haunts damp, wooded places shaded by ferns and defended by briars, the home of fat worms and luscious grubs. There his long, sensitive bill comes into play. With it he bores deep and drags forth his unwilling victims, thus keeping his plump form in proper contour.

Quite as shy as the woodcock and infinitely more droll and amusing is the opossum, to my mind one of our cleverest and "cutest" animals. Perhaps his most peculiar feat and one that is rarely witnessed is his great acrobatic "stunt" of hanging from a limb by his snaky tail, while with his uncanny, hand-like paws he gathers in persimmons. His range of diet is wide, but, to mix metaphors, persimmons are the "apple of his eye."

The cleanest and daintiest animal in regard to

ing. Could they but see the scrupulous nicety with which he will wash and scrub a root before



THE OPOSSUM HAS A USEFUL TAIL.

He can suspend his entire weight by it, and this is quite useful in securing persimmons from a lower branch.

eating it, they would marvel. I have watched thousands of these little animals, and never yet have I seen one eat anything that was not perfectly clean.

Few people have had the opportunity of seeing a bear feeding, that is, in his native state; and fewer still have seen him fishing; but fish he does, and in it he displays an amount of patience and dexterity that is amazing. He will lie motionless upon an overhanging log or bank, with paw poised and little beady eyes attentively scanning the water; salmon and trout are his chief delight, and should one come near enough to the surface, he is snapped out on the bank with a flip and a twist, and vanishes in Bruin's capacious maw.

Of all peculiar sights I think that that of a moose eating grass is the most extraordinary. The neck is so short and the legs are so long that the animal usually kneels in eating grass. True, they do not attempt it very often, for grass is by



THE BLACK BEAR IS FOND OF FISH.

He lies motionless above shallow water and quickly throws out on the bank a fish that swims unsuspectingly underneath.

his food is the muskrat. Many despise him, and because he is a rat think that he must be disgust-





A FAMILY OF MOOSE FEEDING ON GRASS.

Because of their short necks and long legs, they usually kneel as shown in the illustration.

no means a staple with them; but even a moose likes a change of diet. The appearance of these huge and awkward creatures in this devotional attitude is not only interesting but laughable.

Moose frequently eat the roots of lilies, which they pull up from the bottom of the lakes, wading out some ten or fifteen feet from the shore for the purpose. An interesting sight last summer in an upper Canadian lake was that of a cow moose and her calf standing in about four feet of water. The cow would pull up the stalk, nearly or quite submerging her head for the purpose. Then, with the stalk in her teeth, she would wave her head from side to side, trailing the muddy root in the water until it was quite clean; this she would then "hand" to her calf, who eagerly devoured it.

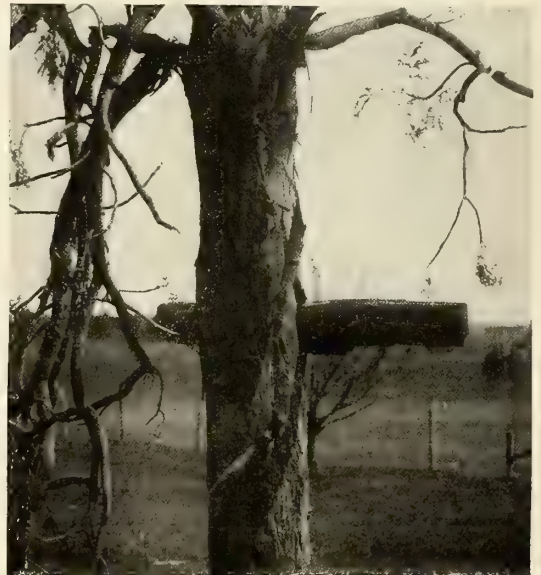
These examples are only a few of the many odd and entertaining methods employed by birds and quadrupeds in their quest for food. One might pursue the subject indefinitely. But if I have in some degree entertained the reader and aroused his curiosity about this subject, I have attained my purpose. The subject opens up a diverting field of observation.

EDWIN MEGARGEE.

#### A PLANK DRIVEN BY A CYCLONE INTO A HICKORY-TREE

MANY freaks are played by cyclones. Sometimes they take the roof off a barn, leaving the contents uninjured; take up a building, carry it a considerable distance, and drop it down right side up, standing on its head, or in any old way; strip the metal off a housetop and roll it up into a ball; denude a chicken of its feathers, but not kill it; and so on. The accompanying photograph

shows a remarkable example of the force and eccentricity of a cyclone that occurred near Berlin in Wisconsin. A plank was driven right through a growing hickory-tree, hickory being one of the hardest woods. The picture gives one some idea of the extraordinary violence of a cyclone and of the unexpected things it is capable of doing. No wonder that a favorite expression in the United States to characterize utter and complete ruin and



A BOARD, THROWN BY A CYCLONE, PIERCING A HICKORY-TREE.

disaster, especially when combined with a touch of whimsicality, is, "It looks as if a cyclone had struck it."

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

### ADOPTED WAXWING BABIES

For two weeks I had paid daily visits to the nest of a pair of cedar waxwings and had often found both the old birds on the nest together, especially in the morning and at evening. At last their care was rewarded, and I spent an hour watching them feed their brood of three with ripe choke-cherries brought from a tree half a mile away.

One day the nest was upset in a rain-storm and one of the young perished. I replaced the survivors and things went on well again. When they were strong enough to leave the nest and fly to the near-by cedars, I placed them in a box with slats on one side and a glass top. This was put on the ground, where it was readily found by the parents, who tried eagerly to squeeze between the bars and to break through the glass; failing in these efforts, they began to feed the little ones between the slats. On the following day the young birds were left to my care, their parents having disappeared. Within the next few days they escaped two or three times and once remained in a tree-top overnight. A branch of ripe cherries held in their view while I imitated their parents' food-call would finally induce them to fly to me. The photographs show the birds taking cherries from my hand. While these snapshots

fly well at this time, and made one or two rather extended excursions to the topmost sprays of



A YOUNG CEDAR WAXWING THREE WEEKS OLD.

Taking ripe choke-cherries from a stem held in my left hand. With my right hand I pressed the bulb of the camera.—E. J. S.

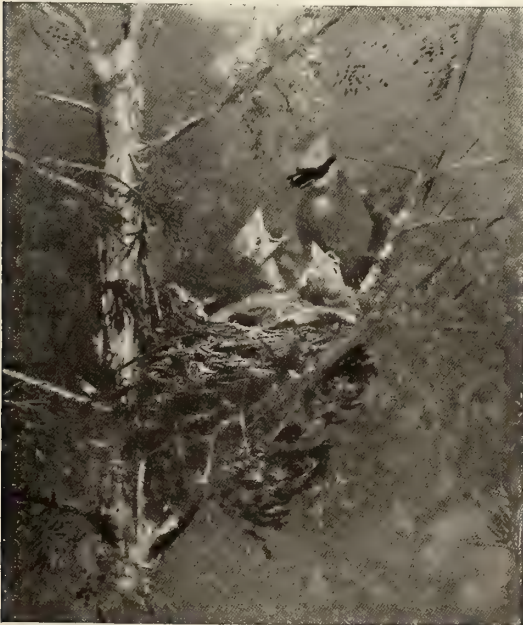
some big chestnut-trees. Their lisping calls were not unlike the fine notes of old birds, but there was little of the yellow and buff about their dress; each had a striped grayish breast.

At the age of four weeks, they were well fledged, and their wings were strong. They were now able to take care of themselves and I released them. They flew over the cedars with shrill cries of joy and returned no more.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

### THE GREEN HERON

THE green heron is the smallest of the heron family, with the exception of the least bittern. He builds his nest, which is nothing more than a rough platform of sticks and twigs laid together very loosely, in bushes and small trees growing in swampy places, and the green, immaculate eggs, four, five, or six in number, are laid about the middle of May. When the young are first hatched, they are scrawny, uninteresting-looking babies, and, in point of fact, the old birds themselves are not very beautiful. Those in the



A PARENT FEEDING YOUNG CEDAR WAXWINGS RIPE CHOKE-CHERRIES.

The young are still in their nest in a cedar, being about ten days old.

were being made the youngsters several times flew away, but returned as soon as I held a small branch of cherries toward them. They could



photograph were taken when they were about three weeks old and after they had left their nest. At this time they stand about in the bushes, with their long necks stretched straight up, probably in an endeavor to imitate, as closely as possible,



HERONS ABOUT THREE WEEKS OLD.

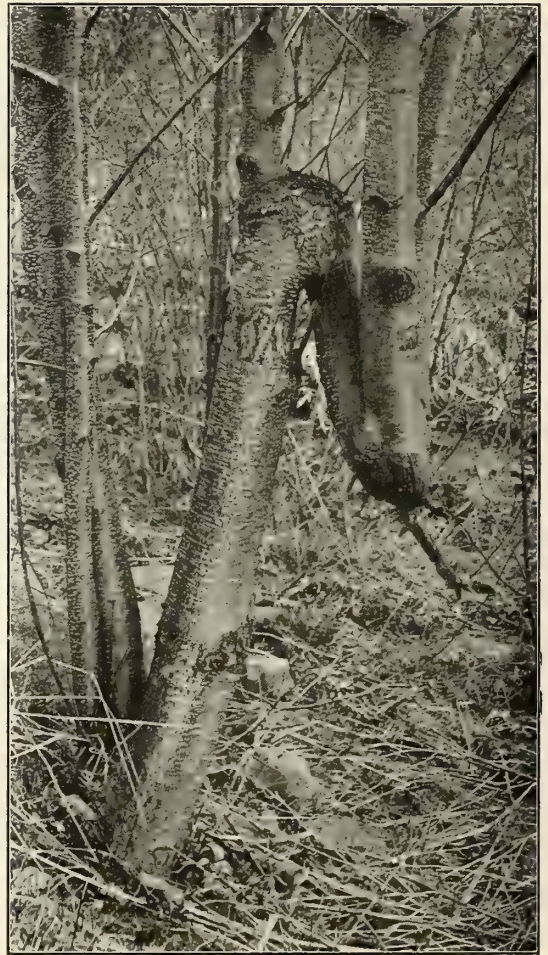
At this time they stand about in the bushes, with their long necks stretched up, probably in an endeavor to imitate, as closely as possible, the surrounding branches, and thus escape any lurking enemy.

sible, the surrounding branches and thus escape any lurking enemy. In this attempt they are sometimes very successful. The green herons are fish-eaters, as, in fact, are all the members of this family, catching their prey by standing in the shallow water and spearing it with their sharp, dagger-like bills as it swims by. In this occupation their long legs and necks are of great aid to them. They are to be found almost anywhere from Ontario southward to the northern part of South America and the West Indies. They are commonest, however, in the South, where they breed in colonies. The sticks of the nests often point upward from the center, in which are the eggs, as if imitating the surrounding sticks of the swamp.

L. W. BROWNELL.

### A CROOKED CHERRY-TREE

THIS small tree, a specimen of the wild red cherry, was found growing by the side of a spring. Its exact history is unknown, but it seems probable that it was broken over, when a small sapling, by some frequenter of the spring, and that its present condition is the result of a successful effort by nature to repair damages. The first bend and the section of the tree which grows downward are the main stem of the original sapling. The third section, which grows upward again, is really a branch which grew out of the original tree at this point and turned upward to meet the new conditions after the sapling had been broken down. Beyond this point the original



THE CROOKED CHERRY-TREE.

Photograph by Verne Morton, Groton, N. Y.

main stem died, as evidenced by a stub which remains showing the size at the time of the mishap.

NEIL MORTON.



## TASMANIAN "TIGER" OR "ZEBRA-WOLF"

THIS animal is not a tiger, neither is it a true wolf, but is a marsupial with the general form



TASMANIAN ZEBRA-WOLVES, MOTHER AND YOUNG.  
Procured for the National Zoölogical Park, by Dr. F. W. Goding, the  
United States Consul at New South Wales.

and habits of a small wolf. It now exists only in the island of Tasmania, and has been nearly exterminated there, as it is very destructive to poultry and lambs. It is a shy, nocturnal animal.

## OYSTERS ATTACHED TO A HOOP

HERE is a curious wreath. It is formed by oysters attached to a large iron hoop in the water of the



A WREATH OF OYSTERS.

Chesapeake Bay. It was found by an oysterman. The photograph was sent to St. NICHOLAS by Mr. A. R. Dart.

## DRINKING FROM A CACTUS

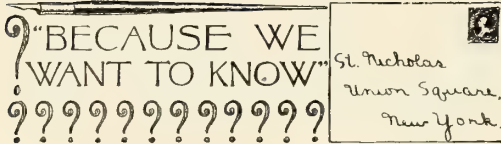
Two massive forms of melon-cacti (or *biznagas*) were encountered by our expedition, at elevations above a thousand feet, in Sonora and Arizona, while a third, with a number of smaller heads in a cluster, was seen nearer the Gulf of California. The larger species often measure over five feet in height, with a diameter of more than two feet at the base, containing as much as 200 pounds of water. This sap is only slightly charged with substances ordinarily in solution in the plant cell, and an Indian runner, striving to make a swift journey in Papagueria, need not



DRINKING FROM A CACTUS.

carry water with him, but may resourcefully shape his way to meet these *biznagas*, from which a grateful supply of satisfying liquid can be quickly obtained. Some travelers speak slightly of the juice as a drink, and magnify the difficulty of its extraction. It has, however, proved useful on many expeditions, and if the thirsty traveler is so fortunate as to be armed with an ax or a large knife, he may secure a quart of liquid within seven to ten minutes. Lacking these, he must burn away the huge spines and then crush the top and pulp with a stone before the juice can be squeezed with the fingers into a centrally made cavity, a method which may need twice as much time, but which might avoid serious consequences from thirst in a region in which a man at work uses as much as sixteen pints of water daily.—"The Plant World."





#### INTRUDER EGGS ADAPTED IN COLOR

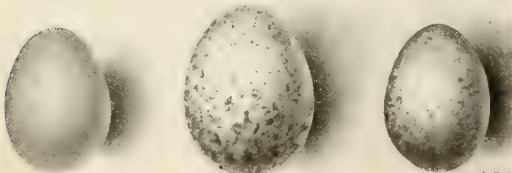
WESTERHAM, KENT, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that the number of nests in this neighborhood has considerably diminished because they have nearly all been robbed of their eggs. This has frightened the birds, and they therefore do not lay nearly so much. My brother Guy found a robin's nest with a cuckoo's egg in it. The egg very much resembled those of the robin, while some years ago he found one in a hedge-sparrow's nest which resembled the hedge-sparrow's eggs. Once the egg was a reddish color with red-brown spots, and in the second case a beautiful sky-blue color. Several times my friends have found some, and in each case the cuckoo's egg resembled the eggs of the nest in which it was laid. I would love it if ST. NICHOLAS could tell me how the clever cuckoo manages it.

Your faithful reader,

GUENN ROBERTSON (age 13).

It is a well-known fact that the eggs of the European cuckoo exhibit considerable variation, the majority approaching the eggs either of the skylark or the meadow-pipit. In a collection of cuckoos' eggs together with those of the foster-parents there will be found considerable resemblance running through a dozen or more species. The cuckoo of course has no voluntary control of the color of her eggs, but by instinctive heredity each bird tends to seek out the same species of bird in whose nest she will lay her egg, and by some process of selective evolution the least unlike eggs have flourished at the expense of those most unlike, and thus the present resemblance between cuckoos' eggs and foster-parents' is explained.—C. WILLIAM BEEBE.



THE CUCKOO EGG IS THE LARGE, BROWN, MOTTLED ONE IN THE CENTER.

It was taken from the nest of a titlark or common meadow-pipit. The egg at the right is a common European robin egg and closely resembles the cuckoo egg but is smaller and lighter in color. The hedge-sparrow egg at the left shows to what extent the eggs of cuckoo must vary, for it is unmottled and is a greenish-blue color.

The same cuckoo will not lay differently colored eggs in different nests, but any given cuckoo will lay her eggs usually in a nest in which the eggs resemble hers.

#### AN ITALIAN JACK-IN-THE PULPIT

SAN REMO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While tramping around here I saw what I thought was a jack-in-the-pulpit, but on closer examination found it was quite different. I send by this mail several specimens, but as I fear they will not be in very good preservation when they reach you, I send inclosed in this letter a little sketch of them. Some of the leaves are six and seven inches long, and glossy. The flower grows about five inches high, and when picked a certain way two or three inches more stem will appear. I have never previously observed this flower, either in America or here, and would very much like to know its name. I suppose it is of the jack-in-the-pulpit family.



SIX FLOWERS AND ONE LEAF.

Unlike the American "jack," this one is closed all the way up, and the shape of the hood is different. Does this grow in America? I enjoy your "Nature and Science" very much. I remain

Your loving reader,

MARY POWELL RAMSDALL (age 13½).

You are quite right in supposing that the plant is closely related to our jack-in-the-pulpit. Its scientific name is *Arisarum vulgare*. It does not grow wild in America. The flowers you send are more brightly colored than those of our American Jack-in-the-pulpit.

#### WHAT MAKES ELECTRICITY?

GARDEN GROVE, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know what makes electricity.

Yours truly,

MARCELLA STEARNS.

Lots of other people would like to know what makes electricity, but nobody does know it. We know a good many things *about* electricity, just as we know a good many things *about* life. But we do not know *what makes the difference* between a dead tree and a live tree, although we know the difference perfectly. Just so we know that it is dangerous to touch what we call a "live wire," because electricity is passing through it, but we do not know what electricity is. We know how to make electricity do wonderful things for us, but we do not know what "makes electricity."—PROFESSOR MORRIS B. CRAWFORD, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.

## WHY THE IMAGE IS INVERTED

ALTOONA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old. I have been getting the ST. NICHOLAS for almost two years, and I have a question to ask you.

I have a magic lantern. When I put my picture in up-side down, it shows right side up; when I put it in right side up, it shows upside down.

Your reader,

JAMES WILLARD MORGAN.

I think the two pictures will make plain why the image is inverted. This depends on the principle that rays of light travel in straight lines. A simple experiment will readily show this. Secure a plank, on one end of which put a candle (*A*), and a few inches away put a piece of thin cardboard (*B*) through the center of which is a small pinhole. Another piece of cardboard placed about as shown (*C*) will show an image of the candle, but inverted. By tracing the rays from the candle you will readily see why this is. The ray (*D-D*) from the tip of the candle passes through the hole on down to where it strikes the cardboard (*C*), and of course makes a tiny white spot. The ray (*J-K*) from the body of the candle will not be so bright, because the body of the candle is not as bright as the body of the flame. The black wick will not cast any rays at all and so will appear black on the screen. The background for the same reason will be black.

There are millions of rays radiating from each point of the candle, and if they all struck the screen (*C*) the images of the many points would so overlap that there would result merely an illuminated surface, as you can readily see if you remove the cardboard (*B*). When this screen is in place, only a single ray can pass through the hole from each point, say *D-D*, for instance. All the others from that point, as *D-E*, *D-F*, *D-G*, *D-H*, etc., are stopped by the screen. This

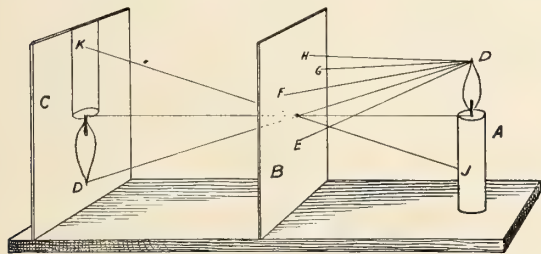


FIG. 1. DIAGRAM TO SHOW COURSE OF THE RAYS.

is also the case with the millions of points forming the surface of the candle.

This pinhole does not let enough light through, but if we make it larger so many rays come through from the same point as to blur the image. To use a larger opening we need a lens, which is a piece of clear glass so formed as to

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be able to bend all the rays that come from a point so they will meet at a common point on the screen on which the image is thrown. The image is then said to be in focus.

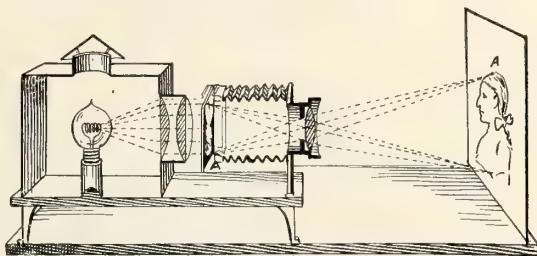


FIG. 2. A MAGIC LANTERN "SLICED" DOWN THROUGH THE CENTER.

Fig. 2 shows a magic lantern as it would look if it had been sliced down through the center, so the path of the light rays can be shown. The diverging rays from the incandescent lamp are collected by the condensing lens and made parallel before they pass through the slide. All the rays coming from a point at the lower part of the picture slide, at *A* for instance, are collected by the lens and brought to a point at the upper part of the screen (*A-A*, Fig. 2). Just so with all the rays coming from the millions of points forming the surface of the slide, and the image is inverted as explained in Fig. 1.

## WHY SMOKE-STACKS OF OCEAN VESSELS SLOPE BACKWARD

SANTA MONICA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been wondering for a long time why the smoke-stacks of ocean vessels slope backward. I looked it up in both cyclopedia and dictionary, but to no avail. I would be much obliged to you if you would tell me why.

Your loving reader,

DONALD E. CLARK (age 12).

The smoke-stack on ocean vessels of recent years have been made to slope backward more particularly to give the steamer a rakish air, the masts also being given the same slope. As to the effect on the draft, there is a slight one as the wind-pressure on the front of the stack sloping up and over the top of the stack is more apt to draw the smoke out than to cut it off, but from all we are aware of, this seems to have been held of a secondary consideration.

The shape of the smoke-stacks also is changing from round to oval so as to present less surface at the front. As you are studying the question, if you compare the steamers with the sloping and straight smoke-stacks, in one case the former, while motionless, still appears to have life while the rigidity of the other gives it an appearance of stiffness even while under considerable speed.

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



MARGARET  
FITZHUON  
BROWNE  
1909

## CARELESS JANE

BY MARGARET F. BROWNE

TROUBLE, trouble, toil and trouble—  
Jane 's a trial, goodness knows!  
Makes my housework nearly double,  
'Cause she *won't* look where she goes!

Though I warned her of that puddle,  
Straight ahead she went—kersplosh!  
All my house is in a muddle  
With this dreadful Monday wash!

# The Cut-out Cats



BY MARGARET JOHNSON

THESE little cats that here you see,  
In such a pretty row,  
Were all cut out of paper white  
With Mother's scissors sharp and bright.  
(To please her Pet, you know!)

Here 's good old Tabby, keeping guard,  
As mother-cats should do;  
Here 's Muff and Puff and little Fluff,  
And Fanny—(Fanny wears the ruff)—  
And frisky Frolic too.

A lovely family, indeed!  
And if you think that they  
So still and good must always be,  
Upon this very page you 'll see  
The Cut-out Cats at play!







"A NOVEMBER HEADING."

BY OTTO V. TABOR, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

By far the greater number of contributors to the Prose Competition, No. 117, chose to make their titles read: "Why I Like Summer Better Than Autumn," and they all give very good reasons for their preference. Perhaps many of these reasons are summed up in the sentence with which one of the prize-winners opens his little essay: "It is quite natural that I should be prejudiced in favor of summer, for summer is the glorious time of vacation." To all of us, the mere word "vacation" has a joyous sound.

But life is not all playtime; and if it were, we should soon grow as weary of too much play as we do of too much work or too much study. And autumn is a "glorious time," also, as is fully proven by several young writers who are her ardent champions. So don't neglect to read and ponder what they say, as well as the heart-warming

praises that most of the League members bestow upon the "good old summer-time."

"Traveling" was a popular subject among the young photographers, and we are sorry we have not space this month to print more of the excellent pictures that our young friends of the camera adapted to this title.

And as for the versifiers, the clever way in which they have woven real little poems, both serious and humorous, around the word "Pride" gives good cause for genuine pride in their work on the part of their parents and of the League Editor. The drawings, too, whether as "headings" for this Thanksgiving month, or as representations of "What I Like to Draw," are admirable both in design and execution. So, again we congratulate the League young folk, writers, artists, photographers—one and all.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 117

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Miriam Noll** (age 17), Cambridge, Mass.; **Rachel E. A. King** (age 17), Birmingham, Eng. Silver badges, **Ruth Pennington** (age 12), Scranton, Pa.; **A. S. Behrman** (age 16), Covington, Ky.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Martha M. Clow** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **George M. Dery** (age 15), Catacaqua, Pa.; **Dorothy Mae Reynolds** (age 13), Duluth, Minn.; **Marjorie Gamsby** (age 14), Kingston, Ont.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, **Theresa J. Jones** (age 16), St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **Otto V. Tabor** (age 15), New York City; **Dorothy G. Clement** (age 14), Adrian, Mich.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, **Marjorie L. Caron** (age 15), Louisville, Ky.

Silver badge, **Sam M. Dillard** (age 17), Huntsville, Ala.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "D" prize, **John B. Jessup** (age 14), Montrose, Pa.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **A. F. Ranger** (age 16), Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **Julia Dorsey Musser** (age 17), Ardmore, Pa.; **Dorothy M. Smith** (age 15), Norfolk, Va.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Virginia Bartow** (age 12), Urbana, Ill.

Silver badge, **Frank Black** (age 10), Millport, Ohio.

If **Frances Moyer Ross** will send her correct address she will receive her gold badge, awarded in the Verse Competition No. 114. A badge was mailed to the address given, but it has been returned unclaimed, by the post-office.

## PARDONABLE PRIDE

BY MIRIAM NOLL (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge)*

My chum has always been lovely and dear,  
As well as a sociable lass;  
But such a change lately has come over her,  
Why, she scarcely will speak when I pass!

She goes walking along as though she alone  
Owned the earth and a little besides,  
Her head 's held so high that she hardly can see,  
And with passers-by nearly collides.

It's not that she's naturally haughty and proud,  
But modesty she *cannot* feign;  
For she's worn a gold badge in St. NICHOLAS League.  
And, of course, she's just thoroughly vain.

WHY I LIKE SUMMER BETTER THAN  
AUTUMN

BY GEORGE M. DERY (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

As I go away to boarding-school it is quite natural that I should be prejudiced in favor of summer, for summer is the glorious time of vacation. Of course in autumn there are many sports at school: foot-ball, tennis, and track-athletics, but who does not love vacation?

Outside of the pure joy of vacation, however, summer holds me with dearer ties of affection than does autumn. I am, I must in fairness confess, extremely lazy. And what better time is there for loafing than summer,—hot, lazy old summer? I love to fish languidly in a shady pool. I love to canoe, never, of course, energetically, down a quiet stream, letting the cool breeze play about me, fanning me into a dull languor. I love to bask in the warm sunshine, doing nothing, saying nothing, thinking nothing, content merely to live.

Then there is that other inevitable element of summer, the thunder-storm.

Though despised by some, taken as an annoying necessity by others, it is, nevertheless dear to me. It is great fun to be caught way off in the country

in a thunder-storm. I hie me with all speed to a tree, as some means of shelter, telling myself the while that this is the very worst possible place to be in a thunder-storm; feel the exhilaration of the cool rain, and crouch there contentedly until the storm is over. And then, how lovely it is

after the rain! How cool! How refreshing! I joyfully run home, strip off my drenched clothes, and take a delightful plunge in the pool. I, at least, can appreciate a thunder-storm.

Of course one can have these pleasures to a certain extent in autumn, but not in the rich abundance which alone will satisfy me. I scorn hunting, fishing, chestnutting, everything that autumn can offer. Give me a hot, sultry day, with a cool shower at the end, and then only do I feel the real joy of living! Autumn? Faugh!



"KINGFISHER" BY JOHN RUTLER JESSUP, AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS D, WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

## PRIDE

BY RACHEL ESTELLE A. KING (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge)*

ONE flash of pride at a passing word,  
A moment's joy that passes away,  
Little and all forgot in a while,  
That pride but adds to the joy of the day.

Pride in glitter, and pride in wealth,  
Pride in beauty, and pride in name,  
Pride in the gain that makes a show,  
Haughty pride in another's shame,

All these are bands of stubborn iron  
Closing round tenderness, pity, and love,  
Closing tight round the pride-cold heart,  
Till they are fixed too firm to move.

But deep in all hearts is another pride,  
Quenched, perhaps, by sorrow and pain,  
But ever at touch of respect, or love,  
Ready to rise and grow again.

The pride in honor, and country, and God,  
The pride in man, and what man can do.  
Ever it grows with the best of men,  
Keeps them noble, and brave, and true.

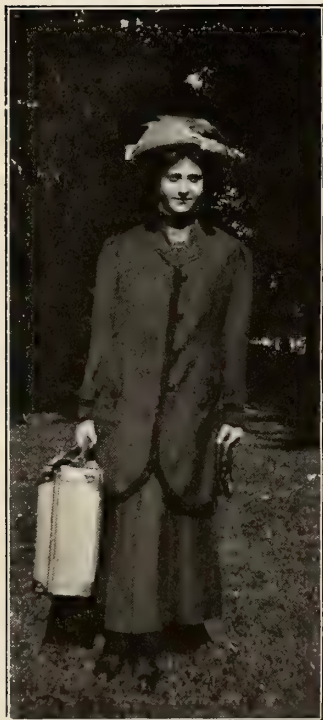
And part of that pride is the pride in self,  
The feeling of power that is given to man;  
The pride that answers to Duty's call:  
"In the strength of God, I will do what I can!"

WHY I LIKE SUMMER BETTER THAN  
AUTUMN

BY MARJORIE GAMSBY (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

ONE reason, and I believe the principal reason, why I like summer better than autumn is because I have holidays during the summer months of July and August. All the year



"TRAVELING." BY MARJORIE L. CARON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)



these holidays are looked forward to with the greatest delight, and I repeatedly say to my friends, especially during the last month of school: "Oh, just wait until the summer holidays come and then we'll have fun!"



"TRAVELING." BY SAM M. DILLARD, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

When school comes to a close and all the books are packed away until the autumn, then I feel like the summer itself, gay and happy.

The summer is such a beautiful season. The flowers bloom then, but die in the autumn, and, as I like flowers, I like the season they come in better than the season they die in.

My house faces Lake Ontario and we have the most beautiful views in the summer. The large grain vessels and different passenger boats that pass up the lake afford us much pleasure. Better than this are the sail-boats when the lake is perfectly calm. In the evening soon after the moon has risen, when one of these boats float along, it looks just like a picture.

Besides Nature's beauties, I enjoy bathing in the lake, and picnics and camping, and all the other jolly pastimes which come in this season.

My friends and I sometimes make up lunches and go to the parks, taking books with us to read under the trees.

When autumn comes it begins to get chilly here and all the leaves lose their pretty green. Then school begins in the autumn, although, after the long summer holidays, I never mind school beginning.

Summer seems to me like a jolly, gay youth, while autumn seems like a sober, quiet, old person, and, as I am young myself, I like summer better than autumn.

#### A NATION'S PRIDE

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALI (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

BACK in the years long passed away,

In a watery, sea-swamped land,  
Lived a man who worked for his country

With body, and soul, and hand.

He toiled for a nation's welfare,

Unmindful of power or fame,

Single-hearted and single-handed,

William the Silent his name.

The people trembled and suffered  
'Neath a distant tyrant's reign;  
He fought and released poor Holland  
From the hated rule of Spain.  
He started his country's greatness,  
He founded a kingdom, free  
From dominion by foreign despots,  
And the home of liberty.

What patriots could accomplish,  
All were from him to learn.  
He gave his life to the country  
And asked no gift in return.  
How he was loved! e'en children  
Wept bitterly when he died,  
For the people had lost their Father,  
The nation had lost her Pride.

#### THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY

BY MARGARET E. COBB (AGE 14)

HE 's very, very tiny,  
And he has n't been here long;  
He 's almost always sleepy,  
And as yet he is n't strong.

But he 's oh, so soft and lovely!  
And his smile is oh! so dear!  
And he cuddles up so sweetly  
That we're glad that he is here.



"IN SUMMER-TIME." BY DOROTHY GRAVES CLEMENT, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

He steals our hearts and keeps them,  
And our love we cannot hide;  
We always want to love him  
For he 's the family's pride.



"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY DOROTHY D. LOVATT, AGE 11.

### WHY I LIKE AUTUMN BETTER THAN SUMMER

BY MARTHA M. CLOW (AGE 14)  
(*Gold Badge*)

A POET'S verse, inspired by the beauties of autumn:

"Thrice happy time,  
Best portion of the various year"

expresses in the fewest words my love for the fall of the year.

It is in the softness and haze of the Indian summer that the fruit mellows, and all the world takes on its glorious coloring of red and gold, as though to mock the challenge of the inevitable winter. In these days, instead of the hot breath of the South, comes the cool, refreshing breeze from the West, caressing the white and purple asters that dot the fields, or tossing gleefully the stately goldenrod glowing in rich profusion. Luscious grapes hang in red and purple clusters on the verdant vines, while rosy apples stud the trees, adding brilliancy to the landscape.

It is then that the squirrels, plump after their summer of feasting, frisk about, up and down the trees, eager to secure their rations for the fruitless days to come. The cornstacks give a golden glow to the fields, while the timid field-mouse zealously haunts the meadows with its petition for a shelter against the icy north wind it fears.

But best of all, better than the delicious fruit or fragrant flowers, better than the golden fields or the "beasties" that inhabit them, is the thought that comes as one sits under the deep-blue sky seen through a soft screen of haze. It is the thought that when the wind whistles through the barren trees, blowing around corners, and the snow falls, covering all in a downy white blanket, that, before a fire, snapping and sparkling, I will be rapt in a book, or dreaming of the sweet days of the Indian summer which are to be, for autumn never seems more delicious, more desirable than on a blowing, blustering day.

This is why I think autumn the

"Best portion of the various year."

### THEIR PRIDE AMONG THEM ALL

BY RUTH PENNINGTON (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

In a pretty, tasteful cottage, on its walls of blue and gray,  
Hang innumerable pictures, landscapes, scenes of night  
and day;

And so natural their colors, and so finely planned and  
drawn,

You can smell the flowers' fragrance as they nod upon the  
lawn,

You can hear the trees' soft whisper, feel the salt spray on  
the shore,

Listen to the brook's low ripple, and the ocean's mighty roar.

Yet in all these lovely landscapes there was not the father's  
pride,

Not a single one among them over which the mother cried,  
But a homely little picture crudely drawn with wavering  
lines,

Just a few small children playing underneath some whis-  
pering pines,

Still, this ugly, little drawing filled with pride the father's  
heart,

And the mother valued higher than the finest work of art.

Strange? Not if you read the writing underneath it, for  
it told

That this was their son's first picture, drawn by him when  
eight years old.

And the parents gazing on it did not see the crooked marks,  
But they saw their boy in childhood, at his books, or hav-  
ing "larks."

So although he now is noted, and his paintings manifold,  
Dearest to them is that drawing that he made when eight  
years old.



"TRAVELING." BY CONSUELO BEHMAN, AGE 11.



## WHY I LIKE AUTUMN BETTER THAN SUMMER

BY DOROTHY MAE REYNOLDS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

It is autumn, and the leaves in the orchard are golden, intermingled with scarlet and green. The air is cool and

themselves at the same old desks they had previously occupied and, with a feeling of intense pride, place the worn spellers, readers, and grammars back into their accustomed places with a firm resolve to live up to their ambitions. And then, as the kind face of the master smiles down at them, each one—boy and girl—forgets the trials, temptations, and reprimands of the *past* year, and thinks only of the battles to be fought, laurels to be won, in the forthcoming. *This* is why I like autumn better than summer.



"TRAVELING." BY EDWARD MEEKINS, AGE 11.

fragrant with the scent of the last lingering roses, and in the pink and purple distance the cows are coming home from the pasture—the pure white heifer carrying the sweet-toned bell.

Slowly the meadow bars are let down and Brindle, Brownie, Ebony, and Bess pass into the farm-yard, where horses are neighing, roosters crowing, and from the kitchen can be heard the clatter of the milk-pails.

Then, in the purple twilight, the men come home from the fields, seated high up on the great hay-wains, laughing and shouting to those far below.

The nutting season has come at last and each day brings its expeditions to the forest; and the rosy apples are gathered with the golden pumpkins and corn. Ah, life is an



"TRAVELING." BY PORTIA WAGENET, AGE 13

ecstasy now, when one may go rushing through the forest ankle deep in a carpet of leaves, or sailing on the peaceful waters of the lake!

And 't is now that the school-bell once more tolls the "last gong," and the boys and girls troop into the school-room, fresh and ambitious for the coming term, and seat

## PRIDE

BY A. S. BEHRMAN (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

Is 't pride,  
To scorn the honest labor of the hands  
And hold yourself aloof from laboring man;  
Boasting of ignorance of manual work,  
Whose priceless value puts it in the van  
Of all those qualities our nation needs,  
The need of every nation since this world began?  
Is this real pride, pride lofty and divine,  
Pride of a noble heart, O brother mine?



"TRAVELING." BY MARY E. ERWIN, AGE 13.

Not so;  
For honest labor 's but "noblesse oblige,"  
Since honesty is true nobility.  
Why hold aloof from honor's noblest ranks,  
And, ignorant, boast your inability?  
Nay, brother mine, not this the heav'nly pride  
That God has giv'n us for our earthly guide.

List now:

To be superior to crime and vice;  
To give to honesty its well-earned meed;  
To keep, and proudly, too, from all impure,  
And honor's call and conscience e'er to heed;  
This, brother mine, is pride, and honest pride.  
God grant that in your heart it doth abide!



"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY LOUIS WILLIAM QUANCHI, AGE 16.

### WHY I LIKE SUMMER BETTER THAN AUTUMN

BY FLORENCE BARTRAM (AGE 12)

OH, how gay Nature is in the summer! The beautiful roses and many other sweet flowers are in bloom. Even birds seem full of glee. The days are so mild and the air so balmy. Even the sun's warm rays seem brighter and help to make the day beautiful.

But we must have rainy weather, also. For what would the flowers and grass do without rain? When the rain is over, the air is fresh and cool. We are more happy than before the rain, and are thankful for the refreshing showers.

In the autumn there are but few flowers left. And how sad one feels to see the green leaves turn to red and gold and fall from the trees. At that season the grass is turning brown, the trees are bare, and all Nature seems to be dying. No more of the birds' lovely songs echo through the woods and fields. The wind is no longer gentle and mild, but is now sharp and keen.

To me, summer is much more beautiful and delightful than autumn. The world seems so much like a fairy-land.

### WHY I LIKE SUMMER BETTER THAN AUTUMN

BY MARY B. ALLEN (AGE 13)

IN summer one rests from school work and other duties. I love to sit out under the shady trees and read or write letters.

In autumn come the cool days when one starts back to school, refreshed by the summer vacation, with renewed energy and ambition to stand high in one's studies. Of these two seasons I like summer the better.

In the afternoon there is bathing, and strolls through the country, visiting old, familiar places or exploring new ones. I love to walk for miles in the country where there are few houses, sitting down occasionally to rest, and then resuming my journey until I find I must turn around and come home.

In the morning one plays golf or tennis, or goes rowing and canoeing on the lake.

On pleasant days there are picnics in the woods with games afterward. I think it is great fun to play hide-and-go-seek, hiding behind the trees and bushes, or in small ravines.

Fourth of July also comes in summer, with its flags and fire-works, its noise and excitement.

When I wake up mornings I stand looking out of the windows at the breeze rustling through the trees, and the calm lake in the distance, surrounded by its trees and hills. And toward the end of the summer I collect my city things and look forward to a year of hard work.

### PRIDE

BY MARGARET E. HOWARD  
(AGE 16)

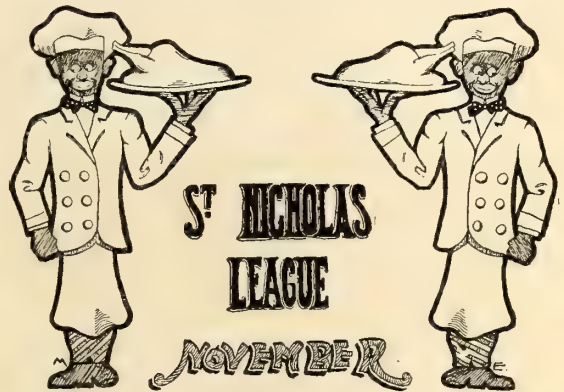
WHY all this pride, this vain  
conceit of men,  
Who, struggling for what  
ne'er can be attained,  
Are trodden down and held by  
ruthless hand  
Ere even half the victory is  
gained?

Do they not know that always it is thus?

The stately oak, proud monarch of the trees,  
Lies stricken by the storm-wind's cruel blast,  
This mightiest one of forest deities.

The lovely rose upon the garden wall

Is withering in the glare of noontday sun,  
"Life's little day" is drawing to a close,  
The course is ended ere the goal is won.



"A NOVEMBER HEADING." BY EDGAR MARBURG, JR., AGE 13.

### THE PRIDE OF THE FOREST

BY MARY S. CURRY (AGE 15)

THE ancient pride of the forest — there it lies;

Its crest that once swayed to and fro above  
Its comrades while the wind's low-murmured sighs  
Told through its branches tales of war and love.

Learned from the savage bear or cooing dove,

That crest, now fallen, crumbles slow away,  
Changing to dust, from which another grove  
Already shoots, and, growing day by day,  
Shall rise, majestic towering, fall, and then decay.



## WHY I LIKE SUMMER BETTER THAN AUTUMN

BY ETHEL KNOWLSON CASTER (AGE 16)

A POET has written:

"What is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days."

It is true. There is nothing to be compared with the first days of early summer. At that time perfect harmony exists between Nature and the souls of men. It is



"AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL." BY THERESA J. JONES,  
AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

the same everywhere whether it be in city or country, village or hamlet. Earth has awakened from the long winter sleep and everybody rejoices in the happy months before them. In the cities, even in the poorest homes, a window-box, or maybe a single plant, shows that even in the work and toil of a great city the minds and hearts of those who dwell therein, though they cannot escape to the free haunts of Nature, still love and wish for something that may teach them of the joys of living.

But in autumn there is something undeniably sad. The knowledge that this golden radiance will soon be lost in the darkness of winter; that the leaves, on the trees now vying with each other in brilliancy of hue, will soon be lying where small rivalries are forgotten; that the breeze which tosses the corn and blows about the hair of the children will soon be gone and in its stead a cold wind that moans as it goes and tosses the brown leaves high in the air and chases them into all the nooks and corners that it can find, impress one sadly.

So that is why I like summer better than autumn; summer, with the long days, the riding, sailing, and the many delights that an outdoor life brings. Who does not wish that it might last forever?

## PRIDE

BY MARGARET FRIEDBERGER WEIL (AGE 12)

SHE turns her rosy little face,  
And shakes her golden curls;  
He takes his little apron-string,  
And round his finger twirls.

"You mus' n't insult my dolly!  
Why that will never do!  
And now, if you don't 'scuse yourself,  
Why, I won't play wif you."

But all her words met no reply,  
The pride in him was strong;

"I will not say 'excuse me' first,  
E'en though she waits here long."

So, back to back the little pair,  
Mustered courage to speak;  
At last, he softly tiptoed up  
And kissed her on the cheek.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

### VERSE, 1

Flora McD. Cockrell  
Alice Latham  
Mary S. Curry  
Eleanor M. Sickles  
Winifred Sackville  
Stoner  
Eleanor Hebblethwaite  
Margery Amory  
Dorothy C. Snyder  
Marion Dinsmore  
Eleanor Johnson  
Ruth Livingston  
Estelle Rosin  
Thérèse H. McDonnell  
H. Dorothy  
MacPherson  
Eleanor Beatrice  
Stump  
Flora Thomas  
Anna K. Stimson  
Alison Winslow  
Evelyn Kent  
Frances G. Ward  
Bertha E. Widmeyer  
Ruby Elaine Wilkins  
May Bowers  
Mary de Lorme van  
Rossen  
Barbara Webber

### VERSE, 2

Annie E. Richardson  
Katharine Wardrope  
Pauline Nichthauser  
Esther Vroman Peters  
Margaret Rayon  
Mary Frances  
Williams  
George M. Enos  
Elaine V. Rosenthal  
Lucy B. Baker  
Dorothy D. Walter  
Marion K. Valentine  
Warren Leonard  
Marks

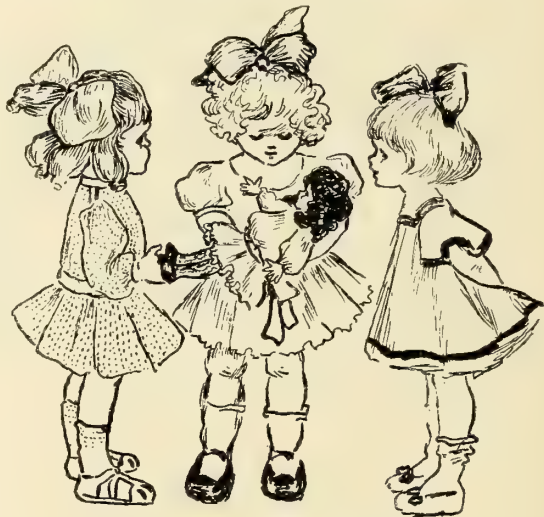
### PROSE, 1

Helen P. Loudenslager  
Lucy Hill Bonner  
Helen A. Barrett  
Alice Sylvia  
Frankforter  
Constance Meeker  
Ruth Moore Morris  
Alice McNeal  
Helen S. Löwe  
Lorraine Voorhees  
Sylvia Roalf  
Dorothy Kemp Warren

Eleanor Steward  
Cooper  
Oscar Lindow  
Corona Brownlee  
Mabel Styring  
Florence Fleming  
Emily Blackham  
Edna Anderson  
Elizabeth W. Black  
Manon de Hunersdorff  
Katie Vail  
Lucy Edwinna  
Hennessy  
Harriet K. Walker  
Gladys Hall  
Dorothy Buell  
Beryl M. Siegbert  
Myrtle M. Miller  
Marguerite Kayser  
Irene Nichols  
Rose Newmeyer  
Norah Culhane  
Mary Kennedy Little  
Josephine Tickell

### PROSE, 2

Ethel R. La May  
Hannah Palmer  
Thomas



"A NEW DOLL." BY JOYCE ARMSTRONG, AGE 14.

Lois Donovan  
Catherine C. Robie  
Ernestine Forbes  
Bessie Miller  
Alice R. Cranch  
Doris Huestis  
Florence Tanenbaum  
Eugenie M. Lynch  
Doris F. Halman  
Alice H. Dessart  
Lillie G. Menary  
Carol Thompson

Ann Ellicott  
Gayrite Garner  
Dorothy Dwight  
Agnes M. Hayne  
Mary Ellis  
Stevens  
Corinne Cassard  
Fanny E. Schoenfeld  
Hedwig Koenig  
Winona Jenkins  
Helen Hinde  
Marjorie Trotter

Florence M. Kiely  
Irene Schoelkopf  
Miriam Cohn  
Margaret E. Beakes  
Jane Barkley  
Margaret Sommerville  
Grace Campbell  
Anthony Dey, Jr.  
John William Hill  
Elizabeth Wilkinson  
Bertha F. Clements  
Kathleen Ormsby

Frank Stuerm  
Marion W. Holdridge  
Gladys Belle Lieberman  
Valerie Shannon  
Louise Blackham  
Frances Elizabeth  
Huston  
Dollie M. Naylor  
Lois P. Hopkins  
Wesley C. Porter  
Cornelia M. Stabler  
Helen Buchman  
Virginia Nancy  
Nirdeinger  
Marion Timm  
Dorothy J. Bogart  
Rupert Emerson  
Evelyn Orne  
Helen Stevenson

## DRAWINGS, 1

Miriam Spitz  
Eleanora Ricasoli  
Jack Hopkins  
Alexander Nussbaum  
Cecilia A. L. Kelly  
Webb M. Siemens  
Mary W. Ball  
Marjorie S.  
Harrington  
Dorothy Louise Dade  
Helen Houghton Ames  
Ruth Ripley  
Katharine Barron  
Stewart  
Marjorie Acker  
Christine Baker  
Edna Lois Taggart  
Helen May Baker  
Joseph Auslander  
Ada Bever Field  
Maitthol H.  
Woolcombe  
Kate Griffin  
Isabel B. Huston  
Beryl Morse  
Constance G. Wilcox  
Louise F.  
Dautzebecher  
David McLaughlin  
Margaret H. Turnbull  
Elizabeth Stockton  
Eileen R. Reed  
Lois Mitchell  
Lucy J. Call  
Helen Louise Walker  
Florence E. Dawson  
Virginia Duncan  
Wiard Ihnen  
Elizabeth S. Illsley  
Mary Horne  
William L. Kenly  
Nellie Hagan  
Anna Mary Indvonka  
Helena Day  
Molly L. W. Hand  
Helen F. Witte  
Eunice L. Hone  
Bessie B. Styron  
Raymond P. Brandt  
Helen Schweikhardt  
Helen Underwood  
Mary Merrill Foster  
Dorothy C. Starr  
Louise Janin  
Robert Clifford  
Rebecca Wyse  
Viola G. Reitz  
Frances Hale Burt  
Lily King Westervelt

## DRAWINGS, 2

Sarah M. Bradley  
Douglas N. Donald  
Matilda Delano  
Virginia B. Harris  
Seward Weddell  
John Murry Wickard  
Dorothy Hibbard  
James George King, Jr.  
Philip Franklin  
Augusta Rathbone  
Louise Seor  
Dorothy Crook

Tyline Nanny  
Susanne Bringier  
George Locke Howe  
Armistead McMurray  
Leonora Howarth  
Jack Berrian  
Nanine Pond  
Wheeler Williams  
Elizabeth Bard  
Selma F. Snyder  
Kathleen Culhane  
Mary T. Bradley  
Katherine W. Smith  
Cecil Dessart  
Bennett Buck  
Theora B. Cassidy  
Julia Caroline Pew  
Ruth S. Thorp  
Mildred Luthardt  
Margaret Etter Knight  
Frederic R. Gamble  
Einar Nelson  
Edith M. Tuttle  
Esther Whited  
Grace Hulbert Wilson  
Josephine Witherspoon  
Prudence Cobb  
Helen Oakes  
Helen Holt  
Selden M. Loring  
Margaret R. Reynolds  
Annie Radoff  
Jessie Browne  
Helen A. Ross  
Catherine Farrar  
Beatrice Jenkins  
Carol Rysie  
Helen A. Whisler  
Charles Baskerville,  
Jr.  
Jessie Samter  
Lucy A. Benjamin  
Grace Cushing  
Irma Emmerich  
Harriet Marshall  
Margaretta C.  
Johnson  
Helen Griffin  
Edna Buck  
Evelyn Caldwell  
Henrietta Browning  
Sallie P. Wood  
Leonora Howarth  
Mary L. Ross  
May Dell Blackmon  
Louis A. Brown, Jr.  
Virginia Rhein  
Edward W. Baker  
Margaret F. Foster  
Margaret C. Lambe  
Elsie Prescott  
Edith Benedict  
Margaret Brate  
Alice Barnhart  
Morris de Camp  
Freeman  
Katherine Decker  
Alison Ackerman  
Helen M. Koeth  
Carlotta Hamilton  
Christine Rehn  
Edith Reynaud  
Elizabeth R. Biddle  
Eleanor H. Millar  
H. Brill Jackson  
Flossie Ivens  
Marjorie Gordon  
Natalie Lovell  
Joseph Collis  
Adelaide Nichols  
Marshall B. Cutler  
Almae Briol  
Joseph Windt  
Jeanne Demètre  
Frank McCaughey,  
Jr.  
Theodora Thomsen  
Ida F. Parfitt  
John B. Bellinger, Jr.  
Margaret Roalfe  
Dorothy Eaton  
Edith Cohen  
Mabel Robinson  
Lillian Shedd  
Eleanor M. Devoe  
Esther Radoff

Bertram E. Kost  
Marie D. Kahn  
Robert Maclean  
Harold V. Wade  
Edna Hubbell  
Dale Wilson

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Cleland Conway  
Frances B. Goodwin  
Wallace Bogart  
Howard Jenkins  
Marion K. Sterrett  
Alice Wangenheim  
Henry M. Young  
Muriel Avery  
William Kakilty  
Dorothy L.  
Dockstader  
Katherine L. Olcott  
George W. Blow  
Fanny Juda  
Morris Jackson  
Florence Billington  
Dorothy Tenney  
Edith Dana Weigle  
Remsen W. Holbert  
Norman A. Aldrich  
Marjorie F. May  
Eliot Woolley  
Josephine Sturgis  
Lydia E. Scott  
Annie S. Reid  
Bodil Hornemann  
Harold C. Tarr  
Violet P. R. Claxton  
Allan Lincoln Langley  
Marion Richards  
Berta L. Frey  
Margaret Wescott  
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.  
Katharine G. Tighe  
Irma Summa  
Robert H. B. Hiden  
Audrey Young  
Harriet Price  
Angus Nolan  
Ward McClennan  
Dorothy Hall  
L. S. Clayton  
Esther Sheldon  
Grace E. Moore

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Theodosia F. Skinner  
Elizabeth Roberts  
Alice Glazier  
Dorothy D. Strang  
George Minot  
Florence Huestis  
Roberta McClenahan  
Elizabeth Wight  
Bertha Moore  
Edmund H. Smith  
Hall Kirkham  
Launcelot Gamble  
Mary Crocker  
Alexander  
Mildred A. Peck  
Thomas W. Storrow  
David Sternbergh  
Powell Griffiths  
Earl William  
Sutherland  
Grace Luce  
Marjorie Potts  
Marie Demètre  
Marion G. Howard  
Annette Davis  
Roy Phillips  
Constance Ayer  
Katherine Mackay

## PUZZLES, 1.

Joseph Trombetta  
Catherine Lowe  
Alfred Swan  
Elizabeth P. Macallum  
Summerfield Baldwin,  
3d  
Eleanor Rantoul

H. Brinsley Bush  
Elizabeth B. Berry  
Emily N. Atkinson  
Franklin Mohr  
Marion D. Luce  
Thérèse H. McDonnell  
Margaret Benney  
Marcia E. Edgerton  
William G. Rapp

Gladys Waibel  
Fred P. Clement, Jr.  
Virginia Winship

## PUZZLES, 2

Richard H. Lawrence  
Ruth Rinker  
M. Ruth Heidger

Hildegard Duchmann  
Agnes Ethel  
Roudebush  
Gladys H. Matthew-  
man  
Donald W. Barron  
L. Di Geatano  
Adelaide Fairbank  
Esther E. Waite

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 121

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 121** will close **Nov. 10** (for foreign members **Nov. 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Mother" or "Father."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "In the Days of the Air-ship" (an imaginary journey or incident when air-ships come into common use.)

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "On the Way to (or from) School" or "A Portrait Taken Indoors."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "The Thing I Prize Most." Tailpiece for **March**. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.





## FOR A FIVE-O'CLOCK TEA

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

"Polly, put the kettle on;  
We 'll all have tea."

1. AFTERNOON TEA.
2. BREAD-AND-BUTTER THINS.
3. CREAM-CHEESE-AND-NUT SPREAD.
4. CHEESE TOASTIES.

*When the days begin to shorten,  
And the fire burns cozily,  
Pray, what is there more delicious  
Than a fresh-brewed cup o' tea?*

### AFTERNOON TEA

To make this cup refreshing,  
Fill the tea-kettle with water cold,  
For water that 's reheated makes  
The tea seem tasteless, flat, and old.

Then when the water hot becomes,  
Fill up the china pot,  
And stand it where it will stay warm  
(In some safe, cozy spot)

Until the water boils quite hard.  
Then empty it quite out,  
Put in a half teaspoon of tea  
For every guest, about;

The bubbling water pour on it,  
And send right to the tray;  
In just three minutes 't will be "drawn"  
And you may pour away.

If you expect a host of guests,  
You 'll find it a good plan  
To make the tea just after lunch  
As early as you can.

Make it quite strong, and let it stand  
Five minutes at the least,  
Turn from the leaves, keep hot, and serve  
Diluted for your feast.

5. MARSHMALLOW TOASTIES.
6. PASTRY POLLIES.
7. HOT CHEESE "ROLLEMUPS."
8. MERRIMAIDS' COOKIES.

*To serve with tea are many things  
Which you have learned to make—  
"Oat macaroons," and "Marguerites,"  
And good, soft ginger cake,  
Sandwich, and salad-satellites,  
Jumbles, and crisps, and snaps —  
Yet here are other recipes  
Which you 'd prefer, perhaps.*

### BREAD-AND-BUTTER THINS

THE simplest tea accompaniment  
Is bread with melted butter spread;  
Shaved very thin, in pairs well placed,  
And made triangular, instead  
Of square (by cutting sandwiches  
Across the slice diagonally).—  
Heaped daintily on silver tray,  
They are a goodly sight to see.

### CREAM-CHEESE-AND-NUT SPREAD

ANOTHER appetizing thing  
To serve o' afternoons with tea  
When ten or twelve of your best friends  
Have met with you informally

Is made of cream-cheese beaten light,  
With milk and chopped nuts mixed,  
Heaped lightly in a mound on dish  
At side of which saltines are fixed.

Pass with this dish your butter-spreads  
On plates unto each waiting guest  
That each may spread her own tidbit  
As thick as unto her seems best.

## CHEESE TOASTIES

CRACKERS spread thick with grated cheese  
 Besprinkled o'er with pepper red,  
 And slightly browned in oven hot,  
 Are oft preferred to bread.

## MARSHMALLOW TOASTIES

SPREAD an unsweetened cracker thin  
 With butter fresh and sweet,  
 Then lay a marshmallow upon 't  
 Before you bake or heat.  
 A bit of butter place on top;  
 When all is melted down,  
 Serve to your guests this tidbit rare  
 Of a light, golden brown.

## PASTRY POLLIES

OH, Pastry Pollies are good to make  
 And Pastry Pollies are good to see!  
 Just salt your cream; stir in enough  
 Of pastry flour, by slow degree,

Till you 've a dough that you can roll;  
 In every cup of flour first sift  
 Half-spoon of baking-powder pure,  
 And, if the cream should need a lift

To make it seem more rich, to it  
 A little melted butter add;  
 Roll thin, cut into strips, and bake.  
 When browned you will be very glad

To put two strips together then  
 To make your tasty Pastry Polly.  
 Fill in with grated yellow cheese  
 Mixed well, to make it really jolly,

With cream-cheese and Tabasco sauce,—  
 A tiny drop or two will do,—  
 With cream to moisten mixture pink,  
 Beaten with fork and heated through.

## HOT CHEESE "ROLLEMUPS"

FIRST slice your white bread very thin  
 And spread each piece with cheese,—  
 Some kind with strong cheese flavoring  
 Is very apt to please,—

Then roll and stick with toothpick skewer,  
 Put in good oven and bake.  
 When served quite hot, they 're just as good  
 As many kinds of cake.

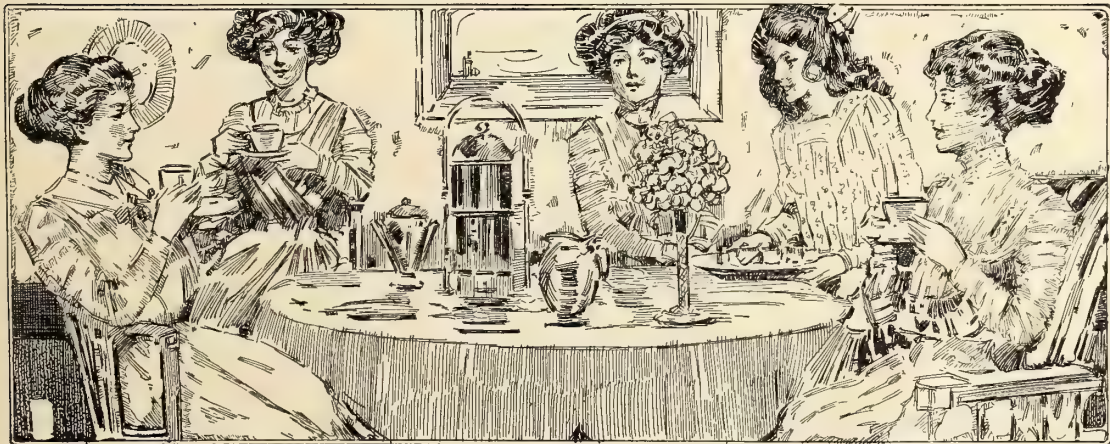
## MERRIMAIDS' COOKIES

Of powdered sugar take a cup  
 And then one third cup more;  
 Three beaten eggs; and half a spoon  
 Of good vanilla pour

In mixing-bowl; till foamy beat;  
 Two cups of sifted flour next stir  
 Into the batter by degrees.  
 When all is ready to transfer,

Oil baking-tins, sprinkling with flour;  
 Then with a teaspoon drop the cake  
 In wee, round heaps quite far apart,  
 And in "a moderate oven" bake.

When they have turned the lightest brown,  
 The cookies are quite done.  
 To mix, to bake,—also to eat,—  
 They certainly are fun!





# THE LETTER-BOX

THE picture of Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus," printed in our October number, was reproduced from a fine photograph of the painting issued by Messrs. Braun, Clement & Co., and this fact should have been stated beneath the illustration. By an oversight, the proper mention of it was omitted, and so we now gladly give to the publishers of the photograph the credit that is their due.

—  
SIOUX FALLS, SO. DAKOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to tell you about my meeting General O. O. Howard.

We are having Old Soldiers' Encampment here, and a whole lot of old soldiers are here, and there are speeches and parades. When I heard that the man who wrote the fine stories in ST. NICHOLAS some time ago was coming, I wanted to see him. All the old soldiers were going to the station to meet him with the "fife and drum" at their head. I marched down with them, and as he stepped into a carriage, I saw him plainly.

The next day, as I was going into the hotel with my father, who had already told the General about my reading his stories, we met General Howard coming out. He asked me which story I liked best, and I told him "One-eyed Miguel." He said that he agreed with me, and that most boys liked the story of "Sitting Bull" best, but that he thought Sitting Bull himself was a coward.

Last night there was a grand parade, and it was fine to see the old General, eighty-one years old, riding at the head. In the afternoon I went to the auditorium and heard him speak.

I am working in the League for puzzle-making and have received a silver badge, and am trying for a gold one.

Your interested reader,

PHILIP SHERMAN.

## AN AMERICAN BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH A LEOPARD IN SIAM

BANGKOK, SIAM.

My father has charge of building a Mission Sanatorium in a little fishing village at Koh-Lak Bay, which is on the Malay Peninsula near to Bangkok, the capital of Siam. The building is very large, but of only one story, being erected in bungalow style on posts seven feet high from the ground.

For several weeks I have been disturbed at nights by something prowling around under the house, and carrying off chickens, and we thought it was a wildcat. Knowing that it was an animal from the jungle directly back of us, and being distressed about the chickens, we decided to find out for sure what the creature was.

The white sand was too dry to make out the tracks, so next evening I sprinkled water on the sand around the chicken coop, and in the morning we found tracks as large as the palm of your hand. Then we knew that it was not a wildcat, but something larger; and I went to work to build a trap for the midnight visitor.

The trap was made of shingle-laths. It was five feet long by two and one half wide, and the corners were bound with wire. Inside the trap at the farther end I made a cage in which I placed a live chicken for bait. At the other end of the trap was the door, which slid up and down. To the top of the door I fastened a bamboo spring which was fastened by a cord to a small board arranged on

a slant inside the trap. I tried it myself and the instant I stepped on that board the door shut down, so I knew it ought to be a success.

I showed the trap to my father, but he only laughed and said: "You ought to put up a sign telling the creature where the door is, and another sign telling it where to step."

The first night nothing came, and everybody laughed at my trap, and I felt discouraged; but I put the bait in the next night just the same, and at one o'clock we were awakened with a bang, followed by a growl, which told us the door had shut down on something.

My father grabbed his gun; the rest of us lit lamps and torches, flew down the steps, and what did we see but a fine large female leopard, caught in the trap that I made and that was laughed at; but the trap was not very secure. My father shot her at once, for we were afraid she would be missing in the morning. She measured five and one half feet from tip to tip.

The report of the rifle was heard at the governor's residence, at the police station, and at the prison, each place sending a party of armed soldiers, thinking we were being attacked by dacoits again.

An hour after we retired we heard some more prowling and sniffing under the house, which we suppose was another leopard coming to look for its mate. My father got up, waited and watched with his gun around the corners from overhead, but failed to get a shot and soon the creature went away.

Since then the chickens have not been disturbed, but in the mornings we see leopard tracks on the beach in front of the sanatorium building.

LEONARD SNYDER (age 10).

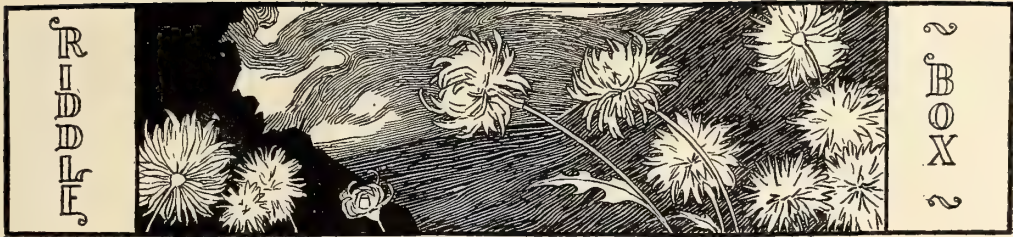
BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you seem interested in the affairs of your boys and girls, I will write a few words about our club. We meet every Saturday; we have two officers, initiation dues, fines for absence or tardiness, and misdemeanors. The club motto is "EXCELSIOR." Each responds to the roll-call with an apt quotation. After the business meeting, we enjoy a program consisting of literary and musical numbers; as most of us are subscribers of the ST. NICHOLAS, we often listen to selections from its pages. Once a month a member serves an informal lunch. One Saturday the club attended the matinée, and laughed and cried together over the joys and sorrows of "The Little Princess."

Your loving friend,

JUDITH AMES MARSLAND (age 12).

OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Lily A. Lewis, Annie Bell Power, Ruth E. McKown, Dolores F. Crawford, Frederick W. Krez, Molly Thayer, Hardy Latta, Frances Taylor, Eleanor McCandless, Margaret Dadmun, Jamie Colbert, Mildred Gardner, Mary Goulding Fawcett, Ruth K. Gaylord, Erla Martin, Katherine Colbert, Laura Wirt White, Oonah Neill, Sherwood Johnston, Margaret House, Florence A. Chaffee, Edith Oberle, Donald M. Kastler, Ruth Austin, Jean Forsythe, Anita Horsey, Llewellyn A. Westcott, Margaret Adams Train, Grace Lienhard, Mary D. Ruffin, Helen Elizabeth Muirheid, Marion Gillette, Eleanor Brown, Dorothy Wright, Helen Thomas, Elizabeth Burwell, Grace W. Trail, Harriet Buckingham, Raymond E. Griffin, Doris Campbell, Marion Olin, and Bertha Scott.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

**PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Balaklava. Cross-words: 1. Besom. 2. Ad-dax. 3. Lemur. 4. Agama. 5. Kahau. 6. Llama. 7. Argue. 8. Vireo. 9. Apron.—**CHARADE.** Bitter-sweet.

**A FLIGHT OF STEPS.** I. 1. Bass. 2. Anon. 3. Solo. 4. Snow. II. 1. Drop. 2. Rage. 3. Ogre. 4. Peer. III. 1. Less. 2. Eyot. 3. Soda. 4. Stab. IV. 1. Ling. 2. Idol. 3. Nose. 4. Glee. V. 1. Some. 2. Open. 3. Mead. 4. Ends. From 1 to 2, snowdrop; 3 to 4, peerless; 5 to 6, stabling; 7 to 8, gleesome.

**DIAGONAL.** Cleopatra. Cross-words: 1. Cannonade. 2. Slanderer. 3. Sleepless. 4. Laborious. 5. Occupancy. 6. Undulates. 7. Fervently. 8. Necessary. 9. Pulcheria.

**CONNECTED SQUARES.** I. 1. Edict. 2. Diver. 3. Ivory. 4. Ceres. 5. Tryst. II. 1. Force. 2. Omaha. 3. Rarer. 4. Chest. 5. Earth. III. 1. Theme. 2. Human. 3. Emend. 4. Mange. 5. Ended. IV. 1. Obese. 2. Baron. 3. Erect. 4. Socle. 5. Enter. V. 1. Diana. 2. Idler. 3. Alarm. 4. Nerve. 5. Armed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10th from "Marcapan"—Frank Black—Arnold F. Muhlig—Hester Mathews—Mabel Alveraz—Virginia Bartow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10th from E. L. and C., 10—M. P. Underwood, 10—A. Baker, 4—R. H. Platt, Jr., 2—No name, 2—M. Faught, 4—M. H. Turner, 10—A. Dillingham, 11—E. Hyde, 9—E. S. Sloan, 2—F. A. Ingalls, Jr., 7—M. Briggs, 9—E. Meyle, 9—H. Barclay, 8—H. Carlross, 9—D. Blanke, 3—V. Raas, 5—G. Naramore, 6—L. M. Gardner, 4—A. H. Farnsworth, 11—H. Caswell, 11—M. Winrod, 11—E. W. Thomson, 10—F. Ballou, 10—W. Foerster, 9—M. Robinson, 4—M. Douglas, 8—H. B. Bush, 9—M. W. Babcock, 11—E. Korb, 9—"Queenscourt," 11—A. Niles, 4—J. Carpenter, 9—C. W. Burnes, 2.

So many sent in answers to one puzzle that, for lack of space, the names of these solvers cannot be acknowledged.

### HIDDEN DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ONE word is concealed in each couplet. When the five words are guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of a constellation.

1. When November's chilly blast  
On its cold, cold errand is rushing past,
2. The children know they 'll have some fun  
In yard or street when snow 's begun.
3. This month in garb of fur is clad  
The girl; in sweater warm the lad.
4. And foot-ball has returned,—the game  
That 's loved by man or boy the same.
5. Children of skating are so fond  
They beg and plead to skim the pond.

JULIA DORSEY MUSSER.

### MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of seventy-two letters and form a quotation from Christopher Marlowe.

My 37-56-68-10-22 was a beautiful woman who caused a war. My 39-2-63-70-3 was the one who carried her off. My 54-46-38-20-72 was his father. My 72-51-34-25-69-41-21-7 was her husband. My 67-19-6-31-72 was another name for Troy. My 9-14-23-49-60-46 was the champion of the Trojans. My 29-62-13-71-44-33 was the second

**TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS.** Barbados; Arkansas. Cross-words: 1. Bewail-ing. 2. Ave-rag-ing. 3. Rockin-ess. 4. Bed-ash-ing. 5. Ame-nit-ies. 6. Dis-sip-ate. 7. Octago-nal. 8. Sen-sit-ive.

**ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.** Pumpkin. 1. Printer. 2. Tumbler. 3. Jumbles. 4. Company. 5. Cracker. 6. Codicil. 7. Pelican.

**OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.** I. C. 2. Era. 3. Crate. 4. Atlas. 5. Eater. 6. Seven. 7. Rebel. 8. Never. 9. Lever. 10. Relic. 11. River. 12. Cedar. 13. Raven. 14. Remit. 15. Niger. 16. Tenor. 17. Roles. 18. Rests. 19. Stone. 20. Sneak. 21. Earns. 22. Knows. 23. Swing. 24. Snare. 25. Groan. 26. Easel. 27. Newer. 28. Level. 29. Resin. 30. Liver. 31. Newel. 32. Refer. 33. Leper. 34. Red. 35. R.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself."

wife of Priam. My 12-23-50-67-19-69-14-32 was the slayer of Hector. My 6-26-17 was a mountain range famous in Greek legend. My 30-14-42-65-47-62 was the first wife of Paris. My 27-54-10-63-30-43-67-15-62 was a goddess who rose from the foam of the sea. My 1-53-65-35-14-42 24-30-63-57-10 was the contrivance by which Troy was taken. My 70-55-6-2-35 is an epic by Homer. My 11-60-63-4-45-22-2 was the goddess of good luck. My 5-45-34-8-63-14-40-36 is what Diana was. My 61-17-63 is what Mars presided over. My 66-2-38-63 is an adjective describing Helen of Troy. My 25-30-64 was the goddess of the dawn. My 26-6-58 was the lower world. My 18-28-48-52-59 are all the same letter.

DOROTHY M. SMITH.

### TRIPLE BEHEADINGS

1. TRIPLY behead the trumpeter of Neptune, and leave a measure of weight. 2. Triply behead part of a churn, and leave a pronoun. 3. Triply behead a casual comment, and leave a place of safety. 4. Triply behead a poem of a certain length, and leave a snare. 5. Triply behead a small cutting instrument, and leave a thin blade. 6. Triply behead a wind instrument, and leave promptly. 7. Triply behead aversion, and leave a sudden wind. 8. Triply behead an early American writer, and leave a common suffix. 9. Triply behead to thwart, and leave a small aperture. 10. Triply behead impartial, and leave absorbed. 11. Triply behead eager, and leave a tiny home. 12. Triply behead one who leaves one country to settle in another, and leave the surname of a great general.

When the twelve words have been rightly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a holiday.

EMILY HEDLESTON (League Member).



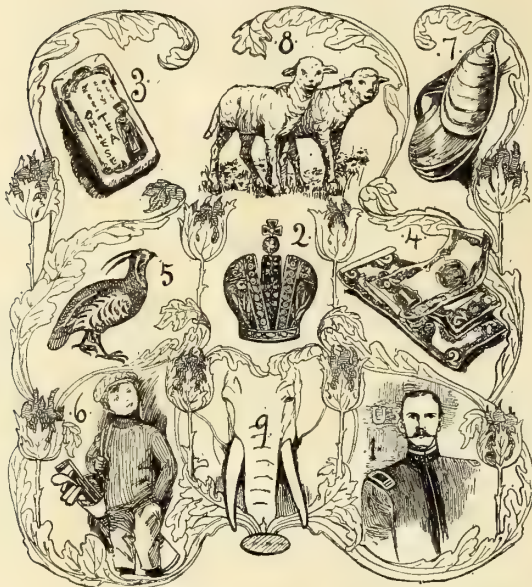
## NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initials, reading downward, and another row of letters, reading upward, will each spell the name of a November holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Celestial beings. 2. To delay. 3. To be dilatory. 4. A Cuban city. 5. Dwells. 6. An envoy. 7. The person to whom a lease is given. 8. A group of islands. 9. To range about. 10. Scanty. 11. A Greek city. 12. A hunting dog.

LOWRY A. BIGGERS (Honor Member).

## ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC



EACH of the nine objects shown in the above illustration may be described by one word. When the nine words (of equal length) have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the middle letters will spell the name of a man who signed the Declaration of Independence.

CLARA V. MORRISON.

## BEHEADINGS, CURTAILINGS, AND TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Behead, curtail, and transpose a return to a former condition, and make a division of the calyx; again, and make a vegetable. Answer, relapse, sepal, pea.

1. Behead, curtail, and transpose upright disposition, and make a hard substance; again, and make a word expressing negation. 2. Behead, curtail, and transpose certain insects, and make a male voice; again, and make a number. 3. Behead, curtail, and transpose shortness, and make a fastening pin; again, and make a verb meaning to contend. 4. Behead, curtail, and transpose a thin bladder on the skin, and make broad, thin pieces of baked clay; again, and make a masculine name. 5. Behead, curtail, and transpose an island east of China, and make apartments; again, and make the cry of a cow. 6. Behead, curtail, and transpose the head-dresses of the Turks, and make a word meaning to unfasten; again, and make a public proclamation or edict. 7. Behead, curtail, and transpose instruments for pounding substances in mortars,

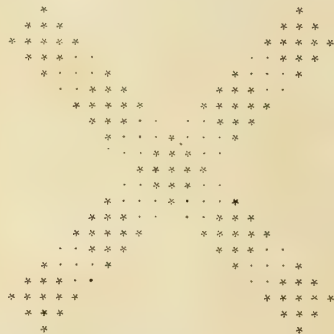
and make rain combined with hail or snow; again, and make a slippery fish. 8. Behead, curtail, and transpose a sovereign, and make the seed or fruit of the oak; again, and make a fabulous bird.

All the words described are of the same length. The initials of the eight words finally formed (three letters each) spell, the name of a certain month, and the finals, transposed, spell the name of an event of national importance which takes place every year in that month.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

## OBLIQUE RECTANGLES AND DIAMONDS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



CROSS-WORDS (beginning with the upper, left-hand letter): 1. In yens. 2. A number. 3. Another number. 4. Resembling a net. 5. A point of the compass. 6. To loosen. 7. Undulating. 8. A little elf. 9. Immature. 10. A trap. 11. Elegance. 12. Outer. 13. An African country. 14. To perspire. 15. A piglike mammal. 16. To color. 17. A river of Germany. 18. A fall fruit. 19. A Hebrew dry measure. 20. Part of the head. 21. In right.

CROSS-WORDS (beginning with upper, right-hand letter): 1. In yens. 2. A deer. 3. To warble. 4. To increase in size. 5. A river of France. 6. To throw. 7. Correct. 8. Strong. 9. A city of Belgium. 10. A place of public contest. 11. Beauty. 12. To choose. 13. A country of South America. 14. Subject. 15. A country of Asia. 16. Direction. 17. A country of Asia. 18. A medicine. 19. That which cores. 20. Recent. 21. In right.

CENTRAL DIAMOND: I. 1. In right. 2. A verb. 3. The title of a duke. 4. A common abbreviation. 5. In yens.

UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMONDS: I. 1. In yens. 2. A number. 3. A number. 4. A snare. 5. In yens. II. 1. In right. 2. To fasten. 3. Uneven. 4. A dwarf. 5. In yens.

UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMONDS: I. 1. In yens. 2. A deer. 3. To warble. 4. An extension. 5. In yens. II. 1. In right. 2. A hole. 3. Just. 4. A pronoun. 5. In right.

LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMONDS: I. 1. In care. 2. A common article. 3. A country of Asia. 4. Conclusion. 5. In care. II. 1. In care. 2. A measure. 3. That which cores. 4. Recent. 5. In right.

LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMONDS: I. 1. In right. 2. To consume. 3. An ungulate. 4. A metal. 5. In right. II. 1. In yens. 2. A mammal. 3. A Hebrew measure. 4. Part of the head. 5. In right.

A. F. RANGER.



**"Good Morning, Have You Used  
Pears' Soap"**

**Especially after Exercise, it makes a bath of delight—it is exhilarating, healthy, satisfying and "matchless for the complexion."**

**It is the most exquisite of all soaps for the skin, being not only the best known cleansing agent, but a Soap which also possesses the exact emollient properties necessary for the maintaining of the skin in the condition of perfect health and functional activity.**

**OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST**

*"All rights secured."*



*Time to hand in answers is up November 10. Prizes awarded in January number.*

## COMPETITION NUMBER 95

The Judges want you to do a new "stunt" this time. *And*, please don't rush off to do it until you know exactly what it is you are to do. *Because*, this requires more cleverness and adaptability than have been ordinarily required of you.

Look over the current magazines and make a list of those advertisers who you think should be represented in ST. NICHOLAS.

Tell why they should advertise in ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

Make an alphabetical list of the firm names, with the reasons following each individual advertiser.

Remember that the cleverness of your paper will depend largely on two things—first, the adaptability of the things you choose, and, second, the cogency of the reasons you give.

If you desire to further illustrate your point, you may draw a picture or write an advertisement of the article in question, which shall be particularly adaptable to ST. NICHOLAS.

The prizes will be awarded to those who make the longest, cleverest, and best reasoned out list.

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (95). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than 7½ x 10 inches.

3. Submit answers by November 10, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 95, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

(See also pages 20 and 22.)



## “Oh! What a Lovely Gown!”

“Why, Agnes, I thought you said you didn’t expect to get a new gown this season?”

“Well, to tell the truth, I didn’t, and I wouldn’t have had one either if it hadn’t been for Diamond Dyes.”

“Diamond Dyes? Do you mean to say—”

“Yes, I owe this gown that you admire so much to Diamond Dyes. When I found that I couldn’t buy a new dress I was at my wits’ end, for I do love pretty clothes, but one day when I was gloomiest, my sister and I were going over my last year’s clothes, and she suggested Diamond Dyes.

“I was skeptical, but I was willing to try anything. So we ripped up my old white voile princess dress. The material was perfectly good, but so spotted that it wasn’t fit to wear. We dyed it a lovely dark blue—for blue you know is going to be one of the colors this season—and I bought a new pattern. Together we made up my new dress.

“Really it’s one of the prettiest dresses I ever had, and all it cost me was the passementerie, silk for the sash, which I dyed to match the material, and lace for a yoke. Don’t you think Diamond Dyes are wonderful?”

# DIAMOND DYES

### Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of Dye claim that their Imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton (“all fabrics”) *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

“Mixed Goods,” also known as “Union Goods” are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

### Diamond Dye Annual—Free

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer’s name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT.



As was most fitting, the Judges sat in solemn conclave over the "Vacation Competition" while on a little vacation party of their own.

One of their number has a summer home on the shores of New Jersey, near which a beautiful bay invites one to fish and sail. He owns a very comfortable little boat and during the summer can be seen sailing it over the waters of this bay.

To his home, therefore, he invited the rest of the Judges, and *every one* came one Friday night toward the end of September.

Saturday saw them embarked on the craft, and after admiring the boat and her comfortable cabin, and they had gotten under way, and enjoyed the sea air and the views—they repaired to the table on which lay the Vacation Competitions, rustling in the wind that blew in little gusts through the port-holes, as though reminding them of the good times their writers had had when they were composed.

You have no idea how faithfully and persistently the Judges worked over these efforts in spite of the invitation of sun and breeze to come out and forget toil.

When the old captain put the boat over on another tack, and the fat Judge felt himself going down and the tall lean one felt himself going up their expressions were very amusing, as though each would say, "Oh! let's go out on deck and enjoy this—

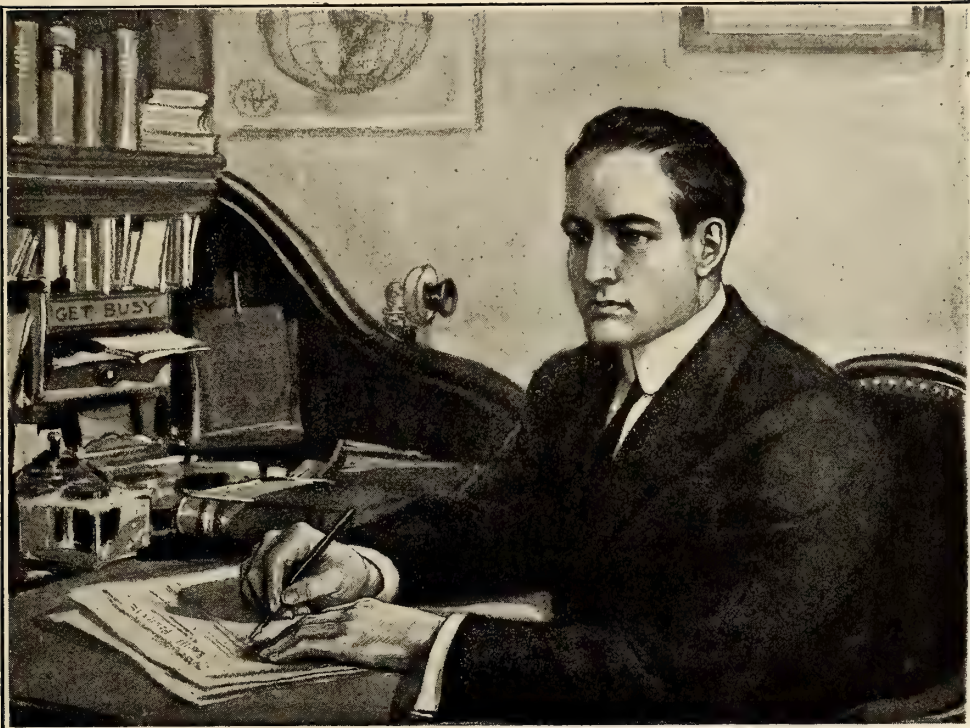
and we'll finish the work to-night." But feeling that they should be a *moral* example to their competitors, and that many a paper had been written while "outdoors" was calling the boy or the girl, they determined not to be outdone by any one in faithfulness and persistency.

And yet do you know that with all their endeavor, excepting an hour for luncheon, they did not finish those papers and the judging till after four o'clock.

Some of the readers of this magazine may have seen a trim sloop sailing up and down the bay that day, and never realized that in the cabin, where lanterns swayed and wood-work creaked, the Judges were all busily engaged in their monthly task.

Some of the papers were original, indeed. The prize-winner, a child from Connecticut, sent in verses, with delicately tinted illustrations running through the text. The meter and the drawings were quite perfect, and there was not a dissenting voice when her name was proposed as the winner of the first prize. But she was closely pressed by a lad who cleverly wrote his "paper" on birch-bark and attached to it his series of photographs taken at his summer vacation ground in Maine. He, and a young lady from Indiana who, in pen and ink, illustrated her paper very acceptably, took the second prizes.

The Judges, whether from their surroundings, or from the air, or their



## Brain Power

Is what wins now-a-days. Brute force cannot compete with well nourished "gray matter."

# Grape-Nuts

food, made of whole wheat and barley, is the ideal brain and nerve food. It is quickly digested, and the phosphate of potash (grown in the grains) combines with albumen in the system to form new brain and nerve cells.

If you wish "power" in the world, feed your brains.

**"There's a Reason"**

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POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



good consciences, were most enthusiastic and when they came up on deck talked for a long time about the very pleasant way they had been treated by the competitors. But they were reminded that they must reserve some praise for the next report which will formally introduce to you the great success of the "Model Kitchen" Competition. So all they would say was just, "Well, thank them heartily," and it was to be wished that the readers could have seen their faces when they said it.

Here are the prize-winners:

*First Prize.*

Constance G. Wilcox, age 14, Connecticut.

*Second Prizes.*

Ralph H. Martin, age 14, Ohio.

Cecilia L. Kelly, age 16, Indiana.

*Third Prizes.*

Helen L. Eckel, age 14, New York.

Alice Lovell, age 14, Massachusetts.

Stella M. Thompson, age 18, Georgia.

*Fourth Prizes.*

Helen D. Rohnert, age 11, Michigan.

Ada Ware, age 10, Washington.

Isabella Linley, age 16, Massachusetts.

Myles Standish, age 15, Massachusetts.

Katherine Dodge, age 12, North Dakota.

Marjory S. Ward, age 15, Massachusetts.

Katherine N. Davis, age 17, Missouri.

Lilian Crothers, age 15, Ohio.

May Richardson, age 19, Maryland.

Phyllis J. Walsh, age 13, Pennsylvania.

HONORABLE MENTION

Joseph F. Poland, New York.

Pauline Hopkins, Connecticut.

Dorothy Bethurum, Tennessee.

Alice D. Karr, New Jersey.

Lenore M. Graham, Florida.

Margaret Miles, California.

Hazel E. Harvey, Washington.

The Judges repeat the invitation printed on the competition page, extending to *every* reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not—and without regard to age—to take part in these competitions. Some very original work is received each month—and some ideas are submitted which the advertising manager is glad to see.

(See also pages 18 and 20.)

**The Most Interesting** AND FASCINATING  
**"SIEGE"** the name; 35c the price by mail. Try it.  
Harry B. Irland - - Racine, Wis.

**SMALL MICROSCOPE For Sale Cheap**  
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Delicious, yet wholesome;  
Rich, yet digestible.



## “We’re Glad it’s That.”

For an hour Bobbie and Nan have been prowling around the kitchen, trying to discover what the dessert would be. To all their eager questioning mamma has only said, “Wait and see.” Now they see and are happy. It will be

# JELL-O

The children love Jell-O for the same reason their elders do. *It is good to eat.* It is an especially beautiful dessert and is always delicious.

There is another reason why women like it. A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute.

Compared with the making of any other dessert, it is like play to make one of Jell-O.

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Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**







*Daniel Boone  
In Camp*

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## The Happy Days of Boyhood.

Every American Boy, who has red blood in his veins, likes to have a gun of his own. He likes to hold it in his hand to sight along its shining barrel and pull the trigger that sends the shot straight home to the mark.

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Look at these Daisy Models, at your hardware or sporting goods store. If your dealer does not carry the Daisy, any model will be sent express paid on receipt of price direct from the factory, to any part of the U. S.

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Other Daisy Models. 50c to 1.75  
Little Daisy, the new popgun for children. .25

Send for our free story "The Diary of a Daisy Boy" containing complete rules of drill, hints on marksmanship and how to join the new National Boys' Drill Corps, "The Daisy Cadets."

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*Velvet Grip*

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**SUPPORTER**

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BUTTON AND THE  
NAME STAMPED  
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Eat it on

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Waffles

**Karo**  
CORN SYRUP

Use it for

Ginger Bread  
Cookies  
Candy

Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy making.

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## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CHANGES which have taken place recently in the Balkan States are of interest to stamp collectors. There have been as yet no new issues made, but the fact that new governments exist and that old governments have changed in character, will eventually lead to changes of the stamps. We may expect the stamps of Bosnia and Herzegovina to disappear from the lists of new issues for this country. Already one of them, as stamp issues are concerned, has now become a part of the Austrian Empire. Eastern Rumelia, after the treaty of Berlin, became a Turkish province, of which the Sultan appointed the governor. It succeeded, in 1885, in securing still greater liberty, becoming then attached to Bulgaria, which was a government independent in many ways, but nominally subject to Turkey. Stamps which corresponded in design with those of Turkey up to 1885, but which had been overprinted with letters and designs indicative of the varying degrees of independence, now give place entirely to the issues of Bulgaria. Bulgaria has now attained independence, and Prince Ferdinand has become the King. What this really amounts to only those who understand the politics of Europe, in which little kingdoms exist only at the will of the great ones, can say. It is probable, however, that changes will occur in the stamps of Bulgaria. These issues are interesting and not very difficult to obtain, and therefore it would seem to be not only a pleasant, but also a profitable thing to pay especial attention just now to issues of the Balkan States. These stamps will certainly never be easier to get than they are now.

### A NOTABLE EXHIBITION IN AMSTERDAM

A NOTEWORTHY exhibition of stamps has been held recently in the city of Amsterdam, Holland. Stamps were exhibited from many of the great European collections. The attendance was not large on the part of the public, but many collectors enjoyed the sight of the treasures shown, and felt well repaid for the journey to the city, in some cases from great distances. London, St. Petersburg, and Vienna were represented by some of the greatest collectors, many of whom are well known on this side of the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that American collectors will undertake to hold before long a large exhibition of stamps in some principal city, for such exhibits do a great deal to arouse and strengthen the interest in collecting.

### ABYSSINIAN STAMPS

THE ruler of Abyssinia, the Negus Menelik, always claimed to be a lineal descendant of King Solomon, through his mother. It is said that the throne of the great Hebrew King was secreted for many years on an island in one of the Abyssinian lakes, but that finally, in one of the civil wars, it disappeared and cannot now be found. An issue of stamps, recently made, presents us with a view of this throne as the central picture on the three low values. It is surrounded by draperies and as an exhibition of eastern ideas is one of the most interesting devices that has ever appeared upon stamps. This throne is celebrated throughout all the East and there does not seem to be any question among either Christian or Mohammedan nations that it was once in the possession of the Abyssinians. A legend also exists that it was at one time occupied by Hebrews who were driven out by the Negus Mara-Tekla-Haimanot,

who were rewarded by two angels who descended from heaven with a crown which they placed on his head in recognition of his service to the nation. These angels are also said to be shown on some of the new stamps.

### PHILIPPINE STAMPS

IT was never thought in the times of the insurrection in the Philippine Islands, led by Aguinaldo, that his government was sufficiently established so that it could make an issue of stamps which would have any real postal use. Recently, officers of the United States Army, who were in the Philippines during the insurrection, have testified to the fact that mail was often intercepted by them in 1899 which bore stamps of the so-called revolutionary government. Stamps on original covers are shown, and it is claimed that they have exactly the same standing as that allowed to the stamps of the Southern Confederacy. This view is questionable, however, and it will be more than the showing of a few canceled stamps on original envelopes to prove the existence of an organized government such as that maintained by the Confederate States. Some foreign catalogues list these stamps, and it is claimed that American cataloguers do not do so because they have none of the stamps for sale. This is a very poor argument, for it is has any weight it destroys the value of the listing by the foreign catalogues, since it may be claimed with equal validity that their listing is because the makers do have some of the stamps to sell. The listing of stamps with so doubtful authority as that of Aguinaldo's government would open the way for the admission to the catalogues of a large number of issues now very properly rejected as having no real governmental authority behind them.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE bars printed in connection with new values issued in surcharges are usually intended to cancel the original figures or words expressing the value on the stamps as they were first printed. The fact that they frequently do not do this arises from the difficulty which the printer of the surcharges often experiences in feeding sheets of perforated and gummed stamps to his presses. The gum, particularly, causes the sheets to curl somewhat and also the fact that they have been wetted and dried in the gumming process causes them to differ a trifle in their sizes. Differences in the printing of stamps which do not come from a variation in the plate or die are not considered as varieties. They are curiosities merely like the United States envelop stamps which are sometimes found embossed upon envelopes without any ink or color to the impression. These particular oddities are produced by faulty action on the part of the envelop-machine which catches up prints and folds two sheets at once, so that one envelop without a colored stamp is folded inside another printed in the usual manner. Thus also double impressions of adhesive stamps or other printers' waste, which is usually destroyed but in some cases finds its way to the stamp market, are not considered to be legitimate varieties. The perforating of stamps as a means of separating them one from another did not come into general use until after 1860 and even then some countries preferred rouletting, which in various forms has continued to the present time as a convenient method of providing for the separation of stamps before attaching to mail.

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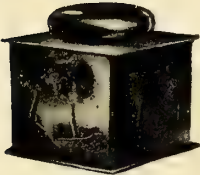
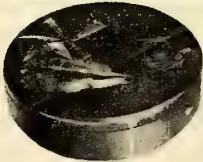


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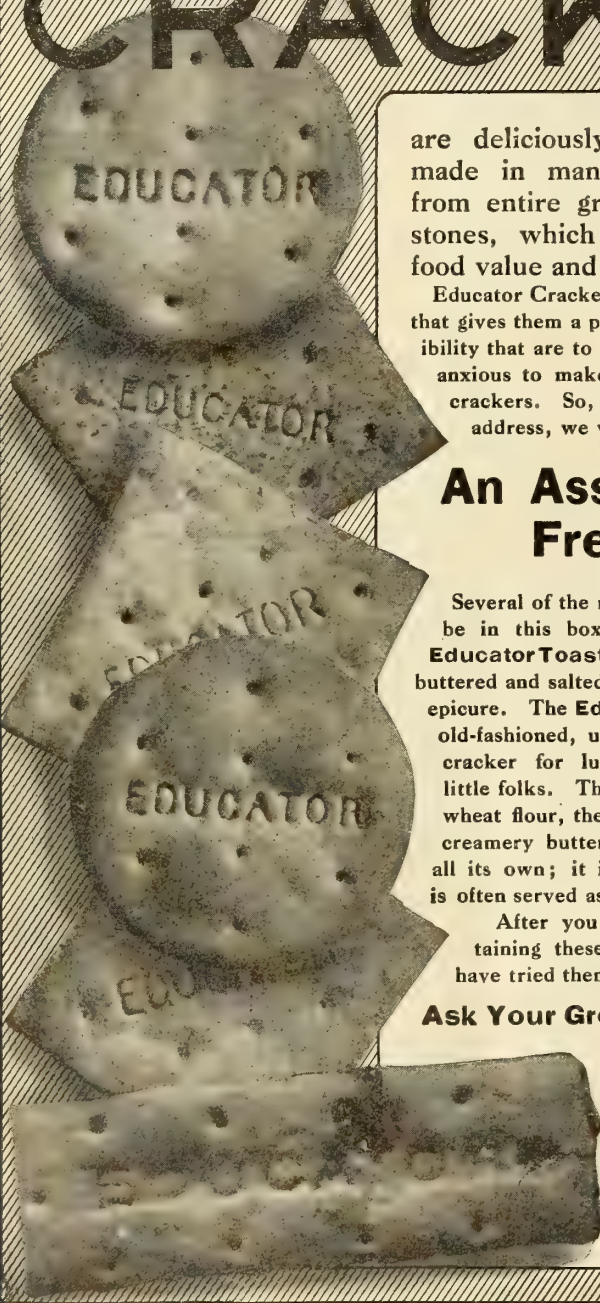
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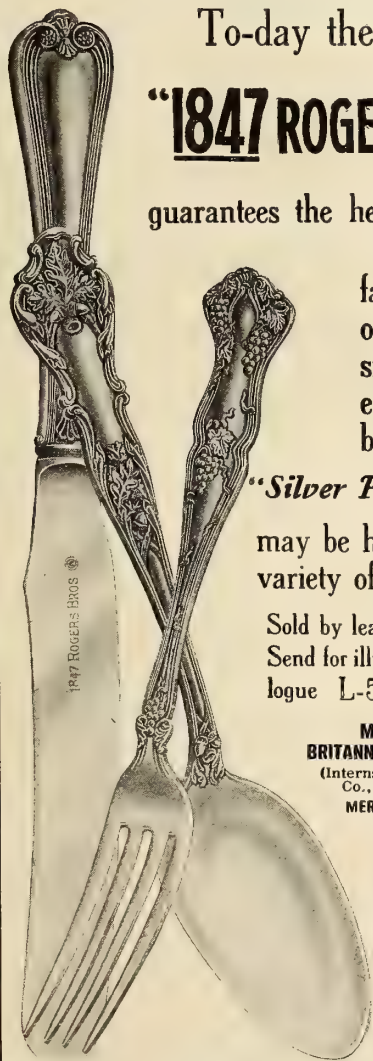
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## What Bobby Wants—and Should Have.

*Bobby's Mother:* "Come on Bobby. Time to take your bath."

*Bobby:* "Wha'?"

*Mother:* "It's time to take your bath. Get ready."

*Bobby:* (Hesitatingly) "Ah—Ah—Is the water warm?"

*Mother:* "Yes."

*Bobby:* "And you'll use Ivory Soap?"

*Mother:* "Yes, dear."

*Bobby:* "And you'll let me play ship with the soap?"

*Mother:* "Yes. But hurry. That's a good boy."

*Bobby:* "A' right."

Bobby is like a good many other youngsters—he is a little dubious about the benefits of a bath.

He doesn't like cold water; or soaps that irritate his tender skin; or towels that make him wince every time they are applied.

He wants warm water. He wants Ivory Soap. He wants a towel that is grateful and pleasant to the skin.

Give him what he wants. Warm water cleans better than cold. Ivory Soap is far and away the best of bath soaps. As for towels, why use a rough towel when a soft one is better?

It floats; it is pure and it contains no "free" (uncombined) alkali. These are the reasons—the three very substantial reasons—for the superiority of Ivory Soap as a bath soap—it floats; it is pure; it contains no "free" alkali.

## Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.



## The Little Fairy Girl

is simply a symbol of the purity of FAIRY SOAP. FAIRY SOAP is made from edible products; it contains no filler, coloring matter or adulterant of any kind.

Pay 25c or 50c for soap if you will, but you will get no more soap merit and purity than are found in FAIRY SOAP at 5c a cake—and, in nine cases out of ten, not so much.

FAIRY SOAP—the pure, white, floating, oval cake—is sold at all good grocery and drug stores.

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Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

“Have You a Little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”





Santa Claus: "Here's the kind  
of a 'Christmas Card' everybody likes!"



# PETER'S THE ORIGINAL Milk Chocolate

Delicious, yet wholesome;  
Rich, yet digestible.

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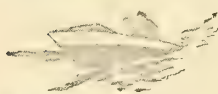
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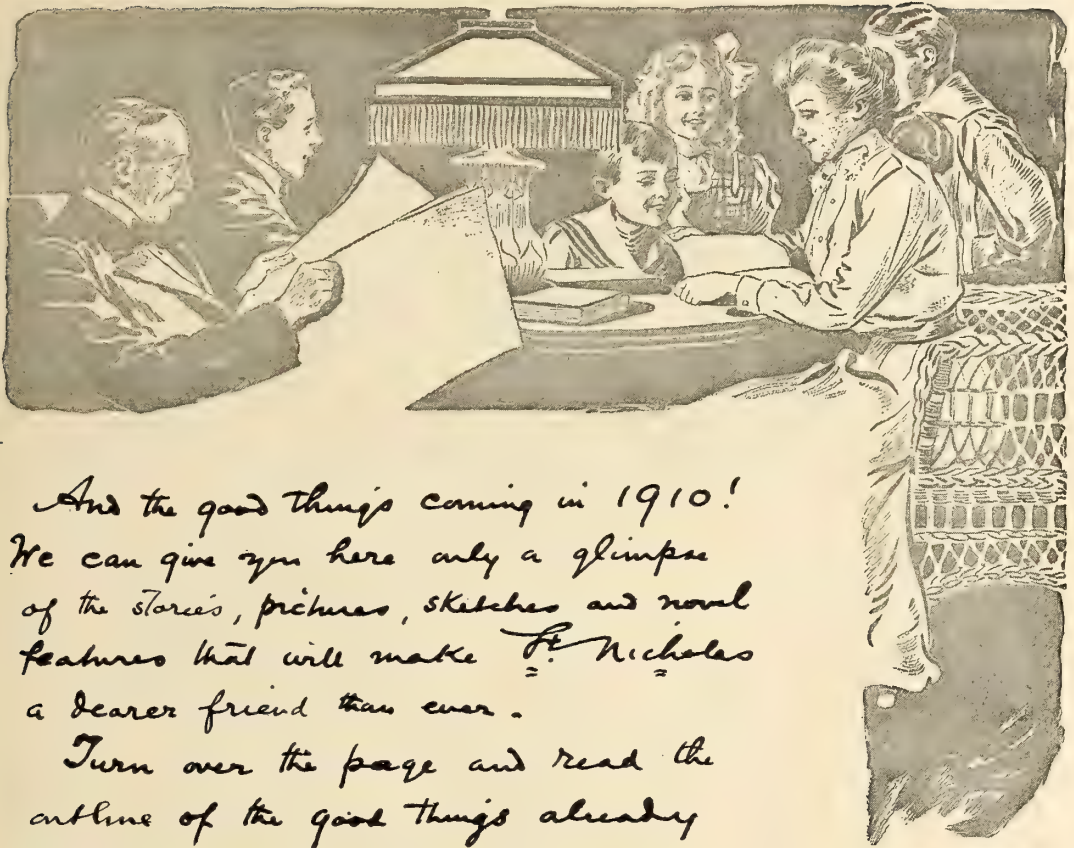




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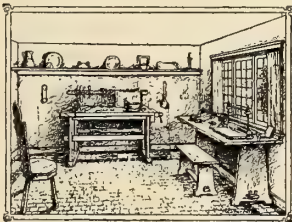


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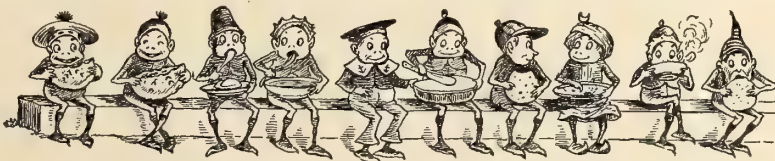
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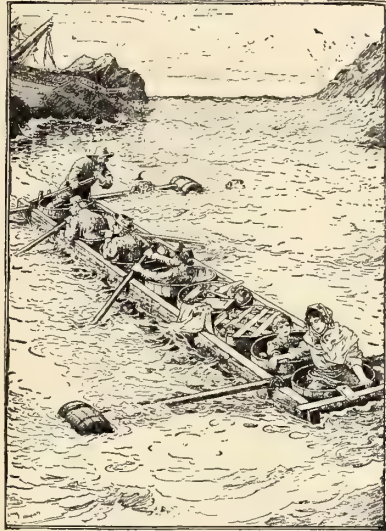
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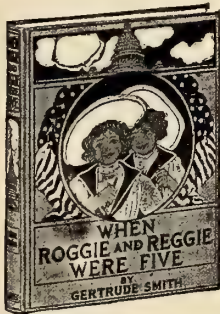
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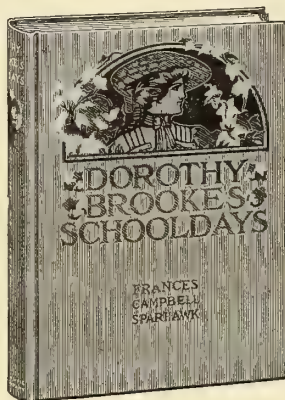
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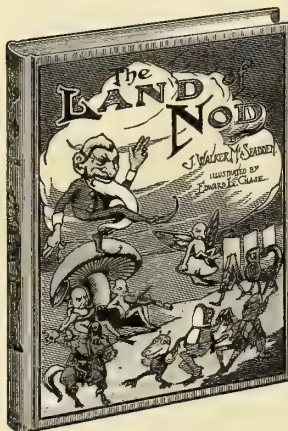
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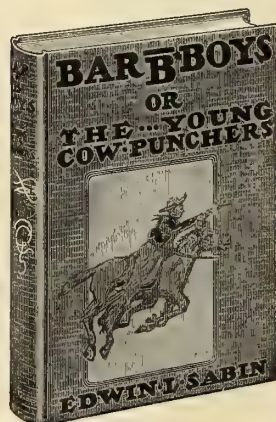
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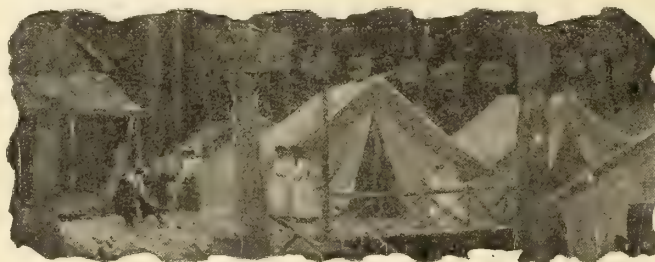
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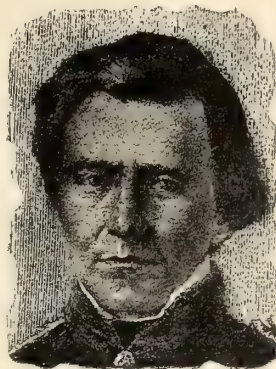
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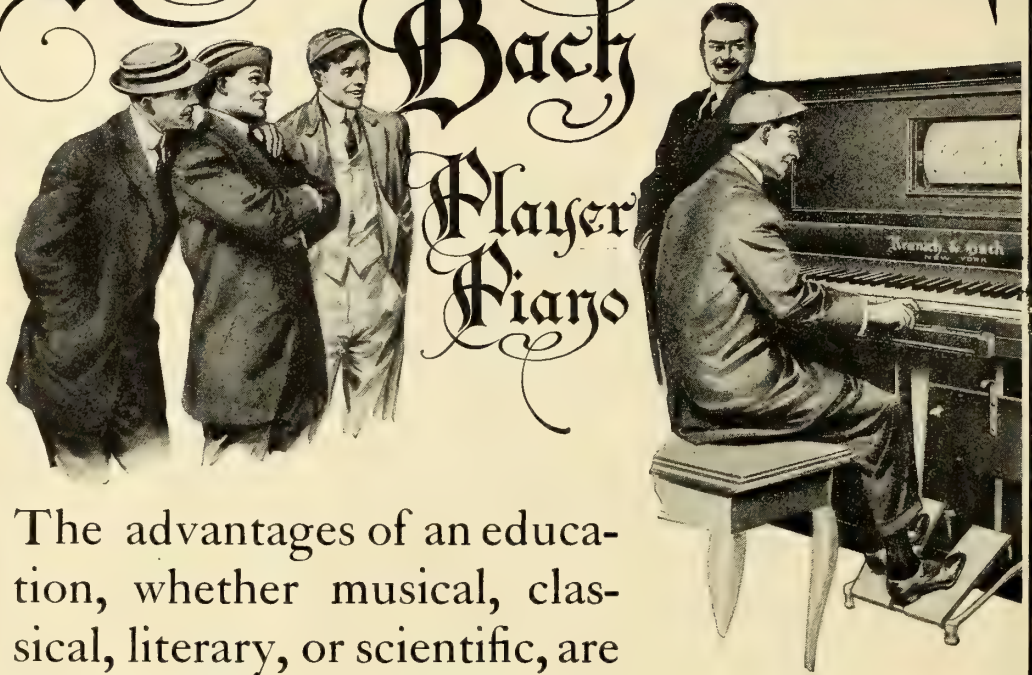
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 2

## THE FIRST KNIFE IN THE WORLD

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sarah Crewe," "Racketty-Packetty House," etc.



THE Clan lived in a small house on one of the roads in St. John's Wood, London. It was a rather shabby house, and there was a high brick wall round the rather shabby garden, and inside the wall the Clan played "adventures" and heard the 'buses and carts and cabs go rattling by outside on the road. The Clan was composed of David, Robert, Malcolm, and Margaret Farquhar, who were the children of a poor gentleman, who, though he was only an unsuccessful solicitor in the city, was of an ancient and once great Scottish family. That was why the children called themselves the Clan and played "adventures" and besieging of castles. In a corner of the garden under a rather sooty plane-tree there was a tumble-down summer-house, which was the Castle. They had once besieged Malcolm in it for hours and hours, and he had only surrendered for want of provisions—at tea-time. There is no end to the wild adventures a Clan can have.

"And we *are* a Clan," David often said, "though we are quite poor and live in London, instead of being great and powerful as we were hundreds and hundreds of years ago. You can be a Clan in the North End Road as much as you can in a Feudal Castle in the Highlands. We Farquhars are one—and Angus is our Chieftain."

The Farquhars were fonder of their cousin Angus than of any one else in the world but their father and mother, who were delightful and amusing, though they never had money to buy

things. Angus was a boy whom you could not help liking and who was, in a way, like a sort of story in himself. In the first place, though he was only twelve years old, he was a Chieftain. He was not very rich, but his name was Sir Angus Farquhar, and he was the owner of a huge castle which had towers and battlements and dungeons and torture-chambers, and stood on a frowning rock looking out over the sea. His father died while Angus was a baby, and so he was Sir Angus when he was in long clothes.

That made him seem different from other boys, but he was also different in a much more interesting way. He had lived in his castle alone with his mother, who was very wonderful and handsome, and his greatest pleasure had been that he was allowed to read as much as he liked in the immense old library. He had read the most marvelous books and learned the most curious facts. Even grown-up people were surprised when they found how familiar he was with strange and ancient things—things about history and science and weird monkish learning. But he only knew them because he had a passion for books, and the great library had such singular and fascinating volumes in it, and his castle was so huge and still. He had a faithful man-servant whose name was Hamish. Hamish attended him everywhere, and had taught him to swim and fish and ride and sail a boat. He was a big man whose simple mind was full of legends and romances and tales of second sight. Angus never forgot any of them and he could tell



them better than Hamish could himself. That was what made him different from any one else. He said he could "see" things. That was what he called it. When he told his stories to the Clan, he covered his eyes with his hands and talked, and they listened with bated breath. His eyes were very dark blue and looked as if he could see into far-away places. Perhaps he did see things other people could not. The Clan liked to think so, and his stories sounded as if he did. Once Margaret privately asked her father if he thought Angus *did* see things or if he only thought he saw them. She was so solemn about it that Mr. Farquhar looked a little serious himself, even though he smiled.

"Well, I think he is a sort of Seer, perhaps," he said. "A Seer, you know, means a person who can see what the rest of the world cannot. He has read so much and thought so much that he knows curious things, and his imagination is so strong that he can call up pictures."

Lady Farquhar liked Mr. Farquhar and the Clan, and because of that Angus was allowed now and then to come and visit them at their small home and play with them in the St. John's Wood Garden.

It was on his second visit that he told them the story of *The First Knife in the World*. They had been together to the British Museum and had spent the morning looking at ancient things—mummies and fossils and prehistoric relics and strange jeweled volumes monks had written long centuries ago. In one case there had been queer objects which looked as if they had been hacked out of flint. They had scarcely any shape at all, and the Clan could barely believe the labels which said they were weapons. Angus stood close to the case and looked at the things as if he could not take his queer eyes off of them. He was so intent that he seemed to forget that the Clan was pressing about him. He evidently did not hear what the Clansmen were saying, for he did not answer when he was spoken to. Margaret thought he looked a little pale and odd, and she stopped asking questions and watched him. It was several minutes before he gave a slight start and looked round with a half-laugh.

"I forgot where I was," he said.

"What were you thinking of?" Margaret asked him.

"That sharp piece of stone," he answered, pointing to a bit of flint in the case. "Perhaps—I say, Clansmen, perhaps that was the *first knife in the world*. I was wondering who made it."

"That? That? Which? Which?" cried the Clan, crowding round the case.

But Margaret was staring in awe at Angus.

"I believe you were *seeing* things!" she exclaimed.

He laughed again, but he nodded his head.

"Yes, I was—a little," he answered.

"He was seeing things," Margaret said to the others. "Things about that sharp flint."

Then the Clan deserted the glass case and crowded round Angus.

"Will you tell us about it—tell us this afternoon?" they besought. "Will you, Chieftain?"

He said he would, and so he did.

It was a fine afternoon, and the sunshine made the shabby walled garden quite nice. The grass looked green, and the nasturtiums and geraniums and lobelia were brilliant, and the wind rustled the leaves of the plane-tree and the laburnum, and the sound of the rattling 'buses, cabs, and carts was quite cheerful as it came over the garden wall. The Clansmen spread themselves in a circle on the grass and fixed their eyes on the Chieftain, who sat in the middle. He had been very quiet ever since he left the British Museum and had hardly spoken at all during lunch. Margaret secretly watched him, because she specially liked to look at him when he had that queer far-away expression in his eyes. She was sure that at such times he was being a Seer, as her father had called him. Margaret adored mysterious things, and she liked to have a cousin who was at the same time a Chieftain and a Seer.

He sat quite still for several minutes after they had spread themselves into the circle, and his queer deep eyes were fixed on the grass. Margaret believed he could not even hear the rattle of the cabs and 'buses. He looked as if he heard nothing except something inside his mind to which he was listening. The Clansmen were delighted. There was something like cheerful awe on their round, boy faces.

"Are you beginning to see, Chieftain?" David asked at last.

"Yes," answered Angus, in a low, dreamy voice. "But what I see is a long—long—long way off. It is so far away that it is quite dim. I shall have to wait."

So they all waited, though they grew more excited every second.

"Is it getting clearer?" David asked again, and his whisper was quite hollow.

Angus had covered his eyes with his hand, and his voice sounded rather like a bell being rung far away.

"It is getting clearer and clearer. But it is so long ago. Clansmen, can I make you understand?"

"We will try, Chieftain," they answered.

"How long ago?" put in Malcolm.

"Thousands and thousands and thousands of years—countless ages."

"I say!" breathed David, in ecstasy.

"Before there were men like those who live to-day—before human beings had learned to walk always on two legs—before they had real language—before they had found out that they were different from other animals. This piece of the world was cold as Lapland, and there was no sea between it and what we call the Continent."

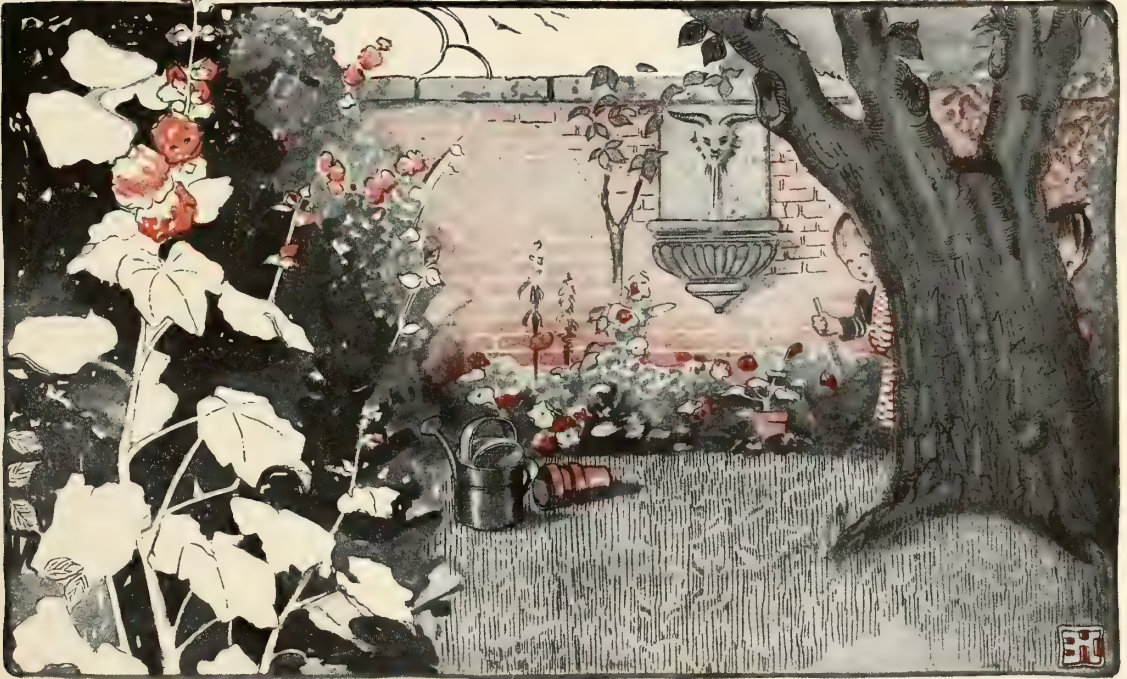
"What was it called then?" said David.

four-footed ones could. He had nothing to fight with until the Boy came who made the First Knife in the World."

"A boy! A boy?" shouted the Clan, in chorus. "Can you see him?"

"Wait a little," answered Angus, in the low, clear voice like a distant bell. "It is all so far—far away. He is coming out of the dimness. Wait."

The circle held its breath, and not one pair of eyes stirred from the Chieftain's face. Not a Clansman could have moved if he had tried.



## **I**nside the walls the **C**lan played adventures

"Nothing. Nothing was called anything. There were no words—only sounds that meant being angry or hungry or wanting to fight. That was all there was in a Human Thing. We had not learned how to think."

"What was a Human Thing like? Can you see?" said Margaret, leaning forward, staring enraptured, an elbow on each knee and a cheek in each hand.

"He was a stunted, hairy savage, and if he was not strong and swift, wild beasts or the other Human Things killed him. He had no weapon but his hands and feet and teeth. He did not know that he needed them. He could climb and swing himself from tree to tree better than the

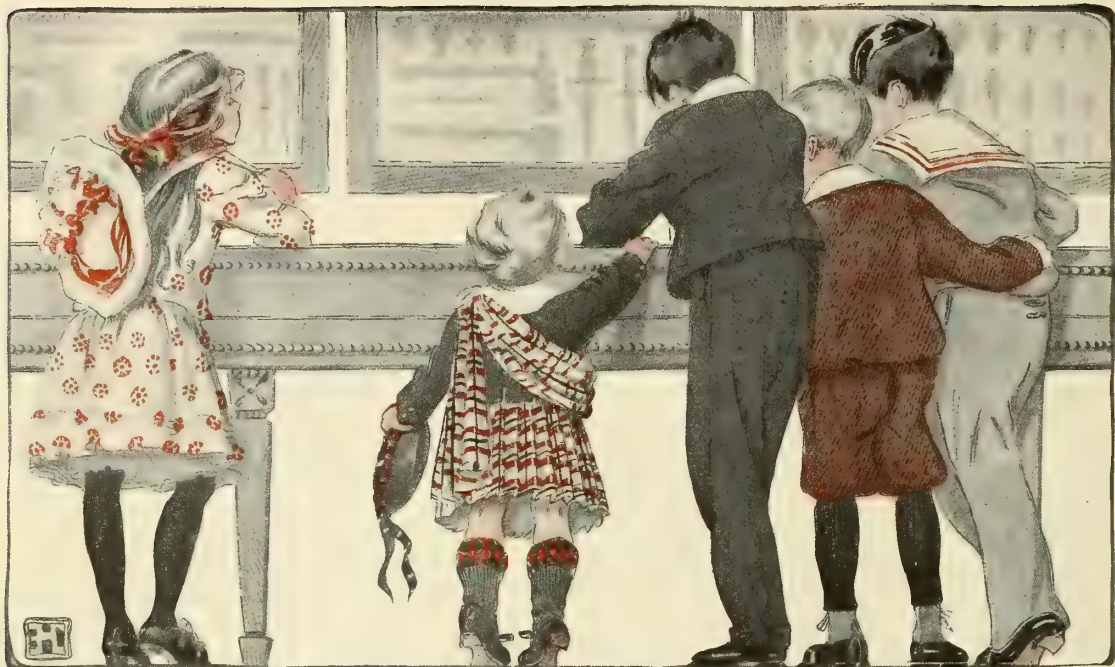
At last Angus's strange voice broke the silence and went on with the story.

"It is cold—cold—cold," he said. "I see that the whole world looks gray. I see a great sheet of water. It cannot be a sea, because huge monsters come dragging themselves down to the shore to drink. The Human Things fly when they hear them coming. They cannot kill them, because they are too huge."

"How huge?" asked David.

"They are mammoths, many times bigger than elephants. Some have scaly hides and monstrous dragging tails. Some are covered with woolly hair. It was because he was so afraid of them that the Boy began to *think*. He did not know





**M**argaret stopped asking questions and watched him.

that it was thinking, but it was. It was putting two thoughts together. The others did not do that. He liked to stay by the water, and it made him sit still and watch it, and that made the beginning of thought."

"Did he look like the others?" said Margaret.

"A little different—just a little. Sometimes, but very seldom, there was one born whose head was not quite the same shape as the heads of the others. His body was not quite so hairy, he made a few more sounds, and he walked oftener on two legs. But no one noticed, because noticing is thinking, and they could not fasten thoughts together. The Boy was that kind of Human Thing. He was taller than other boys, he liked to walk on two legs, he had larger eyes and they were not always shifting about—they sometimes *looked* at things."

"I like him," said Margaret.

"So do I," said Robert, who was the youngest. "Just think of a fellow making the First Knife in the World," and he fumbled in the pocket of his knickerbockers.

"He was sometimes unhappy when he sat by the water. He did not know it was unhappiness, and because he believed it was hunger, he stuffed himself with raw fish when he could catch some with his hands. But the truth was that he

really wanted things that were not in the world then. He felt as we fellows feel when we say, 'I want something to do.' He was tired of running away from mammoths and wolves and bears, and he was tired of rolling about and fighting with the other boy-things who could make so few sounds. But, mind you, he did not *know* that this was what was the matter."

"Where did he live?" asked Margaret, softly.

"In trees, because there he was safest from wild beasts. But if you slept too soundly, mammoths could root trees up and tear and trample them to bits. His father and mother had driven him away from them as soon as he was big enough to kill things and grub up roots for himself. They had never liked him because he was a little different. One of the things he wanted and did not know about was a home. There were no homes in the world. That was one reason why he thought he was hungry when he sat by the great gray lake."

"I am sorry for him," said Margaret.

"It will be better when he makes the knife," whispered David.

"One day when he sat by the water he had the hungry feeling so badly that he began to make a new kind of sound. It was not the hungry sound, or the fear sound, or the fighting one, and he had

not known he was going to make it. Things could only happen by chance in those days, because there was no reasoning. He made his sound over and over again, because he liked to hear it." Angus stopped a few seconds, and they knew he was listening. "It is millions and millions of years ago, and there were no words, and there were no homes; but this is what it said: 'I am lonely—I am lonely—I want not to be afraid—I want not to be alone. I want a place to live in—I want to make something with my hands. I want—I want—I want.' But he did not *know* it said that when he chanted it over and over again."

"I am glad he made the knife," said Robert, with a slight gulp.

Angus went on:

"There were stones lying about him, and he picked one up and began to play with it. His

he could make it narrower and sharper. After he had knocked it a little, he had another thought. He began to rub it against the other piece and grind it. It pleased him so much to do it that he forgot the hungry feeling and began to make another new sound. It was not the 'Glad I am fed' sound or the 'Glad I killed the other man' sound. It was—" and Angus stopped and listened again, and the Clansmen's hearts almost beat aloud when he went on: "It is millions of years ago, and there was no language, and there were no inventions and no fame, but *this* was what it said: 'I have done a new thing: I have *made*—I have *made*—I have *made*! Joy, World! Joy, World! Joy!' But he did not *know* that it said that as he shouted it aloud."

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" shouted the Clansmen, but they shouted under their breath. "Go on, Chieftain—go on!"



**I** see that the whole world looks gray—

way of playing was only to knock it very hard against another bigger piece of stone. He knocked and knocked and knocked, and suddenly a piece broke off it and made it look long and narrow. The minute when he saw that *was the first time he fastened one thought to another*. The thing which came into his mind was that if he knocked the piece of flint many times more

"He ground it and hammered it, and hammered it and ground it, until drops of sweat rolled down his body. He liked the work so much that he made new sounds all the time. The feeling he had believed was hunger was quite gone, and there was another kind of feeling in its place—a new one which he had never felt before. Wild beasts came down to drink,



and there were monsters among them. Ah! I see—I see!" Angus cried out exultantly. "He is not afraid of them—he forgets they are there. He grinds and hammers and beats the flint and sings; and they look at him, and because they have never heard sounds like these in the world before, they do not understand, and it is *they* who are afraid of the Human Thing. He is calling out, 'I make! I make!' and no Human Thing had ever uttered that sound since the earth was created."

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" shouted the Clansmen, and they shouted it aloud.

"At last the narrow flint was pointed and sharp, so sharp that the boy cut his own fingers with it; but he did not care for that and only laughed when he saw the drops of blood. The sight of them made him fasten other thoughts together. If he could cut himself with the pointed flint, he could cut wild beasts—perhaps even kill monsters if he could make a flint thing big enough. It was strange how different he felt. That was because he began to *think* a little, and he had never done it before. In the past he had only eaten a great deal and jumped about and made noises. He began to feel as if he had always been asleep and was slowly awakening and looking about him for the first time. He sat still and looked out on the great gray water. He looked at the deep forest which extended so far that no Human Thing he knew had ever come to the end of it. In the forest lived the wild beasts—the mammoths who trampled and tore down huge trees and shook the earth as they trod; the wolves and bears and small things which could be caught and eaten. In those days the Human Thing only thought of animals as enemies to kill or as food to be eaten. No one knew what kindness meant, but every

one knew the meaning of foes and hunger. The Human Thing fought against his foes, but did not defend his brothers. No one had ever thought of doing that. This day that thought had come into the world. It came to the Boy because he had *made* something and because he was different.



"As he sat with his pointed flint in his hand, he heard the sound of a small Human Thing behind him, and he looked round to see where it was. A brown, hairy baby creature was trotting about the sand, playing and making chuckling noises and funny little whines of enjoyment. It had run away from its mother and was full of play and fun. It jumped up and down and chuckled, and then rolled over and over, chuckling; it scratched a nest in the sand and plumped down into it to sit and toss stones and shells about. The Boy watched it and began to like it, though he did not know why, but it was because his brain was working. He watched it for some time, and he was just beginning to make a chuckling noise himself, when he saw something trotting softly but swiftly out of the forest. It was a gaunt, gray wolf with big

fangs, and he was making straight for the small Human Thing. Wolves liked them to eat, and snapped them up to carry to their dens whenever they found them alone. This wolf wanted the little plump brown one."

"Oh!" cried out Margaret; "don't let him!"

"The Boy had three thoughts almost at the same minute: he did not want the Small Thing to be snapped up and carried to the wolf's young; he had the long, sharp flint in his hand; he had cut his hand and could cut the wolf. He had never been so little afraid before. He sprang up and ran swiftly. The gray wolf was so intent on

the Small Thing that he saw nothing else. The Boy sprang upon him and struck downward into his backbone. He was strong and struck hard, and the wolf reared, howled, and fell down. Then the Boy dragged out his sharpened flint and struck again till the wolf was dead. He thought two more thoughts: he had saved the Small Thing and he had done it with the weapon he had made. He did not think of walking on all fours as he went round and round the dead gray wolf and the Small Thing; he walked upright and held his head high, swelling his chest, and making more new sounds."

"What did they mean?" cried the Clan. "Can you hear the meaning?"

"Yes—though they come across millions of years, they come clear. They meant: 'I am Man. I make that which was not in the world before. I save as well as kill. I am Man—I am Man.'"

"What did the Small Thing do?" asked Margaret.

"It looked at him and chuckled, and then it crawled out of its sand nest and played with the dead wolf, and at last it fell asleep, with its head resting against the wolf's thick gray coat. And the Boy stood by and watched over it so that if

other wolves came he could strike again with the flint. He was pleased with the sounds he made, which said, 'I save as well as kill. I am Man.'"

Angus's voice trailed away into silence, and the Clan sat and gazed at him until suddenly David leaped up and cried:

"Let us make the sound! We are Men—we are Men. We can save as well as kill. We are Men!"

They danced about and shouted it in such wild exultation that people walking in the street turned round to look at the wall which shut the tumult in, and the people who sat on the top of the passing 'buses craned their necks to look over it.

It was so loud that it brought Angus back from the place where he "saw things." He uncovered his eyes and sat looking at the grass-plot and the geraniums and lobelia with a queerer expression than ever.

"I feel as if I had just awakened from a dream," he said very slowly. "It was so far away—it was millions of years ago and— What a row you are making, Clansmen, and—and how the 'buses go rattling by!" and he laughed a little as he had laughed in the British Museum.

And that was the end of the story.

## A TIMELY SUGGESTION

BY MARY STREET WHITTEN



AN "architec' " 's the name they call  
The sort of kind of man  
Who, if you want to build a house,  
Will help you make the plan.  
We 've got an architec' right here,  
He 's building daddy one,

And planning out the things we 'll have  
Is just the mostest fun!  
They 're going to make the house of tile,  
With "stucco" stuck outside,  
And there will be a 'normous porch  
Along the front and side.  
The talk is all of flower beds,  
And trees, and heating-plants,  
And if the roof had best be flat  
Or p'r'aps the kind that slants.

One thing I thought of all myself  
(And it is 'portant, too),  
The chimneys must be big enough  
For SANTA to come through!







(The Elves' Calendar)

Albert  
Randall  
Wheeler

# DECEMBER

'T is difficult to see the Elves for pack-  
ages; and soon,  
If bundles keep on piling, why, they 'll  
reach up to the moon!  
The parcels are of every shape, for young  
folks big and small,  
To make a happy holiday where e'er the  
Elves may call.

*S. Virginia Lewis.*



## THE REAL QUESTION

BY CHARLES J. STOWELL

THEY say some men and dogs and things have found  
the frozen Pole,  
And made a record of their trip and put it in a hole;  
They say they nailed the Stars and Stripes upon the  
icy mast,  
And took possession of the spot for Uncle Sam at last;  
But now that they are back again, amid the world's  
applause,  
I wonder if they 'll tell us, did they meet with  
Santa Claus?

We like to hear about the route these daring seamen  
traced,  
And all about the bears and other animals they chased;  
We listen with enchanted ear to tales explorers know,  
Of Northern Lights and midnight sun and fields of  
ice and snow;  
But all these things are trifles, and for none of them  
we care,  
Unless some one will tell us that old Santa Claus  
is there.



We want to know about his house, his reindeer, and his elves,  
And all the toys and Christmas joys he keeps upon his shelves;  
We want to know the things he does to while the hours away,  
When Christmas-time is over, through the long, dull, arctic day;  
We 'd like to hear about his cap and beard all white with snow—  
There 's just a lot—a *lot*—of things that we should like to know!

Of course he must live somewhere, and the stories always say  
His home is at the very Pole, 'neath arctic twilight gray;  
And I believe it must be true, and that 's the reason why  
Nobody ever found it in all the days gone by.  
But now the secret has been solved, explorers brave and bold  
Have stood beneath the polar star and faced the polar cold,  
And so I think we 'll write to Cook and Peary, double-quick:  
*"What news is there from Santa Claus? How is our good St. Nick?"*



“**T**HROUGH THE **G**ATES OF **O**LD **R**OMANCE”

Where little girls wore silken gowns, caps, curls, and sang with posies gay,  
And little boys, in flowered coats, had wigs and high heeled shoes they say.





THE Princess had lost her Pink Topaz ring, and the palace was being turned inside out and upside down as the entire Court rushed hither and thither searching for it. All sorts of missing articles turned up, everything that had been lost for years, everything, that is, save the Princess's ring. The tumult had reached even the Astrologer's Tower, that nook where perched the Wisest Man in the kingdom, writing the History of King Yolo's family.

Whereas he would have smiled calmly over the loss of anything else (except his salary), he now, having shut his glasses in his book, was searching madly for them in order to join in the hunt for the Pink Topaz.

It was he, the Wisest Man, who understood more fully than any one else how terrible a calamity had befallen the Princess Lotis, in the loss of her ring. The first chapter of his History was given to a description of the jewel, with foot-notes which took up twice as much space as the chapter. It had been in the family for twenty-seven generations, dating from Yolo the Invincible, to whom it had been given by a great magician. It was a clear, transparent gem, in color like the petal of a wild rose, or the first flush of dawn in the eastern sky. Its surface was cut in a curious magic cipher which even the Wisest Man himself did not understand.

Usually the same tint as the stone, at times these faint tracings glowed and flashed like lines of fire, whilst the Princess noted the change half in awe, half in pleasure at the jewel's beauty and the fair fortune which it foretold. For to the family which owned it, and especially to the wearer of it, the Pink Topaz brought Wisdom, Strength, and Happiness, and its occasional flashes of fire denoted some unusual stroke of good luck. Imagine, then, how great a misfortune was its loss, and how great were the efforts to find it.

The King had sent out heralds in all directions

with promise of great reward to the lucky finder, and already half the kingdom was searching for the lost ring. When the reward was increased to a million of ducats, the other half joined in the hunt. But, although three days had passed and there seemed to be nowhere else to look, the Pink Topaz was as hopelessly lost as ever.

Then King Yolo added to the million of ducats a far greater reward, the Hand of the Princess; and heralds were sent into all the adjoining kingdoms with his proclamation.

Then all the princes of all those kingdoms donned their armor, mounted their steeds, and clattered into King Yolo's territory to search for the missing gem and win the hand of the beautiful Princess Lotis.

When she heard the first sound of horses' hoofs upon the flagstones of the great courtyard, the Princess peeped through her oriel window for a glimpse of the new-comer. An iron-gray charger pranced below, his scarlet trappings flecked with foam, the breath of the wind in his tangled mane. In the saddle sat Prince Valmir, noblest, bravest, best of all who rode that day to win King Yolo's daughter.

Dark locks waved across his broad brow; the red of the pomegranate stained the clear olive of his cheek and dyed the firm, close lips; long silken lashes veiled, but could not dim, the brilliance of eyes darker than midnight, flashing with high courage, hope, and right resolve. Suddenly the Prince glanced up at the window, catching the glint of a golden head, when a curtain of snowy lace, descending, shut out the vision fair.

All night long belated princes were arriving, but no hoof-beat reached the ears of Princess Lotis, through whose dreams an iron-gray charger pranced, bearing a princely rider with soft, dark eyes.

Now, while the Wisest Man was still hunting for his glasses, to enable him to join in the search

for the ring, he was heard to say that the Pink Topaz had been lost once before, in the time of Yolo the Unlucky, thirteen generations back, and was found in the most distant corner of the kingdom. How it got there, tradition did not say,—but there was an account of the finding in foot-note nine hundred and thirty-seven, in the first chapter of his History. No one took the trouble to look up the foot-note, but the tradition, coupled with the knowledge that the Princess had been out hunting over a large stretch of country the day her ring disappeared, left no spot in the kingdom unlikely to be searched.

Each day, when the various princes rode out to hunt anew for the missing jewel, as the gray charger shot across the drawbridge like the bolt from a crossbow, Prince Valmir looked back at the oriel window. Sometimes he saw the sun gleam on golden locks; anon he caught the curve of coral lips, and once a white hand waved to him in greeting. But when the other princes chanced to look up, they saw only the snowy lace curtain, drawn close against the pane.

Morning after morning they rode away, eager and hopeful; evening after evening they rode back wearied and dejected, whilst the Princess Lotis wept behind her oriel window.

As Prince Valmir galloped along the highway early one morning, there arose suddenly, in front of him, a very old and poor-looking woman. She was almost under the horse's hoofs, but the Prince reined in the fiery gray with a strong hand, and said:

"Take heed, good dame! Lookest thou, too, for the Princess's ring, here on the King's highway?"

"Nay," she answered, "I do but gather mushrooms. Oh, buy them, kind sir."

"I have no use for them," he began, but the old woman pleaded:

"Ah, buy them, noble sir. 'T would be an act most kind."

Taking from his purse a broad gold piece, the Prince dropped it into her basket, saying, with a smile:

"This is thine. Wish me success in my quest."

Giving rein to his steed, he would have passed on, but ere the gray could take a step, the old woman laid her hand on his bridle. The horse shivered, then was still.

"Thou wilt not find the ring," she said. The Prince started. And the next moment she added: "But the reward shall be thine."

She seemed to grow taller, and smiled at him with eyes as dark as his own. Her hand dropped from the bridle and the gray plunged forward, as if freed from a mysterious restraint.



"AS PRINCE VALMIR GALLOPED ALONG THE HIGHWAY EARLY ONE MORNING, THERE AROSE SUDDENLY, IN FRONT OF HIM, AN OLD AND POOR-LOOKING WOMAN."



Although Prince Valmir thought of the old woman's words during the day, he quite forgot them in the exciting news which greeted him on his return to the palace at dusk.

Day after day the Princess watched at the oriel window for tidings of her lost jewel. At nightfall, as the princes rode wearily back, she eagerly scanned each face, but found hope in none. She could not eat; she could not sleep; she grew so pale that even the Wisest Man, who was still searching for his glasses, observed it and said the Princess would better go out in the fresh air. So she wandered listlessly into the garden, where she had not been since the disappearance of the Pink Topaz, and sat down by the brookside.

Now the worst of all to her was the haunting sense the Princess had had from the beginning, that she herself had misplaced the ring. But she had thought and thought, and wept and wept until eyes and head and heart ached together, all to no purpose. So now she sat by the brook in absolute despair.

By and by, she observed that the goldfish in the stream were behaving in a very curious manner. They were leaping up out of the water to look at her.

"It is because I have so long forgotten to feed them," thought she, remorsefully, but that did not quite explain their curious actions. Every little fish, as it came swimming by, popped up in the same place, directly under a pink blossoming shrub at her side. The Princess grew more and more interested.

"They seem to be trying to tell me something," she thought, and as one little fish made a desperate leap toward the shrub, her eyes followed its motion. A sunbeam struggled through the dense shade overhead and fell upon something gleaming among the blossoms. The Princess's heart gave a great bound, for there, hanging on a little twig, was—the Pink Topaz!

And then she remembered that the last time she had fed the goldfish, fearing her ring might drop in the stream, she had hung it on the little bush, only in bud then, and forgotten all about it.

"Dear little fishes," she cried, as she seized it, "you shall never be neglected again! If I had remembered you I should long ago have had my ring."

The goldfish leaped about as if in joy.

"Now,—" began the Princess, when she stopped suddenly, for she remembered that Prince Valmir could not claim the reward she had hoped would be his. Thoughtfully she drew the precious ring from her finger and sat looking at it for a long,

long time. At last, with a sigh of satisfaction, she rose, dropped the jewel in her pocket, and turned toward the palace. Arriving there, she sent a page to the King to announce that the Pink Topaz had been recovered and the finder would that night claim the reward, but, until then, would prefer to remain unknown.

The Court buzzed with excitement and curiosity, although by common consent Prince Valmir was declared to be the fortunate man. The great news met each prince as he rode in at the outer gate and stifled hope forever in his heart. Yet each was eager to see upon whom the reward should be bestowed, and the vast audience-hall was filled when the hour arrived.

At one end of the hall a dais covered with crimson cloth supported the throne of King Yolo the Twentieth. Above the golden carving of his chair glowed a magnificent sunburst of jewels: sapphires bluer than a summer night's sky; emeralds of tenderer green than young spring leaves; amethysts that caught their tints from far-off purple hills; opals that united all the hues of sea and sky and land; diamonds unnumbered, and, in the very center of all, a wonderful ruby of great size and untold splendor.

Upon his throne sat the King, clad in his purple and ermine robes, the crown upon his head, the scepter in his hand. At his right was placed, a little lower than his own, the chair of the Princess, while on his left Prince Valmir stood, all those other woebegone princes ranged beyond him.

A strip of crimson cloth reached from the throne to the bronze entrance doors at the farther end of the hall. On either hand stood the people waiting to greet the happy man who had won their Princess.

All down the sides the torches flamed, casting fitful shadows up among the massive rafters of carved oak, black with age. As the light flickered upon them it lit up grinning monsters that supported the huge timbers: heads of griffins and dragons that, once seen, peopled the darkness long after for terrified children. It fell on banners pendent from the walls, their threads of scarlet and blue and gold now gleaming in the light, now hanging somber in the shadow. It shone below on burnished shields and mirrored itself in a thousand tiny points on helm and cuirass, mace and spear. It lay softly on the uncovered heads of the silent, waiting people.

Suddenly there sounded a blast of trumpets, thrilling each listener, and the doors swung open to admit—the Princess. Only the Princess, but how fair, how beautiful to the eyes of her faithful subjects, to all those unlucky princes, and to



"BY AND BY, SHE OBSERVED THAT THE GOLDFISH IN THE STREAM WERE BEHAVING  
IN A VERY CURIOUS MANNER."



that one nearest the throne, whose heart was nigh to breaking.

Slowly she advanced up the long hall, her little silken-shod feet falling lightly as snowflakes. No sound was heard save the rustle of her robes of cloth of gold, down which streamed her shining tresses, dulling all the luster of her garments. A circlet of diamonds rested on her head, but the little hands, clasped tightly together, were bare of jewels. Her long dark lashes swept her cheeks upon which the color now glowed, now paled, as she moved along.

Her father rose to lead her to her place, but the Princess Lotis stopped at the foot of the throne and, holding out her hand to the King, said:

"Gracious Sovereign and Father, behold in me, the Princess Lotis, the finder of the Pink Topaz!"

The King was too astounded to respond at once, and the Princess continued:

"In returning the ring, oh, my father, I claim the reward thou hast offered for it."

"Oh," said the King, "the ducats. Well, 't is but just." Turning to the Keeper of the Royal Treasure, he commanded:

"Pay to my daughter, the Princess Lotis, one million ducats, the reward due her as finder of the ring."

"Do thou," said the Princess to the Keeper of the Royal Treasure, "distribute to-morrow among the poor of my father's kingdom those ducats, to each man, woman, and child, according to their needs."

The King nodded approvingly and a murmur of admiration and affection rose from the listening throng. Then the Princess turned again toward her father with a heightened color in her face, and spoke in tones that were not quite steady: "My father, there is yet another reward."

"True," answered King Yolo, a little puzzled, "but that,—"

"That also, 'the Hand of the Princess,' I demand as finder of the ring." The King smiled.

"Is not that thine own, my daughter?"

"It is the right to dispose of it, most gracious Sovereign, I now ask," breathed the Princess in tones heard only by the King and Prince Valmir, who was bending eagerly forward.

The monarch frowned in perplexity, then, as his eyes fell on the Prince, his brow lightened and he answered: "Be it so. As the finder of the ring I grant to thee 'the Hand of the Princess' to dispose of as thou shalt desire."

There was a moment's pause, and then the Princess Lotis took a step toward Prince Valmir and held out her hand. Down upon his knee fell that gallant prince, and pressed his lips to the little hand he had believed forever lost to him. When he arose, the King handed him the Pink Topaz, saying:

"Take with my daughter this jewel, which holds the fortunes of our family. All that I have shall be thine, and thou shalt be as a son to me."

Bowing low, the Prince received it, slipped it upon the hand of the Princess which he still held, and they knelt at the feet of the King for his blessing.

Then a great shout arose from all the people which rang through the rafters and stirred the silken banners and echoed from the brazen shields.

And the Wisest Man in the kingdom, who scorned festivities, hastened back to his History, where he found his long-lost glasses, and immediately proceeded to record, with many foot-notes, the second finding of the Pink Topaz.



"THE WISEST MAN IN THE KINGDOM HASTENED BACK TO HIS HISTORY."

# THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

UNDER the green edge of the wood  
Growing and strong the young tree stood,  
Softly the twilight round him came,  
The dawn about him glowed like flame,  
The star-beams out of midnight blue  
Glanced back in jewel-points of dew  
Along his sprays, and sweet he slept  
Where summer moons the heaven kept.

His fragrant gums to shining drops  
Noons kissed; winds rustled through his tops;  
Deep in his heart the building bird  
Sang songs the sweetest ever heard;  
And breasting mighty gales and mad  
The joy of battle made him glad;  
His branches on the gale he threw  
And into splendid stature grew.

In the dim church he stands to-night,  
Making the very shadows bright,  
Bound all with golden chains and streams  
Of rosy lights and sapphire gleams;  
And while he dreams of wreaths of snow,  
Of summer suns of long ago,  
Joyous, he gives his life to be  
The happy children's Christmas Tree.







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"WAIT A MINUTE!"  
FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY



Copyright by Frost & Reed, Bristol, England.

"MAKE HASTE!"

FROM THE ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.





## A LITTLE PRINCESS

BY FANNIE W. MARSHALL

"WHAT country claims you, Sweetheart?  
In what palace may you dwell?  
Is your father King or Emperor,  
Is he Czar or Prince, pray tell?  
Do you come from snowy northlands,  
Or a clime where sunbeams dance?  
Of the blue-eyed Saxon races?  
Or the fair noblesse of France?"

The little maid seems puzzled  
And puckers a tiny frown,  
She folds her hands demurely  
And considers, with eyes cast down.  
Then cries, with rippling laughter:  
"Why, I 'm none of those at all!  
I 'm just little Polly Plimpton  
Dressed up for the fancy ball!"



# THE BOY WHO KNEW HOW

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

That afternoon Alex Ward, the son of the station agent at Bixton, returned from school to find his father and mother packing his own suit-case.

"Why, what 's up, Dad?" he exclaimed.

"You are off for Watson Siding in twenty minutes, to take charge of the station there to-night," said his father. "The regular man is ill, the despatcher had no one else to send and asked for you, and I told him you 'd be delighted."

"Delighted? Well, rather!" cried Alex, gleefully, and throwing his school-books into a corner, he dashed up-stairs to change his clothes. Needless to say, Alex was a proud boy when shortly after seven o'clock he reached Watson Siding, and at once took over the station for the night. For it is not often a lad of fourteen is given such responsibility, even though an expert sending and receiving messages.

Alex was soon to learn that the responsibility was a very real one. The first hour passed pleasantly enough, but owing to a steady rain during the last two days, a heavy spring fog had set in and shortly before ten o'clock Alex found, to his alarm, that he could not make himself heard on the wire by the despatcher. Evidently there was a heavy escape of current between them, because of the dampness.

Again the despatcher called, again Alex sought to interrupt him, failed, and gave it up. "Now I'm in for trouble," he said in dismay. "If anything should—"

From apparently just without came a low, ominous rumble, then a crash. Alex started to his feet and ran to the window. He could see nothing but fog, and hastily securing a lantern, he went out onto the station platform.

As he closed the door there was a second terrific crash, from the darkness immediately opposite, and a rain of stones rattling against iron. "The bank above the siding!" cried Alex, and ringing to the tracks, he dashed across, and with an exclamation brought up before a mound of earth six feet high over the siding rails, with considerable "spill" over on the main track.

As he gazed Alex felt his heart tighten. The east-bound Sunset Express was due to take the siding in less than half an hour, to await the Eastern Mail; he saw that if the engineer misjudged the distance in the fog, and took the siding at even moderate speed, there would be a terrible calamity. And suppose the cars were thrown onto the

main line track, and the Mail crashed into them! And, apparently, he could not reach the despatcher, to give warning of her danger!



"HE RUSHED UP TO THE FRONT DOOR AND POUNDED ON IT WITH HIS FISTS."

What could he do to stop them? Helplessly Alex looked at the lantern in his hand. Its light was smothered by the fog within ten feet of him.

Running back to the operating room he seized



the key and once more sought to attract the attention of the despatcher. It was useless. The despatcher did not hear him.

But he must attempt something! Determinedly he sprang to his feet. A lantern was useless. Then why not a fire? A big fire on the track? Hurrah! That was it! But—he gazed at the coal-box, and thought of the rain-soaked wood outside, and his heart sank. Then came remembrance of the big woodshed at the farm-house where he boarded, three hundred yards away, and in a moment he had recovered the lantern, and was out, and off, running desperately.

On arriving at the house Alex found all in silence, and the family retired, but without a moment's hesitation he rushed up to the front door and pounded on it with his fists.

It seemed an age before a window was raised. "Mr. Moore," he cried, "there has been a landslide in the cut at the station, and there is danger of the Sunset running into it. May I have wood from the shed to make a fire on the track?"

"Gracious! Certainly!" exclaimed the voice from the window. "And the boys and I will be down in a minute to help you. You run around and be pulling out some kindling."

Alex darted about to the woodshed; there the farmer and his two sons soon joined him, and each catching up an armful of wood, they were quickly off for the railroad, Alex leading with the lantern.

Reaching the tracks, they hurried east, and a quarter-mile distant halted and began hastily building a huge bonfire between the rails.

"There," said Alex, as the flames leaped up; "that ought to stop her."

Then the three hastily secured shovels and more lanterns at the depot, and soon were hard at work on the gravel covering the main track.

They had been digging some ten minutes when suddenly Billy paused. "Listen," he said. "There 's a horse coming, on the run."

"It must be something urgent to make a man drive like that in the dark," said Mr. Moore.

There was a sound of scrambling and plunging, and out of the darkness came a man's excited voice: "How near am I to the station?"

"Right here below you!"

"Thank heaven! Run quick and tell the operator there has been a landslip in the big cutting just beyond the river! My son discovered it when coming home by the track from a party!"

For a moment Alex stood speechless at this further calamity, then once more dashed for the station. To reach Zeisler, two miles west of the cut, was the only hope for the Mail.

Rushing in to the instruments, he in feverish

haste began calling "Z." "Z, Z!" he whirled "QK! Z, Z, WS!"

There was no answer. "Z" heard him no more than did the despatcher.

A feeling of despair settled upon the boy. Again returned the old spirit of determination and contriving, and, spinning about in his chair, he cast his eyes around the room for some suggestion. They halted at the big stoneware wash-boiler.

Only a few hours before, during an idle moment, the similarity of the big jar to a gravel cell had occurred to him, and the speculation to whether it could not be turned into a battery if need be.

Could he really make a battery of it? If could, undoubtedly it would be strong enough to increase the current in the wire that Zeisler and the despatcher could hear him.

He ran to a little storage closet at the rear of the room. Yes; there was enough bluestone. But no copper or zinc!

As though directed by Providence, his gaze fell on the floor-board of the office stove. It was covered with a sheet of zinc! And even as he uttered a glad "Good!" there came the remembrance that at the house that afternoon he had seen a fine new wash-boiler—with a thick copper bottom.

"That 's it," cried Alex, again catching up the lantern and darting for the door.

A short distance from the depot Alex was sharply halted by a long, muffled whistle from the east. "The Express!" he exclaimed, and in keen anxiety awaited the next whistle. Would it be for the crossing this side of the bonfire, or—

It came, a series of quick, sharp toots. Yet they had seen the fire!

"Good! good! She 's safe at any rate," said Alex, at once running on.

A few minutes later he suddenly appeared in Mrs. Moore's kitchen.

"Mrs. Moore, where is your new copper-bottomed boiler? I must have it, quick," said Alex.

"What! My new wash-boiler?"

"Yes; the copper-bottomed one. It 's a matter of life and death!"

The astonished woman hesitated, then, wonderingly, pointed toward the outer kitchen; Alex ran thither, and quickly reappeared with the fine new boiler on his shoulder.

"And I must have that kettle of boiling water," he added, on a thought. "I 'll explain later. And catching it from the stove, he rushed away.

As he ran Alex further formed his plans, and once more at the station, he placed the kettle on the office stove, emptied the bluestone into it, and

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Running back to the operating room he seized



the key and once more sought to attract the attention of the despatcher. It was useless. The despatcher did not hear him.

But he must attempt something! Determinedly he sprang to his feet. A lantern was useless. Then why not a fire? A big fire on the track? Hurrah! That was it! But—he gazed at the coal-box, and thought of the rain-soaked wood outside, and his heart sank. Then came remembrance of the big woodshed at the farm-house where he boarded, three hundred yards away, and in a moment he had recovered the lantern, and was out, and off, running desperately.

On arriving at the house Alex found all in silence, and the family retired, but without a moment's hesitation he rushed up to the front door and pounded on it with his fists.

It seemed an age before a window was raised. "Mr. Moore," he cried, "there has been a landslide in the cut at the station, and there is danger of the Sunset running into it. May I have wood from the shed to make a fire on the track?"

"Gracious! Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the voice from the window. "And the boys and I will be down in a minute to help you. You run around and be pulling out some kindling."

Alex darted about to the woodshed; there the farmer and his two sons soon joined him, and each catching up an armful of wood, they were quickly off for the railroad, Alex leading with the lantern.

Reaching the tracks, they hurried east, and a quarter-mile distant halted and began hastily building a huge bonfire between the rails.

"There," said Alex, as the flames leaped up; "that ought to stop her."

Then the three hastily secured shovels and more lanterns at the depot, and soon were hard at work on the gravel covering the main track.

They had been digging some ten minutes when suddenly Billy paused. "Listen," he said. "There's a horse coming, on the run."

"It must be something urgent to make a man drive like that in the dark," said Mr. Moore.

There was a sound of scrambling and plunging, and out of the darkness came a man's excited voice: "How near am I to the station?"

"Right here below you!"

"Thank heaven! Run quick and tell the operator there has been a landslip in the big cutting just beyond the river! My son discovered it when coming home by the track from a party!"

For a moment Alex stood speechless at this further calamity, then once more dashed for the station. To reach Zeisler, two miles west of the cut, was the only hope for the Mail.

Rushing in to the instruments, he in feverish

haste began calling "Z." "Z, Z!" he whirled. "QK! Z, Z, WS!"

There was no answer. "Z" heard him no more than did the despatcher.

A feeling of despair settled upon the boy. But again returned the old spirit of determination and contriving, and, spinning about in his chair, he cast his eyes around the room for some suggestion. They halted at the big stoneware water-cooler.

Only a few hours before, during an idle moment, the similarity of the big jar to a gravity cell had occurred to him, and the speculation as to whether it could not be turned into a battery if need be.

Could he really make a battery of it? If he could, undoubtedly it would be strong enough to so increase the current in the wire that both Zeisler and the despatcher could hear him.

He ran to a little storage closet at the rear of the room. Yes; there was enough bluestone! But no copper or zinc!

As though directed by Providence, his gaze fell on the floor-board of the office stove. It was covered with a sheet of zinc! And even as he uttered a glad "Good!" there came the remembrance that at the house that afternoon he had seen a fine new wash-boiler—with a thick copper bottom.

"That's it," cried Alex, again catching up the lantern and darting for the door.

A short distance from the depot Alex was sharply halted by a long, muffled whistle from the east. "The Express!" he exclaimed, and in keen anxiety awaited the next whistle. Would it be for the crossing this side of the bonfire, or—

It came, a series of quick, sharp toots. Yes; they had seen the fire!

"Good! good! She's safe at any rate," said Alex, at once running on.

A few minutes later he suddenly appeared in Mrs. Moore's kitchen.

"Mrs. Moore, where is your new copper-bottomed boiler? I must have it, quick," said Alex.

"What! My new wash-boiler?"

"Yes; the copper-bottomed one. It's a matter of life and death!"

The astonished woman hesitated, then, wonderingly, pointed toward the outer kitchen; Alex ran thither, and quickly reappeared with the fine new boiler on his shoulder.

"And I must have that kettle of boiling water," he added, on a thought. "I'll explain later." And catching it from the stove, he rushed away.

As he ran Alex further formed his plans, and once more at the station, he placed the kettle on the office stove, emptied the bluestone into it, and



"IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, THE CENTER OF ALL EYES, WAS THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY HURRIEDLY WORKING WITH CHISEL AND HAMMER."



poked up the fire. Then, with a hammer and chisel, he attacked the copper bottom of the boiler.

He was still pounding and cutting when presently there was the sound of hurried footsteps without, the door flew open, and a voice exclaimed: "For goodness' sake, young man, what are you doing? Why are you not at your wire, trying to stop the other train?"

It was none other than the division superintendent of the road, who had been aboard the Sunset.

Only pausing a moment in his work, Alex replied: "I can't reach anybody, sir, the wire is so weak; and I am making a battery of that water-cooler, to strengthen it. It's the only hope, sir."

The superintendent uttered a horrified exclamation, then quickly added: "Here, can't I help?"

"Yes, sir," replied Alex, promptly. "Lift up the stove and slide out the floor-board. I must have the sheet of zinc off it."

And a few minutes later a group of passengers from the stalled train, seeking the cause of delay, paused in the doorway to gaze in blank astonishment at the spectacle of the division superintendent of the Middle Western, his coat off, energetically working under the direction of his youngest operator.

"There you are, my lad," said the superintendent. "What next?"

"Get a stick, sir, and stir the bluestone in the kettle, please. We must have it dissolved if the battery is to work immediately when we connect it."

The copper bottom of the boiler was at last cut through, and hastily doubling it over several times, in order that it would lie flat in the crock, Alex turned his attention to the zinc on the stove-board.

The scene in the little station had now become dramatic—the crowd of passengers, increased until it half filled the room, looking on in strained silence, or talking in whispers; the tall figure of the superintendent at the stove, busily stirring the kettle, and in the middle of the floor, the center of all eyes, the fourteen-year-old boy hurriedly working with chisel and hammer, seemingly only conscious of the work before him and the necessity of making the most of every minute.

The zinc was cut, and hurriedly folding it as he had the copper, Alex sprang to his feet, and, running to the cupboard, dragged out a bundle of wire and began sorting out some short ends.

"How much longer?" said the superintendent. "The train should be at Zeisler now."

"Just a minute. But she's sure to be a little late, from the fog," said Alex, hopefully, never pausing. "Has the bluestone dissolved, sir?"

"All but a few lumps."

"Then that will do. Now please lift down the water-cooler, sir, and place it by the table."

As the superintendent complied, all conversation ceased, and the crowd, moving hurriedly out of the way, looked on breathlessly, then turned to Alex, on his knees, fastening two pieces of wire to the squares of copper and zinc.

This done, Alex dropped the square of copper to the bottom of the big jar, hung the zinc from the top, connected one wire end to the ground connection at the switchboard and the other to the side of the key. And the task was complete.

"Now the kettle, sir," he said, dropping into his chair. The superintendent seized the kettle and emptied its blue-green liquid into the cooler. The moment the water had covered the zinc Alex opened his key.

It worked strongly and sharply.

"Good work! Good work!" said the superintendent, fervently. "Now, hurry, boy!"

Already Alex was whirring off a string of letters. "Z, Z, Z, WS!" he called. "QK! QK! Z, Z—"

The line opened, and at the quick sharp dots that came Alex could not restrain a cry of triumph. "It works! I've got him!" he exclaimed. Then rapidly he sent:

"Stop Number 12 Has she passed yet?"

The line again opened, and over the boy leaned a circle of white, anxious faces. Had the train passed? Had it gone on to destruction? Or—

The instruments clicked. "No! No! He says, no!" cried Alex.

And then, while the crowd about him relieved its pent-up feelings in wild shouts and hurrahs, Alex quickly explained the order to stop the train.

"And now three good cheers for the little operator," said one of the passengers as Alex closed his key. In confusion Alex drew back in his chair, then suddenly recollecting the others who had taken part in the night's work, he told the superintendent of the part played by Mr. Moore and his sons, and of the sacrifice of Mrs. Moore's new wash-boiler.

"And then there was the man on the horse, who told us of the slide in the cut across the river. He was the real one to save the Mail," said Alex, modestly.

"I see you are as fair as you are ingenious," said the superintendent, smiling. "We'll look after them all, you may be sure. And by the first express Mrs. Moore shall have two, instead of one, of the finest boilers money can buy. And as for you, my boy, we'll have a place for you at division headquarters just as soon as you are old enough to take it."

# The Legend of Piddinghoe



BY EVA L. OGDEN



UT in merrie old England,  
In the days of long ago,  
Down in the county of Sussex,  
In the village of Piddinghoe,  
There was hurry and flurry and worry,  
Folk scurrying to and fro.

There was grumbling and scolding and crying, a terrible hullabaloo.  
'T was time to start the procession,—and the Mayor had lost his shoe!  
His brand-new shoe, most brave to behold,  
Of scarlet leather 'broidered with gold.  
In the inn-porch he sat, like the ancient John,  
With one shoe off and one shoe on.

It was tight, so he 'd slipped it off for a bit,  
And lay back in his chair to think;  
He vowed that he had n't closed his eyes,  
So he could n't have slept for a wink;



But when the clock struck, the shoe was gone.

"Dear Sus!" "Lackaday!" "Well! Well!"

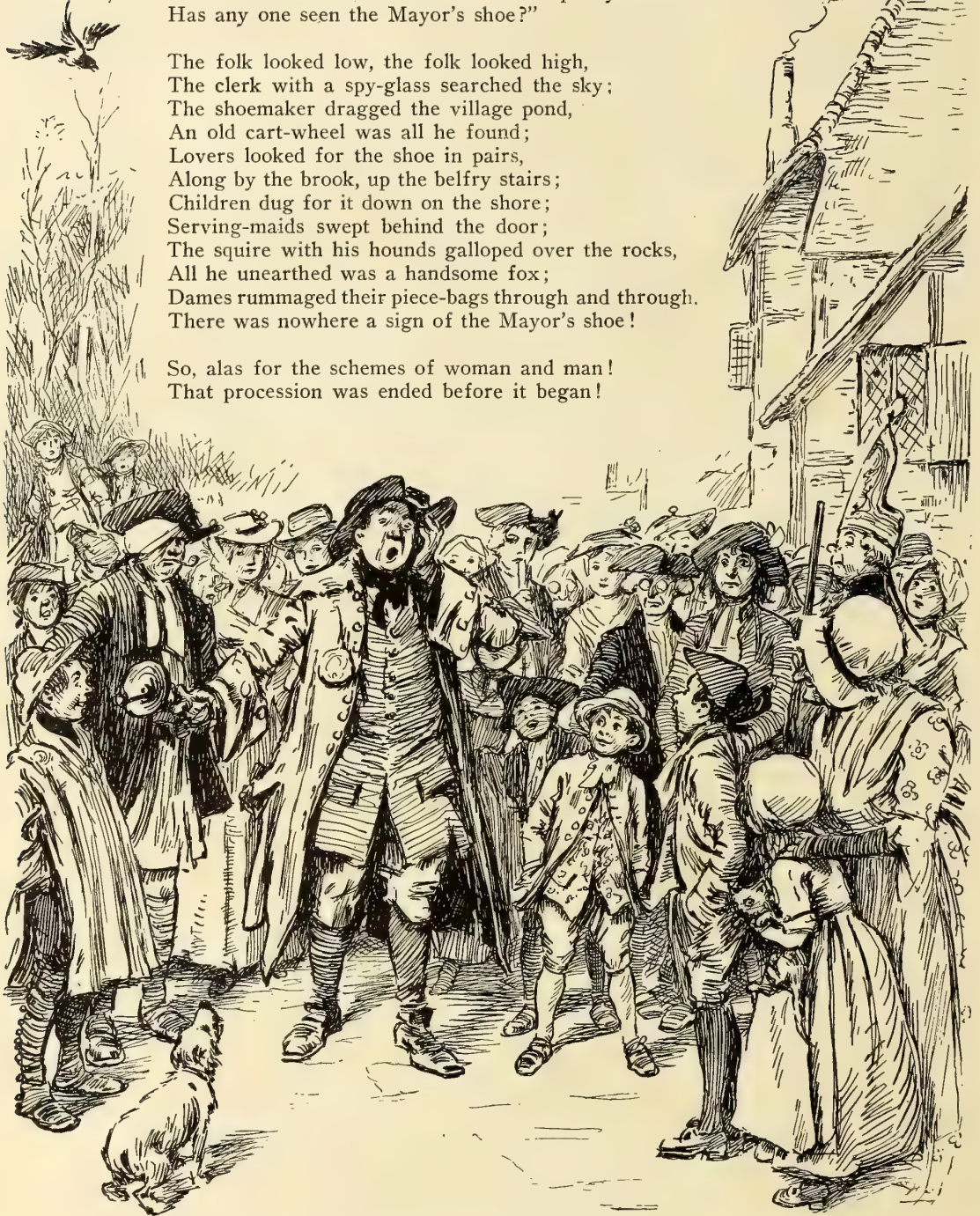
The crier ran up and down the street,

Ringin' his old brass bell:

"Lost! Lost! Shoe! Shoe! Here's a pretty to-do!  
Has any one seen the Mayor's shoe?"

The folk looked low, the folk looked high,  
The clerk with a spy-glass searched the sky;  
The shoemaker dragged the village pond,  
An old cart-wheel was all he found;  
Lovers looked for the shoe in pairs,  
Along by the brook, up the belfry stairs;  
Children dug for it down on the shore;  
Serving-maids swept behind the door;  
The squire with his hounds galloped over the rocks,  
All he unearthed was a handsome fox;  
Dames rummaged their piece-bags through and through.  
There was nowhere a sign of the Mayor's shoe!

So, alas for the schemes of woman and man!  
That procession was ended before it began!



"THE CRIER RAN UP AND DOWN THE STREET, RINGING HIS OLD BRASS BELL."

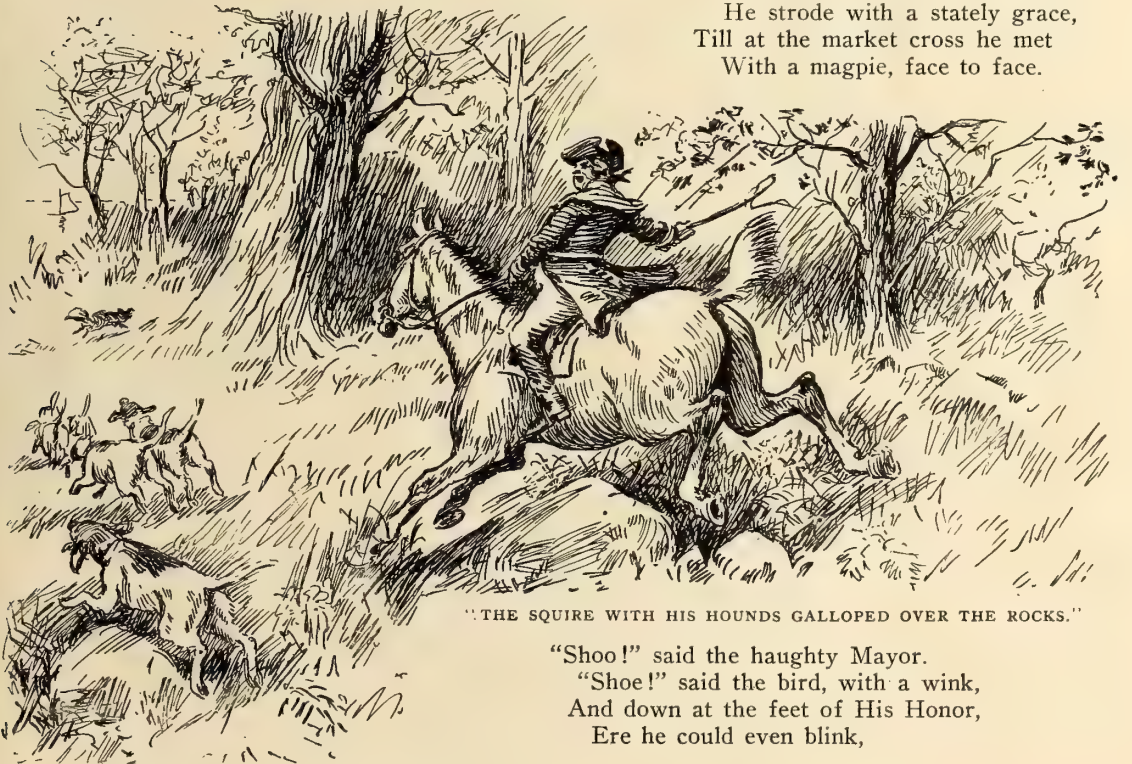




"THE FOLK LOOKED LOW, THE FOLK LOOKED HIGH,  
THE CLERK WITH A SPY-GLASS SEARCHED THE SKY."

A year passed by, and the Mayor once more to the village came;  
The robes he had donned in its honor were a gold and scarlet flame.

At the head of the long procession  
He strode with a stately grace,  
Till at the market cross he met  
With a magpie, face to face.



"THE SQUIRE WITH HIS HOUNDS GALLOPED OVER THE ROCKS."

"Shoo!" said the haughty Mayor.  
"Shoe!" said the bird, with a wink,  
And down at the feet of His Honor,  
Ere he could even blink,



## THE LEGEND OF PIDDINGHOE

Wrinkled and dusty, green-molded and queer,  
Dropped the beautiful shoe he had lost for a year!

All along the procession  
Folk left their place to see;  
They saw, they jeered, they chuckled,  
They held their sides in glee.

A riotous wave of laughter  
Ran up and down the street,  
Broke on the roofs above it,  
And against the chimneys beat.

Straight the wavering line was a dancing ring,  
Around the magpie, on a pole,  
While the roysterers sang and shouted:  
"Who says she has n't a sole?"

And since that day some folk declare  
In the village of Piddinghoe  
Magpies wear shoes on their mischievous feet  
Wherever they dare to go!



"THE WAVING LINE WAS A DANCING RING."

# THE STORY OF THE SILVER HORSES

BY AMY ELLIS



ONCE upon a time there lived in southern Germany, in a deep, thick wood called the Black Forest, a poor charcoal-burner with his wife and their two little girls. This forest is almost entirely composed of tall pine-trees. Their thick, dark branches meet so closely overhead in many places that to walk beneath them is like walking always in a deep, black shadow. This is why it is called the Black

Forest, and it covers many miles of land.

The charcoal-burner's name was Hans Kinne-mann, and his wife's name was Gretchen. The elder little girl, who was almost twelve years old, was named Gretchen also, after her mother; and the younger little girl, who was just a little over six, was named Marie. Their home was a little red house under one of the tallest pine-trees in the forest. But, as the trees did not grow so closely together in this part, there were some nice open spaces where the children could play. Every morning early, while it was still almost dark, the father started off to his work. He walked a great way into the forest to a place where the trees grew thickest and tallest. Here he and a number of other workmen cut them down and burned and baked them very slowly in a great hole in the ground. Then these pieces of black charred wood, or charcoal, were sold in the town to be burned in the fires in the winter-time.

Now you must know that in Germany the women are wonderfully good housekeepers. But Saturday is almost the busiest day of the seven for them. On that day they bake the bread to be eaten all the week, and the cakes for Sunday; so when there is a large family, it takes a great deal of all these things to go round.

One Saturday directly after breakfast, when the father had gone away to work, Frau Kinne-mann said to her two little girls: "Now, my dear children, I have a great deal of baking to do to-day, because next week the dear grandmother will come to make us a visit, and I want to have plenty of nice bread and of her favorite cakes

for her to eat. So, as it is such a fine day, I will put your luncheon in a basket, and you can have a little picnic out under the trees. I shall be so busy that you need not come home until you hear me ring the big dinner-bell out of the window."

Gretchen and Marie were much pleased with this idea of a picnic, and ran quickly to fetch their hats and the little basket to hold their luncheon. When all was ready, the mother went to the door with the children and kissed them both good-by.

"Now run on, my dears," said she; "have a good picnic, but do not wander too far away. Look back often to see the smoke from the chimney rise above the tree-tops, and remember, Gretchen, that you are the older, and so you must take good care of your little sister."

Then Gretchen and Marie, gaily kissing their hands to their mother, ran off among the trees. Frau Kinne-mann stood at the door until the children had quite disappeared; then she turned with a sigh to go in to her baking. "Ach!" she thought to herself, "if only Hans could make money enough to have a little house in the town, so that Gretchen and Marie could go to school there! Here in the forest I have so little time to teach them, and the town is much too far away for them to walk each day."

In the meantime, Gretchen and Marie walked along under the trees, with the basket swinging between them. It was a beautiful day; the sun shone warm and bright through the thick branches, making deep shadows on the green moss beneath their feet. Every now and then the cuckoo called.

"Oh, cuckoo, dear cuckoo, please tell me how old I am," called little Marie.

"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," answered the cuckoo, truthfully cuckoo-ing six times, once for each year, as all good cuckoos are supposed to do in Germany when asked to tell any one's age.

The children walked on until they came to a little stream.

"Oh," cried Gretchen, "this will make a nice place to have our luncheon. We can pretend it is a big room and this thick moss is a green velvet carpet."

"Yes, yes!" answered Marie. "And see, Gretchen, this old tree stump will make a fine table!"

When they had eaten every bit of the bread and butter and cheese, which was all they had for



their luncheon, although there was plenty for both the hungry little girls, they brushed all the crumbs from the stump into a bunch of pine-needles. For little German girls are taught to be always neat and tidy, and to put everything back in its place when they have finished with it. And they would never dream of going away and leaving things in a mess for some one else to tidy up—not even if that some one else was only a squirrel or a woodpecker! When everything was as neat as a pin, Gretchen and Marie washed their hands in the brook, and then walked on a little farther to gather a bunch of forget-me-nots to take home to their mother.

Soon Marie had gathered so many flowers, her hands could scarcely hold them. "You stay here, Marie," Gretchen said, "and I will run back for the basket to put them in."

She had scarcely finished speaking when suddenly the heavy *thump-thud, thump-thud*, of horses' feet crashing through the underbrush quite near by made them drop their flowers and stand gazing at each other in the greatest amazement.

Who could it be? What could it mean? No horseman ever came this way. The forest was too thick, and it was too far away from any town.

Gretchen, remembering what her mother had said about taking care of Marie, hastily pulled her behind a big tree.

"I don't know what it can be," she said, "but don't be afraid, Marie. I will take care of you."

And, still holding hands, the children crouched behind the trunk, while the *thump-thud, thump-thud*, came nearer and nearer. Just as they were thinking that perhaps, after all, it would be better to take to their heels and run as hard as ever they could toward home, something big and white and shining moved close to them in the thicket, and, with a great deal of thumping and thudding and crashing and crunching, there suddenly appeared just in front of them a lovely white horse, ridden by a tall gentleman, and closely followed by another gentleman, riding a large and handsome coal-black horse. The saddles and harness on the horses were trimmed with silver. The gentleman on the white horse wore a red coat and a gold helmet with waving red plumes. And the rider of the black horse wore a blue coat and a silver helmet with waving blue plumes. The sun shining through the branches on all this brave array, made such a glitter that the children were almost dazzled and could scarcely see the gentlemen's faces.

The two great horses with their splendid-looking riders came slowly toward them, stopped right in front of the tree behind which Gretchen and

Marie were hiding, and the gentleman in blue, turning around in his saddle, said to his companion, in a deep voice: "Well, I am afraid there is no help for it—that we must admit we are certainly lost!"

"All I know, Fritz," answered the gentleman on the white horse, "is that, come what may, I must be in town by nightfall. You know the council awaits me there," he added.

The gentleman in blue did not reply. He only looked about him with a very troubled gaze. Then suddenly he happened to glance toward the tree from behind which Gretchen and Marie were timidly peeping at him. "*Ach so!*" he cried, in a greatly relieved voice. "See, your Majesty, here are some children; no doubt they can show us the way out of here." Then he turned toward the children, and said, in a very kindly tone: "Come, little girls, do not be afraid. We have lost our way while out riding in this forest. Can't you show us the nearest road to the town?"

Still holding Marie by the hand, Gretchen stepped slowly out from behind the tree, and courtesying very low, as her mother had taught her always to do before speaking to older people, she answered, in a polite though rather frightened little voice: "Please, sir, I don't know the way to the town."

"Not know the way into the town!" exclaimed the gentleman, in great surprise. "But surely, if you live here in the forest, you must know the way out of it!"

"Please, sir, I have never been outside of the forest," Gretchen replied. "But we live in that house over yonder, where you see the smoke rising above the tree-tops, and if you will come with me there, sirs, I am sure my mother will be able to show you the way to the town."

"That is a good idea, Fritz," said the gentleman on the white horse. "Come here, little girl," he went on, turning to Gretchen. "You shall ride on my horse in front of me, and your sister shall ride on the black horse; then we shall soon reach the cottage."

The gentlemen smiled so kindly at them that Gretchen and Marie did not feel frightened any longer, but quickly stepped up to them and did as they were told.

"Now let me take hold of your hands," the gentleman in red said to Gretchen, "and if you will put your foot on my foot—so—I can pull you right up here in front of me on the saddle."

He threw the reins over his arm as he spoke, and, leaning down from his horse, took hold of Gretchen's hands with both of his; then he reached his foot down from the stirrup, and Gretchen, putting her foot on his foot, with one

jump upward found herself seated in front of him on the great white horse. Marie did the same with the gentleman on the black horse, and they were soon moving quickly along toward the cottage. The gentlemen talked so kindly to them that they soon felt as though they were old friends, and answered all their questions very prettily and told them of their life in the great forest.

"But what do you do about going to school?" the gentleman in red asked Gretchen.

"Please, sir," she replied, "my mother teaches us as she has time, for the town is too far away for us to go to. But my father works very hard and hopes sometime to have money enough to live in the town, so that we can go to school there."

By this time they had almost reached the cottage. When Frau Kinnemann heard the noise of approaching horses, she ran quickly to the door to see who it could be. You can imagine her surprise when she saw coming toward her her two little girls on those great prancing horses, talking and laughing with those splendid-looking gentlemen in their gold and silver helmets and silver trappings, with their waving red and blue plumes, as though they had known them all their lives! Frau Kinnemann knew from their fine uniforms that they must be high officials or great personages.

The riders stopped their horses in front of the cottage door, and, quickly dismounting, lifted the little girls to the ground. Then, with a bow to Frau Kinnemann, the gentleman in red said to the mother:

"Good morning, Frau Kinnemann. You see, your little girls have told us your name. My companion and I have lost our way in the forest while riding, and we were in despair of finding our way out of it again, when we came upon Gretchen and Marie, who assured us that you would be able to show us the way to the town."

"Why, certainly I can, Excellency," replied Frau Kinnemann. "You see yonder narrow path through the trees? You must follow that until you come to a stream. There you turn to the left and keep close to the bank until you come to a bridge where two roads meet. If you take the road to the right, it will bring you directly to the town. But, indeed, you are a long way off, sir," she added.

"Then we must make haste, for the sun is already low in the sky," said the gentleman in blue.

"But first I am going to ask you, good Frau Kinnemann, to give me a slice of that delicious-looking brown bread which I see cooling on the window-ledge yonder. The mere sniff of it makes me feel a boy again—and as hungry as a boy!" exclaimed the gentleman in red.

"Indeed, Excellency, you will do me great honor by tasting my bread," replied Frau Kinnemann, greatly pleased. And going to the house, she quickly fetched knife and plate and a little dish of new butter. She then selected the brownest and crispest-looking loaf from the window-ledge where she had turned out a long row of good brown loaves to cool, and, cutting two large, crusty slices, she buttered them liberally and handed them to the two gentlemen.

"I hope you will find it good bread, sirs," she said. "For, though I say it as should n't, I am what my mother was before me, and she was considered one of the best bakers in her village."

"I will show you how good I think it is, by asking for another slice," the gentleman in red replied.

"And I, too, would like another slice," cried the gentleman in blue, a few moments later.

"And if you will also give me a glass of cold water from that old well I see there, I will say this has been the most delicious feast I have had for many a long day," the gentleman in red added.

Frau Kinnemann was greatly pleased with this praise of her bread, and Gretchen and Marie filled two glasses with the clear, cold water from the well and handed them to the gentlemen.

When they had eaten every crumb of the bread and had drank every drop of the water, they mounted their horses and prepared to ride away again. But first the gentleman in red said to the mother:

"Allow me to tell you, good Frau Kinnemann, that this has been the most enjoyable meal I have tasted since I was a lad, many years ago,—the very odor of that brown bread recalls many happy times long past. And though since then I have often eaten at the finest feasts in the land, and have often drank of the best wine the vineyards produce, nothing has ever tasted quite so good to me as that simple food of long ago, which your delicious brown bread and clear, cold water recall to me. You and your little girls have been so good to my friend and me that I will leave you my address in the town, and I think if your good husband can come so far to-morrow, I may be able to help him get some work to do there."

With these words he took a pencil and notebook from his pocket, and, writing a few words on one of the leaves, tore this out and handed it to the mother. Then both gentlemen mounted into their saddles and rode swiftly away among the trees.

Frau Kinnemann and the little girls stood at the cottage door waiting and listening until the last dim *thump-thud* of the horses' feet was no



longer to be heard. Then they all went indoors to get ready for supper, and Frau Kinnemann put the slip of paper the gentleman had given her in a blue china jar on the mantel-shelf for safe-keeping until the father should come home.

You can imagine how eagerly the children talked over and over again all their adventures of this exciting day, and how anxiously they waited and listened for their father to come that they might tell him about them, too.

"I like the gentleman on the white horse the best. He had such a kind face and was so tall and handsome in his red coat and gold helmet," Gretchen said.

"But I like my gentleman on the black horse the best!" Marie cried. "He held me on so tight, and laughed and spoke so kindly, and was all shining with silver."

And so they talked it all over and over, while they stood at the window gazing into the fast-coming darkness, their little noses pressed so closely against the glass that when at last they heard the click of the gate and footsteps on the path, and flew to open the door, their poor noses remained quite red and flat for several minutes. But though they both began to talk to their father at once, they had learned not to kiss or touch him until he had had time to wash. For, as he was burning the charcoal all day long, his hands and face were just covered with thick black soot; and if they had not known his jolly voice and seen his kind eyes, they might have been badly frightened at the sight of this coal-black father!

All the while he was getting ready the children kept jumping up and down, both talking at once, and telling him about their wonderful day. But at last everything was ready, and they all sat down to supper. Then the mother had her turn, and told Gretchen and Marie to keep quiet and eat their bread and milk, while she told the father the whole story. But little Marie, who was only six, you know, and was quite tired out with all the excitement of this long day, and getting very sleepy, too, kept jumping up and down from her chair to run to her father and cry, "Oh, the silver horses came, *mein Vater*, the silver horses came!"

You see, she was really so sleepy she hardly knew what she was saying, and could think only of the shining silver harness.

When the father had heard the whole story in every way they could possibly tell it, he asked to see the address the gentleman had left, so the mother fetched the blue-and-white jar and handed him the scrap of paper. There was only the name of a street and a number written on it.

When he had read it, the father slowly shook his head.

"I don't know where that can be," he said; "but, anyhow, I will walk to the town to-morrow and see if I can find it. For would n't it be nice if the gentleman could find me some work to do in the town, so we could all live there!"

This had been Saturday, baking-day, you remember, so the next, of course, was Sunday. It was a beautiful clear day, and just as soon as the father had finished his breakfast he started on his long walk into the town. He had put on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and Gretchen and Marie ran to the garden and pulled him some honeysuckle for his buttonhole, so that he really looked quite fine. Gretchen and Marie walked a little way with him into the forest, and when they left him Gretchen called back: "Give my love to the gentleman in red."

"And mine to the gentleman in blue, and to the silver horses!" cried Marie.

"*Ja wohl! ja wohl!*" the father answered, which is German for "All right, all right."

Now, though it had been quite early in the morning when the father started, it was noon by the time he reached the town. He soon found the street named on the paper, but, though he walked up and down it many times, he could not find the right number. At last, as he was getting very tired and hot, he stopped a fine-looking gentleman who was passing, and, showing him the paper, asked him to tell him where this number was. The gentleman glanced at the paper, and then, looking at Hans Kinnemann in some surprise, replied: "Why, of course, that is just yonder, in the next block."

"*Ich danke, ich danke sehr!*" Hans Kinnemann answered, which is German for "I thank you very much."

But he did not feel very much encouraged, for he had already walked through that block a good many times before. However, he thought he would try once more, so turned and walked back again very slowly. On one side of the street was the row of houses at which Hans was looking, and on the other side was the garden and entrance to the King's palace. But he could not find the number written on the paper. Just as he was about to give up in despair and start for home again, a soldier who stood at the gate of the palace opposite called out to him and asked him what he was looking for. Hans crossed the street and handed him the slip of paper. The soldier read it and then asked abruptly: "Are you Hans Kinnemann?"

"I am," Hans replied.

"This is the address on the paper, and you are



"SUDDENLY THERE APPEARED BEFORE THEM A LOVELY WHITE HORSE,  
RIDDEN BY A TALL GENTLEMAN."



expected," the soldier said. "Walk through this gate until you come to the palace steps. When the sentry there asks you what you want, tell him you are Hans Kinnemann, and it will be all right."

You can imagine how surprised and bewildered the poor father was to find himself in the palace grounds!—to have the soldier know his name!—and, above all, to be told that he was expected! However, he walked through the beautiful gardens to the palace steps, as the soldier had told him to do. Here another soldier, who was walking up and down with his gun over his shoulder, stopped him and asked him what he wanted.

"The soldier at the gate told me to tell you that I am Hans Kinnemann," he answered.

"*Ja wohl! ja wohl!* You are expected," the sentry said, and taking a whistle from his pocket, he blew it three times. Immediately another soldier came running toward them.

"This is Hans Kinnemann; he is expected; conduct him to the audience-chamber," the first soldier said.

"This way, Hans," said the second soldier, leading the way straight up the steps and into the great palace itself!

Hans followed his guide in the greatest bewilderment. What could it all mean? He, Hans Kinnemann, actually in the King's royal palace, and every one telling him that he was expected! It was all like a dream. They passed along by room after room, all big and beautiful and sometimes filled with ladies in beautiful dresses, and gay gentlemen, talking and laughing together. Sometimes they heard soft music floating down the corridors; and once there was a sound of cool water splashing, and Hans caught a glimpse of a great courtyard with many fountains playing, and beautiful flowers in great marble pots, while many brilliant-colored birds flew gaily about.

Then at last they paused before a large white door, in front of which stood a very large, tall soldier all dressed in red and gold. As soon as he caught sight of Hans, he asked at once: "Are you Hans Kinnemann?"

"I am," Hans replied, who was getting quite used to this question by this time.

"You are expected," was the answer, and he tapped softly three times on the big white door, and, again repeating the mysterious "You are expected," opened the door and motioned him to enter.

Crossing the threshold, Hans found himself in a large and magnificent room with many wide, tall windows; and the sunlight streaming through these so dazzled Hans that at first he could not see that there was any one in the room at all. Then, as he hesitated, a deep voice said:

"So you are Hans Kinnemann, the father of Gretchen and Marie, are you? Well, I am a poor traveler whom they so kindly saved from being lost in the forest yesterday."

Glancing in the direction of the voice, Hans perceived a tall gentleman with a kind, handsome face, all dressed in red trimmed with much gold. And who do you think it was? It was the King! The King of all that country! Hans recognized him immediately, because he had once seen him driving in state through the streets of the town, with all the people cheering him as he drove along. Poor Hans was so embarrassed to find himself suddenly in the presence of the great King that he could only stand twisting his cap in his hands and bowing and bowing.

But the King pretended not to notice how embarrassed he was, and went on speaking in his kind, deep voice.

"You see," he said, "my brother and I were riding in the forest and became separated from our companions and lost our way. It was very necessary, for state reasons, that I should be here in the palace by nightfall. I don't know what I should have done if we had not met your little girls; and your good wife showed us such a short cut through the woods that we reached the palace in plenty of time."

"And may I remind your Majesty of that brown bread?" spoke up a gentleman who was standing behind the King, and who, Hans now perceived, from the description Gretchen and Marie had given him, must certainly be the gentleman who had ridden the black horse.

"It was the best bread I have eaten since I was a boy," the King continued, smiling; "and I shall not forget the taste of those crusty slices very soon. Indeed, Hans Kinnemann, you should be very proud of your wife's baking. Now, I see that you are hot and tired, so I will not keep you longer. This letter will enable you to get some work to do in the town here, and this parcel contains a present from me to your good wife." He handed Hans a letter and a small package, then continued: "Here, too, is a gift for your little daughter Gretchen; and my brother, the Grand Duke Friedrich, has also a present for little Marie."

At these words the gentleman in blue, whom Hans now knew to be the Grand Duke "Fritz," the King's only brother, handed him another package; then lightly touched a bell on a near-by table. Immediately the tall soldier appeared at the door.

"See that Hans Kinnemann gets something to eat and drink before he leaves the palace," the King commanded him. Then turning to Hans,

he said: "And now, Hans, you may go; but first let me congratulate you on the possession of such an excellent wife and two such charming little daughters. Be sure to give my love to Gretchen—my little companion on the white horse."

"And mine to Marie—my little companion on

and so kindly, yet it had all been so unexpected and such a surprise, and Hans had never been spoken to by a king before, so he still felt as though he were moving about in a dream.

"*Ach, Himmel!*" he said to the tall soldier; "am I awake or am I dreaming? Can that really have been the King who ate my wife's brown bread?"



"'I HOPE YOU WILL FIND IT GOOD BREAD, SIR,' SHE SAID."

the black horse," the Grand Duke added, smiling.

Bowing low and backing slowly out of the room, Hans kept repeating, "*Herzlichen Dank, euer Majestät! Herzlichen Dank, euer Hoheit!*" which means, "Many, many thanks, your Majesty! Many, many thanks, your Highness!" For you know, when one is in the same room with a king or a queen, one must never turn one's back, so to leave a room it is necessary to go out backward!

When he was safely on the other side of the white door, Hans gave a sigh of relief. For though the King had spoken to him so graciously

The soldier laughed heartily and then gave Hans a good, friendly slap on the back.

"There," he said, "if you feel that, it will show you that you are awake! Why, man, you are in great luck, for the King has given you a good place to work, here in the palace grounds. A nice little house goes with it, and a good salary, too, as you will see if you read that letter he has given you. Now come this way, and get something to eat."

He led the way through more large rooms and long corridors, and then down some steps to a magnificent great hall, through the center of





"'HERE, TOO, IS A GIFT FOR YOUR LITTLE DAUGHTER GRETCHEN,' SAID THE KING."

which ran a long table, with many gorgeous-looking chairs set round it. Through the open door of a far-off room Hans saw many white-capped cooks busily moving to and fro about the huge

stoves and tables. The soldier told Hans to sit down, then went through several doors and out to the kitchen and spoke to a proud-looking man, in spotless white cap and apron, who stood direct-

ing the others, and who was evidently the head cook. Soon one of the men brought him a big tray covered with good things to eat and drink. There were soup and meat and vegetables, and a plate of little pink frosted cakes, and *two kinds* of ice-cream!

While he was eating, the soldier talked to Hans about his new place as under-gardener, to which the King had appointed him: how he would have a nice horse and wagon, too, and said that there was a good school for little girls just around the corner. When Hans had eaten all he could, he put two of the little pink cakes into his pocket to take home to Gretchen and Marie; then he followed the soldier to the entrance to the gardens, where a horse and cart were waiting to drive him to the edge of the forest.

"*Auf Wiedersehen! auf Wiedersehen!*" the soldier called after him as he drove away—which means, "Until I see you again."

All the way along, whether it was driving through the town or tramping through the forest under the dark pine-trees, the father was thinking, thinking over the events of this surprising day. That he had actually been in the grand palace! And talked to the King himself! And that at last, after all these years of hardship in the great Black Forest, he was to be able to have work in the town, and a comfortable home and good school for his children! Oh, how thankful his good wife would be!

At last, just as it was growing dark, he came to the path that led along the banks of the stream to his home, and, as he came within sight of the cottage, two little figures flew toward him, two pairs of arms were flung around his neck, and two voices cried at once: "Oh, Father! Father!

did you see the beautiful gentleman on the white horse? Did you see the beautiful gentleman on the black horse?"

When the father had got safely indoors and had told every word of the story twice over, and with many interruptions, he handed to the mother the small package the King had given him for her.

Hastily unwrapping it, Frau Kinnemann gave an exclamation of surprise and joy.

"Ach, look, look!" she cried. "Here is a pocket-book *filled* with money, and with this other parcel a card saying, 'From the King to my little subjects Gretchen and Marie—warm dresses to wear to their new school.'"

"And these two packages are for Gretchen and Marie," said the father, handing them the two other parcels.

The children could hardly get the papers off, they were so excited. And what do you think they found?

A quaint little silver watch and chain for each little girl. On the outside of Gretchen's were her initials, "G. K.," and engraved underneath these words: "From the Rider of the White Horse!"

"Oh, oh! From the King himself!" exclaimed Gretchen.

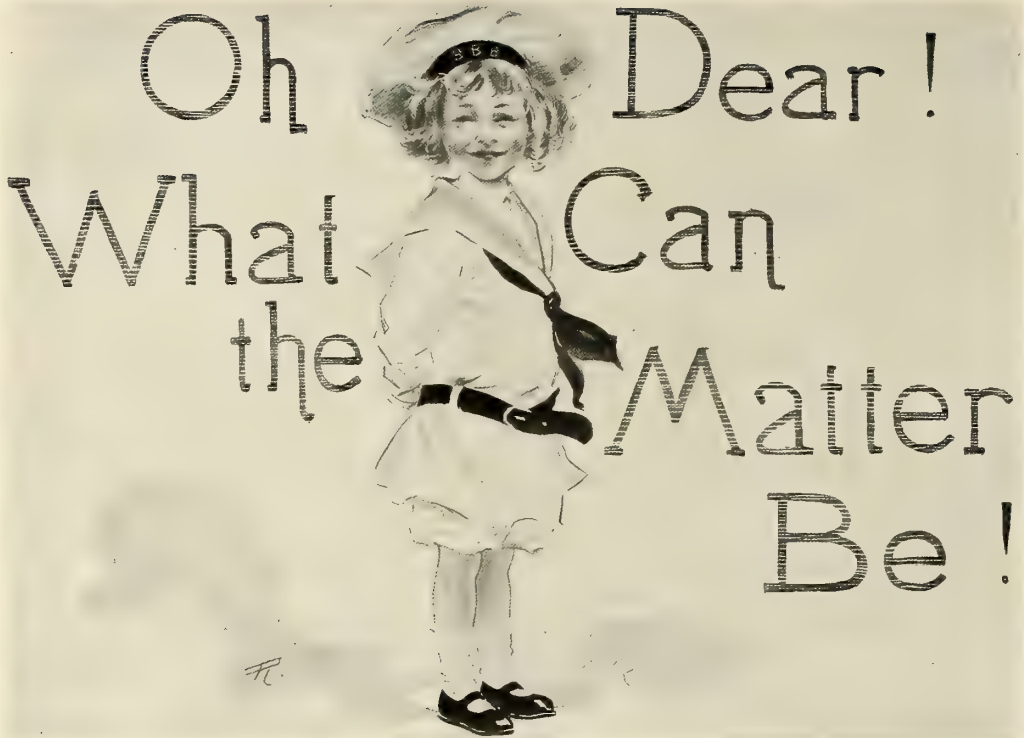
On Marie's watch were her initials, "M. K.," and underneath the words, "from the Rider of the Black Horse!"

"Oh, oh! And mine 's from the Grand Duke Friedrich!" cried Marie.

Can you not imagine their surprise and delight? "And just to think," said the mother, with grateful tears in her eyes, "that his Majesty himself should have eaten my brown bread!"







BY ELLEN MANLY

His name it is Benjamin Bennington Brooks—  
A sweet little fellow, to judge by his looks.  
With his pretty red cheeks and his soft yellow curls,  
He might be the gentlest of nice little girls;  
But looks are deceiving, I 'm sure you 'll agree,  
And something 's the matter with Benjamin B.!

No, that 's not a lion—that terrible roar;  
It 's Benjamin B., lying flat on the floor  
And kicking his heels till the people below  
Will be thinking we 're having some kind of a show,  
And may come to the door any minute, to see  
What *can* be the matter with Benjamin B.!

His woolly white lamb it is woolly no more,  
But there 's wool, and to spare, on the nursery floor.  
He has kicked at the pony and broken his stall,  
And out of the window he 's pitched his new ball,  
And he 's hammered his valiant tin soldiers to bits,  
And frightened the kitten half out of her wits.

And Grandmother 's shocked at the noise that she hears,  
And nurse is distracted, and Mother, in tears,



Has 'phoned for the doctor, "for surely," says she,  
"Something *dreadful* 's the matter with Benjamin B.!"

We hope that the trouble may quickly be  
found,  
And the patient be cured before Christmas  
comes round;  
For if Santa Claus hears that remarkable roar  
He will rein up his steeds ere he gets to the door,  
And say, "This is surely the wrong place for me,  
For something 's the matter with Benjamin B.!"



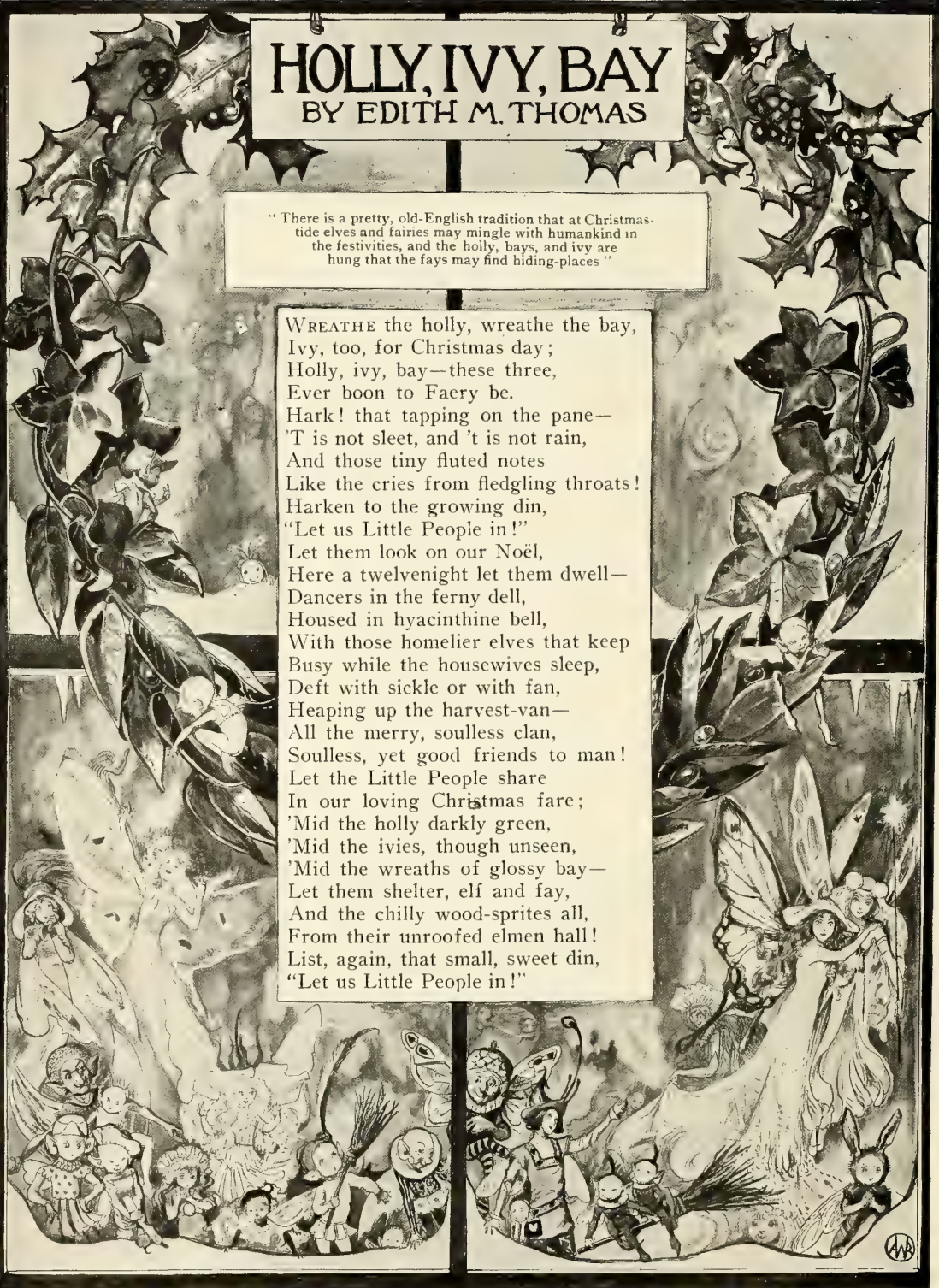


# HOLLY, IVY, BAY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"There is a pretty, old-English tradition that at Christmas-tide elves and fairies may mingle with humankind in the festivities, and the holly, bays, and ivy are hung that the fays may find hiding-places "

WREATHE the holly, wreathe the bay,  
Ivy, too, for Christmas day;  
Holly, ivy, bay—these three,  
Ever boon to Faery be.  
Hark! that tapping on the pane—  
'T is not sleet, and 't is not rain,  
And those tiny fluted notes  
Like the cries from fledgling throats!  
Harken to the growing din,  
"Let us Little People in!"  
Let them look on our Noël,  
Here a twelvenight let them dwell—  
Dancers in the ferny dell,  
Housed in hyacinthine bell,  
With those homelier elves that keep  
Busy while the housewives sleep,  
Deft with sickle or with fan,  
Heaping up the harvest-van—  
All the merry, soulless clan,  
Soulless, yet good friends to man!  
Let the Little People share  
In our loving Christmas fare;  
'Mid the holly darkly green,  
'Mid the ivies, though unseen,  
'Mid the wreaths of glossy bay—  
Let them shelter, elf and fay,  
And the chilly wood-sprites all,  
From their unroofed elmen hall!  
List, again, that small, sweet din,  
"Let us Little People in!"



# A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

(More "Betty" Stories)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"WHY, of course," said Betty, "Christmas will be fun, whatever we do; but I mean I'd like to do something specially exciting."

"Such as?" demanded Jack, her adopted brother.

"Oh, I don't know; I can't think of anything. But we can have a party here any time; I'd like to go somewhere else for the day—somewhere where there's something to see and do."

"Restless little Betty," said her mother, smiling. "Well, what do you think of going to Lakewood for a few days?"

Betty looked dubious.

"Lakewood is lovely," she said, "and I do want to go there again sometime; but it does n't seem just right for Christmas. I want to do something more—more—"

"Rackety," suggested Jack.

"Yes, more gay and festive. I'd like to fly to the North Pole in an air-ship."

"With flags waving and bands playing?"

"Yes. Would n't it be fun? What could we do, Mother?"

Her mother caressed Betty's curly head and smiled indulgently at her, as she said:

"Let me think a minute. There must be plenty of places if you're bent on going away somewhere. How about New York?"

"Oh, that's just right!" cried Betty. "Let's all go to New York to spend Christmas, and see the beautiful things there. Oh, *would n't* we have fun!"

Betty's eyes fairly shone with delighted anticipation, and she threw a sofa-pillow at Jack to stir him to greater enthusiasm.

"Wake up, Sleepyhead!" she cried. "Come on, let's plan it all."

"If you choose," said her mother, "you might invite Agnes Graham and her brother to go with you."

"Oh, Mother! That will be grand! We'll have the greatest time anybody ever had!"

"Glorious!" said Jack, roused to enthusiasm at last. "It will be fine if Jamie, or 'Stub' as we call him, is along. When shall we start?"

"Christmas is next week, Thursday, Betty," said her mother. "Suppose we start about Tuesday and come home on Friday?"

"Just right!" said Betty. "And stay at a fine hotel and go to the shops—and the play? Oh, Mother, could we go to the play?"

"Yes, I think we'll go to a *matinée*," said her

mother. "Do you think Mrs. Graham would spare both her children on Christmas day?"

"I don't know," said Betty, a little doubtfully, "but I'll ask her, and I know Agnes and Stub will be crazy to go, so prob'ly we can coax her into it."

Wheedlesome Betty did "coax Mrs. Graham into it," though that lady was loath to be separated from her son and daughter at the Christmas season. But the proposed trip was so tempting that permission was finally given, and the four young people were radiant with happiness at the prospect.

"I shall take Lisette," said Mrs. McGuire, speaking of her own maid, "and if I get too tired to take you children around to all the places you want to go to, she can go with you; she is thoroughly reliable and capable."

So everything was arranged.

Tuesday proved to be a clear, cold day, and the party started off in high spirits. Of course the Grahams were Betty's guests for the whole trip.

Though Betty's large fortune, inherited from her paternal grandfather, was all her own, her mother had been appointed her guardian until she should come of age; and while conscientious and prudent as to expenditures, she also was determined that Betty should be allowed a goodly number of the harmless pleasures that her large income justified her having.

So when the New York trip was decided upon, Mrs. McGuire made every effort to give the children the most enjoyable time possible.

And it was for this reason she proposed taking the two Grahams as guests.

Lisette had been with her mistress a long time, and was well versed in looking after the luggage and all such details, so the party had nothing to do but enjoy every moment. But, noticing a tendency on Jack's part to make himself useful and attentive, Betty's mother wisely encouraged it, knowing it was for the boy's own good.

WHEN they reached New York, the children, used to the quiet village life of Greenborough, were fascinated and almost bewildered by the noise and confusion. Jack had never been in New York before, and Betty only once, but the bustle and rush of the city appealed to them both, and many kindly people smiled as they noted the shining eyes and eager faces of the four friends.



"A taxicab will not hold us all," said Betty's mother, "so, Lisette, you take the young ladies and Master James in that one, and, Jack, will you kindly call that electric hansom for you and me?"

Proud to be of service, Jack beckoned to the hansom driver, and soon the two vehicles were whizzing away to the Plaza Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for the party.

"Well, if this is n't great!" said Stub Graham, who, though addressed by Lisette as "Master James," was "Stub" to the others. "I say, Betty, you 're the brickiest sort of a brick to ask us to this splendiferous treat!"

Betty smiled happily. She was looking out at the hurrying throngs of people, the tall buildings, the gay shop-windows, and the jam of traffic, with unspeakable delight in the novelty and excitement of the scene.

"And to think of three days of this gorgeousness! Three whole days!" said Agnes, squeezing Betty's arm in her glee.

They soon reached the hotel and found Betty's mother and Jack already there and waiting for them in the great entrance-hall.

Betty was a little awed by the splendor all about her, and Agnes and Stub were frankly delighted, and looked around with undisguised interest.

But Jack, feeling a new responsibility as the escort of Mrs. McGuire, had, quite unconsciously, acquired a manner as of one accustomed to elaborate hotels and in no way impressed by them. He seemed quite at home and he paid no attention to the surroundings, but in a simple, unaffected, but perfectly correct fashion, he stood by Betty's mother, carrying her wrap gracefully over his arm, and holding himself in readiness to obey her slightest wish.

"Where did Jack get that manner?" thought Betty, in amazement, and then she realized that he was acquiring it merely by association with her mother, and through a natural ability to adapt to himself her innate refinement and gracious ways.

Betty was impulsive herself and now, though secretly moved to mirth by Jack's quiet elegance of manner, she resolved to try harder to improve her own demeanor.

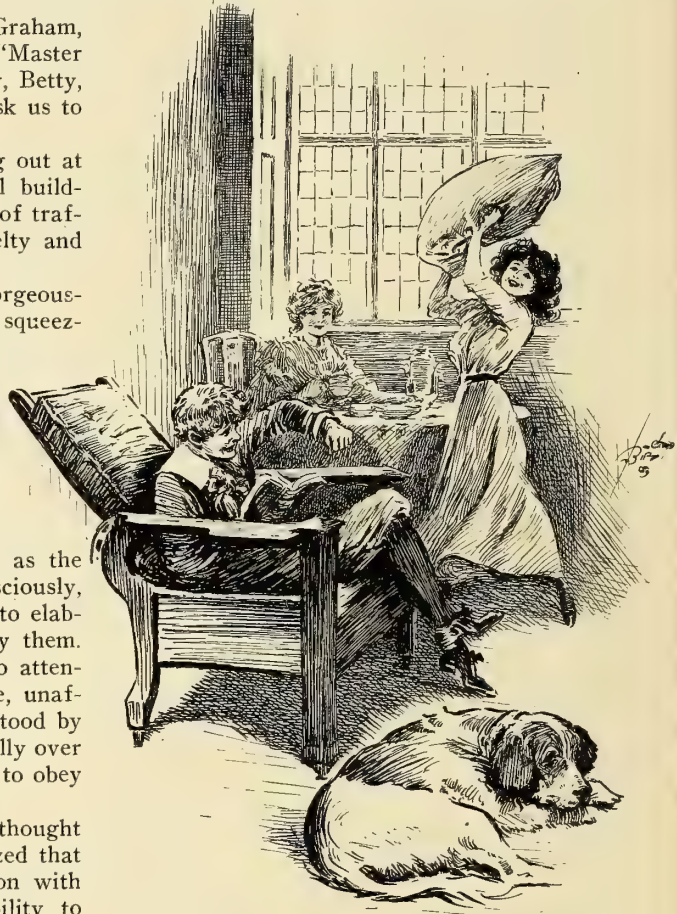
They all went at once to the rooms reserved for them, a beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park.

It was quite a little home of itself, as there was a comfortable sitting-room, attractive dining-room, and four bedrooms with dressing-rooms and baths.

A large room with two beds was allotted to Betty and Agnes, and a similar one across the

entrance-hall was for the two boys. Lisette had a small room opening from Mrs. McGuire's own which adjoined the girls' room. In a short time bags and trunks were unpacked and a few individual belongings scattered about, and the apartment seemed quite like a private home.

"Why do we have a dining-room?" asked



"BETTY THREW A SOFA-PILLOW AT JACK TO STIR HIM TO GREATER ENTHUSIASM."

Betty. "Can't we eat in the big restaurant downstairs?"

"Sometimes, if you choose," said her mother. "But I think our Christmas dinner is a personal sort of feast, and I'd like it better here by ourselves."

"So should I," agreed Jack. "Lots more fun, Betty."

"But we'll dine down-stairs to-night," went on Mrs. McGuire; "so skip away, girlyies, and put on pretty frocks for the occasion."

"Is n't it larks!" said Betty, as she and Agnes

went to their room to dress. "Look at the beautiful Park! To-morrow we 'll take a ride in it. I wish we could go to-night."

"I don't want to go to-night," returned Agnes. "I 'd rather stay here in this beautiful hotel. There 's so much to see."

"So there is. Hurry and dress. What are you going to wear?"

"I brought my blue voile," said Agnes. "Mother thought that would be right."

"So it is; you look lovely in blue. I 'm wearing this Dresden silk. They go nicely together."

Betty expeditiously arranged herself in the pretty light silk frock, and the girls hooked each other up and tied each other's hair-ribbons, so that when Lisette came to offer her services, they were quite unnecessary. The boys, too, had made good time with their dressing and awaited the girls in the sitting-room.

"Oh, I wish we were going to dance!" said Agnes. "But I suppose we could n't in a hotel."

"We can dance up here after dinner," said Jack. "Mother will play for us, I am sure; for see, there 's a piano here!"

Though an adopted son, Mrs. McGuire had asked Jack to call her "Mother," and the boy had been only too glad to do so.

"Play for you? Of course I will," said the lady herself, entering the sitting-room. "And now we will go down to dinner. Lisette will stay here in charge of everything."

Jack sprang to open the door.

He held it open till the last of his party went through it, and then he closed it and followed them. Somehow he was again in place to push the elevator bell, and Mrs. McGuire looked at him with pride as she noticed his quiet quickness and graceful ways.

Dinner was a delightful experience. Betty was a little bewildered by the array of silver and glass, and Stub frankly inquired which fork to use first, but Jack seemed to know by intuition.

"I 'd like to live in a place like this always," said Stub, as he ate his ice-cream.

"So would n't I," said Jack. "A hotel is all very well for a few days, but it is n't a home."

"That 's so," agreed Agnes; "I suppose we 'd get tired of it if we had it all the time."

"Well, it 's good enough for me," returned Stub. "When I 'm a man, I 'm going to live in one. I don't see many boys here, though," he added, looking round.

"No," said Mrs. McGuire, smiling; "most boys prefer a home."

And then dinner was over, and they all strolled through the hotel corridor and bought some flowers at the flower-stand, and some illustrated papers

at the news-stand, and then went up to their own apartment.

Mrs. McGuire played the piano for them, and they danced a little, and then, after some planning for the next day's entertainment, they all went to rest.

The next day was clear and pleasant, and when breakfast was served in their own dining-room, all the party were ready and eagerly awaiting it.

"Then it is decided," said Mrs. McGuire, "that we have our Christmas tree this evening?"

"Oh, yes," said Betty; "Christmas eve is the time for a tree, and to-morrow, on Christmas day, we 'll have our feast, our real Christmas dinner. Don't you think so, Agnes?"

"Yes, indeed. And then the tree can stay here, can't it, all day to-morrow? I love to look at a Christmas tree."

"So do I," said Betty. "And as I never had one before, I 'll keep this one as long as I can."

It was less than a year since Betty had inherited her fortune, and before that she had been a poor little waif, without money and without a home.

Her mother's heart thrilled with gladness to think that Betty would have a tree this year, and she resolved to do everything in her power to make it a beautiful one.

Very soon after breakfast they started on a shopping expedition.

Two taxicabs were engaged, and the two girls, with Lisette, occupied one, while Mrs. McGuire and the boys rode in the other.

Such fun as they had shopping! They fairly tumbled out of one shop into another. The tree had been ordered from the hotel, but they bought ornaments and candles and festoons of tinsel rope, and Mrs. McGuire bought some other things secretly, as she wanted to have some surprises for the young people. Then everybody bought presents for everybody else. Betty found lovely things for the dear ones who had remained at Denniston, and for the faithful servants there, as well.

She bought presents for her young friends in Greenborough, too, and all these things they had expressed directly home. But the fun was in buying presents for each other. These, of course, must be kept very secret, and Betty would urge Jack in a whisper to take Agnes to another counter and keep her there, while Stub helped Betty choose the present for his sister.

And so with the whole four. Each must be safely removed from the scene of action while his or her gift was purchased.

Betty's mother cautioned the young folks that all gifts be simple and inexpensive.



So Agnes bought for Betty a pretty little white fan that she might carry to evening parties, and Betty bought for Agnes a slender gold bangle.

The boys bought knives for each other, which caused the girls much amusement, for neither Jack nor Stub knew that each had bought a knife, and the girls knew that the knives were exactly alike. Of course Betty wished to give more valuable gifts to Jack and her mother, so, under the guidance of Mrs. McGuire, she bought a beautiful little gold watch and fob for Jack. It was a beauty, and Betty knew it would give the boy the keenest pleasure.

For her mother she wanted to get something very nice indeed, but she had no one with whom to consult. Jack and the Grahams were no better able than herself to advise on such a subject, and Lisette could not be expected to know much about it.

But, by a fortunate occurrence, the way was made easy. Betty and her mother had gone to a great jewelry shop to buy Jack's watch, and, after the purchase was completed, they strolled about the shop looking at the beautiful things displayed in the cases.

Suddenly Betty spied a lady whom she recognized. It was Mrs. Sanderson, at whose house in New York Betty had first met Grandma Kinsey.

"Mother," said Betty, speaking very quickly, "will you stay right here and not look around for a few minutes?"

"I can't let you go away from me alone, Betty," said her mother, smiling at the earnest little face.

"But, Mother, I'm only going to the very next counter, and there 's a lady that I know."

"Very well; I trust you not to go farther than the next counter; and I'll wait for you here."

"Don't turn round."

"No, but don't be too long."

Betty hurried to Mrs. Sanderson, who was looking at jewels at the next counter.

"How do you do, Mrs. Sanderson?" she said, speaking politely, but very rapidly. "Do you remember me? I'm Betty McGuire, and I was at your house last year with Mrs. Van Court, and I found Mrs. Kinsey there, and now she lives with me."

Mrs. Sanderson looked at the excited little girl, and at last she remembered her.

"Oh, yes," she said; "the little Irish girl who came into a fortune."

"Yes, 'm," said Betty. "That 's me, ma'am. And since then I've found my mother, and she 's here with me. But I want to buy her a Christmas present unbeknownst to her, and I thought you 'd be willing to help me a bit if I asked you."

"What a strange child!" said Mrs. Sanderson, putting up her lorgnette to look at Betty again.

"Yes, I am, ma'am. But will you help me buy the present, and then I'll introduce my mother; you 'll love her, ma'am, she 's that sweet!"

Always when Betty was embarrassed or excited she slipped back into her almost forgotten brogue. And perhaps it was that and the persuasive little voice that touched Mrs. Sanderson's sympathies, for she said kindly:

"Why, certainly, my dear; I'll help you with pleasure. What do you want to buy?"

"I want a small diamond brooch, please, and not too grand a one; my mother does n't like things too grand. But a plainish one that she could wear every day, and yet a good one at that."

Mrs. Sanderson smiled, but she seemed to understand, and as the affable salesman showed them various styles, she selected one that seemed to fit accurately Betty's requirements.

"This, I think, is lovely," she said; "I'm sure your mother would like it."

"I'm sure, too," said Betty, "and it 's the very one I like best myself."

The purchase was completed, and, with the little box in her hand, Betty took Mrs. Sanderson to the next counter to meet her mother. The ladies seemed pleased to know each other, and Betty was very happy.

Then good-by greetings were exchanged and, as it was luncheon-hour, Betty's mother marshaled her brood together.

"I think we won't go back to the hotel for luncheon," she said; "for it 's after one o'clock, and we still have some errands to do. So we 'll go over to the Waldorf and lunch there, which will give you hotel-loving children another glimpse of a New York Christmas crowd."

This plan was carried out, and the young quartet watched with sparkling eyes the throngs of people on Christmas errands bent.

"Now to finish our errands, and then home," said Mrs. McGuire, after luncheon was over.

But when they reached the hotel again, about mid-afternoon, Betty did n't want to go in.

"Oh, Mother," she pleaded, "the streets are so gay, and the people are all going along with bundles and holly wreaths, and it 's all so Christmas-evey, can't we stay out longer?"

Her mother considered.

"I must go in," she said, "and I want Lisette to help me. But, if you wish, you four may go for a ride in the Park or along the Avenue. But you must promise not to get out of the cab. The chauffeur is entirely reliable, and if you stay in the cab, you cannot get lost. Be back here in one hour, please."

"We will," chorused the four, so Mrs. McGuire and Lisette went into the hotel, and the four delighted young folk went for a further ride.

Betty never tired. Then afterward a short spin in the Park, where the lights had already begun to gleam through the early winter dusk.

"Now for home," said Jack decisively, when the hour had elapsed; and back they went to their hotel.

But when they entered their own sitting-room, nobody was there,—no tree, no presents, and no sign of any human being.

Betty opened the door of her mother's bedroom, but that, too, was unoccupied, as, indeed, were all the bedrooms.

Betty looked frightened, and said, in a half-whisper: "Oh, *do* you suppose anything has happened to Mother?"

Then Jack laughed outright.

"Oh, Betty," he said; "can't you guess? I 'll wager Mother and Lisette are in the dining-room, and they 're fixing the tree in there!"

Sure enough, the dining-room door was closed, and when Betty flew to open it, she found it was locked as well.

"Let us in, Mother; let us in!" she cried.

"Not yet, my child," said Mrs. McGuire, opening the door a tiny crack and peeping out. "You must all amuse yourselves till dinner-time."

"Oh, can't we help fix it?" said Jack.

"No; I 've plenty of help in here, and you must keep out and not bother."

Then the door was shut and locked again, and the young folks laughed to find themselves with occupation gone.

"All right; let 's get up a surprise for *her*," said Betty.

"Oh, yes!" cried Jack; "just the thing! What 'll it be?"

"Wait. I 'll have to think. Oh, I 'll tell you, Jack; you go down

to the flower place, and get a lot of white carnations—just heaps of 'em. And then get a lot of holly, and bring 'em all up, and I 'll show you. Oh, wait—get the biggest holly wreath you can find, and a paper of pins!"

Obediently Jack went off, and as the big hotel



"BETTY DREW CLOSER TO HER MOTHER'S SIDE AS SHE STOOD SPEECHLESS BEFORE THE BEAUTIFUL TREE."  
(SEE PAGE 142.)

Their course down the Avenue was slow, owing to the crowded traffic; they had ample opportunity for observing the people, an amusement of which



was able to supply such demands, he brought back everything Betty asked for.

"It won't be much," said Betty, as she tied a big towel over her pretty frock for an apron. "Come in my room, all of you, so she won't see it if she comes out."

The other three followed Betty, and she disclosed her plan. First she filled the center of the big wreath with white carnations, having first crisscrossed it closely with string, to keep the blossoms in place. Then she set the others to work picking off the red berries from the bunch of holly Jack had brought, sticking a pin through each. With these prepared berries Betty formed letters on the white background, and as she deftly did her task they saw the words grow under her fingers, "Merry, Christmas to Mother."

"Fine!" cried Stub. "Betty, you're a real genius! I declare it's the prettiest wreath I ever saw!"

It was pretty, for the holly wreath framed the loving greeting spelled out on the white carnations, and Betty's true eye had spaced the letters admirably.

It was not quite finished when Mrs. McGuire emerged from the dining-room. But Betty hastily stuck in the remaining pins with their red berry heads, and Jack asked Mrs. McGuire not to peep into Betty's room.

"Indeed, I won't," was the reply. "I've only time to dress for dinner, and you young people had better scamper if you want to have any evening left for your tree."

Scamper they did, and soon a very hungry but jolly party made its way down to the dining-room.

The girls were in festival dress because it was Christmas eve. Their white frocks of filmy mousseline were cut out a little at the throat, and red sashes and hair-ribbons gave an air of Christmas to their costumes. Each wore a holly spray in her hair, and Jack declared himself proud of the visions of loveliness that graced his party.

But notwithstanding the jolly time they were having, and the excitement of it all, there was no lingering after dinner.

Though the girls would have liked to stay down-stairs and listen to the music and watch the people, yet the tree seemed to call loudly to them, even through the closed door. So up they went, Betty's little face fairly aglow with the happiness of her first real Christmas. She held her mother's hand tightly as, at last, Lisette threw open the door of the dining-room, and they all went in.

The tree was a marvel. Stalwart porters of the hotel had set it in place, and had assisted

Mrs. McGuire to decorate it. It shimmered and glittered with tinsel ropes; it sparkled with shining ornaments; it trembled with tiny lighted candles, and it fairly blazed with hundreds of tiny electric lights of all colors. This was one of Mrs. McGuire's surprises. Even the Grahams had never seen a Christmas tree electrically lighted, and as for Stub—he fairly whistled in ecstasy.

"Oh, *what* a corker!" he exclaimed, for more grammatical language seemed inadequate.

Betty drew closer to her mother's side and slipped her arm round her waist, as she stood speechless before the beautiful tree.

"For me!" she exclaimed, her eyes as bright as the electrics themselves.

"Yes," said her mother, bending to kiss the top of her child's head. "And for Jack," she added, holding out her other hand to the boy, who came, a bit shyly, to her embrace.

"And for all of us," shouted Stub gaily; "you can't leave us out, Mrs. McGuire, and though my small sister seems for the moment to be speechless, yet I can assure you she thinks it's a very nice tree."

"*Very nice tree!*" cried Agnes; "it's the gorgeouset, wonderfulest tree that ever was on the face of the earth! I know it is!"

After they had admired it over and over, Mrs. McGuire proposed that they take off the gifts, assuring them that such a proceeding would not mar the effect of the tree.

So the ever polite and ready Jack, aided by Stub when the gifts were hung high, took down the presents one by one, and delivered them to those whose names were written on them.

Somehow there seemed to be lots of gifts. For five people, each giving to every one else, made a good many, and then there were a lot of extra ones that just seemed to come from Santa Claus himself.

Of course Lisette was not forgotten, and she stood in the background, delighted beyond words to see Betty's pleasure in her beautiful Christmas tree.

Mrs. McGuire's present to her daughter was a gold locket containing a miniature of her own lovely face. It hung from a slender gold chain, and no gift could have pleased Betty more.

"I shall always wear it," she said, as her mother clasped it round her throat; "and, Mother, you must always wear my gift."

Her mother was greatly surprised at the diamond brooch, and wondered how Betty had sufficient taste and judgment to select such a beauty. So Betty told how Mrs. Sanderson had helped her, and all admired the lovely jewel when

it was pinned at the top of its owner's delicate lace bodice.

The tables were filled with the various trinkets and knickknacks, and the floor was strewn with tissue-papers and narrow red ribbons. Then Jack and Stub brought in the big Christmas greeting Betty and the others had made, and her mother was delighted at the pretty attention.

It was late indeed when they sought their beds, for a refection of ices and cakes had to be attended to, and some Christmas carols sung, and a Christmas dance indulged in. But at last all the lights were out, and the stars twinkled down on one of the happiest girls in the great city, a girl who was restfully sleeping after the joys of her first real Christmas.

### "Then Be Ye Glad, Good People"



## THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

### CHAPTER III

#### OF THE MAN'S INVETERATE CUNNING

IN the days of the elder Pitt, Sir Michael Packe had been a great man in Parliament: one of the old-time statesmen who held that wholesale, round abuse was the chiefest quality of debate. But at the signing of the peace with America he ordered his coach and drove away from London, to his home in the valley of the Stour, vowing that England was gone to the dogs.

Well on in middle life, Sir Michael had been left a widower; and from that day on there was a family of only three persons living at Nether Hall: the baronet and his two children, Cicely and Anthony.

At the time that the Vicomte first came to Dedham, Cicely Packe was at the verge of womanhood, fair in complexion, with a blue, laughing

eye and a manner that was the very cream of gentleness. She ruled Nether Hall with a velvet glove; and there was not a stable-boy who scrubbed a bucket who did not fondly cherish in his heart the belief that he was doing it for her.

Though for Cicely the Squire had never an angry word, even to her her father's very tantrums had become part of her daily life. When he raged and roared and stamped his feet, scattering the servants right and left, it was Cicely only that was able to approach. At the very sight of her he would begin to splutter and stammer; and his daughter's arms, twined lovingly around his neck, would always do the rest.

But poor Anthony had no such hold upon his father. He was obliged to keep out of the way until the old man's wrath was past; and this frequently was a matter of several days. The evenings when he had returned late from his wan-



derings with his friend John Constable, were invariably followed by a storm in parental quarters. On the night he brought the Vicomte back, he was later than ever before; and the following morning, no sooner had Sir Michael got to the foot of the stairs than he bore down upon a servant in the hall.

"Where 's that jackal of a son o' mine?" he thundered.

The man, who was visibly shaking in his shoes, was about to say that he had gone up to call Master Anthony and found a stranger in his room, but the old Squire never gave him time to open his mouth.

Taking it for granted that his son Anthony was still in bed, he made back up the staircase, puffing and blowing like a grampus, and, bursting into his son's room, came face to face with the Vicomte, strapping the buckles of his shoes.

For a moment the Squire's eyes seemed almost to threaten to pop out of his head. Twice he opened his mouth, as if to speak; and, as often, all he did was to come out with a great spasmodic snort. He took a step forward, and then a step back; and finally, whipping out a large red handkerchief, covered his confusion by violently mopping his forehead.

The Vicomte bowed.

"Monsieur," he began, "I fear I owe you an apology."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the old baronet, finding his voice in a gasp. "A cockroach of a Frenchman, or I'll swallow me hat!"

"Monsieur, I would not so imperil your digestion on my account. By the courtesy of your son I was here for a lodging for the night. I ask for nothing more, Monsieur. I am of the French nobility, sir. The mob hounded me from Paris; one after the other all my friends and family have passed from the prison to the tumbrel, from the tumbrel to the guillotine. They have taken all I once possessed; and they have razed the house of my fathers to the ground."

"The blackguards!" let out the Squire.

"They name it 'Liberty,' Monsieur, and make me run for my very life; 'Equality,' and leave me with one louis d'or and the clothes upon my back; and also 'Fraternity,' and, mon Dieu! they wish to cut off my head! Ah, but we live and learn. In the last two years I have lived a lifetime and learned much."

It will be remembered that Anthony had made the Vicomte acquainted with his father's views on the Revolution; and the Vicomte remembered this, else he had never played so skilfully upon the old man's sympathies from the start. And certain it is that at that moment he walked into the highest place of his esteem.

The Squire, taking the Vicomte by the hand, conducted him with hearty hospitality downstairs to the breakfast-room. There a formal introduction took place. Cicely blushed; the Vicomte bowed; and the baronet, without further ado, set to upon a steak.

During that first meal the Frenchman held their close attention by an incessant flow of talk. After breakfast was finished, they sat and listened to stories of the Revolution, of the noble house of des Ormeaux, and the experiences of the Vicomte himself in distant quarters of the globe.

Sir Michael sat with his mouth open, and now and then gave a grunt. Anthony, from time to time, shifted restlessly in his chair, and so closely did the boy hang upon the words that excitement set a sparkle in his eye. Only Cicely sat with downcast eyes; but the Vicomte could make her raise them at his will.

And he knew it. He suspected it as he helped himself to sugar; he knew it when she handed him the milk. Never before had Louis des Ormeaux seen the fair face of such an English maid; and never before had Cicely seen a man she so feared and distrusted.

UPON the months that followed it is not necessary to dwell. The Vicomte became one of the family at Nether Hall and a well-remembered figure on the sunny side of Dedham Street. There are men living in the valley hamlet to-day who recollect hearing their grandfathers talk of the foreigner with the lace ruffles and the sparkling buckles on his shoes.

It appears the mill-pond had some sort of fascination for him; for he was wont to linger on the old wooden bridge and watch the water stirring the weeds and slipping out to that same sea that washed the coast of France. Sometimes Anthony was his companion, but more often he was alone. Once only was he seen with the girl. On that occasion John Constable was carrying his easel up the hill at Bergholt, when he came suddenly upon two figures in a lane: Cicely Packe and Louis des Ormeaux.

As the miller-artist passed, the Vicomte turned upon him sharply; and John Constable never forgot the look of anger that was on his face. He told Anthony of it; and thus it was that the boy first came to mistrust his father's guest.

In the light of future events we now know the whole story; though, at the time, Cicely never revealed her secret to a soul. It seems that day the Vicomte asked her to be his wife. She refused him; but he was not the man to take such an answer as the last. From that day forward he plagued her with his love. Never were they

alone for an instant that he did not remind her of it. Her mind was made up, she said; she did not love him. Very well, then, he was satisfied to wait; he had already learned enough of patience at the hand of Fate. Indeed, this was the string that he loved best of all to touch. He strove to play upon her pity for his trials, and, like Othello, tried to make her love him for "the dangers he had pass'd." But, all the same, with no success.

Things had come to this pass in the autumn of the following year, by which time the French had made away with their King, Louis XVI, and their beautiful Queen, Marie Antoinette. The Reign of Terror was at its height. Many of the surviving members of the French aristocracy had taken up arms in the ranks of the allies; but the Vicomte des Ormeaux showed no inclination to leave the peaceful valley of the Stour. On the contrary,



"DURING THAT FIRST MEAL THE FRENCHMAN HELD THEIR CLOSE ATTENTION BY AN INCESSANT FLOW OF TALK."

She admired him as a man of courage, of that much she was sure; yet she was also conscious that she hated him, though she could not give a reason why.

Her father noticed her antipathy, and upbraided her upon it. Des Ormeaux, he said, was a brave soldier and a highly cultured gentleman. He was a type of the old French nobility that the Revolution had rooted up. It would become her better to show some distress in his misfortunes and a little feminine admiration that he bore them all so well.

Sometimes he even thus addressed her before the Vicomte himself. And then would the Vicomte deceive him by never failing to take her part, making light before her father of the very deeds that he was always magnifying for her private ear.

he seemed to have made himself completely at home at Nether Hall. He had a room of his own, where he would sit and read for hours. He delighted in the old classics, of which there was a passable library in the house; for, though Sir Michael himself was no reader, his father before him had been of very studious habit. Also, there was a fine chestnut mare in the stable that was kept for the Vicomte's own exclusive use. Though he seldom or never followed the hounds, he used to take long rides along the highroad, as he often declared, for the good of his health; and it was on one of these that an adventure befell him that he turned to some account.

He had ridden into Colchester, as he said, to see a friend who was returning to France, whence he was in the hope of getting funds. There had



been some delay in the business; and before he had returned two miles upon the London road, the sun set behind the coverts to the west.

It had been a dull October day, and the evening sky was turned a heavy red. As the Vicomte passed the Birch Woods, a horseman turned out of the by-road, and kept on a little ahead of him. From time to time the man looked back, with his right hand upon his horse's quarters and the reins loose upon its neck. Though it was not yet six o'clock, it was rapidly growing dark; and the Vicomte could but dimly discern the figure of the man, who wore his hat well down upon his eyes and a long green cloak wrapped about his shoulders and falling to his knee.

Between the Birch Woods, where the road branches off to Dedham Heath, and the Gun Hill, at the foot of which was the turnpike, the high-road dips into a hollow between the trees, the roots of which stand on high gravel banks, well above the level of the road. Here the man turned his horse's head and came to a standstill in the shadow of the trees.

The Vicomte approached at a walking pace, and whistling all the time; though his nimble fingers were loosening the pistols from his holster, and he drew in a shorter rein.

He passed so close that their boots rapped together, and the mare was evidently touched with the spur, for she pranced nicely and laid hold upon the bit. The Vicomte apologized profusely. The horseman turned his head sharply away with an angry exclamation. But the Vicomte was laughing, as he walked his mare slowly up the rise.

Half-way up he stopped and listened. The low ground was buried in the darkness, though the crest of the hill showed plainly against the dying light of day. He could hear no sound. Plainly the man was still waiting in the shadow of the trees.

Suddenly the dark figure of a second horseman, coming in the opposite direction, rose against the sky-line and began to descend the slope.

The Vicomte looked quickly about him, seeming at first uncertain what course to take. The silhouetted figure was very clearly marked against the light. It was that of a man of extraordinary breadth, who sat his horse as a sailor does, well upon the withers, with his feet drawn back against the animal's flanks.

Now, it was one of the best-known characteristics of des Ormeaux that he never was known to show any outward vestige of surprise. If he said "*Ma foi!*" he uttered the expression without emotion or even raising his voice; and this particular occasion was a case in point. He dropped

his reins, took out his snuff-box, helped himself to a pinch, and closed the box with a snap. Then, and not till then, did he say "*Ma foi!*" in much the same tone of monotony as a teacher calls the roll.

After that he continued at a walk, but this time holding to the darker side of the road.

When the two riders were come level with each other, the man hailed him.

"Jerry Abershaw," he cried. And then, as if alarmed, "Is that you, Jerry?"

"No," answered the Vicomte, without a second thought. "You 'll find *him* at the bottom of the hill."

It was a very commonplace remark, and said in commonplace manner enough; and, marvelous to relate, the Vicomte had assumed the singsong accent of the Essex dialect. And if further proof be needed of the extreme difficulty of surprising the Vicomte, let it be stated that Jerry Abershaw, although at the time only twenty years of age, was the most famous highwayman then upon the road; and the Vicomte had lived long enough in England to know him well by repute.

"Thankee," said the horseman, and then pulled up with a jerk. "Lookee here," he cried. "Wot do *you* know of Jerry Abershaw an' where he is?"

"Tut, Mate," was the astonishing answer he received; "I know Jerry Abershaw, and I also know you."

"Know me, do yer! Then who the blazes am I?"

"They call you Gipsy Yates," said the Vicomte, breaking into a trot.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### HOW JERRY ABERSHAW ROBBED THE IPSWICH COACH

MR. YATES, who had poor ability as a rider, nearly fell off his horse. He recovered himself with difficulty; and then so great was his astonishment that for some minutes he could do nothing but scratch his head. There were a dozen questions he was burning to ask. But the answers had clattered away in the twilight with the sound of the hoofs of the Vicomte's mare upon the hard and stony road.

As for the Vicomte himself, on gaining the rise he broke into a brisk canter, until he reached the corner next before the turnpike, where the road branches off to Langham Moor.

Here he reined up; and then, backing the mare across the road, deliberately jumped a gap in the hedge. He sat his horse like a centaur. In everything he did Louis des Ormeaux was a perfect model of grace. He had leaped into a newly plowed field; and the mare, shying at a scare-

crow that came out of the darkness under her nose, swerved sharply aside, with a suddenness that might have unseated many a better man. But all the Vicomte did, as he held her in, was to flourish his cambric handkerchief, with such a parade of elegance that he might have been "showing off." As indeed he was; he was "showing off" to the night.

He set the mare's head back toward the south, and crossed the field at a gallop, parallel to the road along which he had just approached. In short, he was returning quietly through the fields to the spot where he had met the horseman. On gaining the edge of the spinney at the bottom of the hollow, he dismounted and tied the mare to a tree. Thence he proceeded on foot into the darkness of the woods, and very soon, well-hidden there, he could hear what the two men in the road were saying.

"If he knew *you*, then why, *by Christopher!* could n't you recollect *him*?" said one, angrily.

"Why could n't yer reckernize him yerself?" came the counter-question, in a surly voice that the Vicomte was able to identify as that of Gipsy Yates.

"Because I never looked at him, you fool," was the sharp rejoinder.

"No more did I," said Yates. "So that settles it."

"Lookee here, Mister Gipsy Yates," rapped out the other, taking him up with a touch of anger in his voice. "You don't sit there like an old sock on a clothes-line and bandy words with Jerry Abershaw. You can come into the job or not, as you like; but if you do, you take your orders from me. I know the game a trifle better than you. You 'll take post on the other side of the road, and when the coach is level with you, bring down the off-side wheeler with a bullet behind the point of the shoulder. Come out of the ditch as they pass; and you can't miss at the range. When the horse is down, whip round to the conductor, and leave the driver and all the rest to me. That 's what you 've got to do; and if you don't like it, you can leave it."

"Now them orders is concise and uncommon explicit," began Mr. Yates.

"We don't want any words—are you game?"

"Here 's me hand upon it."

"Keep it!" said the highwayman. "I 've no desire to smell of fish for a week. I 'm thinking that holding up a coach with the royal mail aboard is hardly in your line. You 're only a sheep-stealing smuggler, and smuggling 's one thing an' highway robbery 's another."

"Agreed, Mate," Yates cut in. "An' what I say is, I 'm ready for the King's highway."

"The King's!" echoed the robber. "Let George the Third sit in Buckingham Palace, and toast his toes at the fire, and call himself a king. But the only king on the highroad is he who has got the pluck to collect his taxes for himself."

"I 'm with yer," said Yates. "Mr. Abershaw, you 're a man of personality, and I likes you for it none the less."

"Never asked it of you," said Jerry. "But remember what I 've told you. You 've only got one horse and one man to settle. There 's no one in the coach who is likely to put up the shadow of a fight, except a young officer of marines, and I 'll do for him. But quick! Here they come! Get across the road, and keep back in the shade of the ditch till they are right upon us! Then aim straight; use your pistol-butt if the man shows fight; and if you do, hit hard."

He rapped out his orders sharply, like a man accustomed to command. His voice was even musical, and there was never the sign of a tremor in its notes.

A gentle breeze had sprung up from the south, that, even as he spoke, carried with it, from the distance, the sound of wheels upon the road.

Now, beyond the edge of the wood, where the Vicomte's mare was tethered, there stretched an open sixty-acre meadow of fine, rolling grass. Round this the highroad curved; so that the Vicomte had but to cross the meadow if he wished to warn the coach.

From the direction of the Birch Woods came the rumbling of the wheels, the sound of the horses' hoofs, and, now and again, the crackling of the driver's whip. But the Vicomte never moved a step from where he stood.

Up, Monsieur des Ormeaux! Up and ride for life! For an old woman sits beside the driver, with her grandson on her lap; and on the back seat, alongside that young officer of marines, sits a very little girl. She is only six, my lord, and traveling all alone; and see how she hugs her doll! Quick, Monsieur; there 's no time to lose! The horses are the finest team on all the King's highroad, and put the miles behind them like cinders through a sieve. Watch that near leader—the flea-bitten gray—how she lifts her feet and tosses her head, and look at the foam upon her flanks! Back to your horse, my lord; you yet have time to save the coach. But be quick, for pity's sake! for Jerry Abershaw has drawn beneath the bank and clapped the black mask upon his face, with two little slits for eyes. Oh, my lord! for the honor of France! Where is the blood of Bayard, if, at least, you will not save the doll?

The Vicomte leaned against a tree, idly twisting a broken twig between his lips.



And now the coach is near upon them. They, in hiding at the roadside, can hear one of the horses roaring and the jangling of the chains. The coach comes down the hill with a swing, the leaders' traces hanging loose and beating on their sides. The driver holds them in. At the bottom of the hill he is about to let them go, to take the rise before him, when a pistol-shot, quickly followed by another, goes echoing through the wood.

The flea-bitten gray rears high into the air. For a moment she stands almost upright; and then she plunges forward, her head between her knees. The off-side wheeler goes down against the pole, turning the coach from the road so that the near wheels are sunk deep into the ditch. The coach comes up with a jerk; and the driver is hurled forward from his seat.

Then the voice of Jerry Abershaw rings out on the evening air:

*"Hands up, me merry roosters! Your money or your lives!"*

There is only one to give answer. Gipsy Yates has the conductor under his knee; the driver lies stunned upon the roadway; and the others are for the most part old men and women, pale and trembling in their seats. The women snatch their children to their hearts; and the arms of the little girl are wrapped around her doll. But what cares Jerry Abershaw for that? There is neither sex nor age nor station on the highway. He has swung himself on to the box-seat, when his answer comes when least he had expected it. He had overlooked the officer of marines.

He is a young man, this officer; and, though a captain's badges of rank are on his shoulder-straps, he might have been an ensign by his looks. For all that, he carries himself as if he had already tasted war. There is none of the running wild of the newly blooded whelp. He has Jerry Abershaw at a disadvantage,—for at the moment the highwayman has his pistol in his teeth,—but he does not lose his head. He fires like a veteran, calmly steadying the muzzle on his wrist.

Jerry bobs, like a playful duck in a pond. The cotton wad strikes his mask, and the bullet carries off his hat. But he is up again, his second pistol in his hand. And now it is Jerry's turn; for the young officer has not another pistol charged.

From behind the black mask there comes a laugh. The officer's face is white in the light of the lantern on the boot; but his lips are firmly set. The old woman on the box-seat softly begins to cry.

The highwayman steps slowly over the box,

and calmly sights his pistol fair between the other's eyes. But the young man does not turn away; he does not even move. Beyond a doubt, he knows himself for lost; but he has been taught in the school of Nelson to stand face to face with death.

Jerry Abershaw, among your crimes no court of law has numbered the murder of an officer of marines; though, in the sight of Heaven, that murder was as good as done. The pistol was held true and steady on its mark. Your aim was as good as ever it was. It was no fault of yours that, as you pressed the trigger, a little child struck the barrel upward with her doll.

With one spring the young man was at his throat. They came down together on a seat, locked in each other's arms. The highwayman had all the strength; but the officer, by the suddenness of his onslaught, had the advantage from the start. He held it, too, like a man, pressing his thumbs deep into Jerry's throat. From behind the mask the air was filled with gurgling, choking sounds; and there is little doubt which way the struggle would have ended, had it not been for the untimely intervention of Mr. Gipsy Yates.

At the report of the officer's pistol-shot, he had looked up sharply, loosening his hold upon the conductor, who still struggled beneath his knee. Then came the second shot. He was unable to see the top of the coach, but guessed that something must be wrong. Now was the time to show that Gipsy Yates was "game." He raised his powerful arm, and with one blow of his great fist stretched the conductor senseless on the ground. To swing himself on to the top of the coach was the work of a second, and coming upon the young soldier from behind, he brought the butt of his heavy horse-pistol down upon his head.

With a cry of pain the young man threw up his arms; then he fell forward with a groan, and lay quite motionless upon the flooring of the coach.

Abershaw struggled to his feet.

*"By Christopher!"* said he, holding his swollen throat. "He was like a ferret at a rat!"

Mr. Yates regarded with satisfaction the still form huddled beneath the seats. A little blood was trickling from the hair.

"Wot about me being game?" he asked.

But the famous highwayman was already at his work. The old men, with eyes upraised, were turning their pockets inside out; the women were fumbling with their purses and asking him to wait. Their fingers trembled so that they took long to open them; and Jerry quickly saved them the trouble by snatching their purses from their

hands and dropping them, one after the other, into the great bag-like pockets of his riding-coat.

"Empty the boot," he cried to Yates; "and see what you can find."

Mr. Yates was nothing loath to obey. One after the other he threw the parcels down into the road after he had first ripped them open with a knife. Then were there all manner of things scattered on every side: soft goods from the

ing fondly to her doll, he raised his hand as if about to strike. But something stayed the blow, for he paused and then passed on.

Down upon the road, he gaily swung himself across his horse. Yates quickly followed suit.

Jerry Abershaw, the wrecker, gave one last glance at the sad wreck of the London-Ipswich coach, and politely doffed his hat. Then, digging in their spurs, both he and Gipsy Yates set off



"WITH ONE SPRING THE YOUNG MAN WAS AT HIS THROAT."

dyers and hard goods from the ironmongers; kettles and books and toys; articles of clothing, kitchen utensils, tobacco, pictures, and knickknacks of every possible description. There was, in short, no kind of thing that did not seem to be there.

Parcels addressed to watchmakers and jewelers he never troubled to investigate: they went unopened into his pockets; until the boot was rifled and altogether empty.

Jerry Abershaw came down the coach, with his pockets fat with purses, watches, and coin. As he passed the little girl, trembling but still hold-

ing at a gallop in the direction of Colchester; and soon the sound of the clattering horses had died away in the silence of the night.

MONSIEUR DES ORMEAUX politely took a pinch from his snuff-box; and then out came his pet ejaculation.

"Ma foi!" he remarked, in the same tone of monotony as before. "Ma foi! a more pretty spectacle I have never a wish to see!" And as he uttered the words, an owl turned out of the woods and screeched, as it crossed the road, above the rifled coach.

(To be continued.)





"DUKE WAS SOON DANCING AROUND HIS LITTLE MISTRESS, SHAKING THE WATER FROM HIS WET BODY."

## WHEN DUKE PLAYED SANTA CLAUS

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

MANY years ago, in the State of New Hampshire, there lived two young girls named Dolly and Prue. They were great friends. They went to the same school, attended the same church and Sunday-school, and during the summer were almost constantly together.

But in the winter a whole week would sometimes go by without their seeing each other. They lived on the banks of the same river, but on opposite sides of it. And during that season of the year the river was at times swollen very high at places where in summer the little girls could often cross barefoot by jumping from one stone to another.

Dolly and Prue used to think it great sport to cross it in this way; in fact, they did not mind if there was considerable water in the river, for that only made it more exciting. In winter when the river was frozen solid they could walk across it on the ice, and those were happy times for these two little friends. But the current at that

point was very strong, and it was usually after Christmas before the children were allowed to venture upon it.

Now, on this Christmas that I am going to tell you about, Prue had made Dolly a pretty white apron for a Christmas present. Her mother had cut it out, but Prue had done every stitch of the sewing herself, and her mother assured her that she had done it very neatly. There had been a great deal of rain all through the fall, and Roaring River was swollen very high, so that there seemed no way of getting the gift to her friend except by the road, a distance of more than three miles.

"Why don't you let Duke take it across?" suggested Prue's brother Ralph. "He enjoys nothing better than a swim in the river, and he likes to carry things, you know."

At first Ralph's proposition was laughed at by both Prue and her mother. The idea of letting a dog swim across that leaping, dancing water

with an apron in his mouth!—for usually that was Duke's way of carrying packages.

"I don't believe I want to send Dolly such a wet Christmas present as that would be," Prue rejoined, with a toss of her head.

But when her brother produced some rubber cloth that had been used on a camping expedition and offered to cut off a small piece for Prue's benefit, she decided that boys were sometimes wiser than girls, and joyfully accepted his aid.

On Christmas morning the apron was carefully wrapped in the oil-cloth, with a string tied tightly around it, and this was fastened to Duke's collar and the dog led to the bank of the river, which was leaping in little waves instead of lying placid and serene as on summer days. He enjoyed a swim, however, even if he did have to struggle against odds for it. So when Prue led him by his collar with the words: "In, old boy! carry my Christmas present to Dolly!" with one straining wrench he freed himself and leaped bravely into the turbulent water.

Prue watched him until he reached the other shore; saw him shake the water from his tawny sides and then dash up the bank. Then she wandered slowly along the shore, waiting to welcome him on his return trip.

Half an hour passed before a sharp bark from across the river announced that Duke was on his homeward way. Dolly was with him and waved her handkerchief at her little friend, and Prue waved hers back, while Duke plunged into the

water again and was soon dancing around his little mistress, shaking the water from his body until Prue laughingly declared that she might about as well have swam across herself, she was so wet.

But Duke was uneasy, and fawned persistently around Prue until she discovered that he still had, tied to his collar, the bundle with which he had started.

"Why, Duke! what made you bring it back again?" she cried, in a tone of vexation.

"Open it! open it!" the dog's impatient tail seemed to be insisting as it wildly lashed the air.

Eager-eyed, he watched his little mistress as she untied the string. And when out from the protecting folds of the oil-cloth covering there fell a pretty neck-chain made of beads and a pair of warm mittens, gifts from Dolly and her mother for Prue herself, Duke barked joyously, which was his dog way of saying:


"I hope you see now that I am a dog that can be trusted."

Prue, fair, but no longer young, still fondly cherishes the necklace that Duke brought to her on that Christmas morning so long ago. The mittens were worn out during the cold winter that followed.

But there is another little Prue who once in a while is allowed to wear the precious chain around her own neck, and who often wishes that she had a dog as brave and faithful as her grandmother's dog Duke.

## he Punishment

By Emily Burt



WHEN I've been bad and sent to bed,  
The others have some fun instead;  
My listening ear knows what they say,  
And guesses all the games they play.  
For faintly come the cheerful chinks  
Of little skipping tiddlywinks,  
And on the wooden table goes  
The click-clack of the dominoes.



# TIMOTHY TRUNDLE.

By

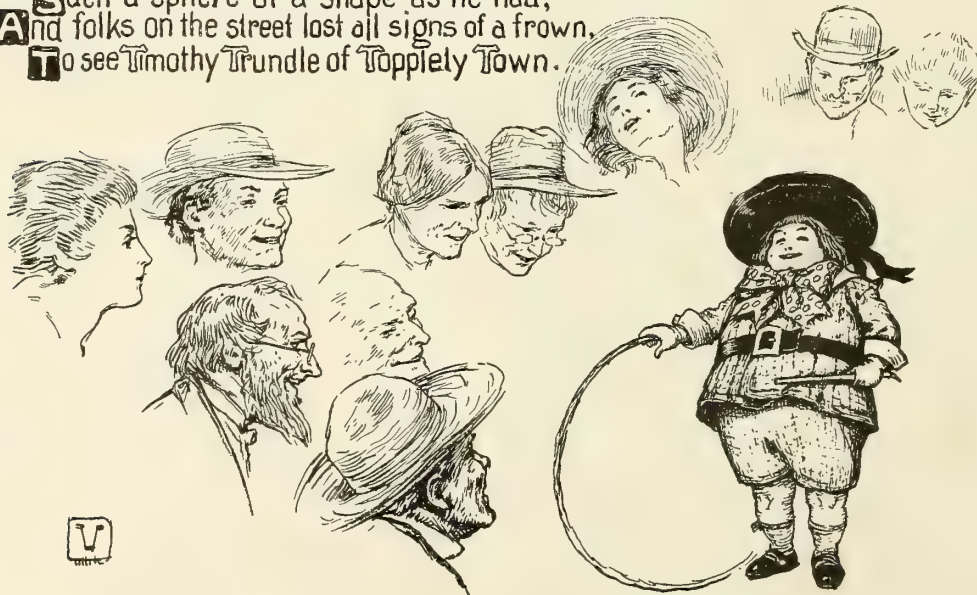
FREDERICK MOXON.



**O**h! Timothy Trundle was bouncingly fat,  
**A**s round as a robin was he;  
**T**he jolliest babe ever sat on a mat  
**T**o frolic and gurgle with glee!  
**H**is father who tossed him now up and now down,  
**C**alled him "Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town."

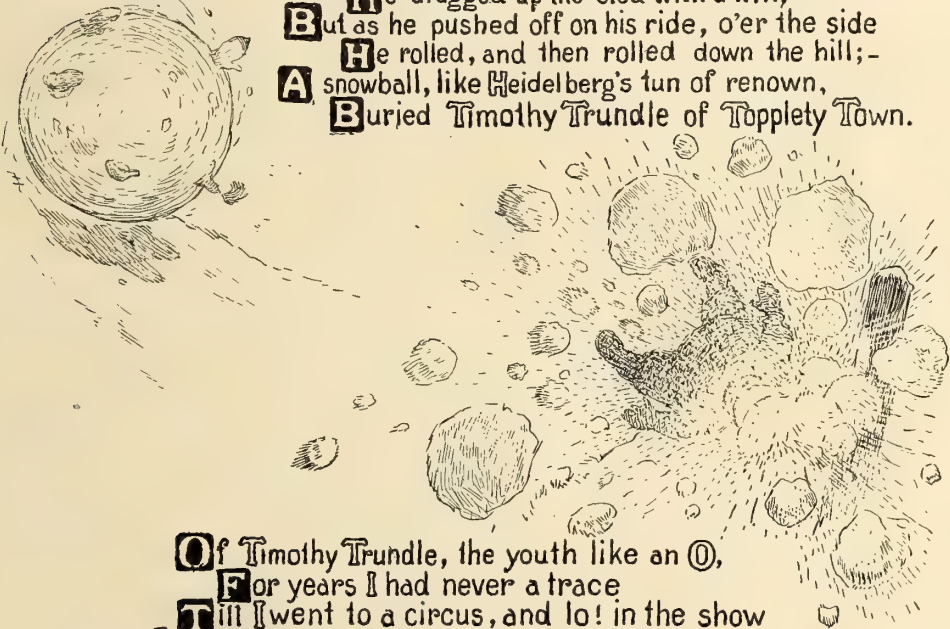


**W**hen Timothy Trundle grew up to be "Tim",  
**A** rotund, jolly chunk of a lad,  
**T**he hoop that he played with looked slim, beside him,  
**S**uch a sphere of a shape as he had;  
**A**nd folks on the street lost all signs of a frown,  
**T**o see Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town.

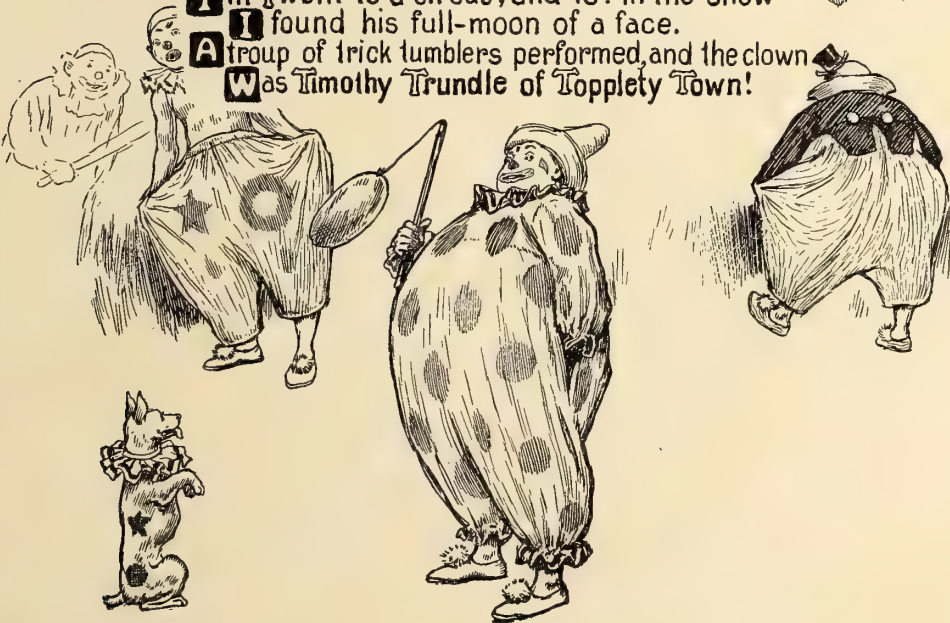




**O**nce Timothy Trundle went out for a slide,  
**H**e dragged up the sled with a will;  
**B**ut as he pushed off on his ride, o'er the side  
**H**e rolled, and then rolled down the hill;-  
**A** snowball, like Heidelberg's fun of renown,  
**B**uried Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town.



**O**f Timothy Trundle, the youth like an **O**,  
**F**or years I had never a trace  
**T**ill I went to a circus, and lo! in the show  
**I** found his full-moon of a face.  
**A** troupe of trick tumblers performed, and the clown  
**W**as Timothy Trundle of Topplety Town!







# OLE DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART

DRAWINGS BY JUNIUS S. CRAVENS

## I. OLE MISTER FROG:

OLE Mister Frog ain't much to sing,  
But he claims a log in a single spring,  
An' jedgin' 'im by his biggoty ways,  
He 's clean forgot 'is tadpole days!  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

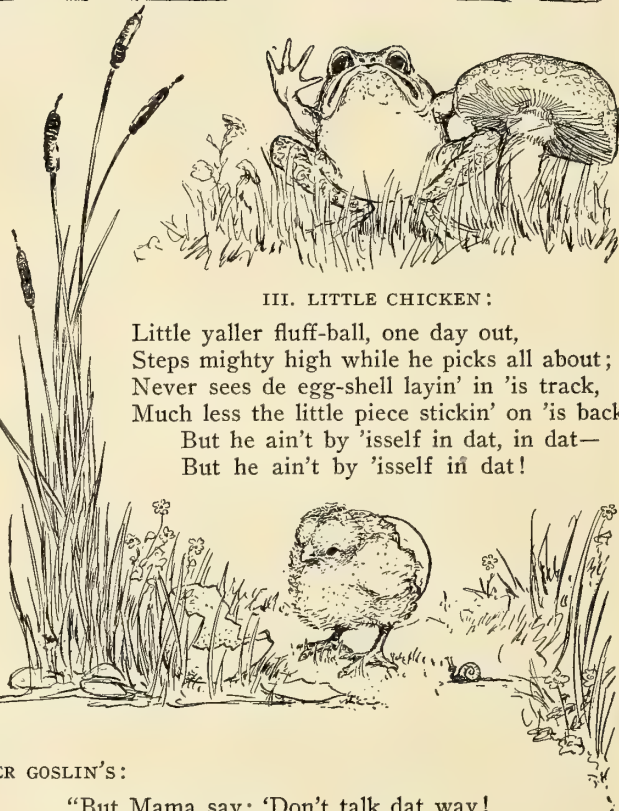


## II. LITTLE GREEN TREE-TOAD:

Little green tree-toad on banana leaf,  
Plenty po' relations in de bog;  
But he 'd ruther be blind an' dumb an' deef  
Dan to hold a conversation wid a frog!  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!

## III. LITTLE CHICKEN:

Little yaller fluff-ball, one day out,  
Steps mighty high while he picks all about;  
Never sees de egg-shell layin' in 'is track,  
Much less the little piece stickin' on 'is back!  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—  
But he ain't by 'isself in dat!



## YALLER GOSLIN'S:

DE purty yaller goslin's say:  
"Oh, what—oh, what 's de use!  
When Mama say, 'Come, walk dis way  
An' ac' jes like a goose!'  
Oh, what 's de use—oh, what 's de use?  
I 's boun' to grow a noddle,  
Like every goosey, goosey, goose,  
An' waddle, waddle, waddle!"

"But Mama say: 'Don't talk dat way!  
Come, waddle like a mild goose,  
F'om side to side, wid proper pride—  
Not like a woodsy wild goose!  
Dey 's plenty use—dey 's plenty use!  
Come, git yo' education!  
See how to waddle an' tote yo' noddle  
Accordin' to yo' station!"



LOOK OUT FOR MISTER BEE:

Look out for Mister Bee in de punkin-flower!  
 Plenty gallinippers in de grass!  
 Mighty close tie 'twix' wings an' stings!  
 Better let de honey-bee pass!  
     Z-Z-Z,Z,Z,Z!  
 Better let de honey-bee pass!

White-face bumblebee—white folks' ways—  
 Never give a sassy answer back!  
 But don't you trus' de black-face, no matter what  
 he says!

Give de nigger bumblebee de track!

    Z-Z-Z,Z,Z,Z!

Give de nigger bumblebee de track!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The white-faced bee does not sting.



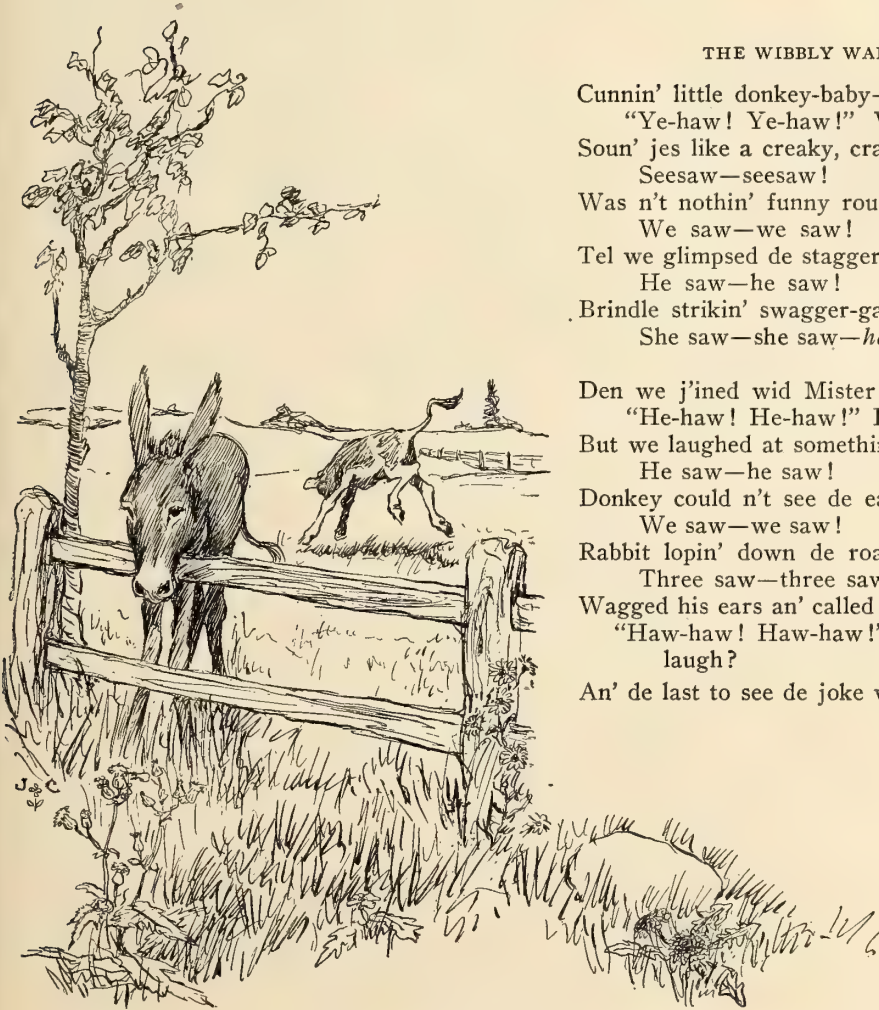
THE WIBBLY WABBLY CALF:

Cunnin' little donkey-baby—  
 "Ye-haw! Ye-haw!" What a funny laugh!  
 Soun' jes like a creaky, cranky  
     Seesaw—seesaw!  
 Was n't nothin' funny roun' dat  
     We saw—we saw!  
 Tel we glimpsed de stagger-gait dat  
     He saw—he saw!  
 Brindle strikin' swagger-gait when  
     She saw—she saw—*her wibbly wabbly calf!*

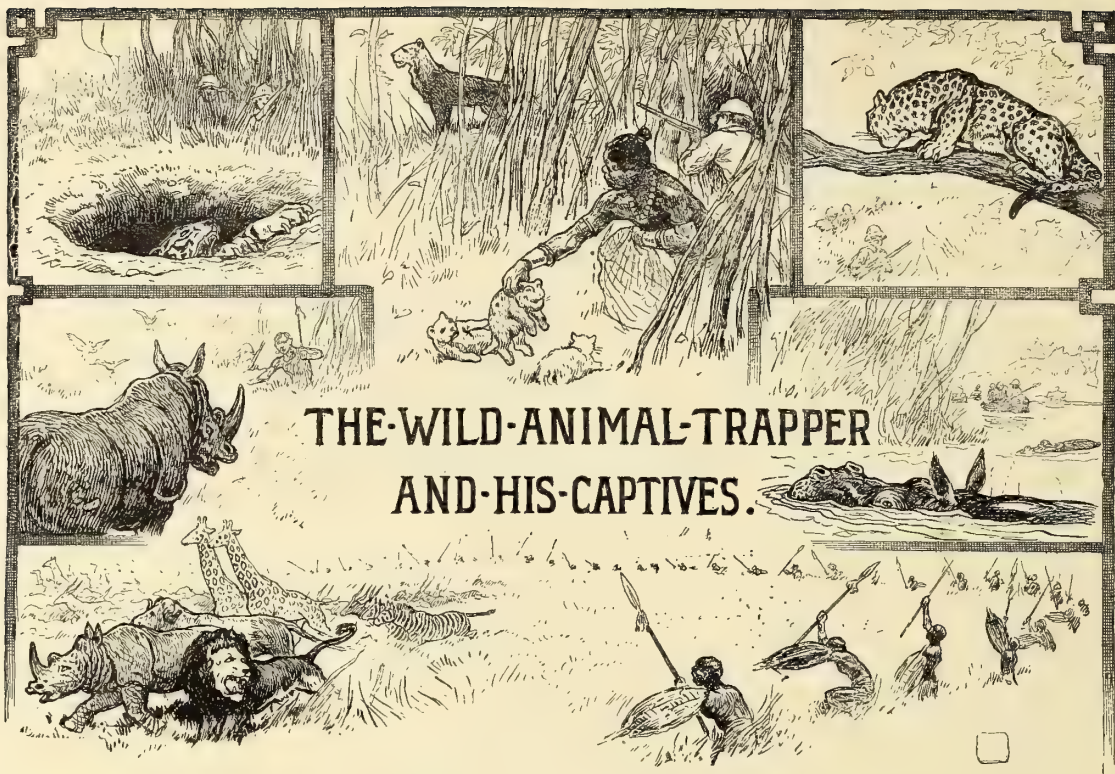
Den we j'ined wid Mister Donkey,  
 "He-haw! He-haw!" How we-all did laugh!  
 But we laughed at somethin' mo' dan  
     He saw—he saw!  
 Donkey could n't see de ears dat  
     We saw—we saw!  
 Rabbit lopin' down de road, we  
     Three saw—three saw!  
 Wagged his ears an' called him daddy!  
 "Haw-haw! Haw-haw!" How dat—who dat  
     laugh?

An' de last to see de joke was

*Wibbly wabbly calf!*







## THE WILD-ANIMAL TRAPPER AND HIS CAPTIVES.

BY A. W. ROLKER



THE wild-animal trapper of to-day has invented his own methods for catching ferocious beasts, and has systematized and perfected his work so well that if the animal you want is on the face of the earth, the trapper will get it for you. At the head of an army of two thousand or three thousand he may march deep into a jungle, surround ten or twelve square miles of wilderness with a human net, and drive hundreds upon hundreds of lions, tigers, buffaloes, zebras, deers, and scores of other species of beasts, fleeing panic-stricken before him, into a stockade. Or, with a mere handful of Kafirs, he may march into a wilderness where no human foot ever stood before, to be swallowed up for one, two, or even three years while he hunts and traps a rare, unwieldy pachyderm like a black rhinoceros, and transports it a thousand miles back to the coast.

Strange as it may seem, the easiest victims of the wild-animal trapper are the most ferocious—

those bloodthirsty, huge cats; the lion; the tiger; and those other beautiful felines, the panther, the leopard, and the jaguar.

With the lion, for instance, it is simply a matter of stealing the cubs. But kidnapping her whelps from a dangerous beast like a lioness, is, of course, an exciting problem.

In the heart of the darkest, most impenetrable thicket, in the midst of a tangle of vine and thorn and creeper, the lion mother has with her from four to six cubs—golden puffballs—tumbling over one another, scrambling over the great yellow body of the majestic creature which none on earth save these defenseless kittens may near.

Not in the wild world, it would seem, was a home better protected. Yet, out of a thicket, well to leeward, the trapper's eyes are bent upon the lion home—for, once in every twenty-four hours, Nature herself renders these babies defenseless, when the mother, stirred by the pangs of hunger, ventures forth to hunt and to eat.

Beside the trapper is a pair of Kafirs armed with nets made of stout cords. In the trapper's hand is a rifle loaded with a slug of lead as big as a little finger. The slightest snapping of a twig, and the dangerous brute comes to the attack head-



long, like a yellow streak; or, if she cannot locate the danger, she picks up her cubs one by one by the neck, bounding away with them in ten-foot springs and hiding them in a tangle even more dense than the other.

For hours the trapper must lie, nerves on edge, before the mother quits her lair to strike down a buck or a water-buffalo. Then, cautiously, with rifle ready, the trapper presses forward and into the unguarded lion home.

Quickly the men must work. Should the lioness return unexpectedly, nothing but a bullet well and quickly aimed could save them.

Capturing cubs is, however, only one of three methods which the trapper uses to transfer the big felines out of the wilderness into his cage. By far the greater number of his captives are adult beasts in the height of their prime, vigor, and ferociousness. To catch these, the trapper uses either a pitfall or a huge trap.

The best illustration of outwitting these sly, cunning creatures with so simple a contrivance as a hole in the ground is in the case of the tiger, that magnificent orange-and-black-striped creature of herculean strength and serpentine grace, who can break the spine of a bullock with a single blow of his paw or can hurl himself to the forehead of the tallest elephant. True, he does not always come out victorious in the encounter with that burly antagonist; but, while as strong as the lion, the tiger surpasses the majestic king of beasts in agility, daring, and ferociousness. And when once he has turned man-eater, he loses the last vestige of fear, and stalks a man as if he were a beast of the field.

To enter a forest, trap one of these fearless animals, put him in a traveling-cage, and load him on a bullock-cart, seems like an almost impossible feat. To the trapper, who simply takes advantage of the brute's savage instincts, few animals are more easily captured.

Within the district haunted by the tiger, the trapper prospects along the game-trails, for the tiger is a lazy beast that spurns a chase and hunts by lying in thickets along these trails, springing on his prey while it is on the way to drink. With rifle across his knees, to guard against a surprise,

the trapper sits while two men dig a bottle-shaped hole ten feet deep, nine feet wide at the bottom and seven feet across at the top. A native weaves a stout lid of bamboo and cane to cover the mouth of the excavation, and when the lid is in place procures a young goat and ties it to the center of the lid. For as the poor worm or the poor little fish has to serve as bait for the larger fish, so with the capture of these big beasts.

When the tiger leaps, it is to his own undoing; for this time there is a crash of splintering bamboo, and out of the earth which has swallowed the monster form comes the cry of a crazed tiger fighting for his liberty.

Unable to understand what has happened, the frenzied brute, hurled with the tremendous impact of his own vicious spring into utter darkness, rolls over and over, biting, snarling, ripping and tearing at the strips of bamboo that prod and stick him in a score of places. The terror of this mysterious enemy assailing him in the darkness drives the brute frantic.

With the coming of the day he tries to spring out. Crouching low, he aims for the top, hurling himself with every ounce of strength pent up in his wonderful frame. The great paws reach the brim of the hole and slash the ground in a vain effort to take hold; but against the sloping sides of the pit even the amazing agility of the tiger is helpless, and his struggles only bring down showers of dirt.

Now comes what seems the most difficult part of the capture—to go down in the hole and bring this fierce cat out into daylight. But again the trapper resorts to a ruse. He takes a net of rattan rope six or seven feet square and with meshes four or five inches square, and he drops this, spread, on top of the tiger. Not in the lifetime of the forbidding beast has anything save blade or twig touched the beautiful skin, and contact with this new mysterious object, which in fact covers his whole body, at once robs him of all reason. Fighting as never before, he tries to rend the intruder to pieces; but one by one his paws become enmeshed and entangled. The more they are entangled the more fiercely he fights, and the more fiercely he fights the more they become en-







tangled, until at last the creature, thoroughly exhausted, has tied himself up helplessly, a mere heap of helpless fury.

Then the trapper goes into the hole and fastens a rope to the net, while natives haul the prisoner into daylight. And soon the big, gorgeously beautiful beast is picked up and placed in a narrow cage loaded on a cart. The trapper reaches through the bars and carefully cuts the net in places so that the animal can struggle and gradually free himself inside the cage; and, when once released from the bamboo net, away he goes to the coast, to the wild-animal mart.

Often during a wet season or in low ground a pitfall is impracticable, because it would fill partly with water, and a beast falling into it would drown and be lost to the trapper in this way. Under these conditions the expert builds a contrivance which is simply an enormous live-rat trap, the sort used exclusively in taking those less powerful and yet equally stealthy and treacherous creatures—the panther, sleek and glossy, night-black and yellow-eyed; the leopard, that beautifully skinned yellow-and-black-spotted marauder of darkness; and the jaguar, half-brother to the leopard, orange-and-black-spotted, the “tiger” of the South American jungle.

Less formidable than the lion or the tiger, what the jaguar loses in size and strength he makes up in lightning swiftness. Contrary to general opinion, this creature will not attack a man unless he is cornered or driven to desperation. But of infinite cunning is this beast. It is the stealth and the cat-like cautiousness that make the jaguar so difficult to trap.

The best time to locate the jaguar is during the dry season, when the rain falls not for three months, when the jungle shrivels up to brown tinder, when springs and streams are dried to dust, and when the biggest rivers shrink to streams you could wade across. Then game comes from hundreds of miles from the interior to drink at the fallen rivers, and then, also, the jaguar comes forth.

Cutting saplings five or six feet long, thick as a forearm, the trapper sharpens these at one end and drives them into the ground side by side,

forming the three sides of a stout cage which, when provided with a similarly stout roof and with a trap-door at the fourth side, is a cage just about big enough for the jaguar to stand in.

The trapper baits the trap with some small live animal in such a manner that when the jaguar seizes it the trap-door, weighted with three hundred pounds of rocks, falls shut and holds the big cat prisoner.

Invariably, the jaguar seeks his prey under cover of darkness. Cat-like, when he sees the trap, he hesitates. Distrustfully he walks around and around the trap, squinting out of narrow yellow eyes at the bait within. Often he lies in front of the open door for some time, motionless as a log. What troubles him is not so much the trap itself as the suspicious human scent clinging about it. But gradually his appetite sharpens. Nearer and nearer he inches toward the opening, until it seems to him that to dart in, grab the morsel, and dart out again must be, after all, a simple matter.

He crouches close in front of the open trap-door, twitching all over, switching his tail, and laying back his ears as if ready for unexpected trouble. A dart forward, a dull thud, as the heavy door falls, and—instantly the jaguar realizes he is trapped, and the jungle reëchoes with the cries and snarls of his maddened fury.

Next morning nothing remains for the trapper to do but to transfer the captive into a portable cage. This cage, provided with a sliding door, is opened and set and lashed against one side of the trap. Then the stakes between the trap and the open cage are raised. Like a shot out of a gun the jaguar darts within, and in a flash the sliding door of the cage is pushed shut. Then, with eyes gleaming, lips drawn back, there crouches the most treacherous, cunning, and naturally bloodthirsty of all the big cats—a life prisoner.

But trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the “big pig” family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter, and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles



of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five-to-six-thousand-pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest,

during hardships and privations, until at last he arrives in the rhinoceros country. Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spoors, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the



"AT SIGHT OF ONE OF THE SAVAGES THE RHINOCEROS DASHES WITH THE SPEED OF A RACE-HORSE AT THE MAN."

once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express-train.

To catch a rhinoceros, the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two- or a three-year expedition into the interior of an unexplored continent; for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; secondly, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture; and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps, and through forests, back to civilization.

With ten or twelve natives and a span of bullocks loaded with clothing, food, medicines, and ammunition, the trapper travels for months, en-

uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half-snort, half-grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race-horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart, by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch-thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere, or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal,



for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet, and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble; and soon it is pushed, prodded, and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock-cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus. For although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river-horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two-ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe. For the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river-horse," means, is a land-and-water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotami instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.

In the tank of a zoölogical park the fat, squat, lumpy-faced creature placidly munching hay in a yard-wide mouth does not appear to be the formidable antagonist she is when aroused in her own element in the wildernesses of Abyssinia. Yet, ungainly as the beast is on land, of all quadrupeds not another can begin to compete with her as a swimmer. Only a light canoe, propelled by the sturdy arms of a pair of expert paddlers, can hope to escape an infuriated "hippo." Should the men fail in escape, the penalty is dreadful. With one mighty upward toss of the ponderous head, the animal could send a canoe loaded with three men twenty feet high out of water.

From four to six canoes take part in a hippopotamus hunt. In the bow of one of these sits the trapper, holding a twelve-foot-long harpoon weighing forty pounds. In front of him lies a coil of line three hundred yards long and no thicker than a little finger. At the middle and at the stern of the canoe sit the paddlers, upon whom depends everything once the harpoon has been sunk.

Silently, without even the swish of a paddle, the trapper's canoe drifts down the river, leaving the other vessels fifty yards behind. From di-

rectly ahead is heard the splashing of the unsuspicious beasts, floating with heads sunk and gray backs barely out of the water, like so many islands.

Always drifting noiselessly, paddles immersed just enough to steer the canoe, the frail craft approaches. On the back of one of the cows stands what resembles a pink pig—a squat, lumpy-faced little calf, a funny little caricature of a hippopotamus, which, at sight of the strangers, disappears with a splash beneath the water. A sweep of the paddle, and the canoe heads for the mother of the calf. Should the big cow suddenly raise her head and discover the boat, she would give one horrible grunt and charge it, sending the hunters fleeing before her like chaff in a wind. As the canoe approaches, the trapper arises, steadies himself, poises the harpoon, gathers every ounce of strength within him, and, just as the nose of the vessel is about to touch the cow, thrusts the lance into the ponderous neck. There is an upheaval, a rush and a splash as if a volcano were breaking through the black waters, and above the seething foam arises a gigantic, ugly head.

Paddling madly, the three oarsmen send the frail vessel frantically through the water toward the shore, in the hope of fastening the end of the rope about a tree-trunk. But usually the attack is so vicious that the entire coil of rope fastened to a light float must be thrown overboard while the men flee. After the canoe darts the furious animal, chasing it clear to the shore. Then turning with a half-grunt, half-bellow, she heads for the very middle of the river, rising and diving, rising and diving, in a vain hunt for the hated human assailants.

For one or two hours the cow carries on this exhausting struggle before the men dare to venture on the water to pick up the end of the rope fastened to the float. Just as a savage bull may be led by one finger in the ring through his nose, so the exhausted cow now follows the tug of the light line, which is made fast about a tree, while black hands haul in the slack, the young hippopotamus following the larger animal to shore. A bullet from an elephant gun ends all unnecessary cruelty, and then the youngster, squealing, is carefully captured and loaded into a cage, to spend a life of ease and lazy luxury behind the steel bars of a menagerie tank.

Finally, trapping lions and tigers and rhinoceroses and hippopotami is only "retail business" compared with some of the "drives" the trapper conducts in Africa when he enlists the natives of villages for thirty miles around and traps lions, deers, elands, zebras, giraffes, buffaloes, and a dozen other species of beasts all at the same time.



"THE TIGER DOES NOT ALWAYS COME OUT VICTORIOUS IN THE ENCOUNTER."



One of these "drives" requires weeks of preparation. An enormous circular stockade is erected, a half-mile in diameter, ten feet high, and provided with a huge V-shaped entrance more than a mile across at the wide end.

Out into the jungle, ten or fifteen miles from this stockade, the trapper leads his army of two or three thousand men armed with shields and assagais. Like a spool of thread unwound, this skein of ebony warriors, the men marching thirty or forty feet apart, extends itself single file in a

rings from all sides at once, the beasts flee precipitately. Herds of the gaudy-striped zebra, of the graceful eland, and of long-necked, spotted giraffes flee panic-stricken for the life that is in them. The lion and his mate bound to their feet, sniff the air, and defiantly prepare for fight; but as the racket approaches they are seized with fear, and, turning tail, they bound away again. Even the rhinoceros, stupid though he is, sees the flight of the beasts surrounding him, catches the panic, and flees headlong without stopping to see



From the original etching by Herbert Dicksee.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

Copyright by Frost and Reed, Bristol, England.

straight line sixteen miles across the jungle, and at a stated time the line marches forward, the ends traveling quicker than the men at the center, thus forming a huge crescent, which sets up an ear-splitting din of yells and shouts, and with the clashing of spears and shields rushes forward toward the stockade like a gigantic human seine.

Through forest, across prairies of cane and grass, through swamps, and over hills and plains, the savages, lighted with the fever of the chase, rush wildly.

Within the gradually narrowing circle, panic-stricken at the mysterious unseen foe whose din

what is the trouble. The law of self-preservation is at work. Forgetful of small fears, of natural enemies and bitter enmities, the lion and the deer, the leopard and rhinoceros, and everything that creeps or crawls, run madly as if chased by a prairie fire.

Now and then a lion or a lioness, unused to long-distance running, becomes exhausted, turns on the pursuers, and springs upon a tormentor. Or a rhinoceros, blinded with terror and rage, turns and impales a savage and breaks through the lines. Or a buffalo comes bellowing, or a leopard springs. But these are trivial incidents in Africa,

where human life is the cheapest in the jungle.

The human gaps are closed up, the men drawing nearer and nearer each other as the crescent tightens while nearing the mouth of the V, amid a great yelling and clashing of spears.

At sight of the steadily narrowing V, the animals in front halt, suspecting the trap; but the beasts in the rear force those in front forward, while the white men's rifles and the redoubled yells of the savages send the last beasts into the stockade, the blacks, panting, bruised, and all but exhausted, leaping over the bodies of animals maimed or killed in the mad fight for safety.

In the old days the Kafirs simply turned loose, and after the trapper helped himself they killed and ate what beasts remained in the inclosure. But the modern trapper permits no such waste. He chooses for himself the finest specimens. Those maimed or injured he orders killed for use of the Kafirs, and he designates which of the other beasts captured they may take. The remaining animals, not just then needed, he prudently turns loose to increase and multiply in the wilderness—for to the wild-

animal trapper of to-day the jungle is his own wild-animal farm.

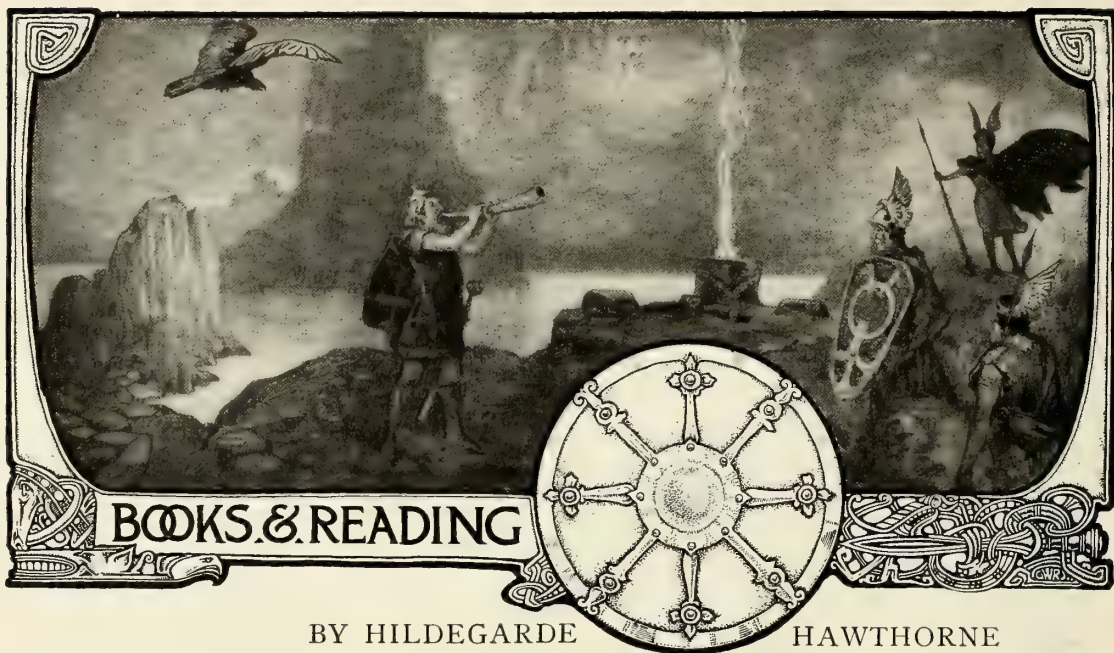


"WITH ONE MIGHTY UPWARD TOSS OF THE PONDEROUS HEAD, THE ANIMAL COULD SEND A CANOE TWENTY FEET HIGH OUT OF THE WATER."



"NEARER AND NEARER HE INCHES TOWARD THE OPENING." (SEE PAGE 158)





BY HILDEGARDE

HAWTHORNE

#### WORLD STORIES

IN the old days, before men understood how this world was made and why so many wonderful things took place in it every day, such, for instance, as the rising and setting of the sun or the coming of spring, the growth of trees and flowers and the falling of rain, in those old days they made up stories about these things. Since they knew of nothing more wonderful than the human beings about them, they imagined that all these marvelous results were produced by creatures like themselves, yet different, wiser and more powerful. Thus they thought that every tree contained a dryad, a lovely girl who made the tree grow and brought its fruit to perfection. And all the streams and fountains had their Naiads, the sea its mermen and mermaids, and the life itself of the people was supposed to be ruled and guided by these beings, to whom they gave various names and ascribed differing powers.

Naturally they told each other many wonderful stories about these creatures. Gradually these stories got written down; and even now, so many thousand years later, we can read them. Our ideas have changed: we no longer believe in fauns and tritons and nymphs. But it would be a pity if we stopped reading these stories because of that. For, in their own way, these tales are as true as the actual facts we learn nowadays of just how the trees and plants do really grow, and what it is that makes the sun seem to rise and set. They

are true because they tell how men's minds grew, and began to take hold of the problems of life about them, and tried to explain things, and how they realized the beauty and the wonder of the world. These books are true pictures of the lives of these far-away people, and if we had never heard or read them, a great part of what goes to make us what, nowadays, we are, would never be understood by us.

#### HERO TALES OF THE ANCIENT NORTHLAND

BESIDES the books that tell us the Greek stories, I remember a small volume called "The Heroes of Asgard," that tells what was believed by the Norse people who lived ages ago in the northernmost parts of Europe. Of course you learn in school of Odin and Thor and of the great Valhalla where the heroes who died on earth went to live forever. But in the old days the stories of Valhalla, which were called sagas, were told by the poets of the time in the most beautiful way they knew how; and if we want to understand how those stories made the Norsemen feel, we must read them so told that they stir our hearts and make us, too, feel glad and sorry, as should all stories that tell of great deeds and hopes. "The Heroes of Asgard" is only a small book, but none of you who read it will ever forget the names or deeds of the old Norse gods and heroes. Perhaps the most beautiful story in the book is the one that tells of how Baldur, who represented sunshine and spring and all the loveliest things of

earth, is slain by the arrow of the blind brother who loves him, and who is like the dark and cold winter which, however it may love the warm and golden summer, is yet forced to kill it. And here you will see again what I mean when I say that these strange old stories are true. For they are imaginative ways of telling the simple events of nature; and when we read them we should read them as nearly as possible as they were told first. Then, even though they are so old, you will see that they are telling of all sorts of things that are still happening round about you, in a charming, fanciful way that will add to your pleasure in every-day affairs, and delight your fancy that loves to pretend all manner of strange things.

Wagner wrote his great operas with these same old Norse gods for his heroes. His operas tell the story of Siegfried, who is like Baldur, and who rescues Brunhilda from her enchanted sleep with a kiss. You can get these stories in a book called "Stories from Wagner." Siegfried and Brunhilda will remind you of the tale of the Sleeping Beauty, which is found in nearly all languages. You may wonder why that is so; and questions like that will come up often as your reading continues, and in seeking answers you will learn a lot, and will get a lot of fun—more than out of ordinary school stories, for instance, that simply tell you the kind of thing you already know and which you spend part of your present life in doing. These are interesting for a while, but when you grow a bit older you forget all about them. But the other stories have been told ever since the world began to talk at all. They mean more to you as you grow older and learn more of the life of man and the world. You can read them over many times and think of them a great deal without getting tired of them. It is like the difference between persons.

#### BOOKS ARE LIKE FRIENDS

SOMETIMES you can have a jolly time for an hour or two with a person of whom you would grow weary were you and he obliged to spend a whole day together; while another friend is a constant joy, whose companionship is one of the things that make your life real and good to you. You may not understand all you come across in the story of Siegfried and Hagen and Brunhilda; but neither do you understand all you come across in life. This, however, will not prevent either from being interesting to you. A book that will give you delight now and will still please you when you are grown up is surely worth more than a book that will hold your attention only for a short while. When you and your chum have grown older, you will look back on your early friendship

with happiness, although you have since kept getting dearer to each other; because if you had not known him in your childhood and youth you would have missed a very lovely part of friendship and of life. So, too, with books. As a child, as a boy or girl, you will get something from a fine book which you cannot get later. For in reading a book you and the author are really working together. He brings his share to you; but you have also to bring your share to him, and it is these two elements which make the book you are reading. It is almost as much your book as his, and it remains different from the book any one else reads, although the pages, the words, and pictures are the same. I remember reading George Eliot's "Romola" when I was a little girl, and I loved it very much. It made Florence real to me and started my love for Italy. When I went there later on, my memory of "Romola" went with me, and not only the story, but all the dreams and thoughts and feelings it had aroused in me. Recently I read the book again, and I found a lot in it that I had never seen before. But I also saw that what I had discovered in that long-ago reading I should not have been able to find now—a freshness, a romance, an impression I would have been sorry to lose out of my life.

#### WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG

A GREAT writer puts something of the whole of himself into every book he writes—something of the child he once was as well as the man he now is. So, when you read his book both as a child and when you are grown, you are in the same sort of relationship with him as with the friend who has been your friend all your life. And that is one of the finest and most complete things that can come to you.

But especially the tales first written when the world was young, should be read while you, too, are young; or you may never understand the adventurous, fanciful quality that, for all its apparent humdrumness, goes to make up so large a part of this old world.

I have talked about these old books this time because somehow Christmas makes one think of the lovely old tales told before Christmas came. This habit, which people had got into, of telling each other all sorts of beautiful stories concerning the things that interested them, continued, none the less, long after the first Christmas. Among others there was the legend of the Holy Grail. There are many stories about this Holy Grail, but the most famous are those told of King Arthur and his Round Table. Next month I will talk about them and the old book "Morte d'Arthur," wherein they were first collected.





HOW DID OUR RABBIT BEHAVE?

"What it actually did was to dash straight on ahead and at swiftest speed pass between the astonished dogs, who nearly broke their front legs in trying to stop."

### INSTINCT AND REASON

A SUBJECT that naturalists are always talking about and never coming to any conclusion about is the difference between instinct and reason. We are accustomed to say that animals do things by instinct and man by reason. But it is quite sure that some animals do some things by reason and that all men do at least a few things by instinct. And it also seems quite sure that there is no sharp dividing-line separating these two kinds of doing.

Perhaps one of the most useful distinctions between instinct and reason is to consider as *instinctive* all those things that animals can do without having had a chance to learn them by imitation or by being taught or by any other kind of experience; and to consider as acts of *reason* those things that animals learn to do and that they think about while they are doing them, at least while they are doing them for the first few times. This distinction sounds pretty clear in theory, but the difficulty is to know how to apply it in practice.

Some years ago I was walking in a quiet part of our university campus, when two of those long, high, lean dogs known as coursing hounds came leisurely trotting along side by side. At the same moment a rabbit came bounding out of the trees near by. It was running directly toward the dogs, whom at first it evidently neither saw nor smelled. The hounds, however, saw the rabbit at once and stretched out in long leaps toward it.

Now every wild rabbit instinctively avoids

every dog by hiding or flight; it does n't have to be taught or to learn in any other way to do this. It is a behavior common to all rabbits from their birth on. This also should be part of the definition of an instinct: that it is a behavior inherited by all the individuals of a given kind or species of animal, and is hence performed by all of them in practically the same way and in practically as good a way the first time it is done as any time after.

How did our rabbit behave when it found itself face to face with the eager hounds? It knew instinctively its danger; it had the instinctive impulse to flee. But what it actually did was to dash straight on ahead and at swiftest speed pass between the astonished dogs, who nearly broke their front legs in trying to stop. The rabbit, to my mind, in doing this exercised a real choice among several possibilities. It might have turned around and run away; it might have stopped and tried to hide by lying flat on the ground; or it might have swerved quickly to right or left. But it did none of these more familiar things. It chose to try a bold and dangerous action, but one that really saved its life, for it reached a near-by group of trees and bushes before the dogs could stop and turn in their tracks.

The action of the rabbit, apparently chosen among several possible ones, seems to me the result of reason. And this choosing among various possible actions must have been conscious; that is, the rabbit must have known just what it was doing, and why. That is reason. And a part of the definition of reason ought to be this exercising of choice among the different actions possible in any special case.

Another instance of the behavior of a rabbit that seemed to reason was told me by the man who saw it, the intelligent and trustworthy manager of a great rancho in Merced County, California.

On the open plains of this county the jack-rabbit is the prey of the bald eagle. One time a rabbit pursued by an eagle was seen to run among the cattle. Leaping from cow to cow, he used these

animals as shelter from the savage bird. When the pursuit grew too close, the rabbit broke cover for a barbed-wire fence. As the eagle swooped down on it here from the left, the rabbit moved a few inches to the right, and the eagle could not reach him through the fence. When the eagle lifted and came down on the other side, the rabbit moved across to the left. And this was continued until the eagle gave up the chase. It was instinct that led the eagle to swoop down on the rabbit. It was instinct for the rabbit to run away. But to use the barbed-wire fence in the way it did showed reason on the part of the rabbit.

An illustration showing the difference between instinct and reason in monkeys came under the observation of my friend David Starr Jordan, the famous naturalist. Dr. Jordan likes monkeys, and until an uncomfortable household experience with an especially clever and mischievous one, a few years ago, has always had several of these pets about his house. At one time he had two lively *Macacus* monkeys called Bob and Jocko. These were nut- and fruit-eating monkeys, and instinctively knew just how to crack nuts and peel fruits. At the same time he had a baby monkey, Mono, of another kind, a kind that had the egg-

an egg, the first that any of them had ever seen. Baby Mono, descended from egg-eating ances-



"BOB TOOK HIS EGG FOR SOME KIND OF NUT."

"When the inside ran out and fell on the ground, he looked at it for a moment in bewilderment."



A BABY MONO DESCENDED FROM EGG-EATING ANCESTORS.

"He cracked it with his upper teeth, making a hole in it, and sucked out all the substance."

eating instinct. But Mono had never yet seen an egg.

To each of the three monkeys Dr. Jordan gave

tors, handled his egg with all the inherited expertness of a long-developed instinct. He cracked it with his upper teeth, making a hole in it, and sucked out all its substance. Then holding the egg-shell up to the light and seeing there was no longer anything in it, he threw it away. All this he did mechanically, automatically, and just as well with the first egg as with any other he afterward had. And all eggs since given him he has treated in the same way.

The monkey Bob took his egg for some kind of nut. He broke it with his teeth and tried to pull off the shell. When the inside ran out and fell on the ground, he looked at it for a moment in bewilderment, then with both hands scooped up the yolk and the sand mixed with it and swallowed it. Then he stuffed the shell into his mouth. This act was not instinct; it was reason. He was not familiar by inherited instinct with eggs. He would handle one better next time, however. Reason very often makes mistakes at first; but when it is trained it becomes a means far more valuable and powerful than instinct.

The third monkey, Jocko, tried to eat his egg in much the same way that Bob did, but, not liking the taste, he threw it away.

Instinct and reason are constantly confused in the minds of most people. Any out-of-the-way behavior that seems to require a great deal of



"brain" is usually thought to involve the use of reason. But this is not at all necessarily so. The wonderful nest-building habits of the solitary and social wasps and the complex and perfected social life of the honey-bee are practically wholly instinctive. On the other hand, actions that involve reason may be very simple ones indeed. The chief characteristics of these reasonable actions are the element of conscious choice in them and the fact that different individuals of the same kind of animals may accomplish the same thing in quite different ways. It ought to be an excellent exercise in observation and thought for any boy or girl to try constantly to distinguish instinctive actions from those based on reason in the case of wild animals they may be able to get well acquainted with as well as in the case of their household pets—and themselves!

VERNON L. KELLOGG.

### JAPANESE DWARF TREES



A JAPANESE DWARF TREE.

THESE charming dwarfed trees are entirely a product of the patience and skill of Japanese gardeners. The dwarfing of these is kept a secret by them and has as yet never been found out or



IT IMITATES A PINE ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA.

imitated to such a marvelous degree by any other nation. While there are dwarf fruit-trees grown in Europe, especially in Germany and Holland, no such tiny specimens have ever been produced there. The trees which are used for dwarfing by



THIS MAKES ONE THINK OF HUGE LEDGES AND BOULDERS WITH OVERHANGING FERNS.

the Japanese embrace all varieties of conifers, such as pines, cedars, cryptomerias, junipers; many evergreens, such as ilex, *Citrus trifoliata*, etc.; some flowering plants like azaleas, maples;

also some fruit-trees, such as oranges and plums, which blossom and bear the most tiny fruits to perfection



HERE OLD AGE LINGERS IN MINIATURE.

It is claimed for some specimens of cedars that they are over five hundred years old. These very ancient trees are handed down from father to son in some families, regarded as priceless heirlooms. It is to be regretted that so many of these beautiful dwarfed trees are lost through ignorance of the attention they require. The danger lies in overcare more than in neglect. Too many people imagine that these pretty foreigners need especial attention and coddling, when, on the contrary, a great deal of fresh air, a reasonable amount of water, and not too much warmth are the chief requirements. They are all hardy, and too much warmth in overheated rooms is sure to kill them.

These dwarf trees are especially pretty for dinner-table decorations, parlor ornaments, on verandas, etc. Some of the larger and costly specimens make unique effects on spacious lawns, on terrace sweeps or balustrades. I have known many a sick-room cheered by the loving care of one of these dainty little trees.

They make their growth in the spring months, growing a tiny bit, the conifers such as cedars making a small lighter green growth at the edges of each leaflet, the pines growing a set of new ends to each cone, and the deciduous trees grow-

ing a new set of lovely foliage. The azaleas cover themselves with a royal mantle of gorgeously colored bloom.

Another and delightful showing of this art in Japan are whole miniature gardens laid out with small bridges, tiny rocks, waterfalls, mountains, and lakes. Of these only very poor specimens have been shown in this country.

H. H. BERGER.

### THE PITCHER-PLANTS

"What 's this I hear  
About the new carnivora?  
Can little plants  
Eat bugs and ants  
And gnats and flies?  
Why, bless my eyes!  
That would be retrograding,  
Surely the fare  
Of flowers is air  
Or sunshine sweet;  
*They should n't eat*  
Or do aught so degrading!"

THE rich markings and the queer shape of the leaves of the pitcher-plant always attract attention. They arouse curiosity to examine the interesting traps that are set to catch insects. Around the inside of the upper edge of the "pitchers," there is a sugary liquid to attract the prey. A short space below, the surface is "polished" and smooth. Below this smooth space is a row of bristles pointing downward. An insect can easily slip but cannot well work its way



THE QUAIN ASSEMBLY OF GROTESQUE PITCHER-PLANTS.  
Photograph by George W. Kellogg

up, because it is prevented by the bristles and the smooth space.

Most pitchers are about half full of water, in which are decaying insects that, it is believed, contribute to the nourishment of the plant.





THE COMPLETE SKELETON OF A WHALE, SET UP NEAR POINT LOBOS, CALIFORNIA.

### A TAME WILD MOUSE

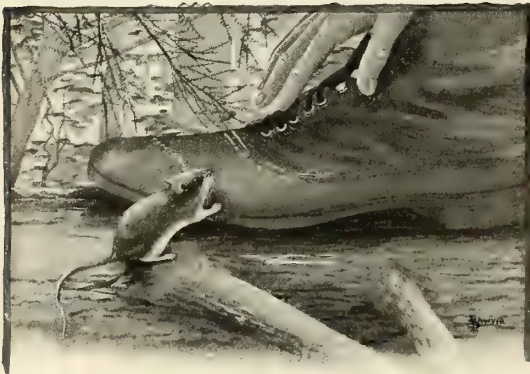
I WAS waiting at the drumming-log of the ruffed grouse for the bird to come and perform before me. My place of concealment was in the branches of a fallen dead spruce. I had not been waiting long before a white-footed mouse appeared among the branches on the ground almost under me. It was interesting to see how freely he moved from place to place, appearing now here and now there, all the while traveling under the snow, which had many caverns formed in it by the sun, for it was early spring.

Another mouse soon made his appearance, and I watched the two for some time as they searched for food. It was not long before one of the mice was nibbling at my shoe, but the slightest movement of my foot, which was resting on the trunk of the tree, sent him scurrying to the shelter of the branches below. By patient advances, however, I was able to touch the little fellow with

### SKELETON OF A WHALE NEAR POINT LOBOS, CALIFORNIA

IN the early and middle parts of the last century, the Bay of Monterey, California, was much frequented by whales, and whale-hunting was the important industry of the little city of Monterey, which was the capital of Alta (or Upper) California while it belonged to Mexico, as Baja (or Lower) California still does. In those days the foot-paths on the main street of Monterey were paved with the vertebrae of whales, and to this day a strip of this pavement survives in front of the old Mission Church of San Carlos de Borromeo, Monterey.

Another reminder of whaling days is the complete skeleton of a large whale set up near Point Lobos, a bold, rocky promontory about six miles distant from Monterey. The skeleton is shown in the photograph which is sent by Mr. Arthur Inkersley of Oakland, California.



THE MOUSE NIBBLING THE SHOE.

the tips of my extended fingers, and five minutes later I was stroking his back as you might stroke a kitten's.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

### PLOWING A RICE-FIELD WITH WATER-BUFFALOES

THE almost universal beast of burden in the Philippine Islands is the water-buffalo. While he is strong and a good worker, he has some peculiarities of which notice must be taken. The chief of these is his fondness for water. He absolutely insists on being allowed to disport himself in a pool at noon on a warm day, no persuasion or abuse serving to change his determination. After he has wallowed around to his heart's content, he will patiently resume his work. In the photograph on the opposite page carabaos, or water-buffaloes, are shown drawing the plow in a rice-field, which is partly submerged in water.

The common native vehicles of transportation, both of goods and passengers, are nearly always drawn by carabaos.

### A FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN A CAT AND A RAT

WHEN the white rat was about two months old, by accident a stray cat was allowed to enter the room. It was immediately expected that pussy would devour the rat, but there was great surprise when the rat, instead of showing fright and running away, ran toward the cat and nestled itself under the cat's warm breast. The cat is apparently as fond of this white rat as she would be of her own kittens.

(A cat's appetite and "affection" are sometimes curiously intermingled; the animal she naturally eats she sometimes continues to fondle and to regard with much "love.")

When they are fed, they are given pieces of meat cut in strings. Each one gets hold of a "string" at either end, and they try to see which can eat the most of it. The cat usually wins, because she is the stronger.

If the white rat is missing, the cat hunts first in the wicker basket in which they sleep together, and then in every nook and corner, and sometimes in the cellar or attic, until she finds the rat.

Pussy and the white rat have been together now for a little over a year, and the cat is thoroughly



"PUSSY AND THE WHITE RAT HAVE BEEN TOGETHER  
NOW A LITTLE OVER A YEAR."

responsible for this, for when stray cats come around to the back door, she jumps out of her corner, shows fight, and chases them.

ARTHUR A. KIEWITZ.



PLOWING A RICE-FIELD WITH WATER-BUFFALOES.



"BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York

#### WAS IT A SOCIABLE "TEA-PARTY"

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A short time ago, while at Naples, I witnessed a sight at the Aquarium (which, as you know, is world-famous). I saw a crab actually dispensing hospitality. He was squatting in front of his home enjoying some dainty tidbit, when along came another crab, that I called a "friend" or a "relative," and paused for a little chat.

Presently his crabship withdrew into an inner recess of his "cave," and soon returned with more food, which, to the surprise of all beholders, he shared with his guest, and they had a lovely "tea-party" together.

Who says the crab has not the bump of sociability?

Your affectionate reader,

KATHERINE CLARK CULVER (age 13).

Within the past two or three years, especially, there have been many arguments by naturalists regarding the assigning of human motives to actions observed among lower forms of animal life. Some would claim that here was a mere coincidence: that the crab brought out the food for its own use just as the other came along, and did not enter into any quarrel with the other for eating part of it. Yet there are well-known examples of chickens, cats, and dogs that have brought food to be shared by others. Why not, then, among crabs?

Your "sociable tea-party" point of view may not be incorrect, and yet some older readers may say with us that it is a fine question just how



THE CRAB SHARING FOOD WITH ANOTHER CRAB.

much of our own points of view to ascribe to the animals we observe.

WILLIAM J. LONG.

#### BEAUTIFUL BERRY DECORATION IN WINTER

MORRIS; ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two friends and myself were skating on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. We found a small



BITTERSWEET BERRIES.

bush twined around the stump of a tree. It had small berries, some of which I send in a box. Could you tell me what they are?

Yours truly,

FREDA L. JOHNSON (age 13).

These are the berries of the climbing shrub bittersweet. The specimens you sent are shown in the illustration.

#### THE CARE OF GOLDFISH

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me something about goldfish? I have two of them and I do not know how much food to give them or when to change the water. Will you please also tell me about their habits? Will they get tame?

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

IRENE WOODRUFF.

My advice would be to read up some good book on aquaria in your city library. There are a few important points which must be understood to have success with aquarium pets.

Aquatic plants are necessary; also snails as scavengers. Plants give off oxygen in their growth and animals give off carbonic acid gas. Aquatic animals require the oxygen in breathing and the plants require the carbonic acid to grow.

Feed only as much as the fishes will eat at the time of feeding. Feed once a day in summer and twice a week in winter. A very small quantity is sufficient. The best food is the thin white rice wafer, about a half-inch square piece for each three-inch fish, and occasionally a very small piece of earthworm. Remove all excess or uneaten food at once.

If the plants and animals are "in balance," that is, sufficient plants and as many animals as will live in comfort, the water need only be partly changed once a month or six weeks, siphoning from the bottom with a rubber hose and filling in

with fresh water of the same temperature as that in the aquarium.

Kind, considerate treatment will make all the animals tame and they will soon learn to know the attendant and eat from his or her fingers.—  
HERMAN T. WOLF.

#### THE WHIRL OF WATER IN A SPOUT

LA PORTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: May I ask you the question, Why does the water form a circular motion when entering the drain in a sink or hand-basin, or in the sewer in the gutter? If you have not noticed it, please do.

Yours truly,

REX A. HABER.

When the water does this, it is because it has a slight circular motion to begin with. The speed increases as the diameter of the mass of water becomes less, in accordance with a well-known mechanical principle which is called "the conservation of angular momentum." Any rotating body which suddenly becomes larger goes slower; if it becomes smaller it goes faster.

#### A CHICKEN MOTHER

Here is an interesting letter from one of our grown-up readers:

VOORHEESVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was a boy we lived on a farm in Ohio and, like most farmers, kept chickens. A hen had a nest in a bunch of burdock, where she hatched a



THE FAITHFUL CHICKEN MOTHER.

"The little pullet was equal to the occasion and took the place of the mother."

brood of chickens. I do not recollect how many, as it is perhaps forty years ago, but I do recollect that when the chicks were only a few days old they all disappeared save one. The mother, as if thinking it was not businesslike

to spend her time in raising one chick, began laying again, and, after laying half a dozen eggs, sat once more, the chick of the first brood remaining with her all the time. When the second family arrived, chick number one was a little pullet of the size of a quail. I think there were five little chicks of the last family. This time it was the mother that disappeared when the chicks were only a few days old. But the little pullet was equal to the occasion and took the place of the mother. I recollect seeing her trying to hover them and their poking their heads under her little wings. She seemed as much devoted to them as if she had been the real mother, and succeeded in raising all of them.

B. F. MACK.

#### A GROWTH AROUND A TENDRIL

SALVERSVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I assure you that I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I am sending a knot that I



THE TENDRIL AND THE BRANCH.

It has actually grown with the branch around it.

found when looking for a bow on the hills. Will you tell me how it, the tendril, got through the wood?

Your affectionate reader,

EDWIN WOOD (age 12).

This is a remarkable case of the growth of wood around a foreign substance. The tendril may have pressed against the wood and the tree grown around it, similar to the growth of a tree around the wire of a fence nailed to it. Or the tendril may have been placed in a slit in the side of the tree by some one for an experiment. The former is probably the correct explanation.

#### RATTLESNAKES "GOING BLIND"

RED ROCK, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why rattlesnakes go blind in August? I have always heard that they do and am curious to know why. I guess you will think this a very foolish question, but I have often wondered why. I remain,

Your very interested reader,

ETHERIDGE WARD.

Rattlesnakes as well as other species of the snake family are blind three, and sometimes four, times a year. As a rule, they shed their skins in the spring, midsummer, and fall, during which time there is a short period of a few days in which they are more or less blind, causing them to be more dangerous. When they are shedding their skins they also shed the eye covering, thus causing blindness.—C. A. CLARK.



# Our Visitors

By Isabel Lyndall



**W**hen grandma comes to visit,  
She very often brings  
Her satchel full of cookies,  
And ginger cakes and things.



**G**randpa carries in his grip  
 For Dorothy and me,  
 One of the newest toys that moves,  
 When wound up with a key.





Aunt Sarah says there is no need  
To have so many toys!  
She seems to think that useful things  
Are best for girls and boys.



**U**ncle Jack we're glad to see  
 Although he is a tease.  
 He gives us each a quarter  
 To spend just as we please!



## FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

### "TAKING TURNS"



LAST Christmas morning Betty and Jack found their stockings hanging in front of the fireplace. Santa Claus had not forgotten them—in fact, their stockings looked bigger and fatter and fuller than ever before. Leaning against the mantelpiece at the foot of Betty's stocking was a big, jolly "Teddy Bear," and Betty clasped him in her arms with joy. And at the foot of Jack's stocking were three big red books, for Jack loved to read.

"Oh, Jack, let's take turns with our stockings!" said Betty. "You pull something out of yours and look at it, and then wait till I take something out of mine. Will you?"

At first Jack did not like to say "Yes," for he was so eager to see what Santa Claus had brought him. But Jack loved his sister Betty dearly, and was always kind to her; so he said: "All right, Betty, and you go first. But *please* be quick, for I can't wait a minute!"

So Betty tugged at her stocking and drew out a beautiful little dolly. "Oh! oh! oh! the very thing I wanted!" she exclaimed, as she sat little Miss Dolly beside her on the floor. And little Miss Dolly looked up, just as if she were trying to watch Betty take the other gifts out of the stocking.

Then Betty said: "Now, Jack, it's *your* turn!" and Jack brought out a round package, and when he took the paper off, he shouted: "Oh, Betty, see! a beautiful, bouncing, red rubber ball!" And he bounced it up and down two or three times, and then put it beside him on the floor.

"*Your* turn again, Betty!" said Jack, and this time Betty drew out a straight, long, narrow parcel, and unwrapped it, and found it was a lovely stick of candy, with red stripes all round it. She told Jack to bite off the end of it, and then said: "Now it's *your* turn again."

This time Jack drew out a queer-shaped wooden thing, with joints and a queer handle, and cried out: "Oh, it's a kind of— But wait, Betty! Here's a card with it that says: 'Merry Christmas to Jack from his namesake, *Jumping* Jack!' Is n't that great!"

Now, I have n't room to tell you all the other things they found in their stockings, so you must guess what they were. But this Christmas when you open your stockings try the "taking-turns" plan. Jack and Betty say it is great fun.

*Katharine Williams.*

# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## THE TWO PETS

ONE day last summer Suzie's papa brought home a little puppy to her six-year-old brother Ralph. The puppy was as black as old cook Mary's kitchen stove, except that he had a little pure white spot on his breast. Ralph was a kind-hearted boy, so he said to his little sister: "I'm sorry, Suzie, there is n't a puppy for you, too, but I'll let you name mine." "Oh, how lovely!" cried Suzie. "I never named anything before in my life—except, of course, my dollies. Let me see. I think I'll call him 'Coaly,' because he is as black as coal."

"And I think it's a very nice name," said Ralph; "it could n't be nicer!"

Early the next morning, before breakfast, Suzie ran out to the barn-yard, where Coaly had a nice, soft bed in a box filled with hay. When she got to the barn-yard fence and peeked in, what do you think she saw? She saw the cutest little black-and-yellow chicken you can imagine, standing right in front of Coaly, and the little chick was saying, "*Peep-peep-peep*," which means: "Hello! Who are you?" And Coaly looked down and made a funny noise which meant: "Goodness me! Who are you? What a queer thing! It has got only two feet and no ears!"

Suzie was so pleased that she ran into the house for Ralph, and when they came out to the barn, there was Coaly lying on the ground and the little chicky cuddled down right between his two paws. And Suzie named the little chick "Peeps," and every day she would give her some soft bread or cracked corn.

They soon got to be such good friends that Peeps would follow Suzie and Coaly around the lawn whenever she came out to play. *Everett Wilson.*



From a photograph by C. W. Faulkner & Co., London, England.

From the painting by Ben Austrian.

"WHO ARE YOU?"





"DECEMBER HEADING" BY HUGO GREENBAUM, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

DESPITE the fact that this number of *ST. NICHOLAS* is issued at the height of the foot-ball season when the greatest games of the year are awaiting the referee's whistle, there are many League members who have not forgotten that other signal—the blue-coated umpire's call "Play Ball!" Indeed, the balance seems very even between the devotees of "The Diamond" and those of "The Gridiron."

There's no denying that both foot-ball and base-ball have a strong hold upon the enthusiasm of boys and girls who are naturally deeply interested in all forms of outdoor sport or exercise. And the League young folk everywhere will be eager to read, we are sure, the clever little essays in which their fellow-members "take sides" for one or the other of the two great games that marshal

their admirers by many thousands at every leading contest. And the rival claims of "Boating" and "Skating" are well set forth, too, this month, by those who preferred to weigh those pastimes in the balance.

Our young friends of the camera also found a very congenial subject this month in "A Contrast," and the number and variety of attractive as well as amusing pictures that they made to fit this title show quite a surprising amount of cleverness and ingenuity.

The boy and girl poets and rhymesters too, were at their best with the theme of "Courage." And so we congratulate the League members, one and all, upon ending the famous 1909 with a fitting "blaze of glory," and heartily wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 118

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Lois Donovan** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Marian Stabler** (age 12), New York City; **Katherine Donovan** (age 12), Auburndale, Mass.; **Margorie Curme** (age 14), Richmond, Ind.; **Rebecca E. Meaker** (age 15), Carbondale, Pa.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Fritz Korb** (age 12), New York City.

Silver badges, **Edith Thorne Dart** (age 16), Bay St. Louis, Miss.; **Elizabeth M. Scudder** (age 17), New Brunswick, N. J.

**DRAWING.** Silver badges, **Robert Gifford** (age 14), Medford, Mass.; **Cleo Damianakes** (age 14), Oakland, Cal.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, **Remsen W. Holbert** (age 17), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Katharine S. Hunt** (age 14), Willimantic, Conn.; **Augusta McCagg** (age 14), Bar Harbor, Me.; **Donna V. Jones** (age 16), Marcellus, Mich.; **Katharine Davenport** (age 15), Omaha, Neb.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Bertha E. Widmeyer** (age 16), Springfield, Mo.; **Dorothy P. Dorr** (age 14), Dorchester, Mass.; **Anne Wilson** (age 12), Saltsburg, Pa.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Anna F. B. Richardson** (age 14), New Brunswick, N. J.

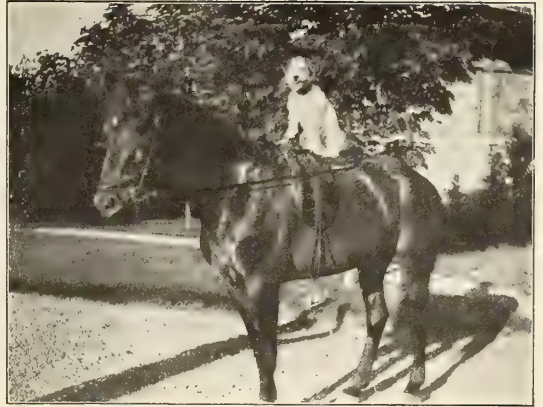
Silver badge, **Judith Ames Marsland** (age 12), Boston, Mass.

## AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN BOATING

BY ELIZABETH M. SCUDDER (AGE 17)

*(Silver Badge)*

ON the day of the naval review in the summer of 1907, we started in our schooner to sail from Northport to Oyster Bay to see the battle-ships. There was a fresh breeze blowing when we weighed anchor, so we expected a pleasant sail. When we cleared the harbor and came out into the long narrow offing, the sea grew more choppy. Our boat is a fair-sized oyster schooner, standing quite high out of the water, while the small boats on the davits swing seven feet above the water's edge. We were going under full sail when a squall struck us and the schooner keeled over till the waves poured over the rail, and the little boats which I have mentioned trailed along the water. My brother and I were ordered forward to tend the jibs. We were beating up against the wind, and in the narrow channel had to tack often. The decks were tilted to such a degree that it was difficult to keep our footing. We were dressed



"A CONTRAST." BY AUGUSTA MCCAGG, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

## UNEQUALED COURAGE

BY MARIAN STABLER (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

A LITTLE girl was playing with her dolly in the grass,  
And her brother playing base-ball quite close to her,  
When a most exciting chase in the roadside near did pass,  
A bunny small, a doggie his pursuer.

But the little dog did pause, when the dolly he espied,  
And in the play-house burst, all uninvited,  
And while the little mother in anguish loud outcried,  
He seized her doll, and left them quite excited.

The brother dropped his ball and bat, and quickly passed  
from sight,

While the wailing of the mother rent the air;  
For the shouts and barks combined added greatly to her  
fright,  
And she started out to follow, then and there.



"A CONTRAST" BY EDITH BROOKS, AGE 10

But she scarce had gone a yard when she heard a frightened yelp,  
And a loud, victorious shout came quickly after;  
In the language of the dog came a sharp request for  
"Help!"

Quickly followed by a boy's delighted laughter

Then the conqueror hove in sight, while far along the road  
A little streak of dust proclaimed the pup.

"Oh, you brave, courageous boy!" cried the little girl  
in joy,

"That dreadful dog 'most ate my dolly up!"



"A CONTRAST." BY KATHARINE S. HUNT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

in oilskins, which protected us partly from the hail which followed, but the rain found cracks, and the wet ropes blistered our hands, making uncomfortable work of it.

We doused our topsail, lowered the flying jib, and reefed as much as possible—hard work in the strong wind and pitching of the schooner. A harder gust of wind caught us, and the foresail ripped and tore, half the great sail being blown to pieces; while below things went smashing in a heap, and carpets and bedding were soaked when the water came in through windows and fore-castle as she buried her rail till she seemed to be almost on her beam ends. We had some very anxious minutes, until finally the men



"A CONTRAST." BY HARRIET A. DE LANCY, AGE 8

in the little boats, forming the guard line of the fleet, saw our predicament and moved their lines, enabling us to come up into the wind and drop anchor. My brother and I never want to repeat the experience.



## BASE-BALL OR FOOT-BALL

BY FRITZ KORB (AGE 12)

*(Gold Badge)*

OFTEN during fall when not yet too cold for base-ball we are sometimes at loss which we should decide to play. My voice and vote are always for base-ball, although when I am asked why, I cannot always give a satisfying explanation.

One of the reasons for my preference is the greater danger of injury in foot-ball, and the impossibility of getting together enough players evenly matched to make the game at all interesting.

In base-ball it is different. Any difference in size, age,



"A DECEMBER HEADING." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

or weight can easily be made up by a greater degree of quickness or agility, thus giving everybody a chance to play.

Base-ball is the more exciting game as it is always the unexpected that happens. One team may have what appears to be a safe lead over the other, and then sometimes in the very last inning the seemingly inferior team may suddenly come to and tie or beat the leaders.

In foot-ball, however, this is changed; the heavier team invariably wins, and after leading the first half it is very seldom that an eleven is beaten, unless through an injury to a player for whom it is impossible to obtain a good substitute.

Foot-ball is attended by too much exertion, and it is seldom, if ever, that an eleven goes through a full game with its original players, as most of them cannot continue play either through exhaustion or because they have sustained an injury.

In base-ball the nine players usually play the whole game, and the only positions which carry with them any danger or fatigue at all are those of pitcher and catcher; and even if unable to continue in these positions, a player can continue in the outfield.

When these things are taken into consideration it is well, as the player has a better opportunity to watch the progress of the game. I believe that although both should be played when their time is at hand, base-ball in spring and summer, and foot-ball in autumn, yet when there is a choice mine will always fall upon base-ball, the game of the American boy, as well as that of the boys of many other modern countries.

## COURAGE!

BY LOIS DONOVAN (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge)*

HOLD fast, my Captain! The ship may be rocking  
And the port you have left may be far behind;  
But see the wide arms of the haven ahead of you!  
Courage! for safety within it you'll find!

Don't be discouraged! The trip is a long one,  
The first you have made, but courage always;  
Hark to the cheers from the port you're approaching,  
Bravo, Sir! Bravo! You've conquered the day!

I suppose that you think that to some naval captain  
Embarking on voyage you are hearing me talk;  
But, no, I am only commanding the courage  
Of twelve-months' old Brother, on this, his first walk.

## COURAGE

BY KATHERINE DONOVAN (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN'E'R a man is called away  
To fight in battle's deadly fray,  
And when his country's call he heeds,  
And bravely does heroic deeds,  
The world applauds, and says he shows great courage.

But when a man in this hard life  
Who, struggling on through bitter strife,  
Resists temptation's deadly sin,  
And, though sore tempted, ne'er gives in,  
Though none may say it, there he shows true courage.

## COURAGE

BY MARGARET E. COBB (AGE 14)

COURAGE is a spirit, great and bold,  
With many graces, many moods and turns.  
He comes to young and also to the old,  
His eye with bravery and daring burns.

Many men have felt his mighty power  
'Mid smoke and firing on the battle-field,  
And acted bravely through the fighting hour,  
Fighting till to death they're forced to yield.



"AT HOME." BY CLEO DAMIANAKES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Courage is needed more in right than wrong;  
For, if a great temptation tries to lure,  
It takes more courage to keep clean and strong.  
Than yield and let the heart be made impure.



"A CONTRAST." BY TENCH FRANCIS, AGE 12



"A CONTRAST." BY KATHARINE DAVENPORT,  
AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)



"A CONTRAST." BY SUSAN MARTIN, AGE 15.



"A CONTRAST." BY MARJORIE MULLIN, AGE 14.



"A CONTRAST." BY LYDIA M. SCOTT, AGE 16.



"A CONTRAST." BY FRANCES BENEDICT, AGE 11



"A CONTRAST." BY REMSEN W. HOLBERT,  
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A CONTRAST." BY DONNA V. JONES, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



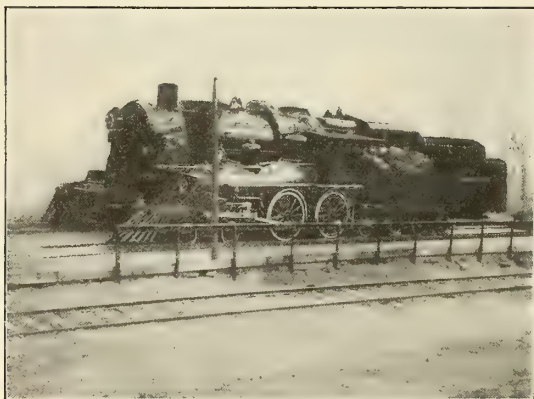
"A CONTRAST." BY MARY EAGER FLOYD,  
AGE 11.



## BOATING

BY EDITH THORNE DART (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

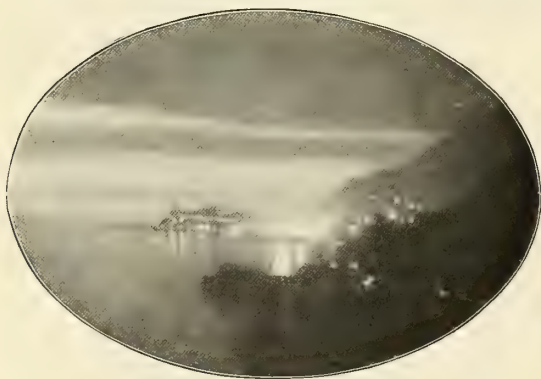


"A CONTRAST." BY WALTER L. KAUFFMAN, AGE 14.

It was a lovely day, rather chilly, of course, being December, but the two boys, Jack and Dick, sailing in their catboat *Marigold*, did not mind the cold, for they were warmly clothed, and then, too, the sun was shining. They were sailing from Gulf Port to Bay St. Louis, which is about seventeen miles away.

There was a good northeast wind blowing, and, if it held, the boat would make its port in an hour and a half.

They had been sailing about half an hour when they noticed heavy clouds gathering in the northeast, and knew that they were "in for" a good, big rain-squall. So,



"A CONTRAST." BY JACK PHILLIPS, AGE 13

while Jack reefed the sail, Dick cleared the boat. By the time they had finished their preparations, and had donned sou'westers and life-preservers, the whole sky was overcast, making it seem like twilight, though it was only ten in the morning. The thunder rumbled along until it burst in ear-splitting crashes, then died slowly away; forked lightning flashed and flickered over the darkened heavens; the wind became colder and stronger; and the rain came down in torrents, cold and stinging, like hail. Higher and higher rose the white-capped waves, and still the *Marigold* sped swiftly on.

The boys had no fear of their boat capsizing, but they did fear other and larger boats coming down on them. Just as Dick expressed this fear, the sound of a fog-horn came out of the thick bank of rain, almost on top of them.

Both looked up to see a large yacht skim close by the *Marigold*. The two realized that they had had a narrow escape, and sighed in relief when they saw that they had sailed into the bay. So the boys came closer in shore,



"A CONTRAST." BY DOROTHY SOUTHAM, AGE 13

cast anchor, lowered the sail, and prepared to wait until the squall was over.

Jack looked into a locker at his watch and saw that they had made the seventeen miles in one hour!

Soon the squall passed, and the companions, none the worse for their experience, except being wet, sailed home.

## COURAGE

BY MARJORIE CURME (AGE 14)

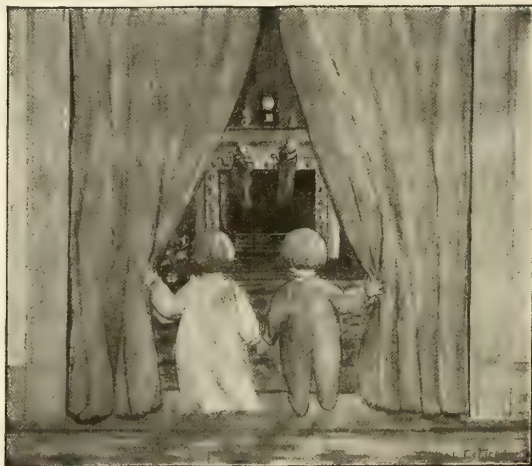
(Silver Badge)

WHEN care and sorrow claim me,  
And my heart is filled with woe,  
Then Mother seeks to comfort me,  
And whispers soft and low:

"Have courage!

"When disappointment weighs you down,  
Just bite your lips, force back your tear,  
Bring out your smiles, dispel your frown,  
And keep what I have told you, dear,  
Your courage.

"Then you will ever win through life;  
Your smile will cheer some heart that's sad;  
For that which counts in peace and strife,  
And wins alike through good and bad,  
Is courage."



"AT HOME." DRAWING BY GLADYS C. MEAD, AGE 15.

## COURAGE

BY REBECCA E. MEAKER (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN our evenin' meal is over and the dishes have been done,

We sit around the fireside and have the mostest fun!  
Pa gets the daily paper out, the "Meadville Press," you know,

And reads out loud to Ma and me for half an hour or so.

Reads all about a little boy who saved his drowning friend;  
A fireman who risked his life in a blaze at Benton's Bend;

A nurse who snatched her little charge from under horses' feet;

And a man who killed a tiger, or trapped a lion fleet.

And sometimes, when he 's readin', he 'll stop, an' look about,

An' say, "That 's what I call courage! That 's brave, without a doubt."

An' then he almost always just pats me on the head,  
Says: "You 'll do a brave deed, some day. Now, run along to bed."

An' then I feel so big an' strong, an' ain't afear'd at all;  
That is, until I git out all alone in the dark hall.  
Then somehow all that boldness seems to leave me in a wink!

I shut my eyes, an' run up-stairs as fast as you can think.

My! how I hustle off my clothes, and scamper into bed,  
And crouch down low, an' pull the covers way up o'er my head.

'Cause I seem to hear strange noises, and see shadders creepin' 'round.

An' I don't dare to move an inch; much less to make a sound.

An' I wonder ef those brave folks are askeered o' dark as me;

Ef when they get in bed at night they feel all "trembly."  
I hope I 'll have the courage to do big deeds of my own,

But it takes most all I 've got just now to go up-stairs alone.

## COURAGE

BY GRACE T. RICHARDS (AGE 11)

COURAGE, heart, 'mid all the sorrows

That life's darkest days can give,  
Never think of sad to-morrows,  
Only in the present live.

Always strive for others' pleasure,  
And your darkest days outbeam.

Make your memory a treasure,  
With love's truest, brightest gleam.

Strive to keep your spirit cheerful,  
For its light is in your face;  
Strive to cheer your comrades' sorrow,  
And to bear *your* cross with grace.

Work with tireless devotion,  
Keep your spirit strong and true;  
Help your comrades with a kindness  
That can only come from you.

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Courage, heart! Forget your sorrows;  
If you work for others' weal,  
You shall see some glad to-morrows,  
And your troubles soon shall heal.

## ROWING OR SKATING

BY MARJORIE TROTTER (AGE 14)

MOST of my life I have lived in a place where skating is a favorite pastime. There is not a healthy boy or girl in the town but has felt the joy of skimming over the ice on shining steel runners. Every child there has known the delight of starting out after school with his skates, having perhaps a trying headache or downcast spirit, to return at night with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, blood tingling with fresh, exuberant life. It is three years since I last went skating, yet the memory of the happy days I had still lingers in my mind.

Unpleasant recollections linger also, for every pleasure has its drawbacks and skating is no exception; but I have not tried to remember this side, so it is not as clear as the other.

I have never been fortunate enough to live in a good boating region, so my only experience of that pastime, until a week ago, was got when others rowed the boat and I was a passenger. When my August St. NICHOLAS came I preferred skating to rowing, but I have changed my mind, for I am now camping by a lovely lake and I can show callous spots on my hands as proof that I have learned to row. My hands blistered at first, but that soon passed, while the colds and frost-bites attendant on skating return again and again; so I think the drawbacks of rowing are the slighter of the two.

Rowing can be suited to all my moods. If I want exercise I can have plenty; if I feel lazy, I can drift idly about; while in skating I must always be energetic.

But my most important reason for liking rowing better is that the surroundings are always so pleasant. The beautiful water, now still and smooth as glass, now covered with whitecaps; the wonderful, ever-changing sky; the beautiful trees and shrubbery, can all be feasted on freely.

Skating is great fun, too, and I am glad that we can have both these pleasant sports, each in its season; but if I did have to choose between them, I would not hesitate to take rowing.



"AT HOME." BY ELIZABETH STOCKTON, AGE 13.

## FOOT-BALL OR BASE-BALL

BY FONDA CUNNINGHAM (AGE 15)

IN my opinion foot-ball is much more interesting than base-ball, though a great many players and enthusiasts disagree with me.

There is the breathless interest with which you watch the first crash between the rush lines, and then, if your side gains a few yards, you are exultant and confident of victory.

When the whistle blows and the first half is over, the score a tie, you wish there was no wait between halves, but that the game would go right on.



Finally the players come trotting back on the field and the pigskin is once more put in motion.

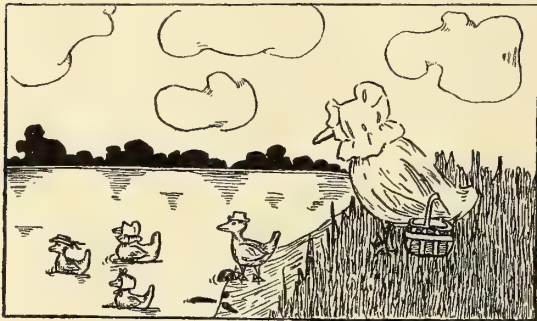
The last half is almost over and the score still a tie, when suddenly a man wearing your side's colors breaks out of the mêlée and starts down the field with the ball clutched tightly under his arm; he dodges the half-back and makes straight for the goal with only the full-back between him and it.

Every one on the two great grand stands is breathless with expectancy. Will he get past? is the thought in every mind.

Suddenly ducking and dodging, he slips past and makes straight for the goal, with the back close at his heels. The pursuer attempts to tackle, but the runner with an extra burst of speed eludes his grasp and crosses the five-yard line.

Again the full-back tackles and this time gains a hold; but, claspings the ball more tightly and literally dragging his opponent, the runner struggles on, until the grasp of the tackler slips to his ankles. He falls; holding the ball at arm's-length, he places it on the ground and—hurrah, it is over!

How the cheers ring out; the grand stand fairly shakes. But when he rises and steps back preparatory to kicking, silence reigns supreme, and every one anxiously watches the ball as it rises, turning end over end, going straight



"AT HOME." BY HELEN MAY BAKER, AGE 13.

between the posts, and settles gently on the farther side! Then the cheers ring out with redoubled energy and you cheer with the rest until you are hoarse.

During the few remaining minutes neither side scores, and when the referee blows his whistle, you are as happy as if you had made the great run yourself and were being borne on the shoulders of proud and admiring friends with the cheers of the multitude ringing in your ears.

## COURAGE

BY ETHEL KNOWLSON CASTER (AGE 16)

'T is courage to live when all is gray,  
And life seems unlit by love's pure ray,  
And friends and friendship have passed away.  
That 's courage.

'T is courage to live when all seems lost,  
And mind and heart are passion-tossed,  
And life seems blighted as with a frost,  
That 's courage.

'T is courage to meet all with a smile,  
Going steadily on the while,  
And gaining help from each new trial,  
That 's courage.

To face misfortune with a song,  
To doubt not though the way be long,  
To fear all less than doing wrong.  
That 's courage.

## BOATING OR SKATING

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE (AGE 16)

BOATING is one of the pleasantest pastimes which summer, with her numerous amusements, has to offer. Whether it takes the form of sailing, paddling, rowing, or all three, it is a source of inexhaustible pleasure to those who are fond of the water. Sailing is undoubtedly the most exhilarating of the three sports. No one who has not tried it can realize how delightful it is to be blown rapidly through the water by a brisk breeze. When sailing, one feels like a bird soaring upward through the air toward the sky. Paddling is a quieter and less exciting form of enjoyment. Floating over the water in a canoe gives one a sleepy, dreamy feeling, entirely absent in sailing. The soft swinging motion seems to lull care and worry to sleep and makes one wish he could float on forever to the world's end. Rowing, of all forms of boating is, to most people, the least attractive. It is the only method which requires hard work. Rowing is looked upon more as exercise than pleasure, a way of developing the muscles and straightening the spine. To the energetic person, however, the row-boat affords as much enjoyment as the canoe does to the more indolent one.

Skating, coming in a season just the opposite of summer, is quite as delightful a sport as boating. In a measure it resembles sailing. When one puts on skates and skims over smooth ice, the cold air seems to fill one with the same exhilaration as the sea-breeze does.

It is, I think, almost impossible, for one who is fond of both, to draw a comparison between boating and skating. Each comes in its own season, each brings its own pleasures, and I, at least, enjoy both without deciding in favor of either.

## NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS

No. 1120. "Girls' Friendship Club." President, Marguerite Sinkler; Secretary, Eleanor Boynton; Treasurer, Zeld Wyatt; fifteen members.

No. 1121. "The Jolly Half Dozen No. 2." President, Helen Prentiss; Vice-President, Grace B. Edgerly; Katharine G. Sawyer; six members.

No. 1122. "Busy Bee Society." President, Lizzie R. Levy; Secretary, Ethel F. Werner; two members.

No. 1123. "Tea Club." President, Margaret Hart; Secretary, Bertha Clement; four members.

No. 1124. President, Courtney Lawrence; Vice-President, Katherine Hawkes; Secretary, Edna Lyons; Treasurer, Ruth Applegate; eleven members.

No. 1125. "Young Citizens of Chicago." President, William Seid; Vice-President, Jacob Silver; Secretary, Leo Wolfson; twenty-one members.

No. 1126. "Order of the Round Table." (Corresponding.) (See Letters.) President (Head Master), Edna Von der Heide; four members.

No. 1127. "Happy St. Nicks." President, Barbara Caswell; Secretary, Agnes Ellinger; four members.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

### PROSE, 1

Alice M. Boyer  
Dora A. Iddings  
Marion Harrison  
Barbour  
Henry Kaestner  
Lorraine Ransom  
Mary Augusta Johnson  
Lorraine Voorhees  
Herman Kesser  
Carol T. Weiss  
Lillian C. Nichol  
Louise Blackham

Grace Campbell  
W. Ernest Hetzel, Jr.  
Jean Thompson  
Herbert McCusker  
Frank H. Stuerem  
Louis Volchok  
Wilhelmina E.  
van Nimwegen  
Elizabeth C. Walton

### PROSE, 2

Frances A. Whetsler  
Clara Wright

Doris Knight  
Dorothy Elizabeth  
Hall  
David Weiss  
Katharine Barron  
Stewart  
Frank Leach  
Jeanne Jacoby  
Viola Smith  
Frances Moyer  
Ross  
Evelyn Marshall  
Mary Dendy  
Jennie Everden

## VERSE, 1

Dorothy Vance  
Marie Armstrong  
Flora Mc P.  
Cockrell  
Beatrice Prynchon  
Eleanor Johnson  
Eloise Liddon  
Esther B. Cutler  
John William Hill  
Doris F. Halman  
Isabel D. Weaver  
Eleanor S. Cooper  
Alice R. Cranch  
Bruce T. Simonds  
Roger L. Rothwell  
Norah Culhane  
Bessie M. Blanchard  
Edwin Reils  
Mary de Lorme van  
Rosen  
Marian Noll  
Dorothy Emerson  
Estelle King  
Catherine H. Straker  
Agnes Mackenzie  
Miall  
Eleanor Forwood  
Frances Ward  
Alice M. MacRae  
Jeannette Munro  
Elizabeth G. Atherton  
Marjorie S. Harrington  
Virginia Marie Low  
Charlotte E.  
Newcomb  
Anne Parsons  
Thérèse H.  
McDonnell  
Hazel Pierce  
May Bowers  
Anna B. Stearns  
Estelle M. Rosin  
Adelaide Nichols  
Alice Latham  
Margaret M. Cronin  
Harold T. Bradley

## VERSE, 2

Ruth Starr  
Ruth Livingston  
Lucy B. Baker  
Ruth Z. Mann  
Dorothy Loomis  
Catherine G. Kuhn  
Irma A. Hill  
Dorothy D. Walter  
Elizabeth Ferguson  
Harriet D. Sinshiemer  
Marian Willis Tyler  
Helen Tingley  
Marjorie Gordon  
Reid  
Esther Vroman  
Peters  
Dorothy Dawson  
Florence Fleming  
Louise H. Seaman  
Marguerite Hearsey  
Morris Miller  
Emmet Russell  
Jeannette Parritt  
Eunice G. Hussey  
Esther Böcher  
Lillie G. Menary  
Frances E. Simpson  
Albin Sanders  
Helen Elise Mason  
Dorothy Kerr Floyd  
Eleanor Beatrice  
Stump  
Gladys Gardner  
Louise Whittredge  
Joseph F. Poland

## DRAWINGS, 1

Alvah Warner  
Margaret B.  
Richardson  
Helen Houghton  
Ames  
Gladys Nolan  
Vera M. Retan

Sybil Emerson  
Margaret Kelsey  
Helen Breese Walcott  
Frances Watts  
Gladys Matthewman  
Merwyn E. Barden  
Winifred Irvine  
Clinton E. Walter, Jr.  
Bonnie Eckert  
Grace George  
Helena Day  
Jack Berrian  
Helen Dorothy Baker  
Josephine  
Van de Grift  
Elsie B. Driggs  
Mabel Louise Howell  
Margaret Jewell  
Carlotta Sawyer  
Karl N. Ehrlicke  
Einar Newlin  
Jack Newlin  
Otto W. Tabor  
Clarence Thornton  
Margaret E. Knight  
Margaret K. Turnbull  
Miriam T. Wilson  
Miriam X. Smith  
Charlotte J. Tongas  
Jeanne M. Demètre  
Emil Belansky  
Pauline Hopkins  
Francis D. Gonda  
Edwina Robberson  
Edna Davidson  
Harold S. Knight  
Marjory H. Chase  
Mildred S. Lambe  
Elizabeth B. Manley  
Theresa R. Robbins  
Lois Wright  
Abby W. Cresson  
Frank McCaughey  
Winifred Hutchings  
Benjamin Y. Morrison  
Marjorie Acker  
Etta M. Chaut  
Margaret Farnsworth  
Florence E. Dawson  
Jeanette Jefferys

## DRAWINGS, 2

Rachel Gilmore Head  
Barbara Kathleen  
Webber  
Mary Aurilla Jones  
Harold V. Wade  
Ida F. Parfitt  
Eleanor C. M. Bonsall  
Edith Thorpe  
Pauline Ehrlich  
Edna Hubbell  
Anna Mary Indzonka  
Marjorie W. Cotton  
Robert Maclean  
J. Louis A.  
Robertson  
Evelyn C. Lewis  
Alice Lowenhaupt  
Dorothy Eaton  
Alice A. Hirst  
Dorothy Louise Dade  
Margaret Roalfe  
Katharine Hayes  
Amend  
Charlotte Stark  
Ruth M. Whidden  
Marie Luntz  
Frances Louise  
Barse  
Esther Faulhaber  
Alice Marie Gerlach  
Howell Foreman  
Katharine M. Lanman  
A. Elizabeth Why  
Viola Reitz  
Christine Rowley  
Baker  
Stella Gammon  
Beatrice H. Cook  
Hilda McAvoys  
Ruth Streatfield  
Helen J. Coates  
Kimberly Stuart  
Lilla G. Work

Esther Marie  
Christensen  
Caroline G.  
Heavenrich  
Sarah Jameson  
Shirley Gill Pettus  
Ardis Mayhew  
Baldwin  
Lucy J. Call  
Frank Paulus  
Helen C. Hendrie  
Elizabeth Williams  
Bessie Heller  
Grace Hulbert Wilson  
Beryl Morse  
Abraham R. Zunser  
Jack Hopkins  
Bertha May Tilton  
Bessie Brook  
Bernice L. Peck  
Marjory Bates  
Virginia Vogelius  
Helen Smith  
Wesley Shepard  
Margaretta C.  
Johnson  
Margaret Gatzweiler  
Margaret Reeve  
Harriot A. Parsons  
Theodore Martini  
Dorothy Purdy  
Alice Browning  
Frances K. Thieme  
George C. Papazian  
Isabel B. Huston  
Kate Griffin  
Emily S. Beecher  
Margaret F. Foster  
Margaret Lambe  
Edward Mishell  
Emily Case  
Filomena Manly  
Arthur H. Murphy  
Anne Finlay  
Mildred Poole  
Armistead McMurray  
M. Louise Nichols  
James Gore King, Jr.  
Dorothy Ann Scarritt  
Frances Thomas  
Kathleen Murphy  
N. Mae Stackhouse  
Virginia Duncan  
Marion G. Timm  
Katharine E. Kinder  
Marian Rubins  
Lily King Westervelt

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

M. Hale Jones, Jr.  
Margaret McIntosh  
Mary Bancroft  
Genevieve Brooke  
Mary Elizabeth Howe  
Ruth Alexander  
Fanny Juda  
T. Grant Ware  
Hugo Bohl  
Walter A. Keith  
Cyrus Turner Jones  
Ellen W. Warren  
Newton Kimball  
Marguerite V.  
Passavant  
Helen C. Culin  
Katharine Tighe  
Julia Oppenheim  
Anna Halsted  
de Lancy  
Alexander S.  
Wotherspoon  
Margaret Richmond  
George A. Dean  
Mildred Squire  
Elizabeth C. Wiley  
Douglas Gray  
Bernardo Elsom  
Donald Blanke  
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.  
Muriel Avery  
Eleanor White

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Alice Grace  
Marguerite Varner

## PUZZLES, 1

Stanley Arndt  
Margaret L. Pree  
Marguerite Engel  
Constance Gardner  
Mary Ducey  
Bruce M. Thomson  
Oscar Lindow  
Grace Lowenhaupt  
Alpheus Smith  
Margaret Kew  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
H. J. Rosenwinkel  
M. May Reynolds  
Wallace Cassell  
Claire Hopping

W. W. Colquitt, Jr.  
Irma Summa  
Philip Franklin  
Elizabeth L. Clarke  
Lowry Biggers  
Charlotte Bassett  
Gustav Diechmann  
Adelia Reynolds

## PUZZLES, 2

Duane R. Everson  
M. Anne Brown  
Gerald Scarborough  
Dorothea Underwood  
Jennette Thorn  
Sarah Stabler  
Mary Wallas

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 122

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 122** will close **Dec. 10** (for foreign members **Dec. 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **April**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Hope."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "A School-room Incident."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Winter Scene."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Round."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.





## CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. OYSTERS IN GONDOLA.
2. CRANBERRY STARS.
3. CHEESE DATES.

4. GINGER TANGS.
5. RED-APPLE SALAD.
6. CHRISTMAS WASSAIL.

### OYSTERS IN GONDOLA

TAKE a fresh loaf of baker's bread,—  
Vienna loaf in shape is best,—  
Slice off the middle top, and scoop,  
Leaving a crusty, boat-shaped nest.

When the inside is scooped out smooth,  
Butter the loaf inside and out,  
Then brown in oven, while you drain  
And wash the oysters well about.

With salt and pepper season well,  
Some butter add, or white cream sauce,  
Pour all in loaf and set in pan;  
Replace the crusty lid across.

When you the "gondola" have baked  
Three quarters of an hour, or less,  
Stand celery stalks for "gondoliers"  
And serve in a sea of watercress.

If individual boats you 'd like,  
Then take the long French roll  
And treat just as you would the loaf,  
And guests will find them droll.

### CRANBERRY STARS

ONE quart of firm, red cranberries  
In one half-pint of water boil;  
Ten minutes boil them *slowly*,  
Or they the dainty dish will spoil.

Now press them through a colander  
And add one pint (two cups, you know)  
Of sugar; put on stove until  
The sugar all dissolved doth show.

But do not let it really boil.  
If jelly you 'd have stiff and nice,  
Just let it *almost* boil, then pour  
Into low pan, and set on ice.

When hardened, the cake-cutter take,—  
The star-shaped one, in water dip,  
Cut out the stars; with silver knife  
Upon each dainty saucer slip.

If you have not a star-shaped tin,  
The liquid pour in patty-pans  
Which have a star in base of each;  
Reversed, they 'll answer well your plans.

## CHEESE DATES

REMOVE the seeds from nice, large dates,  
 And in the cavities  
 Place daintily a little bit  
 Of Neufchâtel, light cheese.  
 Then press the dates together well;  
 With salad they will please,  
 Or heaped in some fine cut-glass dish,  
 At Christmas jubilees.

## GINGER TANGS

TAKE stem ginger,—or crystallized,—  
 Whole pieces work the best.—  
 When cut in halves, scoop out inside  
 And fill—to give them zest—  
 With good, soft cheese,—its rim outside  
 The halves together pressed.  
 Their snap, so modified, is sure  
 To please each grateful guest.

## RED-APPLE SALAD

SELECT large apples rosy-red,  
 All uniform in size,  
 Scoop out in cups, in water stand  
 In which, 'some cooks advise

A little lemon-juice be put  
 Until it 's time to fill.  
 Mix celery snips with apple chips  
 And grape-fruit bits at will.

Fill up the hollow apples now  
 With the mixed fruit galore,  
 And a stiff, golden mayonnaise  
 Over the medley pour.

Place apples each on separate plate  
 On leaves of lettuce green,  
 With maraschino cherries red  
 Well stuffed with nuts between.

Serve with this cheery salad course  
 Thin wafers spread with cheese  
 With catsup mixed until its hue  
 Is ruddy as you please.

## CHRISTMAS WASSAIL

THREE large, fine-flavored apples core,  
 And slowly bake until well done.  
 Then put the pulp in punch-bowl gay  
 With a teaspoonful of cinnamon,

With lemon bits, half teaspoon each  
 Of grated nutmeg, cloves, allspice;  
 Mix well together, pour o'er all  
 Three pints of boiling cider nice.

Serve hot with sugared doughnuts round  
 As wind-up for the merry feast,  
 Good health then wish the company,  
 "With every joy increased."





# THE LETTER-BOX

ONE of the features which our readers must have learned to expect in each Christmas number of ST. NICHOLAS is a ballad from the pen of Eva L. Ogden, who possesses the gift of making these charming stories in rhyme both amusing and poetic. "The Legend of Piddinghoe," which appears in this number, will doubtless be ranked as one of the best of this author's welcome contributions, and her admirers will be interested to know that it was woven about this interesting item from *The London Globe*:

"Of other curious beliefs and traditions in which the magpie plays an unwilling part surely that which still prevails at Piddinghoe, a small Sussex village near Newhaven, is the most curious. Here, according to Mr. E. V. Lucas, a local sarcasm credits the people of the place with shoeing their magpies. One would like to learn the origin of so strange a tradition. The grayheaded jackdaw whose white rimmed eyes and quaint expression tell you at once that he is something of a humorist can hardly compare with the magpie in appreciating a joke. The latter not only sees them, but makes them himself,—generally at the expense of one of his human acquaintances. What, for instance, can it have been but a ready appreciation of humor which prompted a Hampshire magpie of the writer's acquaintance to steal the cook's wooden butter print one afternoon, under her very eyes, and return it to her more than a year later just in the same way that he had taken it?"

M. H—, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you for Christmas last year and enjoy you very much. My brother took you a long time ago and my mother also took you when she was a little girl, and she liked you very much. She had hers bound, a year's subscription at a time, in a volume, and she has four or five volumes, and now often reads to us out of her old books.

Last year she arranged a very interesting party for my brother from a description in "Donald and Dorothy," ST. NICHOLAS—Mrs. Dodge's continued story published in the year 1882. Everybody said it was the best party they had ever been to.

Your interested reader,  
DOROTHY BUDD (age 8).

ADAMS MISSION STATION, NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week I went to Durban and saw one of the last of the old-fashioned whalers. It came from New Bedford, Massachusetts. One of the sailors showed us around. He showed us the tank where they melt the fat. They have a sort of strainer-dipper with which they skim off the top and then the fat goes through a pipe into a tank to cool. They use the meat that has had the fat boiled out of it for fuel. When the fat is cool it is put into tanks of wood and barrels to sell. We saw the harpoon that they spear the whale with, and the boat that they go in to kill the whale. When the whale is tired they shoot it with a harpoon from a gun. The harpoon is full of powder and it explodes inside the whale and kills it.

Then we went to the up-to-date whaling-station. Here they shoot the whale with a cannon. They put the harpoon into the cannon and the harpoon is made so as to explode in the flesh of the whale and kill it. The whale has a very small throat, about an inch in diameter, and a mouth

big enough to take in a boatful of men. The man that showed us around said it must have been a shark that swallowed Jonah because a whale's throat is too small to let a man go through.

The meat has been analyzed in Durban and it contained the same elements as beefsteak. The whalebone whale has whalebone in its mouth; it hangs in strips in its mouth. It is about four inches wide and about two feet long. The whalebone has lots of hairs on the sides so that it strains the water out and leaves the fishes for the whale to swallow. Combs and other things are made of it.

We live here at Adams Mission Station, twenty miles from Durban. My father is a missionary.

My dog killed one of the most poisonous kind of snakes; it was ten feet long and five inches in diameter. The dog was about the size of a fox terrier. He killed the snake and the snake killed him. Good-by.

Your reader,  
RAYMOND BRIDGMAN COWLES.

Raymond is correct as to some whales having very small throats—whales like the Greenland and other whalebone species; but the sperm-whale has a throat through which a man could comfortably pass—that is, comfortably for the whale.

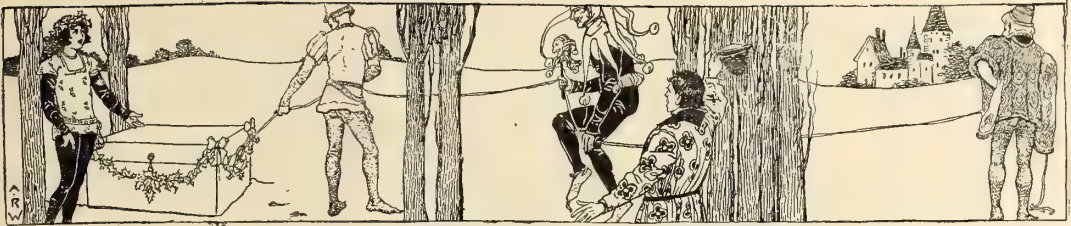
KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS, am only twelve years old, but I'll risk the danger of being called precocious and say that the July number of ST. NICHOLAS contains an article, "Air-ships," by Day Allen Willey in which the statement is made that the Wrights made their first flight above the bleak sands of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. This statement is not quite correct. All of the flights made by the Wrights, and all of the experimenting done by them in North Carolina, was done at Kitty Hawk, sixty-five miles north of Cape Hatteras. The Wrights carried on their first experiments within half a mile of my home, and later built their headquarters at the foot of the Kill Devil Hills, only three miles from my home, but at no time did they get near Cape Hatteras.

The Wrights boarded with my parents, built their first machine in our yard, sewed the cloth of the wings of their first machine on Mother's sewing-machine, and made their first glide half a mile from our home. Our family is in possession to-day of the wreck of their first aeroplane.

Yours very truly,  
PAULINE TATE.

Other interesting letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Lucille Hale, Dorothy E. Packard, Agnes Smith, Paul McBride, Lois J. Austin, Frances C. Ill, Frances McVay, Emily Vaughn, Constance Pateman, Helen Peycke, Lillian E. Wugan, Evelyn Donaldson, J. Austin McCarthy, Harriet Hill, Anne Hardy, Edith Benedict, Alice Culin, Hope Satterthwaite, Margaret Schulze, Ruth King, Isabel H. Manning, Rosalie De Birny, Connie Carrington, Katharine Moore, Julius Pensak, Herman Gabriel, John W. Roberts, Eleanor R. Johnson, Gertrude Spencer, Katharine V. Ritchey, Constance A. Holmes, James P. Bridge, Olga Lloyd Joslyn, Ruth A. Hull, Effie M. Knapp, Josephine Livingood, Marguerite Hunt, James B. Hunter, Jr., Grace Wheeler, Marjorie Means, Marie Wells, Louise E. Kiersted, Dorothea Phemister, Charlotte Skinner.



# The Riddle-Box

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

## MYTHOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Thanksgiving. 1. Tri-ton. 2. Das-her. 3. Rem-ark. 4. Son-net. 5. Pen-knife. 6. Bas-soon. 7. Dis-gust. 8. Irv-ing. 9. Pre-vent. 10. Dis-interested. 11. Ear-nest. 12. Emi-grant.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Allhallowmas; third row, Thanksgiving. Cross-words: 1. Angels. 2. Linger. 3. Loiter. 4. Havana. 5. Abides. 6. Legate. 7. Lessee. 8. Orkney. 9. Wander. 10. Meager. 11. Athens. 12. Setter.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. John Adams. 1. Major. 2. Crown. 3. Bohea. 4. Money. 5. Quail. 6. Caddy. 7. Clams. 8. Lambs. 9. Tusks.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10th from Eugenie Steiner—Frank Black—Eleanor V. Coverly—“Marcapan”—Caroline S. Metcalf, D. T. and E. B.—Dorothy Mann—M. W. Johnstone—Frances McIver—Arnold F. Muhlig—M. D. and R. Jordan—Anna F. B. Richardson—Virginia Bartow—Elizabeth Thompson—“Terrapin”—Myers McClure—Helen L. Patch—Eleanor M. Chase—Judith Ames Mariland—Elsa Korb—“Queenscourt”—Mary and Emily Taft—W. L. Lloyd, Jr.—Isabel R. Mann.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received before September 10th from “Wynken and Blinken,” 2—Theodora Babcock, 10—Margaret Thompson, 8—Hart Irvine, 10—F. E. W. and K. E. H., 4—E. Bennett, 2—Edna Meyle, 6—Arthur H. Niles, 5—Hamilton B. Bush, 9—Olive Harper, 5—Agnes L. Thomson, 10—Doris G. France, 3—Elsie, Lacie, and Gillie.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from M. Rice—P. A. Chapman—M. P. Long—E. Partridge—R. J. Powell—C. Moody—A. Lambert—J. P. K.—B. F. Caswell—E. Wright—O. Fraser—E. Baumann.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

10	14	5	8	.	.	23	20
.	1	.	28	.	25	11	4
.	27	.	21	.	6	16	.
17	2	.	22	.	18	12	.
.	19	.	9	.	13	.	.
.	7	15	.	26	24	3	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A collector. 2. Frequently. 3. Alluring. 4. A magical charm. 5. Diffidence. 6. A closing speech in a play.

When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a German author; the letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 5, from 6 to 22, and from 23 to 28 name three of his productions.

BERTHA E. WIDMEYER.

## WORD-SQUARE

1. A BANQUET. 2. Ground. 3. A bower. 4. Found in all kitchens. 5. Hurler.

MARY K. VOORHEES (League Member).

## DIAGONAL

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. State of being waspish. 2. Fasci-

HIDDEN DIAGONAL. Orion. 1. Older. 2. Ardor. 3. Thing. 4. Manor. 5. Began.

BEHEADINGS, CURTAILINGS, AND TRANSPOSITIONS. Initials, November; finals, transposed, Election. 1. Honesty, stone, not. 2. Hornets, tenor, one. 3. Brevity, rivet, vie. 4. Blister, tiles, Eli. 5. Formosa, rooms, moo. 6. Turbans, unbar, ban. 7. Pestles, sleet, eel. 8. Monarch, acorn, roc.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLES AND DIAMONDS. 1. S. 2. Ten. 3. Seven. 4. Netty. 5. North. 6. Untie. 7. Hilly. 8. Elfin. 9. Young. 10. Snare. 11. Grace. 12. Ectal. 13. Egypt. 14. Sweat. 15. Tapir. 16. Tinct. 17. Rhine. 18. Grape. 19. Ephah. 20. Ear. 21. H. 1. Y. 2. Roe. 3. Yodel. 4. Swell. 5. Rhone. 6. Pitch. 7. Right. 8. Pithy. 9. Ghent. 10. Arena. 11. Grace. 12. Elect. 13. Chile. 14. Theme. 15. China. 16. Trend. 17. Corea. 18. Tonic. 19. Corer. 20. New. 21. R.

nating. 3. To talk to one's self. 4. Suspicious. 5. Pertaining to the earth. 6. Having power to restore. 7. A great river. 8. The monastic life. 9. Huge. 10. That which is monstrous. 11. One of the United States.

ANNE WILSON.

## PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell something found on the dinner-table on Thanksgiving Day.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seat. 2. An instrument for cutting. 3. To permit. 4. A nick. 5. Happiness. 6. Manifesto. 7. To lift up. 8. A native Indian prince. 9. Barm. 10. A sword. 11. Foreign. 12. Customary. 13. A division of a poem. 14. A kind of dark wood.

MARGARET N. MEYER (League Member).

## CHARADE

1. SHE stands beside the whirring wheel,  
In ancient garb of checkered blue;  
Her deft hand holds the fleecy wool,  
And now — what will she do?

2. Oh, watch the fisher's eager face,  
His eyes that heaven's own color match!  
Gaily he casts me from his boat  
And bids me make a catch.

Whole. In years long since gone by I held  
In lordly homes an honored place.  
I answered to fair ladies' touch,  
Or timed the minuet's stately grace.





### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-five letters, is a quotation from "Twelfth Night."

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

.	.	.	.	18	8
.	12	.	20	13	21
.	9	10	11	19	.
.	.	.	.	15	.
.	7	14	.	16	17
.	.	2	.	6	.
.	.	1	.	.	.
.	.	5	.	3	4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To furnish. 2. Twisted together. 3. Adrift. 4. A mass of precious metal. 5. Bold. 6. Peculiar modes of speech. 7. A season. 8. To hurry noisily.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a soldier connected with the early history of this country; while another row of letters will spell the name of the people among whom he became a leader. The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 5 spell the soldier's Christian name; from 6 to 14, the ship on which he came to this country, and from 15 to 21 spell the name of the country from which the vessel sailed.

DOROTHY P. DORR.

### A DICKENS DIAGONAL

FILL in each of the following sets of dashes with the name of one of Dickens's works. In each case, the number of dashes indicates the number of words in the title. When all the titles have been correctly guessed, take the first letter of the first, the second of the second, the third of the third, etc., and so spell the name of one of Dickens's Christmas books.

A detective, who called himself — — — —, once set out to — — — — with — — — — of finding some clue to the whereabouts of a certain man. When he reached the store, he found it silent, except for the chirping of — — — —. On an antique table he saw a copy of — — — —, between whose pages he discovered the long-lost — — — —, containing the desired clue. They included an autobi-

ography of the man whom he was hunting, and who stated that, impoverished and discouraged by the current — — — —, he had left the city. And now — — — — was solved, by the statement that he had taken up his abode at a cold, — — — — in the suburbs.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

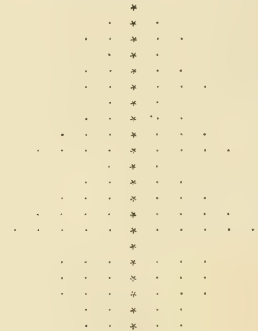
### PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed their initials will spell the name of a poem.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Articles of furniture. 2. A farm implement. 3. Mistakes. 4. Foliage. 5. Certain fall flowers. 6. Moves with measured steps. 7. A color. 8. A bird. 9. A kind of hawk trained to pursue game. 10. One who torments. 11. Detestable. 12. A spring holiday. 13. Scotch landholders. 14. Foreigners. 15. The title of a certain European ruler. 16. A masculine name.

PHILIP SHERMAN (League Member).

### A CHRISTMAS-TREE PUZZLE



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In prop. 2. Skill. 3. Part of a knife. 4. A unit. 5. A fastening. 6. A large fish. 7. A deed. 8. Step. 9. A number of lines or threads crossing at intervals and secured at the crossings. 10. Blue gems. 11. A line of light. 12. A fabric. 13. Professional men. 14. Absolute power. 15. Peace. 16. In prop. 17. Rooms just under roofs. 18. A harsh cry. 19. A rampart. 20. A small cape of lace. 21. A color between white and gray.

Centrals, reading downward, spell a familiar proverb.

MARGARET OSBORNE (League Member).

# Dress your Children in the DIAMOND DYE Way



Thousands and thousands of thrifty mothers the country over are dressing their children in the Diamond Dye way. For Diamond Dyes mean fresh, new, bright dresses for the children at almost no extra cost. And it puts a stop to the cares of shopping—trying to make a little money to go a long way.

Do you realize the possibilities of your last year's clothes? Most of them are not really "worn out." The materials are perfectly good. And Diamond Dyes will give them fresh, new colors—make them new, in fact. Then, a pattern or so and your children have bright, pretty clothes as good as new—for the cost of a package of Diamond Dyes.

Look through your *old* clothes and let Diamond Dyes help you make them new for the children. It means many dollars a year saved.

## Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

**Diamond Dye Annual—Free** Send us your name and address, (be sure to mention your dealer's name, and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. Address

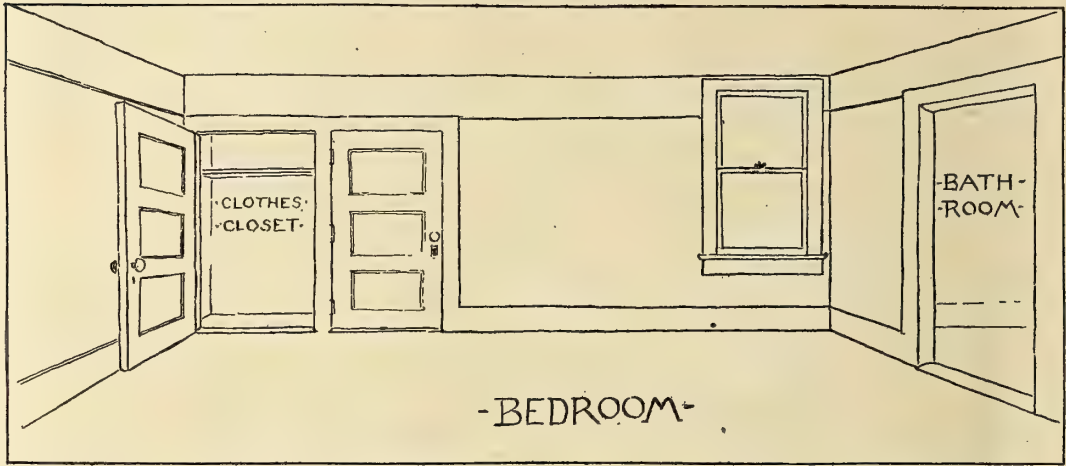
WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT



## St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 96.

Time to hand in answers is up December 10. Prizes awarded in February number.

### ANOTHER "MODEL" ROOM



The Model Kitchen Competition report is on another page. It is by far the most interesting held in many a long month. There are reproductions of some of the best papers. The Judges have determined to give you an occasional opportunity to do this kind of work, and one of the times is *now*. Here is an outline of a bedroom, and opening from it is a bathroom. Enlarge this outline to 14 inches long and 6 inches high, and take the outline thus made as your room to furnish as best you can with pictures cut from the advertisements you find in any magazine. Make the furnishing of the room appropriate and as artistic as possible. The competitor who, in the Judges' opinion, uses the most articles in the best way, will receive first prize. Send in a complete list of articles and the firms who advertise them, with the sketch. Consult Competition No. 94, for further details.

Do not fold or roll your competition paper, as the paste dries in that shape and then the figures fall off when it is spread out flat. It means you won't win the prize. Send them between card-

boards. The usual rules govern this competition in which any one and every one may join.

One First Prize, \$5.00.  
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.  
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.  
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (96).


3. Submit answers by December 10, 1909. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 96, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

(See also pages 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32.)



# POSTUM

must be boiled  
15 minutes—until  
dark and rich.  
That brings  
out the flavour  
and food  
value.

## At the Cooking School

It is surprising how quickly those old headaches leave the person who quits coffee, and has found out how to make

# POSTUM

**RIGHT—**

And who prizes health and the ability to “do things.”

Ten days' trial will prove

**“There’s a Reason” for POSTUM.**

---

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



*Report on Advertising Competition No. 94*

DOROTHY DUDLEY LEAL. Age 15. 3d Prize.

The "Model Kitchen" Competition is a complete success. You have all done wonders, and the Judges are pleased at your industry and at your ability to make a very real-looking kitchen. Many of you sent in your papers so perfectly wrapped, so clean and so fresh, that it was a pleasure to open them. The next four pages are devoted to the reproduction of some of the best kitchens, and the Judges want you to closely examine them, and observe the skill shown in getting the perspective right. The above is very interesting largely because of the fact that the competitor has used not less than 77 different, advertised articles. Her list is printed here as a fine example of hard work done well. Her arrangement of the interior is good, although the perspective is a little faulty. The Judges have asked the Advertising Manager to judge this competition and he has done so to the best of his ability. He congratulates you all on the good work you have done, and thanks you on behalf of the Judges.

WM. P. TUTTLE, Jr., Advertising Editor.

Miss Leal's list of articles found in the above picture:

1. Alabastine. Alabastine Company.
2. Spoon. Alvin Company.
3. Thermos pot. American Thermos Bottle Company.
4. Sanitary garbage can. Amerson Mfg. Company.
5. Rosette iron. Alfred Andersen and Company.
6. Sink strainer. Andrews Wire and Iron Works.
7. Lard. Armour and Company.
8. Chocolate. W. Baker and Company, Ltd.
9. Table. Berkey and Gay Furniture Company.
10. Shelf. Berkey and Gay Furniture Company.
11. Carpet sweeper. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company.
12. Milk can. Borden's Condensed Milk Company.
13. Brenlin shade. Chas. W. Breneman and Company.
14. Liquid veneer. Buffalo Specialty Company.
15. Basket. Burlington Basket Company.
16. Fireless cooker. Wm. Campbell Company.
17. Carbona. Carbona Products Company.
18. Chair. Carpenter-Morton Company.
19. Milk bottles. Wilnot Castle Company.
20. Ammonia. Columbia Chemical Works.
21. Nabob brand. Consumers Fish Company.
22. Ketchup. Curtice Brothers Company.
23. Ice-cream freezer. Dana Mfg. Company.
24. Salt shaker. Diamond Crystal Salt Company.
25. Maid-Worcestershire sauce. John Duncan's Sons, Agts.
26. Silicon. Electro Silicon Company.

27. Meat chopper. Enterprise Mfg. Company.
28. Jell-o. Genesee Pure Food Company.
29. Mop wringer. Grand Rapids Mop Wringer Company.
30. Domino sugar. Havemeyers and Elder.
31. Sliced pineapple. Hawaiian Pineapple Growers Association.
32. Vinegar. H. J. Heinz Company.
33. Bottle of water. Hiawatha Spring Company.
34. Ash sifter. Hill Dryer Company.
35. Pitcher. "Home Beautiful" Company.
36. Kitchen utensils. Home Merchandise Company.
37. Washing machine. A. D. Howe Machine Company.
38. Fly catcher. Louis De Jonge Company.
39. Oven thermometer. Kalamazoo Stove Company.
40. Corn Starch. T. Kingsford and Sons.
41. Handpantry. Kitchen Utensils Company.
42. Broom. Lee Broom and Duster Company.
43. Lifebuoy soap. Lever Brothers Company.
44. Tea. Geo. Lewis and Company.
45. Beef extract. Libby, McNeil and Libby.
46. Beef extract. Liebigh Company.
47. Coffee pot. Manning Bowman and Company.
48. Stove. Majestic Manufacturing Company.
49. Refrigerator. McCray Refrigerator Company.
50. Hammer. Miniature Novelty Company.
51. Clock. Minute Tapioca Company.
52. Gelatine. Minute Tapioca Company.
53. Tapioca. Minute Tapioca Company.
54. Sapolio. Enoch Morgan's Sons.
55. Nabisco. National Biscuit Company.
56. Catnip ball. National Cat Supplies Company.
57. Canning boiler. Northwestern Steel and Iron Works.
58. Postum. Postum Cereal Company.
59. Pearlina. James Pyle and Company.
60. Rolled oats. Quaker Oats Company.
61. Figs. Reiss and Brady.
62. Baking powder. Royal Baking Powder Company.
63. Glass jars. Safety Valve Fruit Jar Company.
64. Stockings. Shaw Stocking Company.
65. Shredded wheat. Shredded Wheat Company.
66. Silverdip. Silverdip Mfg. Company.
67. Paraffine (on jelly). Standard Oil Company.
68. Pail. Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Company.
69. Sulpho-Naphthol. Sulpho-Naphthol Company.
70. Cleaver. Thomas Mfg. Company.
71. Corn flakes. Toasted Corn Flake Company.
72. Spice. Tone Brothers.
73. Gas lights. Union Carbido Salis Company.
74. Cans. Van Camp Packing Company.
75. Flour. Washburn-Crosby Company.
76. Candy. Stephen F. Whitman and Son.
77. Bread toaster. Wilson Mfg. Company.



## The Birthday Party.

Nan is six years old. Mamma and Bobbie are giving her a party. And what a dinner Mamma has prepared! Just now she is serving a Jell-O course, and there is no mistaking the children's approval. They all like

# JELL-O

because it is delicious and beautiful. It is so pure, wholesome and nutritious that it is better for them than any other kind of dessert.

A Jell-O dessert can be made in a minute. Simply add boiling water and let cool.



**Seven delicious flavors: Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Peach, Cherry and Chocolate.**

**All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.**

**The beautiful new Jell-O Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," will be sent free to all who ask for it.**

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,  
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**







MARY SWIFT RUPERT. Age 12. 1st Prize.

See how every article has been placed with a proper idea of its relative size  
Wonderfully well done. 47 different articles.



ANNABEL REMNITZ. Age 14. 2d Prize.

Very interesting. 45 different articles.



**C**hristmas Candy—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, pop-corn balls are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

Eat it on

Griddle Cakes  
Hot Biscuit  
Waffles

**Karo**  
CORN SYRUP

Use it for

Ginger-Bread  
Cookies  
Candy

Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes.—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy-making. It agrees with everybody. As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.

**\*Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages including thirty perfect recipes for home candy-making.**

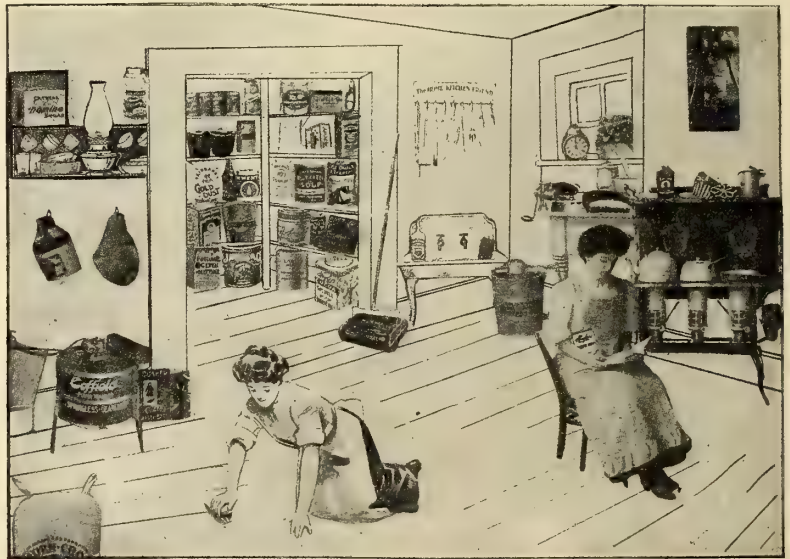
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. H.H., New York







ELIZABETH K. BROOKS. Age 13. 2d Prize.  
37 different articles.



FANNY T. MARBURG. Age 14. 3d Prize.  
54 different articles.

# Of course your boy or girl wants a Flexible Flyer!

Who wouldn't? They know it is the swiftest and handsomest sled ever built.

You guide it by a mere pressure of the hand or foot on the steering bar. There's no dragging of the feet to hold you back. You steer around every obstacle at full speed. Nothing can run you down. And you beat everything on the hill. Every live boy or girl wants a

## Flexible Flyer

*"The sled that steers"*

The *only* sled for boys. The *only safe* sled for girls. It sets low and doesn't upset. The patent runners make it go faster and keep it from "skidding." It saves more than its cost in boots and shoes in one season.

It prevents wet feet colds and doctors' bills. It is the lightest sled to pull, yet it outlasts three ordinary sleds.

Fathers and Mothers! There's nothing like coasting to bring the ruddy glow of health and happiness to the faces of your boys and girls. And the real sport of coasting is in having a fast sled.

Get them a *Flexible Flyer* today. And be sure to look for the name and trade-mark on the sled.

Ask your dealer specially to show you the new *Flexible Flyer Racer* — long, low, narrow and swift as the wind!

**Boys! Girls!** We'll gladly send you a model of the *Flexible Flyer* — free, if you'll write for it. This model shows how it works. *Write for it today.* Also beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet. It's free.

**S. L. Allen & Co.**

**Box 1101V, Philadelphia, Pa.**

Patentees and sole manufacturers

It isn't a Flexible Flyer unless it bears this Trade Mark

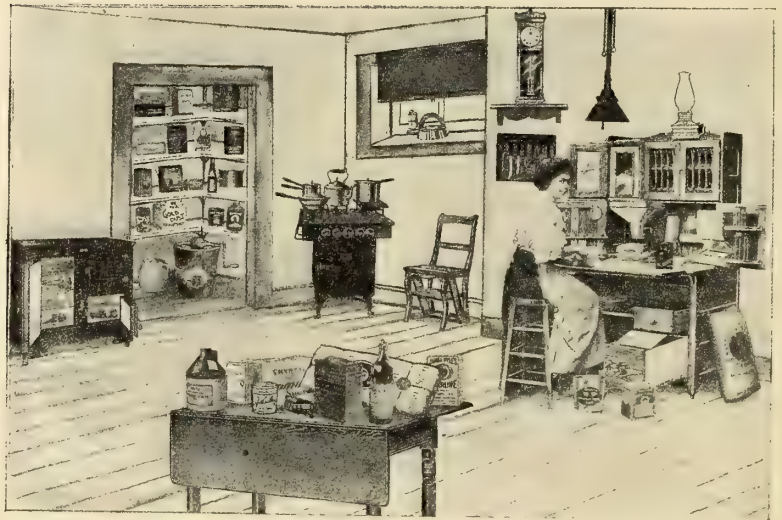
**Wins Every Race!**







ALICE ROBBINS HUMPHREY. Age 17. 3d Prize.  
66 different articles.



NORMA HALLER. Age 14.  
19 different articles. Exceedingly well arranged, though list is small.

# The Up-to-date, Well-informed

boy or girl who has been to the modern school where latest methods are in vogue knows how useful a

# Remington Typewriter

would be to himself or herself.

If you would like to get some facts to use in persuading father to get one for you, send for some of the booklets this company publishes and we will send them. You can say that the best schools are using them—more and more.

Show this to your teacher and ask “May *I* write a letter to the Remington Typewriter Company to-day and will you count it for my composition work?”

You will get a letter from us if you do, and the pamphlets.

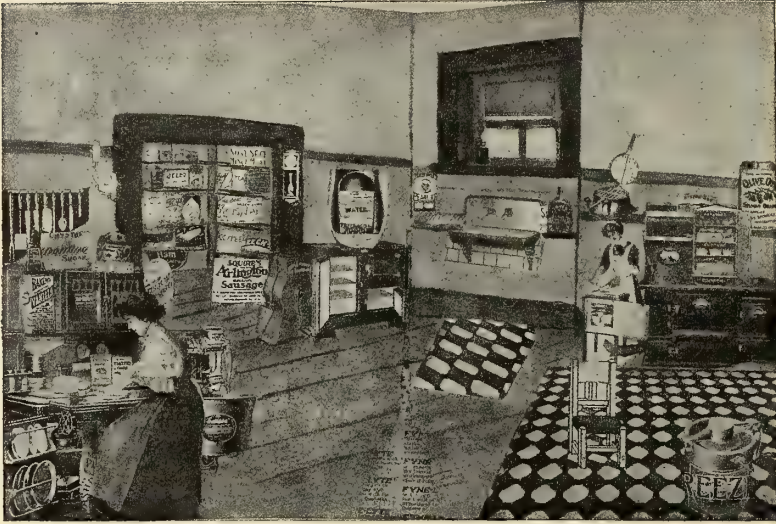


Remington Typewriter Company

(INCORPORATED)

325-327 Broadway, New York





BERNICE H. COTA. Age 18. 4th Prize.  
60 different articles.

There is really no more room in which to print some very good pictures, much to the regret of the Judge. But you can see somewhat of the difficulties that faced him, when age, the condition of the manuscript, and the intelligence shown in the treatment of the subject had all to be taken into consideration.

The full list of prize-winners is as follows:—

*First Prize.*

Mary Swift Rupert, 14.

*Second Prize.*

Elizabeth K. Brooks, 13.

Annabel Remnitz, 14.

*Third Prize.*

Alice R. Humphrey, 17.

Dorothy D. Leal, 15.

Fanny T. Marburg, 14.

*Fourth Prize.*

Norma Haller, 14.

Dorothy E. Smith, 14.

Bernice H. Cota, 18.

Helen Bengler, 14.

Elizabeth Wiley, 14.

Austin R. Warr, 13.

(71 articles. Good.)

Charlotte Knapp, 15.

Ada Thompson, 11.

Dorothy Gebhart, 13.

Helen Barrett, 10.

Read the new competition page this month, as there will be another chance at one of these contests, and you will only get a few during the year. See what you can do with the furnishing of a bedroom.

For the information of those who did not see the original announcement of this competition: The idea was to take the outline of a kitchen and to fill it in with pictures of articles cut from the advertising pages of any periodical. The best looking room won the prize offered. Hundreds of contestants sent in their competition papers.

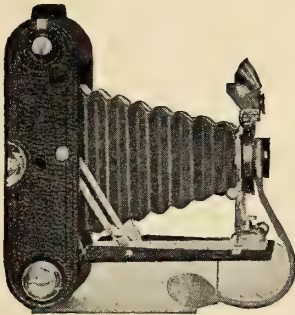
*If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*

# Put "KODAK"

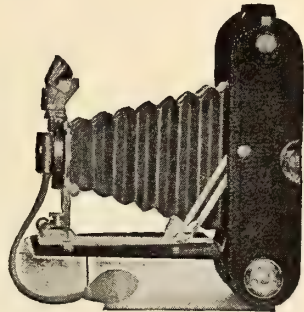
## on that Christmas List.

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact

### FOLDING POCKET SERIES.



No. 1, 2¼ x 3¼ pictures,	\$10.00
No. 1A, 2½ x 4¼ "	12.00
No. 1A, Spcl. 2½ x 4¼ "	15.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼ "	17.50
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5½, "	20.00
No. 4, 4 x 5 "	20.00



Box form Kodaks at \$5.00 to \$12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at \$1.00 to \$12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at \$40.00 to upwards of \$100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

*Kodak means Photography with the bother left out.*

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalogue free at the  
dealers or by mail.*



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## NEGLECTED STAMPS SOMETIMES BECOME POPULAR

IT frequently happens that just those stamps which at one time are in most disrepute become at a subsequent period the ones held in highest honor. Strange as this may seem, it is frequently this lack of esteem at first which finally makes the stamp scarce. The writer remembers as a small boy saving a whole cigar box of stamps of a particular issue, and being laughed at by the other boys for his foolishness. Twenty years after, each one of those stamps was selling at prices varying from one dollar to two dollars and a half, according to the variety. There were so few collectors in the early seventies that United States stamps, except in the cases of the highest denominations, had no value at all. The boys were glad to get six cents apiece in exchange for foreign stamps for United States twenty-four-cent stamps of the issue of 1860, now catalogued at five dollars and held in highest esteem. So fashions change, and the stamps little regarded when issued become, in after years, those most desired.

## SPANISH COLONIALS

SPAIN is making a new issue of stamps for her few remaining colonies. There have always been large numbers of surcharges issued for Fernando Po, and now that Spanish Guinea and the other African colonies of Spain have stamps, it is said that the flood is likely to continue in increasing amount. The number of stamps required for correspondence is exceedingly small, so much so that it is said that if one should require from the post-office enough stamps for a dozen letters at one time, the postmaster would have to seize upon and surcharge all the stamps he could find to meet the unusual demand. This is probably somewhat exaggerated, but it indicates the exceedingly small use for stamps in Spanish colonies.

## STAMP-COLLECTING IN GERMANY

COLLECTING in Germany is held in much higher esteem than in any other civilized country. While there are many young people who are interested, the chief support is in the large number of men who make collecting stamps a serious business. Recently one of the large societies has been gravely discussing the question whether it was advisable to allow young people to collect. The main objection seems to be that they regard collecting merely as a pleasure and that this detracts from the high esteem in which collecting should properly be regarded by every one. This strikes an American as a peculiar argument to say the least, for the chief object of collecting in this country is to secure the pleasurable relaxation from more serious pursuits which it produces, and this reason applies to old as well as young collectors.

Accurate and scientific collecting may be a good thing for Germans, but there are few Americans who would indulge in collecting on this basis, the feeling being that we are surrounded on all hands with subjects of thought and study of far higher importance. As a relaxation from mental application in other lines

of work, however, the worth of stamp-collecting cannot be overestimated. This is the testimony of many of the greatest professional and business men in this country who find in it a constant source of relief from the overstrain consequent upon modern conditions of living.

## NEW ISSUES

VARIOUS new issues have been made during the past year which are of more than ordinary interest. The changing of the name of the Congo Free State to Belgian Congo has caused a surcharging of the stamps now in use which will serve to mark the change in government. This work was done to begin with by a hand-stamp of which it is said that there were four varieties, if not more, but that later a printing-press was employed in the operation. Some of the work was done in Belgium and some in the Congo, the differences being plainly discernible by reason of the ink which in the African print strikes through the stamps and appears on the back.

These provisional stamps have been superseded by a permanent issue in which the title of the country is engraved on the stamp.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

COLLECTORS are in danger of being deceived by the recent forgeries of stamps of North Borneo, for, unfortunately, the forgers, although guilty, could not be convicted under the English law. It is said that the trouble was lack of jurisdiction since the forgeries were made in France. Collectors should not buy these stamps without the guarantee of a responsible dealer, for the counterfeits are more than likely to be offered for sale. United States stamps have been reprinted by the Government, and the catalogues note the varieties which have been reprinted, but since this was not done by private parties, such reprints are of considerable value, and are much to be preferred to blank spaces in the album. A collection of philatelic literature is an excellent thing to make. Do not, however, try to make it in any way complete, for there have been many stamp publications issued which are of no earthly use to any one. A good stamp library containing the best works that exist is well worth owning. A collector can do very nicely in making a specialty of the stamps of Italy, for there are many interesting varieties, many of which can be bought for very little money. The difference between the eight-cent stamp of Liberia of 1882 and the one of 1885 is not great. Examine the corners just above the figure 8 in the inscription at the bottom and differences will be seen. Dies are sometimes alike in stamps of a single issue, the only variation being in the value, because the government issuing desired to avoid what seemed unnecessary expense. The stamps of Grenada of the issue of 1883 are an example of this, the only difference being in the value at the bottom of each stamp. The fact that the plural "Cents" is sometimes found in connection with the word "One" on surcharged stamps, indicates either carelessness on the part of the printer or undue desire for economy of labor in the setting of the type.

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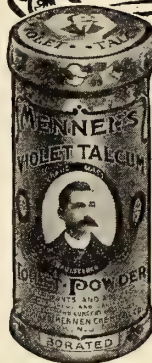
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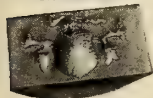
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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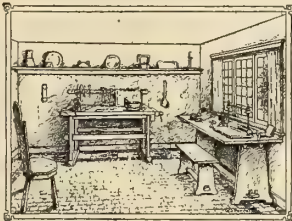


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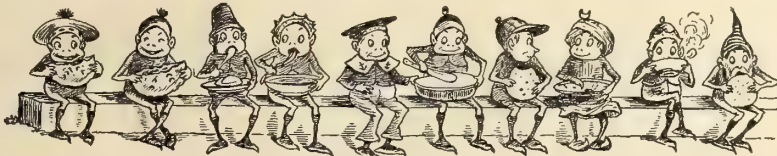
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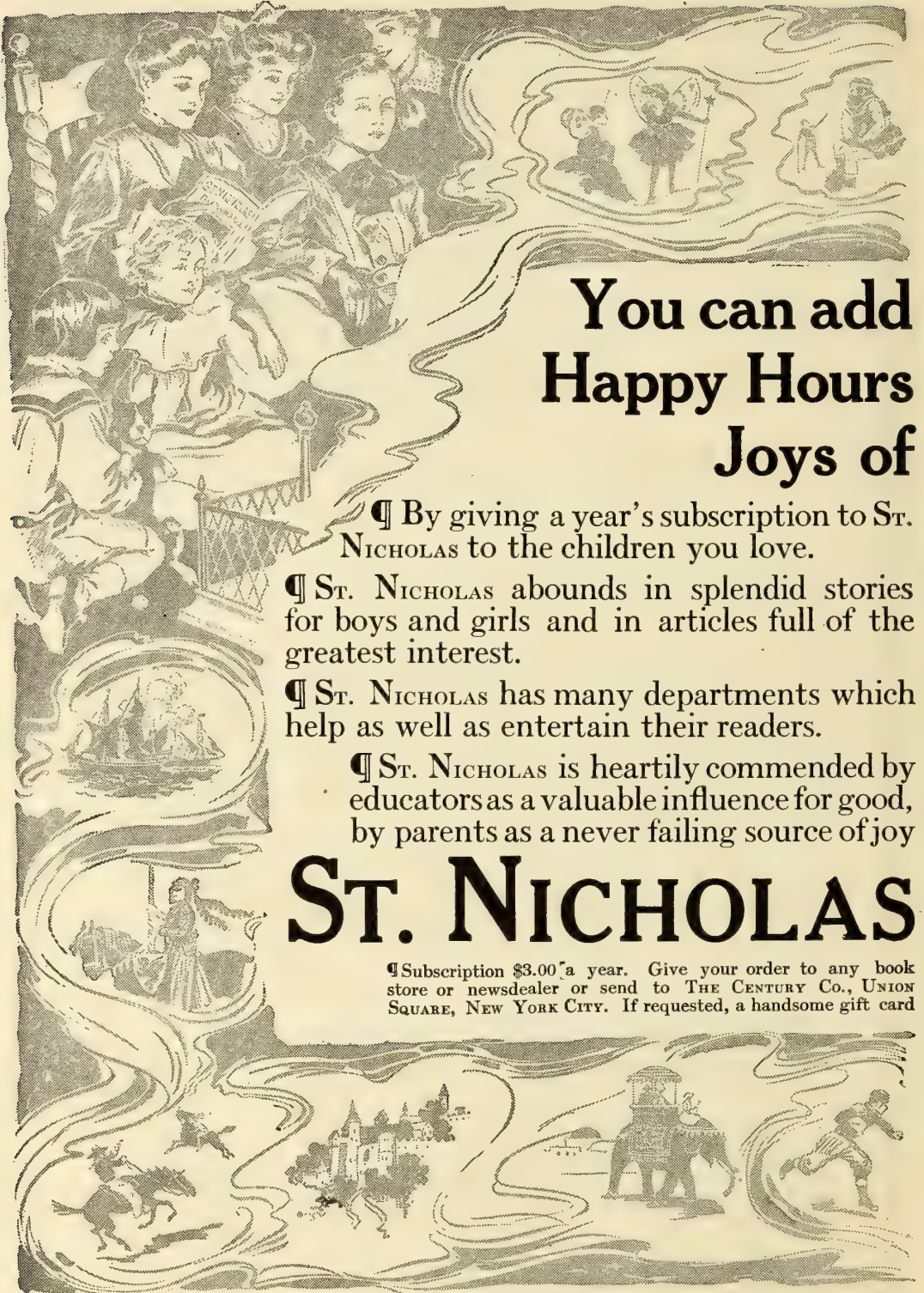
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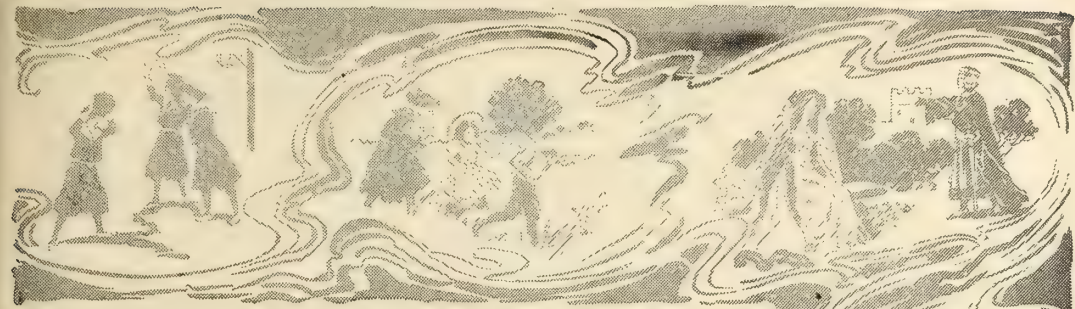
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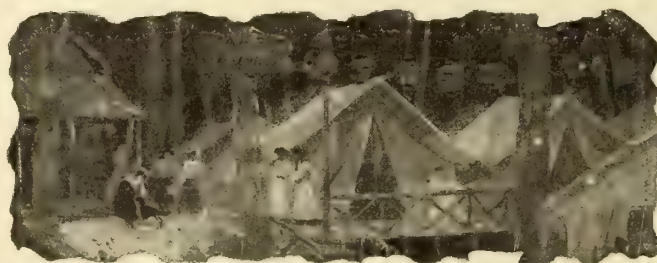
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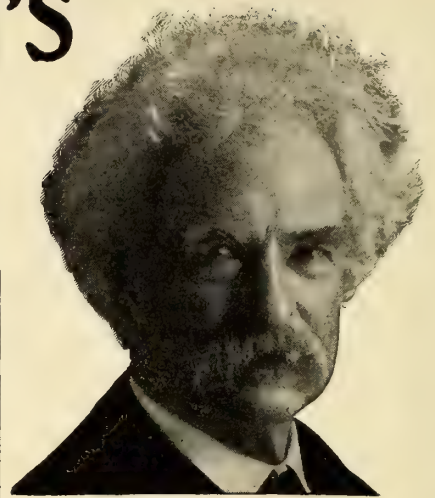
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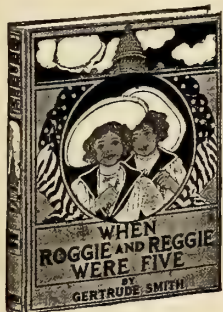
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"There is one kind of food that seems to me of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence (youth), and that is oatmeal.

"Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins."

He says oatmeal is gaining ground with the well-to-do of Great Britain. He speaks of it as the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet and says it produces a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race.

His experiments prove that good oatmeal such as Quaker Oats not only furnishes the best food for the human being, but eating it strengthens and enlarges the thyroid gland—this gland is intimately connected with the nourishing processes of the body, and the health of the individual depends largely upon its size and vigor.

In conclusion he says—

"It seems probable therefore that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners (meaning the Scotch) has been in some measure due to the stimulation of the thyroid gland by oatmeal porridge in childhood."

The Scotch eat Quaker Oats because it is the best of all oatmeals.

**T**HIS advice as to the best food for you is good enough to follow even if it cost something to do so, but it isn't expensive advice. Every family can follow it, poor and rich, for Quaker Oats besides being the best food you can eat, is the cheapest.

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"BLAZING THE WAY!"  
DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY W. L. JACOBS.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

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No. 3

## KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

### CHAPTER I

#### EVAN HAPPENS IN

EVAN climbed the second flight of stairs, pulling his bag heavily behind him. For the last quarter of an hour he had been wishing that he had packed fewer books in it. At the station he had stopped to telegraph to his family announcing his safe arrival at Riverport, and so had lost the stage to school and had walked a full mile and a quarter. That is ordinarily no task for a well-set-up, strong lad of fifteen years, but when he is burdened with a large suit-case containing no end of books and boots and other stuff that ought to be in his trunk, and when the last half-mile is steadily uphill, it makes a difference. Evan was aware of the difference.

At the top of the final flight he set the bag down and looked speculatively up and down the long, dim hallway. In front of him the closed door was numbered 24. At the office they had assigned him to 36 Holden. He had found the dormitory without difficulty, and now he had only to find 36. He wondered which way the numbers ran. That he was n't alone up here on the second floor was evident, for from behind closed doors and opened doors came the sound of much talking and laughter. While he stood there resting his tired arms, the portal of number 24 was flung open, and a tall youth in his shirt-sleeves confronted him. Behind the tall youth the room seemed at first glance to be simply seething with boys.

"Where is room 36, please?" asked Evan.

"Thirty-six?" The other considered the question with a broad smile. Then, instead of answering, he turned toward the room. "Say, fellows, here 's a new one. Come and have a look. It 'll do you no end of good."

In a second the doorway was filled with curious, grinning faces. Perhaps if Evan had n't been so tired he would have accepted the situation with better humor. As it was, he lifted his suit-case and turned away with a scowl.

"He does n't like us!" wailed a voice. "Ah, woe is me!"

"Where 's he going?" asked another. "Tarry, stranger, and—"

"He wants 36," said the tall youth. "Who 's in 36, somebody?"

"Nobody. Tupper had it last year; he and Andy Long."

"Say, kid, 36 is at the other end of the hall. But don't scowl at me like that, or I 'll come out there and give you something to be peevish about."

Evan, obeying directions, turned and passed the group again in search of his room. He paid no heed to the challenge, for he was much too tired to get really angry. But he did n't take the scowl from his face, and the boy in the doorway saw it.

"Look pleasant, kid," he continued threateningly. He pushed his way through the laughing group and overtook Evan a little way down the hall. He was a big chap, good-looking in a heavy way, and seemed to be about seventeen years old. He placed a hand on Evan's shoulder and with a quick jerk swung him around with his back to the



wall. Evan dropped his bag and raised his hands defensively.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Did n't I tell you to look pleasant?" growled his tormentor, with an ugly grin on his features. "Did n't I? Well, do it!"

"You let me alone," said Evan, the blood rushing into his cheeks.

"Of course I 'll let you alone, kid; when I get ready. Off with that scowl; do you hear?"

"You take it off!" answered Evan, pushing the other away from him.

"The new one 's game!" cried the tall youth. The others were flocking about them. Evan's arms were beaten down swiftly and pinned to his sides in a strong grip, and a hand was passed roughly over his face, hurting so that, in spite of him, the tears rushed to his eyes. With an effort he shook off the other's grip, stumbled over the suit-case, and staggered against a door. The next moment he was falling backward, the door giving way behind him. He landed on his back, his head striking the thinly carpeted floor with a force that made him see all sorts and sizes of blue stars and for an instant quite dazed him. Then he heard a drawling voice somewhere at the back of the room say:

"Welcome to my humble domicile."

When he opened his eyes, his assailant was standing over him, and the group in the doorway held several anxious faces.

"Are n't hurt, are you?" asked the cause of his mishap. "Give me your hand."

Evan obeyed and was pulled to his feet. He had quite forgotten his anger. "I 'm all right," he said dully, feeling of the back of his head.

"That 's right," said the other, with a note of relief in his voice. "I did n't mean to hurt you. It was the door, you see."

"Up to your tricks again, eh, Hop?"

It was the drawling voice Evan had heard a moment before, and its owner, a tall, somewhat lanky boy, came into view around the table. "You 've got the keenest sense of humor, Hop, I ever met with. Why did n't you drop him out of the window?"

"Oh, you subside, Rob. I did n't do anything to him. The door was unlatched, and he fell against it. It 's none of your business, anyway."

"It 's my business if I like to make it mine," was the reply. He pulled up a chair and waved Evan toward it. "Sit down and get your breath," he directed. Evan obeyed, his gaze studying the youth called Hop.

"Now, then," said his new acquaintance quietly, "all out, if you please, gentlemen. I 'll look after the patient. Leave him to me."

The group at the doorway melted away, and Hop followed. As he passed out, he turned and found Evan's gaze still on him.

"Well, you 'll know me, I guess, when you see me again," he said crossly.

"I think I shall," answered Evan, calmly.

His host chuckled as he closed and bolted the door. Then he came back and sank into a chair opposite Evan, his legs sprawling across the floor.

"Well?" he asked kindly. "Any damage?"

"No, I guess not. My head aches and I 'm sort of dizzy, but I 'll be all right in a minute."

"I guess so. Just come, did you?"

"Yes; I was looking for my room when that chap—"

"Frank Hopkins."

"When he got mad because I scowled at him. We tussled, and I fell through the door."

"That was partly my fault. I 'm sorry. You see, I 'd been fixing the latch so I could open it from bed, and I had n't quite finished when you bumped against the door. What 's your name?"

"Kingsford."

"Mine 's Langton; first name Robert; commonly called Rob; sometimes Lanky. Glad to meet you. Nice of you to drop in so casually."

Evan laughed.

"That 's better. Wait a minute." Rob got up and went to the wash-stand and dipped a towel in the pitcher. "Put that around your head," he directed. "It 's good for aches. Too wet, is it? Let me have it." He wrung some of the water out on the carpet and handed it back. "There you are. What room have they put you into?"

"Thirty-six."

"No good," said Rob, with a shake of his head. "You 'll freeze to death there. The Gobbler had it two years ago, and he did something to the steam-pipes so that the heat does n't get around any more. He vows he did n't, but I know the Gobbler."

"Can't it be fixed?"

"It never has been. They 've tried dozens of times. I have an idea what the trouble is, and I told Mac—he 's house faculty here—that I could fix it if he 'd let me. But he never would."

"Well, I suppose I 'll have to live there just the same," said Evan, with a smile.

"Oh, I don't know. Where do you come from, Kingsford?"

"Elmira, New York."

"Really? My home 's in Albany. We 're natives of the same old State, are n't we? I guess we 'll get on all right. What class are you in?"

"Junior."

"So am I. That 's another bond of sympathy. I call this great luck! I hate to live alone. Sandy

Whipple was with me last year, but he had typhoid in the summer and is n't coming back for a while. And now you happen in. Well, make yourself at home, Kingsford. It is n't a bad room, you see. That 's your side over there."

"Well, if you had a consumptive uncle or cousin or something, it would help. I 'd tell the Doctor that your lungs were weak and that your Uncle Tom had consumption. But never mind. I 'll fix it."

"But—but do you really want me here?"

"Of course I do! Did n't I just say that I was down in the mouth because I did n't have a room-mate? Besides, I like your looks. And we 're both New Yorkers, and we 're both juniors. That ought to settle it, I should say."

"Well, it 's awfully good of you," said Evan, gratefully, "and I 'll be glad to room with you if they 'll let me. Only—"

"Only nothing!" said the other, decisively. "Fate threw you in here, and here you stay!"

## CHAPTER II

### THE BOY IN 32

ROB LANGTON was sixteen years of age, tall, a trifle weedy, like a boy who has grown too fast. He always seemed to be in difficulties with his arms and legs. Even his hair, which was dark and long, looked as though in a constant state of mutiny. There was one obstreperous lock which stood straight into the air on the top of his head, and several thick ones which were forever falling over his eyes and having to be brushed impatiently back. Comb and brush and water had little effect on Rob's hair.

His face was thin, with a broad, good-humored mouth, a firm chin, a straight nose,

and two very kindly brown eyes. Evan liked him from the very first moment of their meeting. And doubtless Evan's sentiment was returned, otherwise Rob Langton would never have adopted him on such slight acquaintance, for Rob, while generally liked throughout Riverport School, had few close friends and was considered hard to know.

The two boys examined each other quite



"LOOK PLEASANT, KID," HE CONTINUED THREATENINGLY."

"But—this is n't 36, is it?" asked Evan.

"Not a bit of it. This is 32. I told you, did n't I, that 36 was no good?"

"But they 've put me there! Won't I have to go?"

"Of course not. I 'll settle it with the Doctor. You 're inclined to colds, you know, and 36 would n't do for a minute. You leave it all to me. Any consumption in your family?"

"No. Why in the world do you ask that?"



frankly while they talked, just as boys do. What Rob saw was a well-built, athletic-looking youngster, fairly tall, with a good breadth of shoulder, alert and capable. There was a pair of steady blue eyes, a good nose, a chin that, in spite of having a dimple in the middle of it, looked determined, and a well-formed mouth which, like Rob Langton's, hinted of good humor. Evan's hair, however, was n't in the least like that of the older boy. In the first place, it was several shades lighter, and, in the second place, it was very well-behaved hair and stayed where it was put. Even the folded towel which he wore around his forehead had n't rumpled it.

"I ought to be in the middle class," Rob was explaining cheerfully. "When I came last year I expected to go into the junior, but Latin and Greek had me floored, and so, rather than make any unnecessary trouble for the faculty, I dropped into the preparatory. The fact is, Kingsford, I hate those old dead languages. Mathematics and I get on all right, and I don't mind English, but Greek—well, I'd like to punch Xenophon's head! Dad has it all cut out that I'm to be a lawyer; he's one himself, and a good one; but if I can get my way I'm going to Cornell and go in for engineering. They call it structural engineering nowadays. That's what I want to do, and there's going to be a heap of trouble in our cozy little home if I don't get my way. What are you going to be?"

"I don't know—yet. I have n't thought much about it. My father's a doctor, but I don't go in for that. I don't like sick folks; besides, there does n't seem to be much money in doctoring."

"Well, some of them seem to do pretty well," replied Rob, thoughtfully. "You might be a specialist and charge big fees. When Dad was ill two years ago we had a fellow up from New York in consultation. He and our doctor got together in the library for about ten minutes, and then he ate a big lunch and went home again. And it cost Dad five hundred dollars."

"That sounds all right," laughed Evan, "but I guess he had to do a lot of hard work before he ever got where he could charge five hundred dollars."

"I suppose so. Do you ever invent?"

"Invent? What do you mean?"

"Invent things, like—like this." Rob began a search through his pockets and finally pulled out a piece of brass, queerly shaped and notched, some three inches long.

"What is it?" asked Evan, as he took it and examined it curiously.

"Just a—a combined tool, as you might say. I call it 'Langton's Pocket Friend.' Here's a

screw-driver; see? And these notches are for breaking glass after it's cut. Up here there's a little steel wheel for cutting it, only I have n't put that in. This is just a model, you know; I filed it out coming down on the train this morning. Then this slot is for sharpening pencils. There's a nail-file here, you see, only it is n't filed, of course, because this is just brass. The spur is for cutting wire, or you can open a can with it if the tin is n't very thick. Then this end here is to open envelopes or cut pages with. There are two or three other things I've thought of since that I can work in. Of course, if I ever made them, they'd be of steel."

"That's fine," said Evan. "Did you think of it yourself?"

"Yes. I'm always tinkering with some silly thing. That's the reason I don't cut more of a figure with studies, I guess. Dad has patented two or three things for me, but I've never been able to sell the patents."

"What are they?" asked Evan, interestedly.

"One's a snow-shovel made of wire netting like an ash-sifter. It only weighs twelve ounces and works finely. But no one would buy it. Another's a top with a slot just above the peg so you can put in a cap. Then when you throw it on the ground the peg comes up against the cap and explodes it."

"I should think that would be a dandy idea."

"Well, one man I tried to sell it to said if I could induce boys to spin tops around the Fourth of July he would buy my patent. You see, folks are so fussy now that you can't buy paper caps except around the Fourth."

"I see. And what was the other thing?"

"That's the best of the lot," said Rob, thrusting his hands into his pockets and sprawling his legs across the floor. "I've still got hopes of that. It's a patent match-safe to carry in your pocket. It looks just like any other match-safe, but when you want a match you don't have to open it. You just push a little button, and a match pops out. Maybe I'll sell that yet. It's a mighty good idea, and there ought to be money in it."

"I should think you'd want to be an inventor instead of an engineer."

"There is n't much money in inventions, except for the patent lawyer; at least, that's what Dad says. Besides, engineering is a good deal like inventing. You have problems to solve, and there's always the chance of discovering a better way to do a thing. Dad says I've got a good deal of ingenuity, but that if I don't look out I'll never be anything but a potterer."

"A potterer? That's a funny name for you."

"Yes; he means a chap who just potters around doing a lot of little things that don't amount to anything. How 's your head?"

"Much better. Do you think I 'd better unpack my bag, or shall I wait until I 'm sure about my room?"

"Go ahead and unpack. It 'll be all right. Even if it is n't, 36 is just across the hall, and I 'll help

only say because the Riverport Eleven is what Dad would call a close corporation."

"What 's that?"

"I 'll try again," said Rob, thrusting his hands in his pockets and falling into the queer drawl which he affected at times. "The team is like a very select club, Kingsford. If you know enough about foot-ball to kick the ball instead of biting it,



"'I PLAY FOOT-BALL,' ANSWERED EVAN. 'I WANT TO TRY FOR THE TEAM HERE.'"

you carry things over. Trunks ought to be up pretty soon, too. Say, do you go in for anything?"

"In for anything?" repeated Evan, doubtfully.

"Yes, foot-ball or hockey or track or rowing or—"

"I play foot-ball," answered Evan. "I want to try for the team here. Do you think I 'd stand any show, Langton?"

"Do I think—" Rob stopped and chuckled. Evan flushed.

"What 's the matter? I 've played a good deal, and I dare say I know as much about it as—as lots of fellows here."

"As I do, you were going to say," laughed Rob. "I was n't laughing at you, Kingsford. I dare say you can play better than a good many fellows on the team, but I don't think your chances are very bright, and if you ask me why,—well, I can

and stand pretty well with—er—the manager or captain or some of the members, you can make it. Of course they 're always glad to have you go out and 'try for the team'; it looks well and sort of adds interest. And of course you 're supposed to subscribe toward expenses. And when the team goes away anywhere to play, they allow you to go along and yell yourself hoarse. But don't think for a moment, my friend, that you can make the team here by just playing good ball."

"That does n't sound very encouraging," said Evan, with a frown. "Especially as I don't know a single fellow here—except you."

"Well, at least you 've got a speaking acquaintance with one other," said Rob, dryly, the smile still lurking about the corners of his mouth.

"Who do you mean? The fellow who—"

"Yes, Frank Hopkins. He 's 'the fellow who'—"



"Well, that does n't help any, I guess."

"No; no, I don't honestly think it does," answered Rob, with a queer look. "Because, you see, Kingsford, Hop is the captain."

"Foot-ball captain?" cried Evan, in dismay. Rob nodded with a wicked grin.

"Well, if that is n't luck!" exclaimed Evan, subsiding on the foot of his bed to consider the fact. "I guess that settles my chances all right, Langton." Rob nodded.

"As I don't want to nourish idle hopes, Kingsford, I'll just remark that I think you've got the answer."

"Shucks!" said Evan, disgustedly. "And I thought I was going to have a great time this fall playing foot-ball. I wish I'd stayed at home, as my fond mother wanted me to. Say, you're not fooling, are you?"

"Not a bit. Of course I've exaggerated a trifle about the exclusiveness of our foot-ball society; it is n't quite as bad as I made it out; but it's bad enough. If you happen to be a crackajack player with a reputation behind you, one of those prep school stars that come along once in a while, you're all right. But otherwise, Kingsford, you'll have a mighty hard time breaking into Hop's foot-ball trust. I know, for I tried it myself last year."

"Oh, do you play?"

"I used to think so, but after working like a horse for three weeks and then pining away for a fortnight on the side-lines, I changed my mind. I know *how* to play, but I don't *play*. You catch my meaning, I hope."

"Yes," said Evan, gloomily. "Still, I guess I'll have a try."

"Of course you will," said Rob, cheerfully. "It won't do any harm, and you might even have a little fun. Besides, miracles still happen; you might get a place on the second team as third substitute. By the way, where do you play?"

"I've played quarter mostly; sometimes half. I was quarter last year."

"On your school team?"

"Yes, grammar school. We won every game except one, too."

"Well, you might let that information leak out

in Hop's direction; perhaps he will give you a fair show. Only thing is, I'm afraid he's taken a—sort of prejudice against you."

"I guess he has," laughed Evan. "And, for that matter, I'm not crazy about him. Still, if he will let me on the team, I'll forgive him for mashing my nose flat."

"It does n't look flat," said Rob, viewing it attentively. "It's a trifle red, but otherwise normal. By ginger! I wonder what time it is. I'm getting hungry. Oh, there's no use looking at that clock on the mantel there. It has n't gone right for months. I borrowed one of the cog-wheels last spring, and now it has the blind staggers."

"It's twelve minutes to six," said Evan, looking at his watch. "When do we have supper?"

"In twelve minutes if we get there. I'll wash while you get your things out. Yes, that's your closet. There's some truck in there that belongs to Sandy. Pitch it out on the floor, and I'll ask Mrs. Crow to store it away for him. Hold on! That vest is n't his; it's mine. Confound that fellow! I looked for that thing all summer. Thought I'd lost it. You see, Sandy Whipple and I are just the same size, and so we wear each other's clothes most of the time. I guess you and I can't exchange that way, Kingsford. Your trousers would be several inches too short for little me. How about collars?"

"Fourteen and a half," said Evan.

"My size exactly! Fourteen and a half, fifteen, or fifteen and a half; I'm not fussy about collars. All through here." Rob tossed the towel in the general direction of the wash-stand and looked around for his cap.

"Where do we eat?" asked Evan, filling the bowl.

"Dining-hall's in Second House. If we hurry, maybe we can get at a side table. I'm as hungry as a bear. I forgot all about dinner this noon. I got so interested in that silly piece of brass that they'd stolen the dining-car before I knew it. Ready? Sometime I'm going to fix it so we can go down by the window. It would be lots nearer than going by the stairs, and I've got a dandy idea for a rope ladder!"

(To be continued.)

## AN "AFTER-CHRISTMAS" JINGLE

CHRISTMAS bells ring out the clearest;  
Christmas pleasures are the dearest;  
Christmas friendships are the nearest;  
Christmas gifts sometimes the queerest.

Deborah E. Olds.



"WHICH MAY I KEEP?"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.



# A STRANGE TELEGRAPH WIRE

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

ONE evening shortly after the beginning of the summer holidays Alex Ward was chatting over the wire with his special "over-the-wire" friend, Jack Orr, at Hammerton, when the despatching office abruptly broke in and called Bixton.

"I, I, BX," answered Alex.

"Is young Ward there?" clicked the instruments promptly.

"This is 'young Ward.'"

"Say, youngster, would you care to do a couple weeks' vacation relief at Hadley Corners, beginning next Monday? The man there wants to get off badly, and we have no one here we can send."

"Most certainly I would," replied Alex, promptly.

"OK then. We 'll count on you, and I 'll send a pass down to-night," said the despatcher.

Thus it came about that the following Monday morning Alex alighted at the little crossing depot known as Hadley Corners, and for the second time found himself, if but temporarily, in full charge of a station.

Entering the little telegraph room, he announced his arrival to the despatcher at "X."

"Good," clicked the sounder. "And now, look here, Ward. Don't do any tinkering with the instruments while you are there. We don't want a repetition of the mix-up you got the wire into at BX through your joking a month or so ago."

On April first of that year at Bixton Alex had made an arrangement of wires beneath the instrument table by which, with his foot, he could make the instruments click as though worked by a distant office, and then, pretending to be the despatcher, had called his father to the wire and proceeded to reprimand him severely for some imaginary mistake in a train order. It had been "all kinds of a joke," but later, unfortunately, the connections became disarranged, and this tied up the entire eastern end of the wire for half an hour.

At the remembrance Alex laughed heartily, but promptly replied: "OK; I won't touch a thing." The despatcher saying nothing more, he began calling Bixton.

"I 'm here, Dad," he announced when his father answered; "and it 's a fine little place. The woods come right up to the back of the station, and the nearest house is a mile away. That 's where I am to board. The other operator arranged it. It 's going to be a regular little picnic."

"That 's nice," ticked the sounder. "I thought you would like it." And then Alex again laughed as his father added, "And now, no tinkering with things, my boy! Remember!"

"OK, Dad; I won't touch a thing. Good-by."

It was the following Monday that the "all agents" message was sent over the wire, announcing the big monthly gold shipment from the Black Hill Mines, and warning station agents and operators to look out for any suspicious persons about their stations. But these messages had been sent for years, and nothing had happened; and in his turn Alex gave his "OK," and thought nothing more about it.

A half hour later he sat at the open window of the telegraph room, deeply interested in the July St. NICHOLAS—so interested, indeed, that he did not hear soft footfalls on the station platform without. The man came quietly nearer—reached the window. Then suddenly Alex glanced up, the magazine fell to the floor, and with a loud cry he sprang to his feet.

He was gazing into the barrel of a revolver, and behind it was a black-masked face!

Hold-up men! The gold train!

Wildly Alex turned toward the telegraph-key. But the man leaned quickly forward, seized him by the shoulder, and threw him heavily back into the chair. "You move again and I 'll shoot!" he said sharply, and Alex sank back helpless.

Yes; hold-up men. And he had betrayed his trust. Betrayed his trust! That thought stood out even above his terror. Oh, if he had only kept a lookout!

The man, who had said nothing further, presently withdrew the revolver and took a comfortable seat on the window-ledge; and when the silence continued Alex began somewhat to recover himself. He fell to wondering what the other bandits were doing while this man was watching him.

A few moments later the answer came in a single upward click from the instruments.

"There—wires cut, ain't they?" said his captor.

"Yes, I suppose," said Alex, bitterly.

"They sure are," said the voice from behind the mask, "and when we get through, them wires 'll be cut so you won't be able to fix 'em up in a hurry."

Fifteen minutes later a second masked and heavily armed figure appeared. "Every wire cut



"HE WAS GAZING INTO THE BARREL OF A REVOLVER, AND BEHIND IT  
WAS A BLACK-MASKED FACE."



five poles back on both sides of the station," he announced briefly. "It 'll take a lineman half a day to fix them, and we 'll be twenty miles away by that time. Now we 'll tie the youngster, and get out."

Often Alex had longed for some such adventure. The reality was anything but glorious. As

It required but a few seconds to get it into his pocket, reach his knife, open it with his teeth, and a moment later he was on his feet. He staggered out onto the platform.

Yes, the wires were cut, five poles in either direction. Alex wrung his hands. What could he do? To restore the wires was out of the ques-



"ALEX PLACED THE KEY AND RELAY ON THE END OF A TIE."

the two masked men roughly seized him, and proceeded to bind him tightly to the chair in which he sat, the perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he thought he should choke for breath.

But as soon as the two desperadoes had left, and in spite of their departing threats, he began struggling fiercely to free himself. It seemed a hopeless task, and the thongs cruelly hurt his wrists and his ankles, but bravely he wriggled, and twisted, and struggled, paused for breath, and struggled again.

And finally one hand came suddenly free.

tion; had there been but one break he could not have climbed the pole and carried aloft that heavy stretch of wire.

And there was less than twenty minutes in which to work, to catch the Overland at Broken Gap; for undoubtedly it was beyond that point that the robbers planned to hold her up, on one of the steep grades of the Little Timber hills.

Suddenly Alex uttered a gasp of hope. A moment he debated, with nervously clenched hands, then, exhaustion forgotten, dashed back into the little telegraph room, found a screw-driver, and

in a few minutes had loosened from the table the telegraph-key and the receiving instrument. Catching them up, with some short ends of wire, he darted out and up the track to the west.

Two hundred yards distant the intact end of the telegraph line drooped into the drainage ditch. Alex caught it up and dragged it to the rails. Placing the key and relay on the end of a tie, he connected them on one side to the rail, and on the other side to the end of the line wire.

But the responding click did not come. Alex groaned in disappointment. He had counted on the rails giving a "ground" connection. Then the line would have closed, and he could have worked it to the west. But apparently the hot weather had entirely dried out the sand beneath the rails, and thus insulated them.

But he was not yet beaten. There was a ground wire at the station. Why could he not use the rails that far, if they were insulated? With a hurrah he seized the end of the line wire, and in a few moments had connected it to one of the rail joints. Then, catching up the instruments, he dashed back for the station.

Placing the instruments again on the table, he found a piece of loose wire that would reach from the instruments, out through the window, to the rails, ran out and quickly connected it to a rail joint, and, darting back, connected the other end to the instruments. Instantly there was a sharp downward click. The line was closed!

Alex could not suppress a quick "Thank goodness!" and, trembling with excitement, he seized the key and began swiftly calling the despatcher. "X, X, X, HC," he called. "X, X—"

He felt the line open, and closed his own key. Then, in surprise, he read: "So you have been monkeying with the wires there after all,—have you? Now look here—"

Quickly he interrupted, and shot back: "Train robbers are after the Overland. They held me up, and cut the wires both sides of the station. I got free, and have made a connection through the rails—HC."

For a moment the line remained silent, for at his end of the wire, at that instant, the despatcher was sitting bolt upright in his chair, his eyes and mouth wide open. But in another moment he had recovered himself, and, springing back to the key, he began madly calling Broken Gap.

"B, B, B, X!" he called. "B, B, X! Qk! Qk!"

Alex shot a glance at the clock, and leaned forward over the instruments, scarcely breathing. There was yet three minutes before the Overland was due at Broken Gap; but she did not stop there, and frequently passed ahead of time. If "B" did not answer the call immediately—

The whirl of "B's" was interrupted, and slowly and deliberately came an "I, I, B." Alex leaped in his chair, and again strained forward tensely.

"Has 68 passed?" hurled the despatcher.

"Just coming."

"Stop her! Flag her! Qk! Qk!"

The line opened, as though "B" was about to make a reply, then smartly closed again.

"Stop her! Stop her!" repeated "X."

There was a leaden, breathless silence, while Alex nervously clenched and unclenched his hands. At last the line again clicked open, and with a characteristic deliberation that caused the nerve-strung boy a moment's hysterical laugh, "B" announced: "Just got her. She's slowing in now. What's up?"

The despatcher at "X" had regained his equilibrium, and in his usual crisp manner he replied: "Take this for Conductor Bedford:

"BEDFORD: Hold-up apparently planned between Broken Gap and Hadley Corners. Probably on one of the grades of the Little Timbers. Gather a posse quickly, and make sure of capturing them. Report at HC.

"(Signed) JORDAN, X."

As "B" gave his "OK" with the stumbling hesitation of blank astonishment, the line again opened. And at the first word the intense strain broke, and Alex sank forward over the table with a convulsive sob.

"Grand, my boy! Grand!" clicked the sounder. It was his father, at Bixton. He had overheard it all.

"Grand! That's the word," came the despatcher. "There's not another operator on the wire who would have known enough to have done what he did to-day. We won't bother him any more about his 'tinkering,' will we?"

ONLY half an hour late, the mighty mogul pulling the Overland Limited drew panting to a stop before the little station, and in a moment Alex was surrounded by a crowd of congratulating trainmen and passengers. And when he reappeared after sending the message which notified the despatcher of the train's safe arrival and of the capture of the two bandits, he was surprised and speechlessly confused by having pressed upon him by the enthusiastic passengers an impromptu purse of seventy-five dollars.

Some hours later Alex was called on the wire by his friend Jack, at Hammerton. "What's all this you've gone and done, Al?" clicked Jack, enthusiastically. "The afternoon papers here have a column story!"

"Oh, it looks bigger than it really was," replied Alex, modestly.



# THE SECRETARY'S REPORT

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON

Author of "From Sioux to Susan," "Fritzi," etc.

"I TELL you what I think about it: we are a good-for-nothing, selfish lot. And it's a perfect shame that we never do anything to make anybody happy or—"

Well, if we were n't surprised to hear little, mild Dolly Ward pitch into us like that! You see, we girls—there are six of us, and every one of us is "perfectly sweet" (except me, of course), and we've known each other for ever and ever. But now I'll tell you what else Dolly said when she could be heard again, for we were all screaming at her for saying such things.

"Well, you can just 'Oh' and 'Ah' all you want to," she said, looking at us with those soft brown eyes of hers. Her eyes were exactly like a gazelle's, or a giraffe's, or something sort of pathetic and darling, you know; we just worship her, and that's the reason we had n't simply annihilated her for her remark. How I do "digress!" I'm writing as I talk—Miss Porter always tells me to (she's our English teacher)—and the girls all say I'm such a skippy talker. "Well," said Dolly, "just tell me one blessed thing you have really, truly done this day to make a single soul the happier for your being in this dark and grisly world, if it is dark and grisly—which it is n't, but sweet and flowery, and just ready to be filled with good deeds and sweet words, if you do or say them, which you *don't*!"

I remember every word she said, for it was so eloquent, I just made up my mind then and there that if Dolly had been a boy she would be either a lawyer or a preacher—she can take her choice. 'As for me—I almost said "and my house," I do so love to quote—I am to be a writer!

"Well, I'm perfectly sure," broke in Helen Fay, whose father is rich and who lives in a beautiful house, "I'd be glad to give money or clothes, or anything I had—"

"Pooh!" exclaimed Fan Clark, with her nose in the air, "and what would that cost you, Helen? Your father gives you the money, and you could have anything in the world without any sacrifice to yourself. You've got an allowance—but what of poor me? What does Dolly expect to get out of me?"

"Allowances don't do much good," wailed Edna Page, who is the most extravagant of us all; "mine never lasts the week out—I'm as poor as Job's turkey by the eighth of the month!"

As for me, what was there for *me* to say? One of five fatherless children, and our mother teaching music! I could only groan and stretch out my empty hands.

"Did I say money *only*?" asked Dolly. "Did I not say sweet words, and kind acts, and good deeds? But what I really meant was sacrifice! It is n't sacrifice, as Fan says, for Helen to give things. It is n't sacrifice for Fan to be lovely to little children. It is n't sacrifice for Nan—that's me—"to go and play for old blind Miss King; and it's no sacrifice for me—and I'm going to confess it—to embroider all those things for the charity bazaar, because we every one simply adore to do those things. Now is n't that the truth?"

We sat simply dumb, convicted of our sins, there under the big apple-tree. We had been playing tennis over at Helen's; she has a perfectly splendid court. Well, there we sat with Dolly's beautiful eyes upon us, and at that moment I had a perfect inspiration; it came to me just *ker-slap*!

Said I: "Girls, my dear, adorable girls! Let's have a club—a sacrifice club—and let's call it the Heart's Ease!"

Really, my own breath was taken away by the beauty of that thought! But the others were charmed with my suggestion.

We started that club right then and there! Dolly was elected president; I was secretary, and Fan treasurer, though she said how she was going to treasure kind acts and sweet words was more than she could tell, for if we were going to report every one we should get to be regular little prigs in no time. But Dolly soon put our minds to rest on that point. Those of us to whom it was a *sacrifice* were to give money; those who had quick tempers were to keep them—I don't mean just that, either—*control* them, that's better; those who were stingy were to give, and the lazy ones were to work (we were *mostly* that!); the saucy ones were to be polite, and the despairing ones (that meant Lucy Chase, and she knew it instantly; she's always getting the doleful dumps, and we really get worn out throwing the life-line to her)—well, the despairing ones were to simply beam, and the sulky ones were to forgive, and so on. Besides all this—and this did almost break our hearts, but Dolly was like rock—we were to take the other girls—

Cora Davis and Ruth Button and all the rest—into our club, if they wanted to join, and be perfectly sweet to them, for Dolly said she thought we were all, herself among the number—was n't that dear of her?—getting to be somewhat snobbish, and it—the snobbishness—must be crushed out by an *iron hand*! You may be sure I set that down in my report; it sounded really like an "edict," as the books say.

Well, though our folks laughed a little at our

Schubert's Serenade just divinely—that is, *almost*—and Grandma Fay's smile when the pair of stockings was finished—just think of knitting a pair of stockings! Incidentally, her father gave Helen twenty dollars, which she at once turned over to the club, and Grandma Fay gave her the quaintest little pearl ring which she wore when *she* was a little girl, and which Helen prizes "more than rubies"—as she declares.

Fan gave fifty cents that she earned weeding



"I TELL YOU WHAT I THINK ABOUT IT: WE ARE A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING, SELFISH LOT."

Heart's Ease Club, they did n't laugh long. And Helen's big sister was so pleased she painted us beautiful badges of lovely dark pansies on a pale-green satin ribbon, with "Heart's Ease Club" printed in gold underneath—pansy stands for heart's ease, you know. (My but I *am* skippy!)

And now just listen to what we did the very first month:

Helen practised faithfully an hour a day because her father loves to have her play, and she never begged off once, though she loathes it. She let her grandmother teach her to knit because she knew it would please her, though Helen never can bear to sit still. Dolly says you must never *count* on a reward—that's priggish, indeed almost common—but you *can* always count on a *result*, you know. And Helen's "result" was her father's delight when she played

the garden, and she mended the stockings for the whole summer. Her reward was her mother's lovely nap every day—Mrs. Clark never could take a nap with all that mending on hand—and a trip to the lake, and her garden was praised by the *minister*, and what higher reward than that could one wish?

Dolly learned to cook and make the most delicious bread, and she tended her sister's baby, and said sweet words to her little brother Billy, and indeed, *indeed* for that she should have a crown! Besides, she gave five dollars—all her allowance—and so would n't have had even one ice-cream soda that month if Helen had n't seen to that. Reward—really, Dolly says it was just too grand to mention, but I'll tell *you* that after her Uncle Jack tasted that delicious bread—and this is the queerest thing, and she says her



best reward—instead of hating cooking and housework as she always has, she now simply adores it, and her uncle is going to have her take a course in domestic science at any school she chooses! Her sister made her a perfect duck of a raffia hat for taking care of the baby, and

she lives in a little ugly country town, and they get up at five in the morning and go to bed with the chickens, and Aunt Sarah will only have the simplest things to eat—and Edna has always doted on rich things and perfectly loathed “wholesome cooking.” And Aunt Sarah believes



“DOLLY SAYS HER REWARD THERE IS ALMOST GREATER THAN SHE CAN BEAR.”

as for little Billy—Dolly says her reward there is almost greater than she can bear, for now Billy tags after her everywhere until she's almost worn to a frazzle.

Edna Page turned out to be what we never had suspected for one blessed minute—a really, truly martyr! She went and stayed a whole month with her Aunt Sarah. I know that does n't sound much like a sacrifice, but then you have never seen Edna's Aunt Sarah. Besides,

in sulphur for your complexion, and as Edna's was n't very good, she was simply wild for fear Aunt Sarah would insist upon her taking it, and, as a member of the Heart's Ease Club, she would n't *dare* refuse, because she might hurt Aunt Sarah's feelings!

I can tell you my heart just bled for Edna as we bade her good-by at the station on the fatal day she started. She really looked shabby, too, in her last summer's suit and her oldest hat, for

one of *her* sacrifices was to be economical, and I must say I think she rather overdid it, for she went with one tan glove and one white one because her puppy ate the mate of each pair, and she would n't spend a cent of her allowance for new ones, but gave it *all* to the club! Well, Edna's reward was *far* greater, than her sacrifice, for she came back with a complexion of peaches and cream! Aunt Sarah had really turned out to be a wonderful cook, and was splendid after she heard about the sacrifice club; and Edna just loved the girls in that little bit of a village. Indeed, she has raved about it all so that Dolly says she thinks Edna's sacrifice next year will be to *stay away* from Aunt Sarah's!

I sold a lot of my flowers—and that always breaks my heart, I do so love to give them away!—and I helped Sister Alice correct school papers (she teaches fourth grade), and I *washed the dishes every single day for a whole month*—so let none look at me! Dolly says I can hold my head up with the self-sacrificers after this, and my rewards were too many to mention.

But Lucy, oh, Lucy was the funniest! You know, she was the doleful dumpy one—well, that girl just grinned and grinned until it made your jaws ache to see her. Of course she did other self-sacrifices, too, but she said it was simply awful to smile with that dreadful empty hollow pain in your insides just the same—you see, you *can't* make yourself grin clear through if you

don't feel like it—I know it was as painful for us to see it as it was for her to do it. So, at last, Dolly said she had read somewhere that the Russian soldiers always *sing* to keep up their courage, and that Lucy should try that since the smiling sacrifice seemed to make those around her almost as sad as she was herself. And what do you think—*what do you think!* Why, after Lucy sang and sang, it came out that she had a perfectly lovely voice, and her people are going to have it cultivated when she gets older, and maybe some day she will be a great prima donna, and Lucy, why Lucy is *so* happy, her smile is like the breaking of the dawn across the hilltops.

Besides this, we've grown to *like* Cora and Ruth and those girls ever so much, and our meetings are delightful.

Well, at the end of our third month Fan reported, besides the other benefits which could never be counted, we had one hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury. Was n't that grand?

And then we started in to make all those dollars bring all the happiness they could, and I just wish I could tell you of the poor, tired mothers and the little children and the sad people that money helped.

Well, the girls wanted the secretary—that's your humble servant—to write this so the whole world might read, and Dolly, as our president, says her last word to you all is, "Go thou and do likewise!"

NANCY KENT, *Secretary*.

## THE THREE GOLDEN SHOWERS

(A Fairy Story)

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Oh, how fast the snow fell, and with what certainty of touch it transformed the commonest objects into new and strange and beautiful forms!

It was the first snow that had fallen in the kingdom of Mafabala within the memory of the oldest subject, and he lacked but half a score of years of being one hundred and ten.

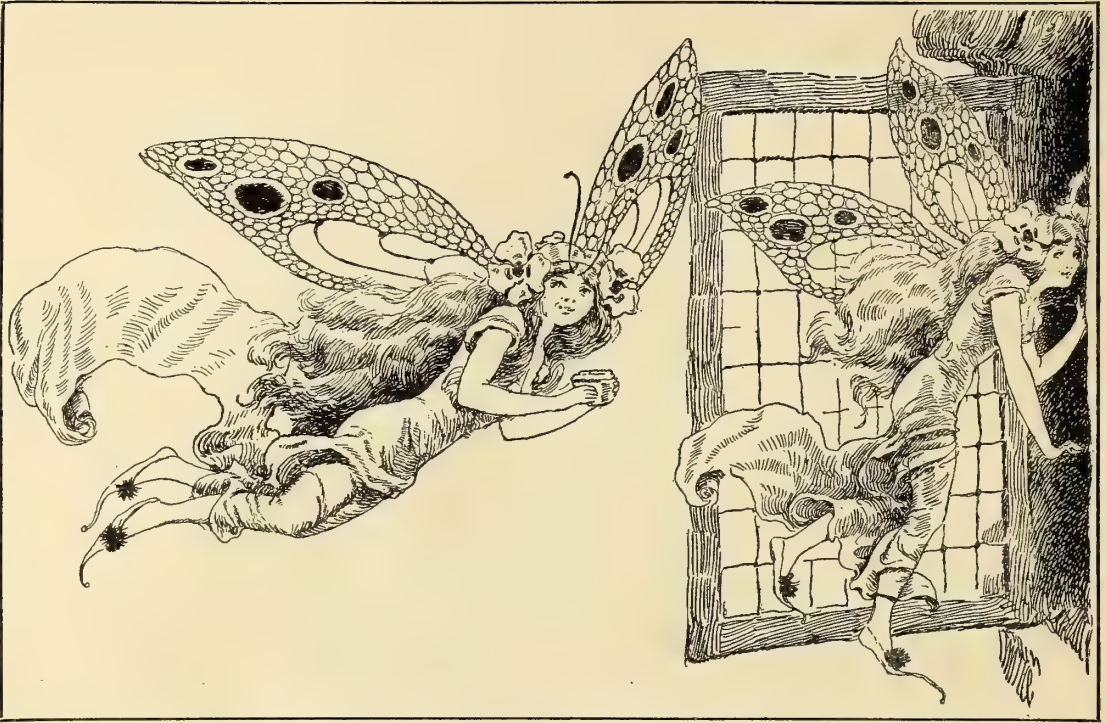
Memorable, indeed, was the snow, but it was not because of the snow-storm alone that Mafabalanians remembered that tenth of August. It was also the birthday of the Princess Miriel, first daughter of the king, and beloved from the moment she came into the world.

King Aratidia was the happiest man in the kingdom, for two reasons. He was happy because the snow was falling, and hitherto he had

only read of snow; and he was happy because of this dainty little daughter, who was so beautiful, with her coral-pink cheeks, her violet eyes, and her corn-silken hair, that the royal nurse told him that never since babies began to come to earth had there been such a beautiful infant. And the king believed her—for he had seen the child.

After he had hung a necklace of baby diamonds on her little neck, he went to the royal museum, and, asking for the key to the curiosity cabinet, he took therefrom an object that looked strange enough to him. He knew what it was (it was labeled "Sled"), but he had never used one in his life. Still there were hills in the capital, and he was barely forty and as boyish as kings of forty ever are.





"TWO FAIRIES FLEW IN AT THE OPEN DOORWAY AND GAVE HIM GIFTS."

Dragging the sled behind him, he went to the top of Parilon Hill, and, casting himself upon the sled, he pushed off and went flying to the bottom in faster time than his royal body had ever compassed before.

"What is it like, Sir?" asked the Grand Vatinman, his prime minister, who in great alarm had watched his royal master's descent from the foot of the hill.

"It is like nothing that was ever felt in my kingdom, and it is so delightful, so intoxicating, that I wish you to order the royal carpenter to make a thousand of these carriages, and let not only my court but the worthy poor in all parts of the city partake of this pleasure. I feel the years dropping from me, and if I do this all day I'll be a child by night."

All that day the snow fell, and packed down hard, so that when the sleds were made by the clever carpenter (who copied the model exactly, even to the queer characters on it that looked like the word "Arrow") and distributed to the courtiers and the worthy poor, it was a time for coasting that would have struck even a Canadian as being particularly favorable.

The snow lasted for three days, and in that time the city went wild over the new sport. The people of the middle class made their own sleds

and chose their own hills for coasting, all business was suspended, the poor forgot to be hungry—and really had little cause to be, for the king ordered twenty oxen to be killed and roasted in the public square so as to provide a feast for them—and the royal city looked more like a huge playground than a place made up of thousands of serious-minded people.

The king could hardly wait for the Princess Miriel to grow up, so anxious was he for her to go coasting, or "downing" as they called it in ignorance of a better word. But from that day until she was a woman grown, there came no more snows, and although, when the sun came out, the king ordered all the snow to be packed away in huge boxes and stored in the cellars of the royal stables, it did not do much good, for when the next cool day came and he ordered his workmen to unpack it, it was found that it had disappeared, leaving the boxes in a very damp condition. And the cellars had been unaccountably flooded.

On the night of the snow-storm another baby came to Maifabala, a little boy child, and his parents were not royal, but were of the common stock—good and industrious, but not the sort who would be likely to be seen at court, nor yet applying to the Guild of Charity Workers for

help. They were of the middle class, and as happy over the advent of their boy as the king was over his new daughter.

When Amatoria (for so they called the baby) came into the world, two fairies flew in at the open doorway and gave him gifts.

The king's daughter received no gift from the fairies. Fairies are peculiar folk, and to them kings and queens and princesses are no better nor any worse than common folk. Amatoria's father had once saved a fairy "ring" from being used for building purposes, and the fairies were not ungrateful.

But while the gift of the first fairy was no less than the conferring upon the boy of the

like a weed, a very beautiful weed, and once when there was a festival in which the people took part and put on costumes loaned by the boyish king, Amatoria, in the garb of a prince, looked so prince-like that the king came up to him and shook hands with him and asked him his name. And, what 's more, he gave him an apple and a gold piece.

Now the gold piece did not mean much to Amatoria, for he had seen gold pieces before, although, as his gift would not be conferred on him until he was twenty-one, he had little money; but the apple he appreciated to the full, because apples do not grow in Mafabala, and he knew that this apple had come across the seas from



*John Wokoff Adams*

"A GRAND BALL WAS ALWAYS GIVEN TO THE POOR, AT WHICH THE KING DANCED WITH ALL."

ability to pluck riches from thin air, the second fairy gave him a certain habit of mind that was likely to dissipate his riches, and which will be set forth later on in this truthful narrative.

Amatoria was a very unusual boy. He grew

a country where there are no fairies, but where there are apple-trees loaded with the delicious fruit.

Amatoria was a generous boy, and he divided his apple into forty parts and shared it with his



parents and thirty-seven other people. The slices were so thin that there was not much taste to them, but as none of them had ever tasted an apple, it did not make much difference. They were eating a strange fruit that had been given to the boy by the king, and they all smacked their lips and said: "How delicious!" And then they went out into their gardens and waded around among the oranges that had fallen from the trees, and which were so juicy and large and sweet that if you had one this minute you would say it was the best orange you ever ate. But the Mafa-

Oh, there is no doubt that he was a very fine king and was much beloved by all!

At this special ball Amatoria came in his ordinary clothes, but he looked so princely, and his bearing was so kindly, that Miriel fell in love with him at once and told her father that if he wanted to make her happy he must let her marry that noble youth.

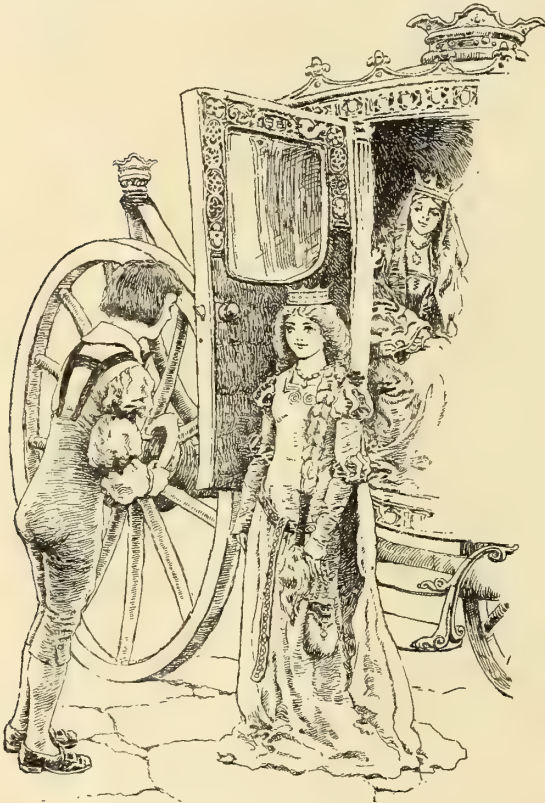
As for Amatoria, as soon as he saw the princess he felt that he had never seen a picture or heard a description that could come anywhere near the wonderful beauty of this delightful and amiable creature. Why, every once in a while she would go to the window and empty a bag of money into the street to be picked up by whomsoever would. And she did not do it in a vulgar way, as she might easily have done. She just opened the window softly, and, looking to see that there were no soft heads below to be hurt, she would let loose the draw-strings, and a golden and musical stream flowed to the pavement. And then she was back out of sight before any one knew who had caused this rain of gold.

Now, although King Aratidia was a boyish and good-hearted king, he did not think that just because a young man was good-looking and sweet-tempered, and carried himself well, and belonged to the middle class, he ought to wed his daughter. The king was not a bit "stuck up." His great-grandfather had been a cobbler, and he knew perfectly well that there were people who never thought of wearing crowns (particularly in hot weather) who were just as good as he; but he also believed that what was worth having was worth working for, so he caused it to be proclaimed that he who could make enough money to buy the famous Blanton tiara and present it to the princess should have her to wife.

Perhaps some of you do not know what the Blanton tiara is. Indeed, if you have never visited the kingdom of Mafabala it is not likely that you know anything about it. It is a crown made up of a hundred diamonds selected out of a million of the very best. Oh, how they flash light! It almost seems as if they were angry at one another and were sending darts of light for the purpose of annihilating one another.

The tiara stood on a velvet cushion in the window of the Jeweler to the Crown, and was guarded against robbers by a cage of gold bars. The diamonds flashed such dazzling and many-colored lights that at night the jeweler needed but one candle in his shop. Their value was estimated at one million two hundred thousand paramons.

(It is hardly necessary to add that a paramon in Mafabala equals two and a half of our dollars.)



"'IT'S A PLEASANT DAY, MY SUBJECT,' SAID THE PRINCESS."

balanians never used their oranges for anything except pies, as they were far too common to eat out of hand.

When Princess Miriel was nearing her twenty-first birthday, she went to a ball that her father gave to the middle class. Each year he gave a dozen balls. Some were given to the courtiers and those of royal blood, others were for the middle class, and a grand ball was always given to the poor, at which the king danced with all, no matter how tattered they might be, and at the end of the dances provided a huge supper.

Of course every one in the kingdom read the proclamation, for copies of it were set up at every street-corner, and of course when Amatoria read it he felt that his dreams of marrying the princess must come to naught. His father's income was only five hundred paramons a year, and all the spending-money he had was only a paramon a month. As he had never learned any trade except that of bookbinding, and as the Mafabalanians rarely have their books bound, preferring paper covers, he knew that it was hopeless for him to try to buy the jewels to give to Miriel.

In his sorrow he went to his mother, and told her how he loved Miriel and how unhappy he would be until he got her.

His mother sympathized with him but could say nothing encouraging until she remembered that when he was twenty-one he would fall heir to the gifts of the fairies.

"What they are, my dear, I don't know, but I am sure that you had better wait until your birthday before giving up all hope of winning the princess. Remember there has never been a dishonest man among your ancestors on either side."

"What 's that got to do with it?" asked Amatoria.

"Nothing," said his mother, quickly. "I merely happened to think of it and thought I 'd say it."

Miriel in his thoughts, he walked up the hill to the palace and was so lucky as to see the princess stepping into her gilded coach to go for a ride. And, what is more, she saw him, and her mother being with her, she nodded to Amatoria and said to him: "It 's a pleasant day, my subject." And he, standing up straight, although a blush came to his cheeks, said: "It is indeed, your Highness. And I wish you many of them."

"What a well-spoken boy that is!" said her mother. "And how princely-looking! Who is he?"

"It is Amatoria, to whom Father gave the apple."

"Oh, yes," said the queen. "I remember. I like his looks. Let me see; what can I do for him?" She thought a moment. "Tell him that he may pick flowers in the royal gardens the second Sunday of each month."

Amatoria had passed on, but the princess laughed a silvery laugh, and when he looked up she beckoned to him and told him what her gracious mother had said, and you may be sure that Amatoria was pleased. Not that the flowers in the royal gardens were any sweeter than those in the window-box of the conveyer of hods on the block below him, but because it showed him

that the queen was a kindly woman and worthy to be the mother of so lovely a girl as Miriel.

The first second Sunday in the month happened to be Amatoria's birthday, and when he went up to the garden, meaning to pick a few flowers and divide them among a lot of children in the hospital, the fairy's gift came to him.



John Wolcott Adams

"WHAT WAS HIS SURPRISE TO SEE A SHOWER OF GOLD COME OUT OF THEIR PETALS!"

The royal gardener was walking down the paths, watering the flowers from a gold watering-pot, and when he saw Amatoria he said: "Who gave you permission to come into the royal gardens?"

"The queen," said Amatoria.

You know in Mafabala no one ever tells a lie, and the gardener knew that Amatoria spoke the truth.

"She said I might pick flowers on the second Sunday of each month," said the youth.

"Pick away," said the gardener. "What the queen says is always the right thing."

Amatoria was abreast of a bed of Japan lilies, which in Mafabala are called Lilies of the Spots of Lake, and he leaned over and picked three.



As he drew them toward him, the tops bent as if weighted with lead, and he gave them a little shake.

What was his surprise to see a shower of gold come out of their petals! Paramons by the thousand fell to the ground.

The gardener looked at Amatoria, and then he shook his head wisely. Gardeners know many things that are not to be found in the florists' annuals, and the old fellow was not long in making up his mind that the boy who stood before him had received a fairy gift.

"How old are you?" he inquired, making no reference to the gold that lay in heaps on the ground.

"Twenty-one to-day," answered Amatoria, and stood transfixed at sight of the gold.

"I thought so," said the gardener. "And are you the son of Notiola and Natiana?"

"Yes," replied Amatoria.

"Well, you 'll need a wheelbarrow to carry all this stuff away. I can't have the garden walks all littered up with gold. You may borrow my barrow, but be sure you return it, as I 'll need it in the morning."

Amatoria counted some of the gold, and then he figured that there was at least a third of the sum he needed to buy the tiara. He resolved to shake the flowers again and get some more, but although he shook them until the stalks broke, he could not get another paramon.

"Only once in a day," laughed the wise old gardener. "Take good care of those, for yours is a gift that does not last forever."

Amatoria went to the "cool-house" to get the barrow. In Mafabala the weather is so hot that certain flowers much prized by the people are impossible to raise except in cool-houses, and the old gardener also kept his rakes and things in there during the winter season, which in Mafabala is never very cold. It had not snowed, as you may remember, in twenty-one years.

The young man shoveled the gold into his barrow and tottered off under the load. To-morrow he would come to the garden again and pick some more flowers. To-morrow? No; the queen had said the second Sunday in the month. He would have to wait a month unless he got special permission.

A royal cavalcade approached, and Amatoria knew that the queen was taking her daily drive.

Setting down his burden, he took off his cap and approached the queen's solid gold coach.

She recognized him at once, and asked him pleasantly if he had picked the flowers yet.

"Yes, your Majesty, and see what they have turned into." He pointed to his barrow, and

when the queen saw it she clapped her hands and cried: "The tiara will soon be yours! You are in favor with the fairies."

"Royal and most gracious and kind Queen of the Realm and mother of the Princess Miriel, whom I have dared to love, may I pick some more flowers to-morrow?"

"Pick any day you will, my boy," said she, and held out her lily-white hand for him to kiss. He bent low and kissed it, thinking the while how in three days, in all probability, he could buy the tiara, and then—

The carriage of the queen rolled by and Amatoria took up his burden again, and in order to make the way to his home easier, he took a short cut through the poorer quarters. He had not gone fifty feet before he saw poor people on every side. Very many were hungry, although, thanks to the king, they had at least one meal every two days.

"Oh, this will never do," said Amatoria. "I must relieve the needs of these people." And so saying, he dumped the entire load of gold in the middle of the street and invited them to help themselves to all of it.

There are no telephones in Mafabala, although I have it on good authority that a man is at the present time inventing them, but inside of five minutes every poor person in that section of the town was on hand, helping himself to the bright yellow coins, and inside of half an hour there was not a paramon to be seen on the pavement.

Now this was not ordinary generosity on the part of Amatoria, but the work of the other fairy. She had put it into his heart to give all he had to the needy. He thought, "To-morrow I will shake the lilies again and get more," and he did not consider that he had done much in merely postponing by a day his happiness.

Next morning, bright and early, he went to the royal gardens, and meeting the gardener, he asked permission to pick some more lilies.

The gardener placed his hands on his hips and lowered his head good-humoredly at the boy. "I wish I had a son like you," said he, with a cheery smile.

"Well, I 'm well satisfied with my own father," remarked Amatoria, "but I must say that I think you a particularly nice gardener. I have heard of gardeners chasing boys out of gardens."

"Not such boys as you. Why, you 're in great favor with the king. He was here a little while ago, and he was delighted to hear of your good fortune yesterday."

Amatoria smiled at the gardener. "It's a good thing that we have in this kingdom."

"He is a good king," said the gardener. "And the

heart of a boy in him. I've known him since he was small enough to stand in a pint cup—"

His grandfather, they say, was the off-with-his-head sort, and my grandfather, who was the royal



"HE DUMPED THE ENTIRE LOAD OF GOLD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND INVITED THEM TO HELP THEMSELVES TO ALL OF IT."

"Why did he do that?" asked Amatoria.

"He did n't. I say he was small enough to do it, but he had better ways of amusing himself. But, boy or man, he has always been a boy, and that kind of man makes the best sort of ruler.

gardener at that time, used to be afraid from day to day that the king would order his head struck from his shoulders because this rose was not the right color or that lily was a day too long in blooming. A man can't do his best work when



he's in danger of losing his head every minute. But when King Aratidia is about I don't feel any more afraid than I'm afraid of you."

The gardener looked up at the sun and uttered an exclamation. "It's high time I got to work. And do you do the same, and I wish you very good luck."

Amatoria picked the lilies as before, and as before he shook them, and again there was a shower of gold that heaped itself up like the sand in a minute-glass, until there was as much as had fallen the day before.

As he had done on Sunday, so he did to-day. He borrowed the barrow which he had returned the day before, and shoveled the gold into it, and then he passed through another part of the town, fearing that he might be led to give his money again to the poor, and thinking that there would be time enough for charity when the tiara was his.

He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when he met a camel-driver sitting by the dead body of a camel, and weeping salt tears.

"What is the matter?" asked Amatoria, stopping and going up to the woebegone man.

"Matter to make me weep until the sun shall no more shine," said the camel-driver. "In this camel you perceive the last of a herd of one hundred which were left me by my father and which, one by one, have fallen victims to a dreadful disease that baffles all the veterinarians in Mafabala."

"And how much would it cost to get a new herd?"

"Oh, that is not worth talking about," moaned the poor fellow. "It would cost a third as much as the diamond tiara in the shop of the king's jeweler."

"Then weep no more," cried Amatoria, clapping the fellow on the back. "Here is enough to buy you a new herd. And if you will take my advice, you will not pasture them near the Ap-salyn flats. I remember seeing you there, and years ago the cholera started there. Pasture them on high ground, and you may have no further cause to complain."

The camel-driver fell on Amatoria's neck and thanked him again and again, and the young man felt that he had not been at all ungenerous; but again it was the other fairy's gift that was working in him—the gift of unthinking generosity.

The next morning found him ready to begin anew the web that he had twice wantonly broken, and he rose early and was at the garden at rise of sun, and, meeting the gardener, immediately asked permission to pick the lilies.

The gardener shook hands with him and smiled pleasantly at him.

"Well, so to-day is the last day of your gift, is n't it?"

"What?" cried Amatoria, aghast. "How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why should I not know, my boy? I was present the night of your birth, and the fairies always give in threes. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, and then it is rely on your own powers. And no more than right," remarked the gardener, shaking the mold from the roots of a dandelion which he was preparing to transplant.

"Why, I thought the power was perpetual," said Amatoria, with a face as long as a summer's day.

"Some people want the world," said the gardener, shaking his shaggy head at Amatoria.

With a heavy heart Amatoria picked the lilies and shook them, and, as before, a heap of gold rose quickly on the garden path. He estimated it as equal in value to either of the other heaps. What to do the poor fellow did not know. Only a paltry four hundred thousand paramons! It might have occurred to him to doubt the gardener if such a thing as lying or misinformation were possible in Mafabala. What lay before him was enough to keep him and his parents in plenty for the rest of their lives, but it would not buy him the consent of the king to the marriage of his daughter.

While he stood there with bowed head, he heard a step on the gravel path, and, looking up, he saw the king, accompanied by the lovely Miriel.

"What is it that grieves you, my son? And who has been so careless as to leave all this money here?"

"It is my money, and it is all I have," said Amatoria, in broken tones.

"My poor pauper!" cried the king, jocosely. "You have scarce enough to buy you food and raiment for a thousand years."

Amatoria could not help laughing, because a few months ago such an immense sum of money would have seemed to him like the riches of Golconda, so entertainingly described in his school reader.

"Well, Sire, if it takes one million two hundred thousand paramons to buy the diamond tiara, and I have but a third of that sum, with no prospect of getting any more, how can I strive for the hand of your daughter? And without her how can I be happy?"

"Oh, ho!" cried the king, looking at Amatoria keenly, and then glancing at the blushing Miriel,

who was trying to bury her pretty face in a lily, and who merely covered her lovely nose with pollen. "So you are the young man to whom I gave the apple! Did you like it, by the way?"

Amatoria somewhat shamefacedly told the king that he had shared the apple with so many that he really did not know what it tasted like, and then he told the monarch how his money had melted away, and why it had melted, and that he could hope for no further gifts from the fairies.

"Well, my son, in seeking for a successor to the throne I believed that a man who had the good of my subjects at heart would be just the man for the place, and if Miriel does not absolutely hate you and refuse to have you, why I'll buy the tiara myself and give it to her as a wedding gift, and you can use this money to buy gewgaws and other things with. Miriel, do you hate this young man extremely?"

The king said this in so humorous a tone that Miriel could not help smiling, but her answer was so low that she could not hear it herself. Her eyes, however, told her father that she loved the young man who stood before her.

"Suppose you two take a walk in the garden

on the tenth of August, they were married in the great cathedral at the top of Parilon Hill. It was a gorgeous ceremony, and "the poor" (who were now very well off, thanks to Amatoria) came in great numbers. Among the presents that were displayed on the steps of the cathedral (following a very old Mafabalanian custom) were precious stones and a box of apples (from the king) and a half-dozen camels (the gift of the camel-driver and worth almost as much as the apples).

While the ceremony was being performed, great clouds gathered in the north, and in less than ten minutes a furious snow-storm was raging. The ceremony was of course a couple of hours long (as Mafabalanian royal weddings always are), and when the king and queen and the wedded pair and all the rest came out, they found that some one with great forethought had brought a large number of sleds to the cathedral.



"FOR A SOLID WEEK THE JOYS OF COASTING WERE EXPERIENCED BY THE ENTIRE COURT."

and learn something about the flowers, and I'll have some one come and remove this rubbishy gold to your house. It will come in handy without a doubt."

At this Miriel ran to her father and kissed him, while Amatoria turned and shook hands with the gardener and told him to fill his pockets with gold, if he cared for such stuff.

Then he and Miriel walked among the flowers, but what they said to each other it would not be fair to record beyond saying that they were almost too happy for words and yet chattered like magpies. That's a way lovers have even outside of Mafabala Land.

Just a week from that morning in the garden,

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"Hurrah!" cried the king. "I say, Miriel, instead of your going on a wedding journey, suppose we spend the next few days in coasting?"

You may be sure that both Amatoria and Miriel were delighted beyond measure, and for a solid week the joys of coasting were experienced by the entire court. And as some of the hills on the outskirts of the town are ten miles long (as you may see by consulting the city map of Mafabala), you may imagine that Amatoria and Miriel had better sledding than any American boys and girls have ever had.

And then the sun came out, the snow melted away, and, flushed with health enough to last them their whole lives, the royal couple went to housekeeping in a palace that the king had built for them, in which, by a happy contrivance, every room was always sunny—except at night.

And at last accounts Amatoria and Miriel were the most popular couple in Mafabala. And every other Sunday evening the gardener takes supper with them.





## AT SIXTEEN YEAR

BY ELIZABETH ELLIOT

SHE studies "Macbeth" and "King Lear,"  
And the classics of long ago;  
She thinks they are "perfectly glorious,"  
The teacher she loves tells her so.  
What she *likes* are the antics of "Patty,"  
And stories with "sparkle and go,"  
Long hours over Kipling and Dickens—  
She is only a school-girl, you know.

She keeps up her "physical culture,"  
And plays basket-ball with her might;  
Studies Latin and algebra-problems  
And goes to bed early at night.  
What she *likes* is to dance until morning  
In ruffles all frilly and pink,  
To "scoot" up the Drive in a motor,  
Or to gaily roll round at the rink.



"SHE PLAYS BASKET-BALL  
WITH HER MIGHT."



"WHAT SHE *LIKES* IS TO DANCE  
UNTIL MORNING."



"STUDIES LATIN AND ALGEBRA-PROBLEMS."



"SHE PRACTISES GRIEG AND MOSZKOWSKI."

She practises Grieg and Moszkowski,  
Though her brain wanders off in a dream;  
She goes to hear Symphony concerts,  
With Damrosch expounding the theme.  
What she *likes* is the waltz of the "Widow,"  
Gay two-steps that tingle and stir,  
The resonant chorus of "Boola,"  
Or the lay of the "Little Chauffeur."



"TO 'SCOOT' UP THE DRIVE  
IN A MOTOR."

She goes to hear "Julius Cæsar,"  
With note-book, not just as a lark;  
She visits Greek casts in museums  
And sketches bare trees in the park.  
What she *likes* is Maude Adams as *Peter*,  
Or a jolly good "Hippodrome" show,  
A comrade to laugh with,—and caramels—  
She is only a school-girl, you know.



"WHAT SHE *LIKES* IS MAUDE  
ADAMS AS *PETER*."



"A COMRADE TO LAUGH WITH."



# THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

## CHAPTER V

### OF JERRY ABERSHAW'S HEADLONG RIDE FOR LIFE

EARLY the following morning Anthony burst into the Vicomte's room.

"Have you heard the news?" cried the boy.

"I have had little chance since I saw you last," said the Vicomte, sitting up in his bed; "I was dreaming I was once again in France."

"No," cried Anthony, beside himself with excitement, "they've robbed the Ipswich coach!"

"Oh, mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Vicomte. "How pitiful! How sad!" Then he added, in tones of the most sincere solicitude: "I hope no one is hurt?"

"The driver has got his ribs smashed, and there's another man with a broken skull," the boy went on, all in a breath. "They've carried him into the Gun Inn, but the Dedham doctor does n't think he'll live. And they say the highwayman was Jerry Abershaw; for yesterday he was recognized by a Yorkshireman at 'The Cups,' at the time the coach changed horses; and there's a troop of light dragoons gone off from Colchester to try to hunt him down."

The boy was almost delirious with the news. For at that time Jerry Abershaw was the terror of the road.

And, indeed, the rumor that he had come east set the whole county by the ears; and before the day had passed there had been a fine stand-up fight in the stable-yard of the Marlborough Head.

An Ardleigh man came in, and said he had seen Abershaw half a mile out of Little Bentley at the very hour that a wagoner from Higham claimed to have come face to face with the same gentleman on the Hadleigh road. As each was convinced he was right, there was no way out of the difficulty but to repair to the yard and there settle the matter with their fists. And this they did, to such effect that the Ardleigh man afterward held his nose for three quarters of an hour under the Grammar School pump; while the wagoner went home at the bottom of his own cart, with a cold beefsteak over his eye and his head done up in a towel.

As a matter of fact, both were equally in the wrong. Jerry Abershaw, chased by the King's dragoons, doubled back from Colchester, and,

jumping the turnpike under the keeper's very nose, galloped into Suffolk, where he crossed the line of a fox. Before he could pull up, he was well in the middle of the hounds. The leading dragoons were close upon him; and in less time than it takes to say it the whole field had taken up the chase. The hounds held to their original quarry, and, it is believed, killed the fox near Bramford osier-beds; but the master, the huntsman, the whips, and all the field—the ladies as well as men—then and there turned off for the better sport.

And Jerry Abershaw was never harder pressed in all his life. He afterward declared his opinion that ten years of all the perils and hardships of the road were worth that one mad, headlong ride for life.

They "Tally-ho-ed" until the coverts echoed, and took jumps they never would have looked at with a fox. They opened gates for none of the ladies, all of whom, save the master's daughter, were left behind from the start. They shouted at Jerry; and they shouted to one another. They waited for no man at the gaps; for courtesy and caution had gone together to the winds. Captain Reginald Truman, of Little Horkesley Hall, riding his horse to a finish, went clean through a rotten, six-barred gate, with never so much as a scratch to beast or man; and the huntsman's horse fell dead a mile from Raydon Wood.

And all this time Jerry Abershaw was tearing on before. For five miles they held the highwayman in view. Then they lost him. But a yokel outside Washbrook was able to put them upon the scent. They sighted him once again near Hintlesham; and this time Jerry Abershaw was very nearly caught.

He had turned out of a stubble-field and was going full-tilt up a lane that ran between high, impenetrable hedges, when he came face to face with a mill cart fair across the way. With one glance he saw that it was not possible to pass; the wheels were well upon the banks on either side; and the thorns and brambles brushed the flanks of the cart. The lane was converted into a veritable cul-de-sac. The field was close upon him; and a moment wasted, he knew, might mean his life.

The wagoner threw up his hands, yelling out for mercy on the spot. But the highwayman never stayed to trouble him for long, but, then



"THIS TIME JERRY ABERSHAW WAS VERY NEARLY CAUGHT."



and there, turned his horse's head and galloped back upon his tracks. Two of his pursuers were already in the lane. The first of them was one of the whips; and him he passed like a streak of light, catching the man a blow across the mouth with the heavy butt of his pistol. The second was the master's daughter, all but top of the field, sitting well back on her thoroughbred, with her hat left miles behind in a thorn-bush and her hair streaming out in the wind. Jerry went past her, well bent forward over his horse's neck; and as he did so, he carried his hat from his head with a great, backward, sweeping motion, that was a courtly thing to see. He held the hat for a moment over his horse's tail; and then whipping it back to his head, he threw the lady a kiss and cleared the fence to the right.

Hintlesham Park was before him, an open stretch of grass-land, with the thick of the field bearing down upon his heels. Twenty horses came over the fence, like a squadron spread in line; and Jerry Abershaw not a hundred yards to the front. They gave a "View-halloo!" that might have waked the dead beyond the priory walls, while Jerry, pressing home his spurs and clenching his teeth, listened to the thunder of the hoofs.

The word had been passed around who their quarry was; and, one and all, they shrieked his name and called on him to stop.

But no thought was further then from Jerry's mind. Before him was the freedom of the highroad; behind him the gallows—nothing less; and, in that one great sprint across the park, he saw his own limp and helpless body dangling high on hangman's oak and the rooks above his head. And he swore that his old gray horse had seen the vision, too. For, though his flanks were going like bellows, he galloped as he had never done before. The pick of the blood of the county was hard upon their tracks. They were all fresh out for a morning's sport, though they had never bargained for such a day as this. And Jerry Abershaw had been chased by dragoons all the way from Boxted Heath. The dragoons were now out of the race, but the hunting-field was not; and Jerry had to prove that he was better than they all.

Across the park he gained—it might have been not more than twenty yards. He went through the priory coverts, scattering the pheasants and setting the rooks a-cawing overhead, and got safely over Flowton Brook.

It was about midday; and the only soul in Flowton Street was an old almswoman, with a basket full of eggs. The rest of them were seated at their dinners, when they were startled by the

clattering sound of the hoofs of a bolting horse. One and all, they rushed to their cottage windows, and some had even got as far as their doors, when a man in a green-hooded riding-coat, mounted on a gray horse dripping wet, came helter-skelter down the village street. At the corner by the church he bowed over the old woman like a ninepin; and the eggs were spread across the path. They say she was over ninety then, having been born the very year that Queen Anne came upon the throne; and she never recovered from the shock. But some of the eggshells remain to this day, as they were picked up in the village street; and if you are tactful, and lead up to the topic by way of the season's harvest, you may get the story out of a village graybeard, much as his grandfather told it him, with minor additions of his own: of how on an autumn midday, in the reign of George the Third, Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, came down Flowton Street, and half the field of the Suffolk Hunt made their windows shake. Then he will lead you off to his cottage, and, opening a drawer in a dresser, hand you the broken shell of an egg.

"An' thar 's one of th' eggs that they pelted 'un with," he will tell you; for such he fully believes to have been the case.

But we know the truth of the whole affair: that Jerry Abershaw was last seen that day by the gamekeeper at Nettlestead Hall, with the steam rising from his gray horse as if from a saucepan on the fire. After that he was lost; and the Suffolk Hunt went home to warm their swollen feet at their fenders and tell their wives of the greatest run that ever the county saw.

Jerry must have hid in a coppice until night-fall; for he was not recognized by any of the few that knew him until months afterward, when he was back on the Kingston road, at the inn of "The Bald-faced Stag," which had the unenviable reputation of being the headquarters of this notorious rogue. But a gray horse was found exhausted on the highroad, three miles from Bury St. Edmunds; and on its saddle a sheet of paper, torn from a note-book, on which the following short words had been hastily written, in uneven roman lettering:

To the Master of the Suffolk Hounds.

That was all. Except that one of Sir Joshua Holbrook's thoroughbreds was stolen from the paddock near at hand.

And it is all forgotten now. They will talk of a run of above an hour as a thing-worth living for. But there was a day when the soft pastures of sleepy Suffolk thundered with a frenzied, des-

perate race for human life, when the sheep were startled from their midday sleep and the farm-yard dogs were set a-barking in the sun, and men rode as they had never done before. And that was the day when Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, was top of all the hunt.

## CHAPTER VI

### HOW A BROKEN HEAD MAY LEAD TO A BROKEN HEART

BUT, in the meantime, the Vicomte was sitting up in his bed.

"Mon Dieu! how pitiful!" he sighed.

"If they catch Jerry Abershaw, he 'll be hanged," said Master Anthony. For there was not the shadow of doubt upon the point.

"Vraiment," observed the Vicomte. "It is necessary for the general welfare of the community to hang all such wicked rascals. But tell me, where is Freston?" he added, in a very altered voice.

"Freston?" repeated Anthony, who, with John Constable, knew every mile of the country around. "Freston is near Ipswich, by the mouth of the Orwell."

"Ah," said the Vicomte; "then how does one get to Freston from here?"

"By the Stratford turnpike and along the Ipswich road."

"And how far might Freston be from here?"

"Fifteen miles," suggested Anthony.

"So near! Then one might ride there within two hours."

Whereupon, having gained all the information he desired, he proceeded to dress for the day.

Directly after breakfast Sir Michael Packe called for his horse and rode off to the scene of the disaster.

Fresh horses had been sent out from Colchester, and the coach had continued on its way. But both the driver and the young officer of marines lay at the Gun Inn, the latter unconscious and upon the verge of the other world.

Sir Michael found the inn crowded to overflowing.

There was the Dedham doctor, in his top-boots, seated before a tankard of ale and giving out that no power on earth could save the officer's life. There were a couple of schoolmasters from the Grammar School, quoting Latin to the point, and John Constable and Willie Lott, searching the roadway for the marks of Jerry's horse.

The vicar of Dedham and the rector of Langham were there, in cocked hats and cassocks, discussing the price of pigs; and altogether mine host of the Gun was doing a roaring trade and

blessing Jerry Abershaw from the bottom of his heart.

But, though there was a great deal of useless talk and lifting up of hands, it was old Sir Michael himself who was the first to think of a practical thing.

"Who was the young man?" he bellowed.

But neither the divines nor the schoolmasters nor the doctor nor the innkeeper himself were anyhow able to say.

Sir Michael went out of the room, fuming and exceedingly red in the face. In the passage he caught hold of the pot-boy and cuffed him soundly over the head. Then, puffing and blowing, he ascended the stairs and entered the room where the young man lay, very pale and still, with his head done up in bandages that the doctor had steeped in lotion.

In the pocket of the greatcoat, which lay upon a chair at the side of the bed, Sir Michael found an opened letter addressed to Captain Roland Hood, his Majesty's Green Marines, on board his Majesty's ship *Swiftsure*, then at anchor in Plymouth Sound.

"Hood?" repeated the old gentleman, as if he knew the name. Then he remembered that this must be the son of the widowed lady that lived at Bentley Hall, on the Suffolk side of the Stour. He had heard it said that her son was in the Green Marines. Upon the instant he came downstairs again, and, going out into the yard, seized John Constable by the lapel of his coat, which was powdered white with flour.

"Can ye run, ye lanky loon?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy artist, holding up an arm, as if in protection of an anticipated blow.

"Then off to Nether Hall, and order that bull-calf of a coachman of mine to put to the bay horses and drive to Bentley Green. Tell the oaf to bring back the lady from the Hall; and if he's not returned to the Gun Inn by twelve o'clock, ye can tell him I 'll stop his pay for a month." At that the old man flourished his stick in the air, while John Constable made off as fast as his legs could go. And within two hours from that time a sweet-faced little lady was leaning forward in Sir Michael Packe's great chaise, with her trembling hands tightly clasped together and her face as white as snow, while the hedges and the trees flew past, along the Ipswich road.

She went up to her son very bravely, but looking straight ahead, both Sir Michael and the doctor following her into the room.

The young man was still unconscious; but the doctor, perhaps only to give courage to the widowed mother, said that he thought there still was



hope. Whereupon Sir Michael, taking his words in earnest, went down to his "bull-calf of a coachman" in the stable-yard, and, though his horses were all in a sweat, told him to get off six miles into Colchester and fetch out Dr. Gosling.

And that was the first step in a recovery which occupied several months, during many weeks of which the patient was delirious, being saved again and again from the door of death, but turning back continually, like a child that wants to sleep.

But he pulled round in the end; and the Dedham doctor never ceased to refer to it until his dying day.

"I once had a case of concussion of the brain," he would begin, and then go on to expatiate upon the treatment he had thought fit to adopt as opposed to that of the common herd of ordinary medical men. For, with regard to that recovery, he took an ocean of credit upon himself. It never occurred to him that there were other hands than his own who had a right to an equal share in the pride and pleasure of it all. For, throughout that long and critical illness, Roland Hood's mother and Cicely Packe took turn and turn about to be nurse. When the one slept, the other kept watch at the bedside; so that there was always one of them at hand to smooth his pillow when he woke.

Thus it was that, after the delirium had left him, Roland Hood came to look upon the same two faces, that seemed forever watching at his couch, for every little need. One or the other was always at his side. So that, in course of time, they were to him the very sweetest faces in all God's gracious world.

During this period the Vicomte was left much to his own resources. Anthony sought the company of his friends, John Constable and Willie Lott; and Sir Michael, redder in the face than ever, was continually backward and forward from the Gun, with grapes that had come from London and brown jugs of cream. The Vicomte constantly questioned the Squire after the health of the patient, and, as often as not, received with his answer the entirely irrelevant information that the widow was the gentlest and the sweetest-tempered lady that could anywhere be found. So the Vicomte, knowing full well that extremes meet in all things, but perhaps in the affairs of the heart most frequently of all, was probably the first to guess the truth, though he showed not a shade of it in his face. This we may place to the credit of his good breeding. But there was afterward proof of a greater duplicity he was practising at the time.

In Paris the Committee of Public Safety had instituted a system of terror that set the whole

civilized world, and finally France herself, shaking in her shoes. At the head of this body were Carnot, Robespierre, Saint-Just, and Couthon, men who in their day sent thousands to the guillotine. Toward the end of this year of nameless horrors, a plot was hatching in the Convention itself to overthrow the tyrants. The Vicomte got word of it and made his plans accordingly. Though before his host he continued to denounce the whole aims of the Revolution, he secretly became a Republican, and joined that party in Paris that went by the name of the *jeunesse dorée*, who were afterward, under Pichegru, to compass the downfall of the Jacobins. Past a doubt he saw no other method of regaining a little of what he had lost. The Republican armies had met with repeated success upon the frontiers; Toulon had been recaptured; and France, for the time being, was safe, as far as external enemies were concerned. In other words, the Revolution looked like being a success. The days of monarchy and despotism, and even an aristocracy, were past. Monsieur des Ormeaux was content to satisfy himself with what he could get.

About this time letters arrived frequently from France. One and all, they were addressed to "le citoyen Ormeaux"; and the Vicomte, with many a sigh, would show them to Cicely and her father, in proof of how he had even been robbed of his name.

As soon as Captain Hood was able to be moved, he was taken to Nether Hall; for there it was that Sir Michael insisted he should go. He was not yet strong enough, the doctor said, to stand the journey by road to Bentley Green; though, in the light of after events, it seems likely that Sir Michael himself put the words into the doctor's mouth. Anyhow, certain it is that no one at the time, with the exception of the Vicomte, suspected the red-faced, irascible, kind-hearted old widower of any designs upon the elder lady's hand.

Such, however, was the case. And it so happened that when Christmas-time was come, and the snow lay thick and white upon the richness of the valley of the Stour, there was a party at Nether Hall of six persons around the blazing logs: the Squire and his son and daughter; the Vicomte; Captain Hood and his mother, the widow of Bentley Hall. From this circle there was one who would rise suddenly from his seat, a dark look upon his sallow face and the fire-light red in his eye, and go quickly out into the night and the falling snow. At such times it was Cicely alone who guessed the truth; and she trembled at the thought of it. For, though she

knew little or nothing of the world, her woman's instinct warned her of the Frenchman's love for herself. She knew, too, that the Vicomte had not been blind to the tender glances that she could not keep from Roland Hood; and she had seen his face change swiftly as he thought of it. And then she shivered and drew closer to the fire.

In the breast of a weaker and a better man the mortification and bitterness of it all had swelled and throbbed, and his sorrow would have

Michael hoped that he would stay on at Nether Hall until he was able to join his ship. Then followed what were the happiest days of all, during which those little secret springs, which had been working underground, so silently and yet so surely, burst into the open light of day.

How Sir Michael proposed was a great mystery to all the gossips of Dedham. But those who best knew the Squire recognized that, under a very boisterous and violent manner, there beat a



"THE VICOMTE WOULD GO DOWN BY HIMSELF TO THE MILL-POND, AND BROOD FOR HOURS ON THE BRIDGE."

melted in his eyes. But not so with Louis des Ormeaux. He knew nothing of the power of sympathy; he was not even able to be sorry for himself. If it had been within him to be so for any man, he might have pitied Roland Hood, lying back in his pillows, with his white face and the bandages stitched about his head. But he was rocked by a passion of bitter jealousy that never left him. Through sleepy Dedham Street there stepped a man, with the grandest air in the world and finest clothes upon his back, who was eating out his heart. He would go down by himself to the mill-pond, and brood for hours on the bridge.

At last, before the New Year was far advanced, Roland Hood was able again to get about. Sir

heart of gold; and they guessed that the lady had not been blind to his greater worth. For, though she still retained much of the charm of her youth, she had gained all that gentle power of understanding which can only come with years.

That the other affair was more romantic and more picturesque, we will not for a moment deny. There was a girl of twenty summers and a young officer in the dazzling uniform of his Majesty's Marines. It came about at the foot of the garden, by the side of the sleepy Stour. And there was no one there to see it, save the stars—and the Vicomte, Louis des Ormeaux, hid in the dark shade of the rhododendrons, for all the world like another snake in a second Garden of Eden.

(To be continued.)



# THAT LITTLE HAPPY THOUGHT

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

A HELPFUL little Happy Thought went hastening on its way,  
All in the early morning of a long and busy day.  
"I 've neither hands nor feet nor tongue," it mused, "but I 'll not sorrow,  
For boys and girls are plentiful, and so I 'll merely borrow."

Now little Nell was skipping by, to visit little Jane.  
Presto! the little Happy Thought was beaming in her brain.  
And so she turned, and hurried back, and stayed at home instead,  
Reading, with merry, tripping tongue, to poor blind cousin Ned.

Off went the little Happy Thought, and saw some idle feet  
Drumming their heels against the steps, upon a quiet street.  
And soon those feet were carrying, upon an errand hot,  
Their smiling owner, who had whined, and said he 'd "rather not."

If "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,"  
Why, then, a little Happy Thought can set them working, too.  
And, judging from a-many things I notice every day,  
That helpful little Happy Thought is still upon its way.



HOW MR. BEAR, WHEN HE WENT TO SLEEP FOR THE WINTER, ARRANGED TO WAKE UP EARLY IN THE SPRING.

# ESTHER'S CHRISTMAS

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"THERE 's a wagon coming!" Esther announced excitedly. "It 's the one from the fort with the things for the Christmas tree."

Her mother came to stand beside her in the door of the cabin. At any time a passing wagon was of interest, here in the heart of the western mountains, but to-day it was more than ever an event; for a long winter rain had put a stop to almost all travel; it had lasted through two cold and dreary weeks, and not until this Christmas morning had there been a glimpse of blue sky for a fortnight.

"The roads must have been very bad," said Mrs. Lawton. "It was twelve days ago that they went by, and they ought to have made the trip to the railroad and back in a week."

A month ago Esther had ridden over with her father to Fort Pedrozo to spend the day with Alice Shannon, who was just her own age, and the daughter of a person called the quartermaster-sergeant. And Alice had told her wonderful tales about a party she and Netta Anderson were going to have on Christmas night in the amusement hall. It was to be for the soldiers' children, and there would be dolls and toys and candy and beautiful ornaments. Alice had said that she and Netta had worked for a long time making some of the things, and earning money to send East for others that they could not make.

Ever since then Esther had thought about it, imagining what it would be like, wishing that she herself could see it. She spent long hours fancying herself going to a party and being surrounded by other children. For she was very lonely all by herself in her home in the forest, where her only playfellows were her dog and her horse, and sometimes a young Indian.

Once she had talked about it, but it had made her mother cry. So Esther had been careful not to speak of it again. And this morning she had

done her best to seem delighted with the new bridle and the dress and the necklace of Indian beads, which she had found by the fireplace. But immediately after breakfast her father had had to take advantage of the fine weather and ride away to another ranch. He would be gone until night. So she and her mother were left by themselves, and it did not promise to be a very merry Christmas day for a young girl.



"AND THEN ESTHER RODE OFF."

"I wish Henry would stop and see us," she said softly. There was more wistfulness in the tone than she knew, and the tears came again into her mother's eyes. "Oh!" cried Esther, flinging her arms about Mrs. Lawton's neck, "I did n't mean to make you feel badly. I 'm not so very lonesome."

Her own lip was quivering and her mother smiled bravely and stooped to kiss the upturned face.

At that instant the loud cracking of a whip made them both start. It was followed by another and another, and then by the shouting of a



man's voice. The wagon, which both of them had momentarily forgotten, was not in sight, and the truth flashed upon Esther. "They 're in the ravine! And I should n't wonder if they can't get out." The shouts and the cracks of the whip were repeated. "I 'm going to see," said Esther, turning into the house. She came back, wearing a pair of boy's boots that met her skirts at the knee, and she plodded off through the soft ground, disappearing into the ravine.

When she reappeared Henry was with her. He had often stopped into the cabin as he drove his teams to and from the post; and to people whose lives were so isolated, he seemed almost an intimate friend.

"We 're stuck in the mud," he said to Mrs. Lawton. "I 'll have to stay here till to-morrow. There 's an ambulance coming down from Stone's ranch then that can help us pull out. I guess you 'll have to give me my Christmas dinner."

A guest less pleasant than the frank-faced young soldier would have been only too welcome; but Esther's thoughts went suddenly to Netta Anderson and Alice and all the children at the fort. "Are n't the things for the Christmas tree in the wagon?" she asked.

"Yes, they are," he told her; "and it 's too bad."

"Alice will be so dreadfully disappointed," she protested; "and they worked so hard!"

Henry nodded. "But it can't be helped. If the roads had been all right we would have been back four or five days ago. I know they 're getting anxious, too. Colonel Anderson telegraphed to Stone's ranch yesterday to find out where we were. I wired that we 'd be along this afternoon, sure. If there was any way of doing it I 'd let him know so he could send for the things."

Esther had the imagination of a child who has always relied upon itself for interests, and she could feel for the others as though the disappointment had been her own. She sat considering, her eyes on the soldier's face. "Why don't you ride one of the mules and take the things in?"

"There are about nine hundred pounds of stuff in that wagon," he informed her.

Esther gasped. "All for the tree?"

He laughed. "Not quite; about eight hundred and fifty is supplies and feed."

"Well, you could ride one mule and pack all there is for the tree on another."

He shook his head. "They 're not riding or pack-animals, and a mule does n't like following any profession but his own. Besides, I 'm in charge of the wagon. If I was to leave it I 'd get into trouble. A soldier must always obey orders."

Esther sat in thought for some moments again. Then she asked: "Why could n't I take the things?" and as the soldier and her mother began to smile, she urged her plan. "We could put them on Jake. Jake 's our little white pack-mule," she explained to Henry; "and I could ride Billy." She cast eager looks from one to the other. "I could do it just as well as not."

"It 's eight miles," Henry reminded.

"As if I could n't ride sixteen miles in a day!" She had covered thirty and forty often, and once fifty.

"The roads are in bad shape."

"Not between here and the post. They never are, except in one or two places, and there are trails around those; and the ford is n't so very high," she displayed her knowledge of the country. "I could be back before dark."

Henry turned to Mrs. Lawton. "Would you be willing she should do it?" he asked.

Esther gave an audible sigh of relief as her mother answered that there did not seem to be any reason against it. All her life Esther had wandered on horseback over the mountains, as freely as a child of more civilized districts might have ridden in a park, and it seemed nothing now to allow her to go a small matter of eight miles.

So it was not long before Jake was equipped with his pack-saddle and precious freight. He was led to the ravine and there loaded with all the packages which were addressed to Miss Netta Anderson. "You 'll have to tighten that pack now and then," the soldier said. "Do you think you can?" Esther was sure that she could. She had often helped her father pack.

When at length she was mounted on her pony and ready to start, Henry looked a little dubious. "He 's feeling pretty fresh, Jake is," he warned. Esther called back her assurance that she was quite equal to the task she had undertaken. And then she rode off, still wearing her big muddy boots, and well wrapped from the cold air in an old coat of her father's.

But her ability to manage Jake was soon put to the proof. For the first two or three miles the road was heavy, and he plodded along beside Billy quietly enough. All at once, however, he shied violently at an old, deserted tepee which he had passed countless times before without so much as pricking up his ears. It was all the excuse for excitement that her own pony needed. He too gave a jump aside. Then his head went down, and with a little squeal of meanness, he began to buck. He was doing his very best to unseat his rider, and there was no question of keeping hold of the pack-mule's rope. Jake pulled away. When Billy had finished bucking

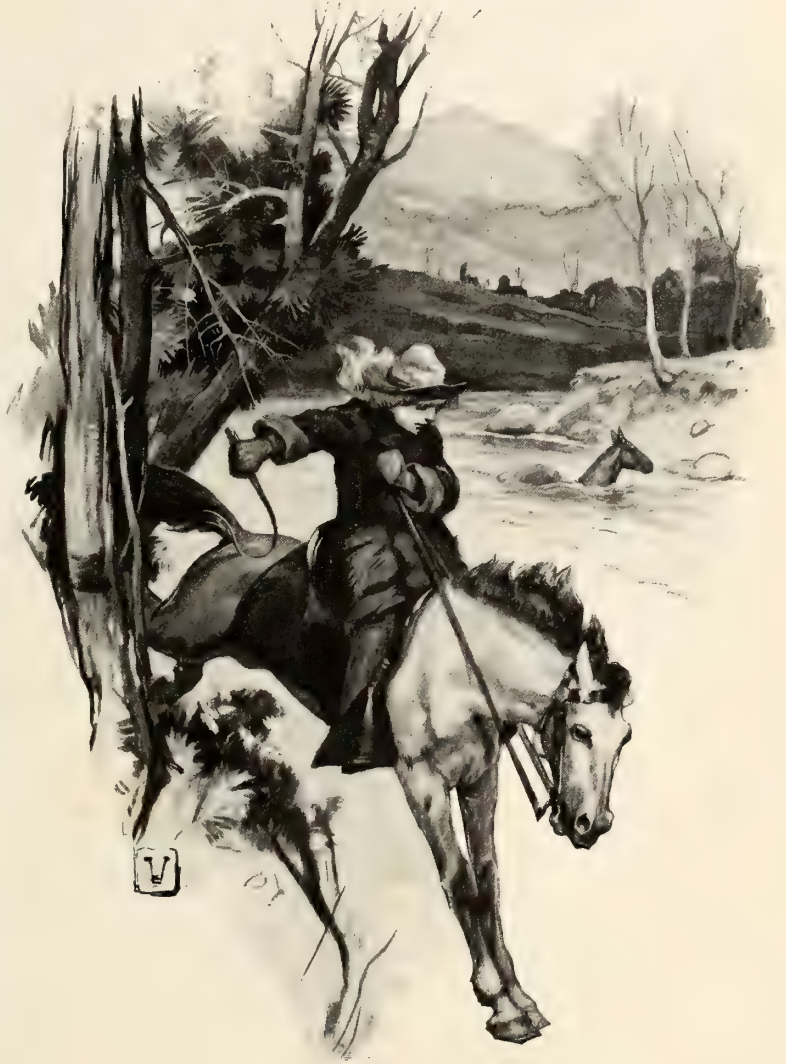
he had gone a hundred yards ahead. Until Esther came close by him he paid no attention to her; but when she was just near enough to grasp the rope, he gave a quick jump and started off at a trot. She followed him. The trot grew faster. She tried the effect of bringing Billy to a walk. Instantly Jake stopped short. But the moment she moved, he too advanced. If he had kept to the road it would not have mattered, but his preference was for wandering farther and farther away from it; and he was brushing the pack against the low branches of trees with great danger of its coming loose. Besides, the creek was not far ahead, and he was going off along a cattle trail which led to a place where the fording was good in summer, but was dangerous now in winter after the long rains.

"Whoa, Jake!" Esther called, growing frightened. "Whoa there!" Jake began to trot. "Whoa!" she cried despairingly. But Jake with mulish determination kept on. He reached the edge of the rushing torrent, whose noise completely drowned Esther's frantic shouts. For an instant he hesitated. Then he went into the water. It came to his knees, to his flanks, to the edge of his pack! Esther gave a wail of distress. He had lost his footing! He was floundering, he was swimming. The current was sweeping him down and down.

Esther thought of the Christmas presents, but she thought still more of what it would mean to her father to lose his only pack-animal; and she did not stop to realize that there was nothing she could do to prevent it. Her one idea was to get near enough to catch the rope and try to pull Jake to safe ground. She brought her quirt down upon Billy. "Go on!" she commanded. There was a splash, a scramble, a sensation of everything going from under them; and the next instant she felt that Billy was swimming. He

was keeping his head up-stream as well as he could; but he too was being overpowered by the current, and the leafless willows on the shore seemed to sweep by with alarming swiftness.

How long it lasted Esther did not know, but



"THERE WAS A SPLASH AND A SCRAMBLE."

she felt a shock as Billy's hoofs touched ground. With three wild springs he brought himself up an almost perpendicular bank and stopped short, trembling, exhausted. Esther slid from her saddle and sank upon the earth. She was weak with fright. For the moment she had forgotten Jake. When she remembered him she jumped up in new terror, looking about.

The sight that met her eyes was a small white mule lying on its side. "Oh!" she came out with



a wail of grief. "He 's dead! He 's dead!" She started toward him, leading the pony; but as she came near she saw the stiff legs move feebly. Jake was not dead—not even dying. He had merely fallen as he had struggled up the bank out of the river. And the clumsy pack had kept him from rising.

Esther had seen fallen pack-animals before, and she knew that there was but one thing to do if one were alone, and not very strong,—one must take off the pack. She could manage that. But could she put it back again? It was out of the question to return to the cabin or go on to the fort for help. Some Indian or Mexican might come along and take the pack and Jake as well, and no one was in sight. Not even an Apache.

"I 'll have to do it alone," she decided, almost despairingly. But there was no help for it.

Over and over as the day wore on, she was upon the point of giving it up. Her arms ached and her back hurt. Twice, when the bundles all fell off she sat down and cried. The sun was low when she finally flung the cinch over the pack and buckled it. And a curious pack it was. "You 're so lumpy, Jake," she laughed, half tearfully; "and if you trot you 'll tumble to pieces."

She was worrying very much about getting home to her mother, as they plodded along. Presently they came in sight of the fort, and then Esther heard the retreat gun. It was sunset and the air was bitterly cold. Here and there the fire of an Indian camp glowed. The dogs came snarling and sniffing about. Strange dogs always disturbed Jake. And he showed signs of uneasiness. But it was not until they were within half a mile of the post that he became again unmanageable. Then five or six curs rushed out under his hoofs, barking and snapping. Without warning he let his heels fly. There was an anguished yelping from the dogs, the leading rope was once more jerked from Esther's hands, and Jake was off at a runaway gallop, luckily heading for the fort, but with the dogs giving chase.

The pack swayed and pitched. Esther, following her fastest, could only hope that Jake would reach the fort before it should fall. He was keeping to the road; he had gone through the

gate of the reservation fence, still galloping frantically, the pack almost ready to drag. And then Esther saw a man riding toward him. It was a soldier on a big cavalry horse. Jake hesitated, swerved. The pack touched the ground beneath his hoofs. But the cavalryman, leaning far out



"IT IS YOUR TREE NOW, FAR MORE THAN IT IS THEIRS."

of his saddle, had caught him by the halter, and he stood still.

AFTER that, wonderful and surprising things happened so fast that Esther was too bewildered to even feel the fatigue of her journey.

The mounted guard took her into the fort. An officer was coming down the walk; the guard halted and saluted. "Here 's a young lady, Colo-

nel," he reported gravely. "She 's brought the Christmas tree things on this mule."

Colonel Anderson questioned her for a minute. Then he put out his arms, lifted her from the horse, gave some orders to the guard, and led her up to the big house from whose windows shone brilliant lights. He opened the door and she was being taken into a hall hung with evergreens and mistletoe.

Suddenly Esther thought of the big boots she was wearing. "My boots are so muddy!" she protested, drawing back. "Never mind your boots," the Colonel answered, and then he called: "Netta! Mother!" Somebody answered and there appeared before Esther's dazzled eyes a young girl in a white dress, and a marvelous lady about whose throat and in whose hair glittered something more bright than any Apache beads. Esther stood before them, a mud-bespattered small figure in a faded blue coat much too large for her, and with boy's boots that came to her knees.

"Here 's the little courier from Lawton's ranch," the Colonel was saying. "She has brought the things for your tree on her own pack-mule. And she 's had a pretty hard time."

The young girl and the lady took her into a big room where there were dolls and toys and marvelous things strewn all about. There were other children, too—who crowded near her, as she sat in a chair before the fire. Every one asked her questions at once. She did her best to answer, but at last she was tired and confused.

In the midst of it all she remembered her mother. She started up quickly. "I must go home!" she said. "Mother will be so frightened," and she was already moving toward the door; but Mrs. Anderson laid a hand on her shoulder.

"There 's a messenger on the way to your mother, now," she told her. "He will let her know that you are safe, and that you are going to stay with us for Christmas dinner. Netta wants you to spend a few days with her."

Could it possibly be true? To stay in this splendid house, with all these toys and children to play with! Then her eyes clouded quickly and she hung her head. "My boots," she said, only just audibly. "And I have n't my new dress."

"Netta has all you will need, dear," Mrs. Anderson reassured her.

Esther hesitated uncertainly. Then there came gradually into her mind a possibility surpassing any of the incredible things that had happened yet. "Do you suppose," she gathered courage to ask, "do you suppose they 'd let me just *look* at their Christmas tree?"

In her weather-stained old coat and her muddy big boots she was being taken into Mrs. Anderson's arms. The head with its shining things was bending over her. "You dear little girl," a trembling voice was saying; "you *dear* little girl. Of *course* you must look at it; of course you must help with it. It is your tree now, far more than it is theirs."

## CHRISTMAS ASHES

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

YULE-TIDE logs are burning low,  
Twelfth-night soon his face will show,  
And those sober days come in,  
When the Year's work we begin.

But the ashes—save them all  
On your hearthstone as they fall;  
Christmas ashes have a charm  
That can fend away much harm.

Housewives, take the precious drift  
And among your linens sift,  
'Mid your wool and silken cloths,  
So to keep them free from moths.

Cast the ashes white and soft  
Round the byre and through the croft,

Then the younglings of the year—  
Fleece or feathers—need not fear.

If so be that ye fall ill  
(Far to call on leech's skill),  
Put a pinch of ashes fine  
In your evening ale or wine.

Holy is the Yule-tide flame;  
And the ashes, just the same:  
Love the Christmas fires did light—  
Love is in their ashes white!

Thus, the whole round year we may  
Treasure blessings from this day;  
To our hearts catch up the glow,  
When the Yule log burneth low.



# The Truth About OLD KING COLE



BY G. F. HILL

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BROOKE

## I

OLD KING COLE was a merry old soul, and there 's a story old  
Of his pipe and his bowl and his fiddlers three,  
But the real truth of his historee

I doubt whether you 've been told.  
So listen carefully now to me, while I relate the sole  
Undoubted tale of the strange career of his Majesty, Old King Cole.

## II

He grew so stout that the doctor came and said: "My royal friend,  
You eat and you drink and you smoke too much,  
And sudden death is the end of such;

It 's time for you to mend.  
For at your age, you know, you should display more self-control,  
Or you 'll quite disgrace the royal race of your Majesty, Old King Cole.

## III

"Now lots of regular exercise is the proper thing for you;  
And if you get rid of a pound a day,  
Perhaps, in a year or two, you 'll weigh  
No more than you ought to do.

And then I hope it will long remain unnecessary to condole  
With the melancholy widow of his late lamented Majesty, Old King Cole."

## IV

So Old King Cole he took the hint (he was a man of sense),  
And though he was fat and his breath was short,  
He went in hard for all kinds of sport;

His energy was immense.

I 've even seen him throw the hammer, and climb the greasy pole—  
You 'd never have thought there was so much go in his Majesty, Old King Cole.

## V

And then he joined the Punchyerheads, that famed foot-ball eleven;  
He was equally smart in every place;  
He ran at a fairly tremendous pace,

And could plow through the rush-line seven.

And all the people exclaimed, as they saw him kick his fifteenth goal:  
"Why, he is the cream of all the team, is his Majesty, Old King Cole."



"AND ALL THE PEOPLE EXCLAIMED, AS THEY SAW HIM KICK HIS FIFTEENTH GOAL:  
'WHY, HE IS THE CREAM OF ALL THE TEAM, IS HIS MAJESTY, OLD KING COLE.'"

## VI

But nothing seemed of the slightest use, and all this exercise  
Just made him hungrier than before,  
So he ate no less, but a good deal more,  
And grew in weight and size.

And all the people used to say they never had seen so droll  
A figure in all their lives as the figure of his Majesty, Old King Cole



## VII

The doctor came and stroked his beard, and sighed, and shook his head:  
 "It 's better that you should know the worst:  
 In a very short time you 're going to burst;  
     It 's a hopeless case," he said;  
 "And I maintain that a man must be as blind as a bat or a mole,  
 If he cannot see what the fate will be of his Majesty, Old King Cole."

## VIII

Then Old King Cole he thought to himself, and said: "If that is so,  
 Before this tragedy comes to pass,  
 I 'll order a fine large case of glass,  
     And put myself on show:  
 If only it 's properly advertised, I reckon that, on the whole,  
 'T will be a popular sort of show," said his Majesty, Old King Cole.

## IX

He charges a small admission fee, and is doing a roaring trade;  
 For the people come in crowds to see  
 The fattest king in the whole countree,  
     And his fortune 's nearly made.  
 And he eats his dinner and smokes his pipe and quaffs the flowing bowl,  
 And the fiddlers play the livelong day to his Majesty, Old King Cole.

## X

The doctor-man was wrong, for the King is still very much alive.  
 He has n't the slightest cause to fret,  
 For he shows no signs of bursting yet,  
     But rather seems to thrive.  
 And as for me, I trust and hope that many a year will roll  
 Ere comes the end of our fine old friend, his Majesty, Old King Cole.



# BETTY AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

(More "Betty" Stories)

BY CAROLYN WELLS

It was New Year's eve, and Betty, with her mother and Jack, was spending a few days at the Irvings' in Boston.

Betty was a great favorite with her grandfather, and the two spent delightful hours together as the old gentleman showed Betty the many places of interest in the city.

Mr. Irving was of somewhat eccentric nature, and he declared that he much preferred Betty's frank and sometimes blunt straightforwardness to what he called the "airs and graces" of more fashionably trained young girls.

But Mrs. Irving did not share her husband's views. She thought Betty decidedly lacking in many details of correct deportment, and she urged Mrs. McGuire to send Betty to a boarding-school for a year or two, that she might be properly trained to take her place in society later, with the demeanor becoming a well-bred young lady and an heiress.

"But Betty is n't a young lady yet," said Mrs. McGuire, looking troubled when these arguments were laid before her.

"Not exactly, perhaps," returned her mother. "But she will live in a city ere long, and, as our descendant, should be made familiar with the finer points of correct behavior. Jack seems to pick up such things immediately, but Betty, though a dear child, is crude in her manner."

"Small wonder," said Mrs. McGuire, thinking of the lack of advantages in Betty's early life.

"True enough; and that's all the more reason why she should be placed in an atmosphere of correct deportment at once. She will learn much more by association with cultured young girls of her own age than by your individual tuition. You spoil her by letting her have her own way entirely too much, and you are blind to her faults. You know perfectly well, my dear, I have only Betty's good at heart in the matter."

Mrs. McGuire did know this, and yet she could not bear the idea of separation from her daughter, with whom she had been so lately reunited.

On New Year's eve the Irvings had made a party for Betty. They had invited young people from some of the best families they knew, and both Betty and Jack were greatly pleased when they learned of it.

It was a very civilized party, and quite unlike the merry gatherings of Greenborough children. The hours were from seven to ten, and the first

part of the evening the guests sat round the rooms, in small gilt chairs that had been brought in for the occasion, and listened to the songs and stories of a professional entertainer.

It was a charming young woman who told the stories and sang the songs, and after each number the children clapped their hands sedately and waited for the next.

Secretly Betty thought it rather tame, and would have preferred a rollicking game or a merry dance. But she applauded with the others and tried to appear politely pleased.

After the program all marched decorously to the dining-room, where a pleasant little supper was served. Then the guests took leave, each making a correct courtesy to the hostess, and expressing their pleasure as if by rote.

"Well, if that was n't the *stiffest* party!" said Betty to her mother, when they were alone later. "Those children were just like wooden images."

Mrs. McGuire looked troubled.

"Betty dear," she said, "you don't see these things quite rightly. Your grandmother thinks those children act correctly, and that you don't. But, you see, city life is quite different from that of a small village. How would you like to move to live in a big city, Betty?"

"And give up Denniston? My beautiful home! Oh, Mother, I don't want to do that!"

"No, and I don't want you to. Well, we'll see what can be done."

The "seeing" resulted in long talks by the elders of the family, and these talks resulted in a decision to send Betty at once to a boarding-school at Hillside Manor, a fine country place about a hundred miles away.

As the winter term was just beginning, she was to go directly, without returning to Greenborough.

The school was most highly recommended, and Mrs. McGuire was persuaded that it would give Betty the "finish" she needed.

But the plan did not please Betty at all. She did not rebel,—that was not her way,—but she expressed her feelings in the matter so clearly that there was no doubt as to her state of mind.

"I don't want to go, Mother," she said; "I hate to be with a lot of girls—I want my own family and my home. Oh, Mother, must I leave my home when I love it so?"

"Yes, Betty darling," said her mother, though



strongly tempted to say "No"; "I see it is for your good to send you away, and I'm sure you ought to go. But I shall miss you dreadfully, and just count the days till your return."

"It's hard lines, Betty," said Jack; "but as long as they all think you ought to go, I should think you'd be glad to go and learn the right sort of thing, whatever it is. Old Tutor Nixon is wise and all that, but he can't fill the bill in other ways. At least that's what Grandma Irving thinks, and so do I, too."

In fact, there was no one who agreed with Betty's ideas except her grandfather.

"All bosh," he said. "My granddaughter is a natural, unaffected, unspoiled girl. You send her off to Madam Tippetwitch, or whoever she is, and she'll come back an artificial young miss, with no thought but for fashions and foolishness."

But the old gentleman was entirely overruled by the determination of his wife, and Betty was sent away.

None of the family accompanied Betty to the school, as Mrs. Irving felt sure the child would be less homesick if she started off with a gay party of girls who were going back to their classes.

And so good-bys were said at the station in Boston, and Betty made the trip to Hillside in company with half a dozen school-girls, in charge of one of the teachers. It was a strange position in which Betty found herself. An heiress in her own right, she yet felt a sense of inferiority which she herself could not explain.

Her Irish ancestry revealed itself in her warm-hearted willingness to be friends with the girls, and her inherited New England nature made her reserved and sensitive to either real or apparent slights from them. The girls, notwithstanding their inborn good breeding and their past seasons at Hillside Manor, looked at Betty with ill-concealed curiosity. They knew she was an heiress, and that very fact made them hold aloof from her, lest they be suspected of a spirit of toadying to wealth.

But Betty did not appreciate this point, and assumed that the girls were not very cordial because they considered themselves her superiors. Each one spoke to her, politely enough, but in constrained, perfunctory fashion, and then, feeling their duty done, they resumed their own chatter about matters unknown to Betty. Miss Price, the teacher, was a pleasant-faced lady, but, after a few courteous words, she became absorbed in a book, looking up only now and then to glance at her young charges. After a time Betty's spirit of independence became aroused. She wondered if she were excluded from the girls'

sociability because she herself was lacking in cordiality. Smiling pleasantly, she said to Ada Porter, who sat next to her: "Are you in my classes?"

"I don't know, really," said Ada, not unkindly, but entirely uninterested. "What classes are you in?"

"I don't know," said Betty, smiling at the absurdity of the conversation.

But Ada did not seem to think it humorous, and merely stared at Betty, as she said, "How queer!"

Betty colored. She felt awkward and tongue-tied, and yet, the more she realized her inability to impress these girls pleasantly, the more she determined to do so.

Then Betty bethought herself of a box of fine candies in her satchel, and taking it out, she passed it around to the other girls.

Murmuring conventional thanks, each accepted one bonbon, but declined a second one, and then Betty found herself with her box in her lap, gazing out of the window, as much alone as if there had been no one in the car.

But at last the three hours' ride was over, and Betty's hopeful nature looked forward to finding some among the pupils who would be more friendly than her traveling associates.

Omnibuses from the school met them at the station, and by chance Betty was put in with a dozen girls none of whom had been with her in the car.

But conditions were no better than before. They nodded diffidently to Betty, and then began to chatter to each other with the gay freedom of old acquaintances.

One girl, however, who sat opposite Betty, was also a new pupil. She had coal-black hair and bright black eyes, that darted quickly about, seeming to take in everything.

"You're new, too, are n't you?" she said at last, leaning over to seize Betty's hand.

"Yes," replied Betty, grateful for the word spoken voluntarily to her.

"So am I. I think the other girls are hateful to ignore us so. But don't you mind; we'll show them!"

Though this was independence of spirit, Betty could not quite approve of the way it was expressed, nor of the belligerent wag of the head with which it was emphasized.

But the girl's attitude was friendly toward her, if rather hostile toward the others, and lonely little Betty yearned for friendliness.

"Well, you see, they all know each other," she said, smiling at the black-eyed one; "that makes such a difference, and they've so much to tell."

"All right; let us know each other, then. My name 's Madeleine Gorman; what 's yours?"

"Betty McGuire," said Betty, smiling into the friendly eyes.

"Betty! My, you are new! You must call yourself Elizabeth up here. Nicknames don't go."

"Well, I 'd just as lief be called Elizabeth; I don't mind. But I 'm Betty at home."

"Yes; I 'm Maddy at home, and Mad, and Mother calls me Lina. But I 'm sure Madeleine 's the ticket in a fashionable boarding-school."

"Then you 've been here before?"

"No, not here. But to three other grand schools. Mother 's always changing about when she hears of a more 'select' one."

Betty was a bit bewildered. Surely the ambitions of Madeleine's mother were in line with those of Mrs. Irving, and yet Betty could n't imagine her grandmother talking like that! She felt sure the Irvings *were* "select," but she felt equally sure they would never proclaim it in words.

She gave up the problem as too difficult, but, greatly cheered by Madeleine's cordiality, she met her friendly advances half-way, and when they reached the school they felt really well acquainted. Together they went to the principal.

Miss Frelinghuysen was an imposing-looking lady with sharp features and sharp eyes. She welcomed them with effusion, called each "my dear child," and expressed hope that each would be happy and contented at the school.

"May we room together, Elizabeth and I?" Madeleine asked.

Miss Frelinghuysen appeared to hesitate.

"Do you wish it, my dear?" she asked of Betty.

"Yes," replied Betty, hastily, concluding that a girl she knew to be friendly was preferable to any utter stranger; "yes, I should like it."

"Very well, then you may, my dear."

"You 're a trump," said Madeleine, squeezing Betty's arm as they went away; "I was so afraid you would n't room with me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. You might feel too grand. You 've just come into a lot of money, they tell me."

"But that does n't make any difference to young girls," said Betty, simply.

"Ho! doesn't it?" said Madeleine, at which Betty laughed outright. She felt sure it could n't be true.

Hillside Manor was a large and rather magnificent house, yet when Betty and Madeleine reached their room, they found it small and cramped. There was only one window, and though the two beds were narrow, they left but little space to move about. There was only one wash-stand, and, accustomed of late to having nice things about her, Betty looked around in dismay.

It was not that she so much minded not having elaborate furnishings, but such close quarters to be shared with another made her feel hampered, and she thought longingly of her lovely big room at Denniston, with the dainty fittings all her own.

And yet she knew she would not like to room alone at the school. That was an awful loneliness to look forward to.

So she began unpacking her things to dress for dinner. Madeleine chattered all the time, seeming not to care whether Betty answered or not.

"You may have the top drawer of the dresser, and I 'll take the next," said Madeleine, good-naturedly; "and we 'll divide the hooks in the wardrobe evenly. Which bed do you want?"

"I don't care," said Betty; "take your choice first."

"All right; I 'll take this one," and Madeleine flung two large hats on the bed she selected.

But as she immediately afterward piled a lot of her things on the other bed, it seemed to make little difference.

"Don't mind those clothes," she said apologetically. "Pile your own right on top of 'em. We 'll get 'em put away somehow."

But there was no time then, as they must dress for dinner, and the gong would sound shortly.

Madeleine greatly admired Betty's pretty rose-colored voile trimmed with delicate lace, and she was loud in her praise of Betty's simple bits of jewelry.

"Oh, what a lovely locket!" she cried. "Let me wear it to-night, won't you? I 'd love to!"

Betty hesitated; she disliked to refuse her friend's first request, but she could n't let any one else wear her locket, with her mother's picture in it, too.

"I want to wear that myself," she said frankly; "I always wear it afternoons. But you may wear my bangle instead, if you like."

"Oh, yes, I 'd love to," and Madeleine slipped the pretty gold bangle on her wrist. "Won't you lend me a hair-ribbon, Elizabeth, too? I see you 've plenty of them, and mine are so old."

"Certainly," said Betty, willingly offering her box of new ribbons. Madeleine selected a pair of wide red ones, and gaily tied them on her black curls. As it happened, these were Betty's favorite ribbons, and she had no other red ones, but she was wearing white ones herself, and she said nothing.

Madeleine helped herself to Betty's cologne-water, and made free with several of her toilet appurtenances, and at last, after saying, "Oh, my dear, please lend me a handkerchief; mine are full of holes!" they went down-stairs.



Dinner was an awful ordeal. The girls sat at long tables, each headed by a teacher, and were expected to converse on light topics. Betty rather envied the ease with which most of them uttered trivial commonplaces, but she could n't help feeling that their accents and shrill little notes of laughter were artificial. Without even formulating her own thoughts, she felt that the girls were all self-conscious and critical of one another, and she conceived a sudden and violent antipathy to the whole atmosphere of the school that she knew she could never conquer.

Entirely unconscious of herself, Betty did not realize that she was not taking any part in the "light" conversation, and it was a shock when Miss Price said, in a somewhat mincing tone: "We want you to join in our chat, Miss McGuire. Suppose you tell us how you spent your Christmas day." Straightforwardly Betty said:

"We spent our Christmas day in New York, at the Plaza Hotel."

No sooner had she said this than she saw, by the expressions on the girls' faces, she had made a mistake.

"How interesting!" said Miss Price; but it suddenly flashed on Betty that they all thought her remark ostentatious, and that it was, in some way, inexcusable to spend Christmas day away from one's home.

She could n't help looking distressed, for there was not a trace of ostentation in her whole nature, and her enjoyment of her wealth was merely in the simple pleasures that it brought her, without thought of vanity or pride in the possession of it.

Never before had she been accused of this, nor was she now, in words, but there was no doubting the meaning of the looks directed at her.

Miss Price tactfully changed the subject, but Betty made no more contributions to the "light" conversation of that dinner.

The hour in the drawing-room that followed was worse still. Had Betty only known it, her experience was not so very different from that of any new pupil at a strange school; for of course those who have known each other in previous terms naturally get together to talk over their vacation, and new-comers are left to be taken into favor later, if they qualify for it.

But Betty did n't know this, and she felt it a personal slight that nobody talked to her and nobody seemed responsive if she opened a conversation.

Madeleine stayed by her side, but the more Betty talked with her, the more she was convinced she did n't like her. "And it's most ungrateful of me," thought poor Betty to herself,

"for she's the only one who has shown me decent friendliness, so she is."

At last it was bedtime, and the girls filed out of the room, saying good night to Miss Frelinghuysen as they passed.

"Hold your hand a little higher," she said to Betty, "and your head just a trifle to one side,—so."

Betty imitated the model, alas, only too well! So anxious was she to do as she was told, that her attitude was an exaggeration of the principal's; indeed, it seemed a mockery, though nothing was farther from Betty's intention.

The girls behind her giggled outright, which did n't speak very well for their innate good breeding.

Miss Frelinghuysen turned scarlet, and said: "Report to me in my study to-morrow morning at ten, Miss McGuire. Good night."

"Good night," said Betty, all unaware of what she had done wrong.

"Oh, Elizabeth, you were killing!" declared Madeleine, when they reached their room. "But how dared you do it?"

She went off in peals of subdued laughter, only pausing at Betty's amazed, "What *do* you mean?"

"Why, the way you mimicked the principal! It was great! You looked *so* ridiculous, and that made her seem silly. Oh, it was too good!"

"Why, I did n't mean to do any such thing!" said Betty, ready to cry at the idea of having added a misdemeanor to her other troubles.

"Well, you did! And she'll never believe you did n't mean to. I could n't believe it myself if you did n't look so scared to death. Oh, you'll catch it to-morrow!"

Miserable indeed now, Betty began to prepare for bed. She could scarcely find room for her things, for Madeleine had appropriated far more than half of the cupboards and pegs; and the table and two chairs were strewn with her not very orderly wardrobe.

"Say, Elizabeth," she said, suddenly coming toward Betty as they were almost ready to put out the light, "I want to ask you something. I'm sure you won't mind, for of course it's nothing to you, but will you lend me a little money? Just till my allowance comes, you know."

"Why, yes," said Betty, who, never having heard such a request before, supposed it was polite to grant it. "How much do you want?"

Encouraged by such prompt compliance, Madeleine doubled the amount she had meant to ask for.

"Could you—could you make it twenty dollars?" she said.

"Certainly; but what is there to spend money for here? I did n't bring so very much with me."

"Oh, I want to join a society to-morrow; I'm most sure I can get in, but you have to pay dues in advance."

Betty gave Madeleine the money without further remark, and the two girls went to bed.

And already she disliked Madeleine. Not because she had borrowed money, though somehow Betty felt that was not a right thing for a young girl to do, but because she was so careless with her things and so pushing and forward in her

intimacy with Betty. Betty laughed to herself at this thought! Madeleine was *too* friendly, and the other girls were not friendly enough. Well, that was true. And Betty had looked at their faces carefully that evening. Not one had given her a glance of simple, kindly, girlish friendship. They had looked at her curiously, inquisitively, and even enviously, but for some reason she knew they did not like her.

Poor little Betty knew nothing of class distinction, and little dreamed that her warm-hearted, generous nature could easily conquer these difficulties in a short time. She fell at last into a troubled sleep, only to awaken long before dawn, with a heavy heart and a feeling of despair.

She lay in her narrow bed, thinking over the experiences of the day before, and looking forward to the interview with the principal to which she was summoned at ten o'clock.

And as she thought of that, her spirit revolted. She had not mimicked the lady's manner. She had simply tried to do as she was told, and she would not be punished for it!

A great resolve came to her, so great that she could scarcely formulate it to herself.

But, prompted by her indomitable Irish will-



"'WHY, GRANDFATHER, I—I RAN AWAY!'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

But Betty could not sleep. She lay there in the dark, wondering how she could live in this awful school. Madeleine's mention of a society alarmed her. She would be glad to join a society if the girls would be nice to her; but to join one and have the members cool and unpleasant toward her would be awful.



power, and urged on by her outraged sense of justice, she rose slowly from her bed, and, moving softly about the room, began to dress herself. The first touches of dawn gave her just light enough to distinguish the larger objects in the room, and by the time she was fully dressed she could see almost clearly. She had put on the traveling-suit she had worn from Boston, and carried her small satchel, leaving her trunk partly unpacked.

She could send for her clothes afterward, or she did not care if she never saw them again. What was the use of a fortune if it did n't enable one to run away from a terrible place without worrying about one's clothes?

She glanced at sleeping Madeleine, and then, on an impulse, she wrote a hurried note, which she pinned to her own pillow:

DEAR MADELEINE: I did not mimic the lady, and I do not wish to be punished for what I did n't do. Also, I do not like the school, and I am going home.

ELIZABETH MC GUIRE.

P.S. You may keep my bangle to remember me by.

It was the sight of the bangle still on Madeleine's wrist that prompted this postscript, and then, taking her satchel, Betty softly opened the door and closed it behind her.

The hall was almost dark, and Betty had no notion how she was to get out of the house, but at least she meant to try in every possible way.

The large front door was so firmly fastened with chains and heavy bolts that she did n't even attempt to open that, but she remembered the great window in the drawing-room. She easily unfastened one of those long French windows opening on the veranda, and in a moment was walking rapidly down the drive. It was a long walk to the railroad station, but the way was unmistakable, and Betty trudged on, her heart growing lighter at every step.

The sun was shining brightly when she reached the station, and the ticket-agent told her a train for Boston would stop there at a quarter before eight. It was nearly that then, and Betty bought her ticket, and hoped fervently she could get away before any one from the school should follow her. Not that she intended to return with them if they did. She had no thought of running away; she knew only that she could not live at Hillside Manor, so she had left it.

The ticket-agent scanned her curiously, but Betty looked perfectly unconcerned, and he saw no occasion to question her.

About eleven o'clock she reached Boston. On

the journey she had been thinking over the situation, and, though she had no fear of her mother's displeasure at her return, she knew her Grandmother Irving would be extremely annoyed.

Not so, though, her grandfather.

And, with true Irish ingenuity, Betty concluded to go straight to him.

She took a cab at the Boston station, and her calm dignity seemed to forbid any surprise on the part of the cabman, and she gave the address of Mr. Irving's business office.

Paying the cabman and dismissing him, she went straight to her grandfather's private room and walked in.

"Well, I've come home, Grandfather," she announced cheerfully.

"Bless my soul! Betty, is that you? What are you doing here? Are you ill?"

"No, indeed," and Betty's spirits rose at the sight of the dear, familiar face. She threw her arms around his neck, and said:

"Oh, Grandfather, you'll help me out, won't you? I *could* n't stay there! Their manners are *awful*! And they thought I mocked at the lady, but I did n't. And I know Grandmother won't like my coming home, but I just *had* to! So you fix it up with her, won't you? And what do you think? I have n't had a scrap of breakfast, and I just could n't eat my dinner last night, so I'm fearfully hungry."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Irving again. "Why, you poor child! Would n't they give you any breakfast?"

"Oh, you don't understand! I came away before anybody was up. I took the 7.45 from Hillside station, and, you see, coming off suddenly as I did, I—I could n't stop for breakfast. Why, Grandfather, I—I *ran away*!"

"You little rascal! I have n't the heart to blame you. But, as you suspect, your grandmother won't be glad! Betty, you're a caution! Did you have any money with you?"

"Yes, but a girl borrowed twenty dollars last night, so I did n't have much to spare!"

Mr. Irving shook with laughter.

"Oh, Betty, to think of a young lady at a finishing-school borrowing from a little unfledged pigeon like you! Well, that ought to trouble your grandmother! But come on, you blessed baby; let's go and get some breakfast at the nearest restaurant, and then home to break the news to your relatives! Yes, Betty, your old grandfather'll stand by you for a plucky little martyr."

"I thought you would," said Betty, tucking her little hand in his arm, as they started out together.



A BRIDE AND GROOM FROM  
PONDICHERRY.



PEASANTS FROM BURGUNDY, IN  
EVERY-DAY AND IN HOLI-  
DAY DRESS.



VISITORS FROM HUNGARY IN EIGH-  
TEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME.

## A CURIOUS MUSEUM

BY F. W. MARSHALL

"Don't you think, my dear," said Margaret Lindsay's father at breakfast one morning, "that it would be a good idea for you and Margaret to go with me to Paris this year? I shall have to be there for a month at least."

Margaret caught her breath with delight and then held it while her mother, after thinking for a moment, nodded brightly, saying: "Of course it would, John. How soon must we be ready?"

"Will ten days give you time enough?"

"Ten days? Yes, indeed! If it was to-morrow we would say yes just the same, would n't we, Margaret?"

And so it came about that the Lindsays found themselves settled in Paris for the month of May. The horse-chestnuts were in snowy bloom under radiant blue skies, the streets and parks were full of people who seemed to have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, while so many more were going about in the carriages and cabs and omnibuses which crowded the driveways that Margaret thought no one could be left indoors.

Now and then, when Mr. Lindsay had a day to spare, all three went for an excursion outside of the city to see the wonderful palaces of Versailles or Fontainebleau, or to picnic in the woods at St.-Cloud. On other days Margaret and her mother visited the museums and picture-galleries and places where such interesting things had happened that, as her mother told her about them, Margaret felt as though she were walking through the pages of a fascinating story-book.

But sometimes she found the museums just a bit dull for a little girl of eight, and one day, as they sat resting in one of the long picture-galleries of the Louvre, she asked a little wistfully, "Are museums always made just for



READY FOR THE WEDDING-TRIP, LA MARTYRE,  
FINISTÈRE.

grown-up people, Mother? There are so many I should think there might be *one* for children."

A visitor standing near had evidently overheard the question for she turned to them with



a charming smile, and said, addressing Mrs. Lindsay in English, but with the prettiest imaginable accent: "If Madame will permit me, I can tell her of such a musée in Paris, but very few visitors find it. At 41 Rue Gay Lussac, not far from the Luxembourg Garden, is the Musée des Poupées—the Museum of the Dolls," she explained to Margaret, who was listening intently.

"You are very kind to answer my daughter's

"Oh surely many more than a hundred," said their new friend. "And pretty? Yes, some of them, but not all. It is more interesting to have them different, like people, is it not?"

"But please tell me," said Mrs. Lindsay, "is it a private museum or a public one, and who planned it?"

"Why, it was not planned at all. It came about in this way: some years ago it was decided to

teach sewing in our French schools and a very clever lady, Mademoiselle Koenig, was placed in charge of that branch of the school work. She was much interested in the great variety of costumes that are to be found in our province of Brittany, where every town has its own fashion that remains the same for years and years. So she directed that the children of the schools there, as part of their sewing lessons, should dress two dolls, one in the every-day dress, the other in the holiday dress worn by the people of their district. And it must be correct—oh, down to the last little button! Just imagine," she said, turning to Margaret, "the fun those children must have had dressing dolls in school hours!"

"But are all the dolls in the museum in Brittany costumes?" asked Mrs. Lindsay.

"Ah no, no! That was but the beginning. Thirty dolls were dressed so and presented to the Department of Instruction, as we call it, to show with the other work of the schools. Later, a great national exhibition was held at Rouen and Mademoiselle Koenig wrote to all the French public schools inviting the pupils to do as the Brittany children had done and send dolls to the exhibition. Two hundred dolls were received, some coming all the

way from the French colonies in Algiers and India and Indo-China. This made the collection so large that it was given a home of its own when the exhibition was over, and behold! the Museum of the Dolls! And if you go to see it," she said with a smile, "you will surely forgive me for detaining you so long to talk about it." And with a pretty gesture of farewell she left them.

Margaret declared that the next day seemed just like the one before Christmas, she was in such a hurry for Thursday to come.

Before Margaret realized it, noon came and luncheon and the drive to the Rue Gay Lussac.



FISH-GIRLS OF BOULOGNE AS THEY DRESS FOR FÊTE-DAYS  
AND WORKING-DAYS.

question," said Mrs. Lindsay. "It is as much of a surprise to me as it is to her to know that there is such a place."

"And may we go there to-morrow?" asked Margaret, her blue eyes sparkling and her weariness forgotten.

"Ah no!" the lady answered. "To-day is Tuesday and it is open only on Thursday afternoons. You see; that is the time when our school-children can go there; Thursday is our weekly holiday instead of Saturday, which I am told is the holiday in America."

"Are the dolls very pretty and are there as many as a hundred?" demanded Margaret, eagerly.



A BRIDE OF OLÉRON. HERE ARE WORN THE BIGGEST  
PEASANT HATS IN FRANCE.



A CANTEEN CARRIER OF THE  
IMPERIAL GUARD IN 1862.



AN ALSATIAN MAIDEN.



A DOLL FROM LORRAINE.





SHEPHERDS FROM THE PYRÉNÉES.



A BRIDAL COUPLE FROM AUVERGNE.

Outside the building appeared to be a dwelling-house and not at all as one expects a museum to look, but, as they went up the stairs, Margaret said to herself that, of course, a Doll Museum would be quite different from any other.

When they reached the upper floor a door

stood invitingly open and beyond, flooded with sunshine, was the most delightful room imaginable. All the wall spaces were filled with glass cases in which the most marvelous dolls were to be seen, while down the center of the room was another great case with many more, each bear-



A GROUP FROM NORMANDIE: A BABY OF ROUEN IN 1840; A GIRL OF CAUX, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY; AS THEY DRESSED IN OLD BAYEUX (THE CAP IS OF REAL LACE); ANOTHER EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME FROM CAUX.

ing a small card telling what the costume was, where and when it was worn, and by what school it had been made. There were a number of pieces of dainty needlework in the cases, too.

"If they were real people what beautiful fancy-dress parties they could have!" said Margaret.

And Margaret was quite right, for among all the costumes no two seemed to be alike. One showed Joan of Arc as a peasant girl, another dressed as a soldier as when she led the armies of France; there were fishermen and their wives, simple nuns and highborn abbesses, shepherds and shepherdesses of the mountains, a queen in black velvet and gold lace, a lovely lady doll in pale blue silk with flounces to her waist and an old-fashioned white-stringed bonnet, while near by was a group dressed as Arabs, sent by a school in Algiers, and a doll bride and groom from the French colony at Pondicherry in India.

And who ever imagined such a variety of contrivances to wear on the head—not only hats of

curious shape, but strange caps of ribbon and lace: one a wonderful structure of starched lace and wire, worn by a bride-doll from the island of Oléron, far out on the western coast—the biggest hat in France in proportion to its wearer.

It was an enchanted afternoon for Margaret, and the French visitors seemed to share the pleasure of the little American girl, exchanging with her shy, childish glances of sympathy and understanding as they stood side by side enjoying together some specially charming member of the Musée des Poupées.

But better than any description of these wonderful dolls are pictures of the dolls themselves and, thanks to the kindness of Mademoiselle Koenig we were allowed to photograph some of the most interesting of her small charges for the benefit of ST. NICHOLAS readers. And do not forget these dolls, and all the other members of their large and interesting family, if you are ever so fortunate as to find yourselves in Paris.

## THE JUNIOR PARTNER LEAVES HOME

(The "Doctor Daddiman" Stories. With Illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory)

BY DR. JOHN C. SCHAPPS

THERE was not the least particle of use in the Senior Partner's feeling badly about it, for, with all his skill, he could do nothing to stop it. But it *was* hard to stand by and see the changes in the Junior Partner go on. The Senior Partner tried to shut his eyes and then not to believe them, —as we always do when we are brought face to face with something which we would like to prevent and cannot. But, day by day, the truth forced itself upon him. And the General Manager felt it more keenly than he. They noticed the difference first in the overflowing of the legs and arms, so that no lap could contain them; then came a hissing hole where the front teeth had been; the whole body and even the mind became affected. There could be no doubt about it: *the Junior Partner was growing!*

But while they felt keenly the slipping away of the sweet little round, warm Junior Partner, with his round face and his round eyes and his round legs and his round hands and his wobbly talk, they found that the coming Junior Partner, the long Junior Partner, was a pretty lovable sort of a fellow, after all. Different, of course, very different. So different that he seemed to be an-

other chap who had gradually come into the family just to try to make up to them for what they were losing. And he did first rate. He knew a thing or two about "making himself solid," did the new Junior Partner.

The long Junior Partner made himself solid as a rock.

And he did not do it by being so awfully good, either. Not at all. He had his own ideas about that especially when he found that life was not just a kiss, a cuddle, and play.

Finally he felt that he could stand it no longer. It was nothing but "kindlings" and "wipe your feet" and "lessons" and "eat nicely" and "don't interrupt" and "wash your face" and "sit up straight" and "errands" and "hurry now" and "where have you been?"—till he became desperate. He stamped in to the General Manager.

"Mama," he stormed, "I am going away. I just won't stay here!"

"Very well. You'd better take some things with you. You will need them."

So the Junior Partner began savagely to collect what he wished to take: the harmonica, the rubber ball, the red slippers, the game, the paint-



box, and a lot more. There was a good deal to choose from, for of course he could not take everything. His movements became slower and slower as he laid aside one thing after another; but he kept stiffly on. Finally, he had a queer-shaped bundle rolled in the pink pajamas, with

The Junior Partner lingered to give her a chance to say that she was sorry and to beg him not to go. He waited a long time. Leaving home was not what he had thought. Finally he pulled himself together and moved toward the door, with tousled, yellow, faithful Rags close at his heels.



"THE JUNIOR PARTNER WAS WATCHING HER OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE."

one sleeve hanging. Then he moved very slowly indeed. His lip almost trembled.

He must rest before starting out. Such a troubled and worn little face and such a limp and silent little figure! Such a difficult scowl to keep! The General Manager found it hard to keep her arms off. But the Junior Partner was watching her out of the corner of his eye.

He waited.

"Won't you miss—won't you mi-iss your little boy?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the General Manager, carelessly, but feeling more sorry than she seemed.

"Well, good-by," he said sadly. "G-o-o-d-by."

"Good-by!" cheerfully from the General Manager. But when they kissed it was as hard for one as for the other to keep it up. "Will you not wait and say good-by to Daddy?"

The Junior Partner gave a little start.

"Oh, no! Oh, I could n't do that. I could n't go if I did."

The door closed—very slowly.

The General Manager watched the forlorn little figure moving slowly but bravely down the street, Rags licking the drooping hand, until the rather mournful pair were lost in the gathering dusk.

The Senior Partner came in. "Where is my partner?" he asked, as usual.

"He has gone away. He will not live here any more."

"How long has he been gone?"

"Just four minutes."

When they sat down to dinner and there were only the two, and no Junior Partner to eat fast and talk with his mouth full and do all those horrid things, they were not a bit delighted. Funny, was n't it?

They did not eat much and they did not talk much and they did not do anything very much but listen and look slyly at the clock. And even the clock seemed not to get on very well. The General Manager would not let the Senior Partner know that she was thinking of something that began with, What if—? And the Senior Partner would not let the General Manager know that *he* was thinking of something that began with, What if—? But each knew what the other was thinking of.

After a long, long time, as much as twenty-seven minutes, they heard a scratching and whining at the door. When the General Manager opened it, Rags darted in, barking and leaping and wagging himself all over. The General Manager stepped quickly out. In the shadow, flattened against the house, was the little figure with the queer-shaped bundle. The General Manager sprang to the Junior Partner and the Junior Partner sprang to the General Manager. The bundle was dropped and such hugging and kissing, with a tear for each, as they came into the house. Then the Senior Partner had to be hugged and kissed and to do some hugging and kissing, on his

own account—of course this took a lot of time. And in the midst of the laughing and the talking



"THE JUNIOR PARTNER SPRANG TO THE GENERAL MANAGER."

and the joy, in backs Rags, dragging the pink pajamas and spilling out the rubber ball, the paint-box, the harmonica, and the other things all over the floor of the front hall.







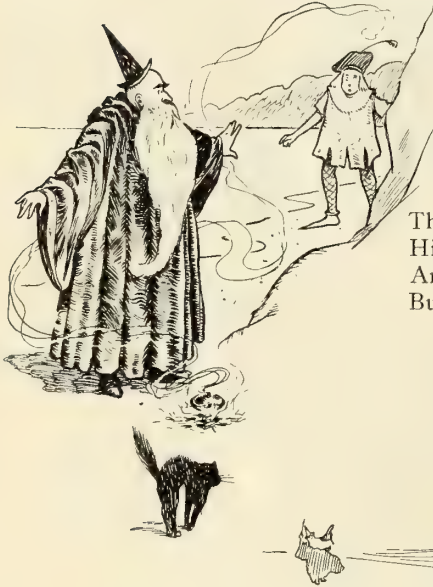
# RUDOLF BOTTLEGREEN

(A Nonsensical Ballad of Magic and Romance)

BY CHARLES F. LESTER

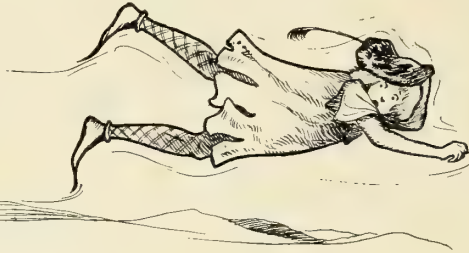


'T was Christmas in the castle of Sir Guy of Mutchadoo—  
(Of course 't was Christmas in a lot of other places, too)—  
And when the guests were weary of feasting and of play,  
The Minstrel, Whang, this ballad sang, to while the time away:



IN the year eight hundred umpty-ump, young Rudolf Bottlegreen  
(A youth of Middle Age, you see, though hardly turned eighteen),  
Having left his father's cottage (it was rather large to take),  
Found a wizard who was wizzing most intently by a lake.

This wizard's middle name was Jones; in stature he was small;  
His beard was long and bushy, but he had no hair at all;  
And he was then repeating a charm to make some grow,  
But he got on rather badly, because he stuttered so.

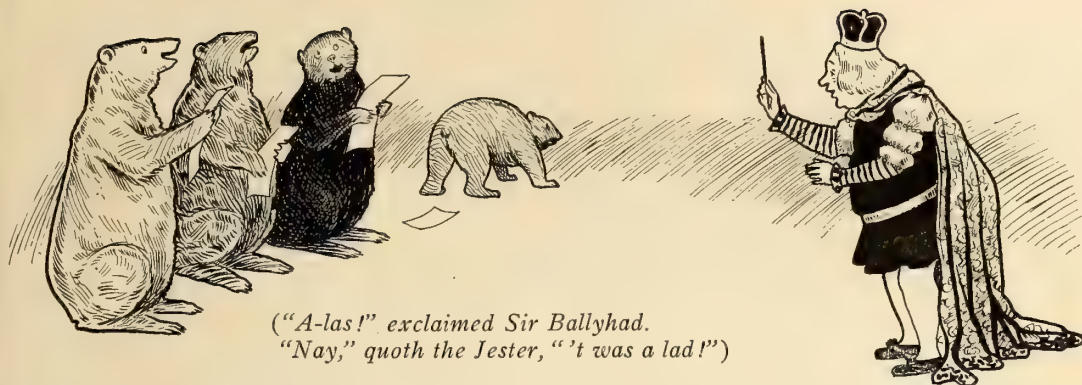


("Gadzooks!" remarked the good Sir Guy,  
"That spell myself I'd gladly try!")

Now, of course, a wizard cannot wiz when any one is near,  
So this one grew quite peevish when he saw the youth appear.  
He waved his wand (he could n't speak), and then, to his despair,  
Poor Rudolf felt himself go sailing right up in the air!

All day he kept on sailing, o'er mountain, wood, and town,—  
And though so much uplifted, he felt terribly cast down.  
But at last his heart grew lighter, just as 't was getting dark,  
For on a sudden (and his head) he lighted in a park.





("A-las!" exclaimed Sir Ballyhad.  
"Nay," quoth the Jester, "'t was a lad!")

The land which he had landed in was governed by a king  
Whose principal amusement was training bears to sing;  
He was also an inventor, and had built a motor-boat  
That was really grand—excepting that the motor would n't mote!

Now the daughter of the King saw Rudolf tumble like a loon,  
And when he fell upon his head, she fell into a swoon;  
But when he stood upon his feet, and vowed he was n't dead,  
She promptly changed her mind and fell in love with him, instead!

(The pretty maids here dropped their eyes  
And sighed some sighs of varying size!)

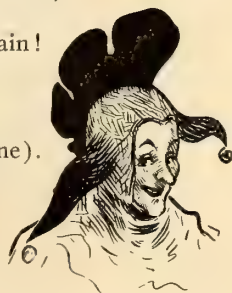


The King (his middle name was Boggs) received them in his hall,  
And Rudolf told about his trip that ended in his fall.  
"What luck!" exclaimed the King. "My joy I hardly can contain!  
'T is plain that you 're the very man to man my aëroplane!"



So Rudolf stayed at court, and when he grew to be a man  
He was married to the Princess (whose middle name was Anne).  
So here is my advice to all young men, this Christmas night:  
"Go and find a wizard wizzing, and your future will be bright!"

(One question from the Jester came:  
"Pray, what was Rudolf's middle name?")



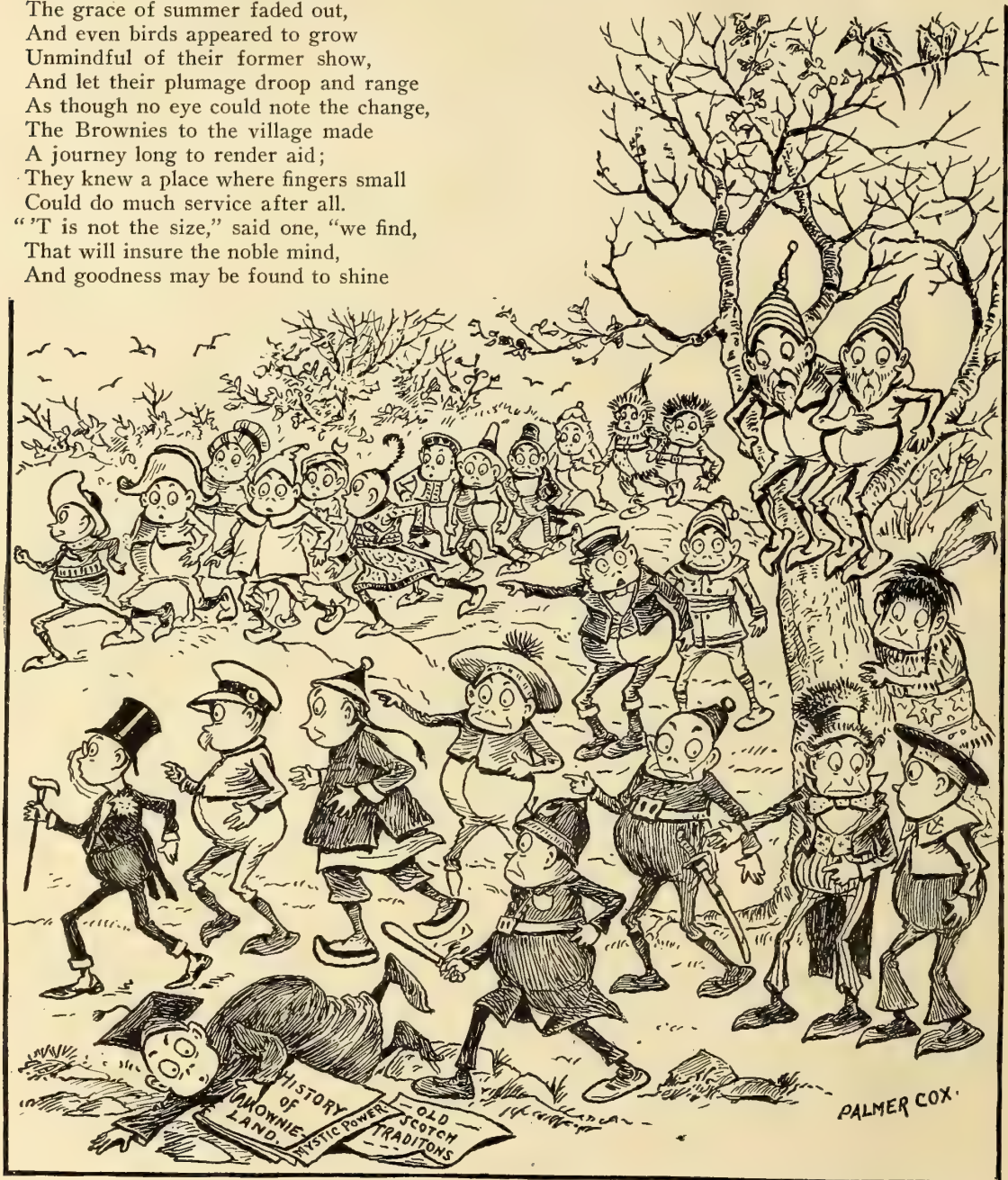


# THE BROWNIES' QUILTING-BEE

BY PALMER COX

WHEN frost began to ruin spread  
And give the nose its winter red,  
And in the woods and fields about  
The grace of summer faded out,  
And even birds appeared to grow  
Unmindful of their former show,  
And let their plumage droop and range  
As though no eye could note the change,  
The Brownies to the village made  
A journey long to render aid;  
They knew a place where fingers small  
Could do much service after all.  
"T is not the size," said one, "we find,  
That will insure the noble mind,  
And goodness may be found to shine

Where one would scarce expect the sign;  
Within the humble church may rise  
The anthem that will pierce the skies,



"THE BROWNIES TO THE VILLAGE MADE A JOURNEY LONG TO RENDER AID."

And bring the gracious blessings home  
That shun the great cathedral dome."  
Another said: "We 've met, my friends,  
For work that ere the morning ends.  
So bring your mystic skill in play,  
That failure may not mark our way.  
To help a couple poor and old  
Against the coming winter's cold,  
We 'll plan to stitch some things together  
In shape of quilts, for frosty weather;  
Old bones, we know, can illy bear  
The hardships from the icy air.  
We 'll find material, I wis,  
Will serve for such a task as this:  
A thousand pieces, blue and red  
And white, are waiting for the thread;  
The woolen goods in windows show,



"MORE IN THE RAG-BAGS QUICKLY SOUGHT."

A-waiting buyers, who are slow;  
While, sad to see, this aged pair  
Have not received attention fair.  
To-night we 'll have a 'quilting-bee,'  
And leave some work the world should see."  
The Brownies were not long about  
Before their labor was laid out:



PALMER COX.





Some making frames with vigor wrought;  
More in the rag-bags quickly sought  
To find some fragments that would match.







"NO MISSING OF THE NEEDLE'S EYE,  
AND JABBING AT THE OPEN AIR."

In proper way another batch,  
Where diamonds, squares, and patterns bright  
With stars and angles would unite.  
Each carried out his own design  
And kept his notions well in line,  
Till competition brought to view  
From every head conceptions new:  
Astronomy was sprinkled there  
To match the compass and the square;  
The grazing cow, the gate, the tree,  
The lighthouse and the tossing sea,  
The stranded ship on coral bar,  
The life-boat and the swimming tar,



The bread-dish and the student lamp  
Were all in place, with little cramp.  
They worked as only those could do  
Who supernatural powers knew.  
The patches blended like a dream;  
No puck'ring of the running seam,  
No wrinkles where it smooth should lie,  
No missing of the needle's eye,  
And jabbing at the open air  
With random punches here and there,  
While staring wide and watery  
eyes  
The trying effort magnifies,



Till tears the needle seems to rain  
Because of pity or of pain.  
No glasses for those eyes were made  
That in their sockets freely played,  
To aid a sight that has begun  
To make three objects out of one.  
Ah! in the Brownies' face you gaze  
In vain for signs of closing days;  
No pills or plasters they require  
For mystic nerves that never tire!  
The quilts were made and shook and spread,  
Till criticized each patch and thread.

'T is true mistakes will sometimes crawl  
Into the handiwork of all:  
The bridge may have too long a span,  
The building lean away from plan,  
And even clothes, when closely eyed,  
May show a droop to injure pride.  
And even here mistakes were made  
In spite of art and skill displayed,  
Some mixing cows and ships together  
Without regard to waves or weather,  
But those through whom the blunders crept  
Received a lecture ere they slept.



ABOUT EVEN, NOW, BUT WHICH WILL BE THE  
TALLER WHEN NEXT NEW YEAR'S DAY COMES?

# "LADDIE"

(A "Mostly True" Story)

BY T. H. R. S.

You have all heard of Ruskin, I am sure. Perhaps the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS have read some of his books.

In one of them he says: "The beautiful places of the world—Italy, Switzerland, and South Germany—are our truest cathedrals, places to be reverent in and worship in."

Well, to the south of Germany, in just such a lovely spot as Ruskin must have thought of in writing those lines, there lies a castle on a rocky crag which crowns a certain hill; and the lad who lives in this old castle is half German, half American. To his German half belongs his true name, which is Count Heinrich Wilhelm von Hohenstein-Haidenstein. His American half is just "Laddie"; that is what all his friends and family call him. His tutor calls him "Haidenstein" when his Latin exercises have been most unsatisfactory; and "Heinrich" when only six mistakes are discoverable in the minute search so well understood by Herr Stott.

Now, no people in the world make so much of Christmas as do the Germans. In Laddie's father's castle, for weeks beforehand, one talked and thought of nothing but Christmas.

First the poor in the little red-roofed village at the park gates must be considered. The mayor, an old peasant with a Santa-Claus face, came to the castle every first of December. After many bows to the "Gracious One" (as Laddie's mother was almost always called), he produced a list of the village poor; also the names of the children who, otherwise, would have no tree on the great day. Then began a baking, frosting, and roasting in the castle kitchen. The cook always had his cap on one side, and when Laddie went to fetch a tidbit for his parrot, he was escorted through the pantries, which, like everything in Germany, have an imposing name and are called *Vorratskammern*. There lay hundreds of fruit-cakes, their plummy tops frosted, a sprig of holly in each. The shelves were piled with Christmas buns called *Stollen*, without which a true German cannot breakfast on Christmas morning. There were nuts and oranges and huge roasts of venison.

In the sewing-room the maid of the Gracious One, with red-cheeked village girls, sewed on aprons, frocks, and warm coats.

No one had time for Laddie except his tutor, and he had too much time, the little boy thought,

and was obliged to call him "Haidenstein" all the time. The nearer Christmas grew, the more unsatisfactory were the Latin exercises. For everybody knows that happy, creepy Christmas feeling which Laddie had as the day grew nearer and nearer.

Laddie had always been a lonely little boy, no one knew just *how* lonely but the Gracious One. As often as she could, she took the child for walks in the forest, and told him stories of her merry childhood, spent far away in America and, best of all, in a house full of children. She told the stories so well that Laddie's cheeks grew redder still; he knew the names of all the little boys and girls, now long since become grown-ups, who had been his mother's childhood playmates; all about their games and American "good times."

On rainy days Mother came into the school-room, in a delightful, setting-one-free visit, asking Herr Stott if he had no work for himself to finish. On hearing that question from Mother, Herr Stott always melted tactfully away.

Mother went to a shelf of old, shabby ST. NICHOLAS volumes which had been hers as a child; then she read the old stories over, and told how, as a little girl, she used to run away to an apple-tree, and, perched high in its branches, read these same tales, but far away in a place named Ohio, and where, it seemed to Laddie, nothing but "fun" ever seemed to happen; though, in his history lesson, he remembered Presidents came from there.

When the new ST. NICHOLAS came, oh, joy! Laddie never spoke of reading the stories: he called it playing with Abbie Ann and Pinkey, and, best of all, with Fritz, for was not she half German, just as Laddie is?

When Mother left, the child peopled his lonely school-room with playmates from the stories just read. Even these "children of fancy" did not come at his call, and he need expect no help to play from his tutor. Herr Stott had decidedly never been young; at least he did not "remember back" so far, and, Laddie reflected, this was not without its bright side, as he fancied even a boyish Herr Stott could never have been very exciting.

Laddie had made a list for Christmas. He knew he would have all the things he wished for and a great many delightful things besides. But the thing he most desired was not on the list;



first, because Herr Stott corrected the spelling; secondly, because his greatest wish seemed a thing too good to come true.

Could one have looked with magic glasses over Laddie's shoulder, he would have seen the longing but invisible wish written between all the lines,—between a camera and a saddle, between a canoe and a rabbit-house—and *the* wish was for a playmate to spend Christmas with!

Shortly before the holidays, Mother and Laddie came home from a walk, having had the loveliest talk together. Then he found courage to tell the wish he had not ventured to write down. The pathetic voice, the wistful look, went straight to Mother's heart. She turned her head away. When Laddie saw it, he at once knew why: it was because Mother had tears in her eyes.

Built on to one side of the castle was an old chapel where the village pastor read prayers every Sunday. There was a gallery where Laddie and his parents sat. Below were the servants, the wood-choppers and the farm workers, old people from the village, former servants in the castle. The altar was in front; behind it were rows of old stone tombs, getting newer and newer, down to a little quite new one, directly in front. It was when Mother's eyes rested on this, as Laddie had seen, that she turned away to hide the tears. On the little new marble tomb was carved: "Countess Constance Adelaide Marie von Hohenstein-Haidenstein, aged 5"; further than this Laddie did not remember. He went often to put flowers there, and knew if Constance Adelaide Marie had lived, he would have had a little sister, not for Christmas alone, but for all the year through.

Over Mother's desk was a portrait of the little lost sister. Laddie had so often and so earnestly looked at it that he felt he could see the little one before him.

When Laddie told Mother his wish to have a playmate to spend Christmas with, he knew the tears she tried to hide came from thoughts of the little sister-playmate he might have had.

And Mother said, with a sad look: "I have thought of all the children I know. There is not one who could come to us for this Christmas. Your little friends are all blessed with happy homes and parents who can as little spare them as we could spare you, Laddie."

So Laddie's *dearest* wish seemed about *not* to come true.

Now came Christmas eve, on which night the trees all over Germany are lit just at dusk, and not on Christmas morning, as in America. Tea was at five; after that came the trees, and all the presents to be given. Later came a formal din-

ner, for Mother and Daddy had a party of grown-ups for the holidays.

This day Mother had no time for a walk, so Herr Stott took Laddie. It seemed more than ever as if the tutor had never been young. Instead of choosing the village road, where there were many children, and where, by walking slowly, one could even enjoy a glimpse of their games, Herr Stott went to the forest. To-day there were not even groups of jolly wood-choppers to be seen, for it was a holiday.

As the two companions turned their steps homeward, Laddie saw that a huge green Gipsy wagon drawn by two horses was going along the post-road. These wagons are often seen in Germany, along the roads or drawn up near villages. They come from Hungary or Bohemia.

The laws in Germany allow the wagons to stop but three days in each village before moving on to their next stop. The occupants of these moving huts are musicians who play in the village inns. They also mend umbrellas and baskets, for which work they beg from door to door. The government compels the children from Gipsy wagons to attend the village school each of the three days they stop. Can you fancy going to over a hundred schools in a year?

Laddie stood on the hill and, looking down on the green wagon, saw pressed against a tiny window the dark face of a boy about his own age. Something in those sad eyes, so different from Laddie's merry ones, went to our little hero's heart, and he set off down the hill at a great pace.

Herr Stott called sternly after the flying figure: "Come back; thou wilt be late for tea." But Laddie would not hear. Herr Stott could do nothing but follow, muttering horrid sentiments about Laddie's American blood being the cause of his independence of action. When Herr Stott's scholarly German trot brought him to the wagon, Laddie had disappeared inside, and there was nothing to do but follow; so he swung himself up the steps, murmuring, as he did so, "*Ansteckende Krankheit*," which is as awful as it sounds, and means "contagious sickness."

Inside, indeed, were sickness and poverty. A Gipsy woman lay on a bunk, raising to Herr Stott's cold gaze a pair of eyes singularly like those of the boy at the window, whose pleading Laddie had so promptly answered.

The two boys stood near the woman, who said faintly to Herr Stott: "You see, sir, I am sick. My husband has gone to fetch the doctor; he and the boy have worked day and night to get the money."

Laddie could scarcely wait to cry out, "Oh, let your boy come to the castle! We will give him

all you need. It is Christmas, and I will share my gifts with him. The doctor will be there, and he will bring your boy home and cure you."

Herr Stott remonstrated with his little charge in the rapidest broken English he ever uttered.

hundred years ago. Mother was dressed in a shining gown, with a rose in her hair, and when Laddie was finished she hurried him along to the drawing-room.

It had been planned this year that the little



LADDIE'S CASTLE-HOME.

But Laddie only clasped the Gipsy boy's hand the closer and urged:

"I so wished for a playmate for Christmas; let me have him for to-day. The doctor will come with all you need. I know Mother will send him."

Laddie did not leave off pleading till the woman had promised to send her boy to the castle within an hour's time. Then at last Herr Stott hurried his pupil off toward home.

After a speedy tea Mother and her maid came to dress the little boy. He wore a light satin costume, copied from the portrait of a boy, one of Laddie's ancestors, who lived in the castle two

boy instead of his father should make the speech of Christmas welcome and good wishes to the guests and servants.

Herr Stott had written out a speech for Laddie, who was greatly struck with its pompous sentiments, and also depressed over the fact that it was as hard to learn as so many Latin verses.

When Mother came into the school-room, the speech was laid before her. She had laughed and laughed, quite regardless of Herr Stott's getting redder and redder the longer she laughed; then she said kindly, in her pretty broken German:

"My good Herr Stott, it is the finest speech I

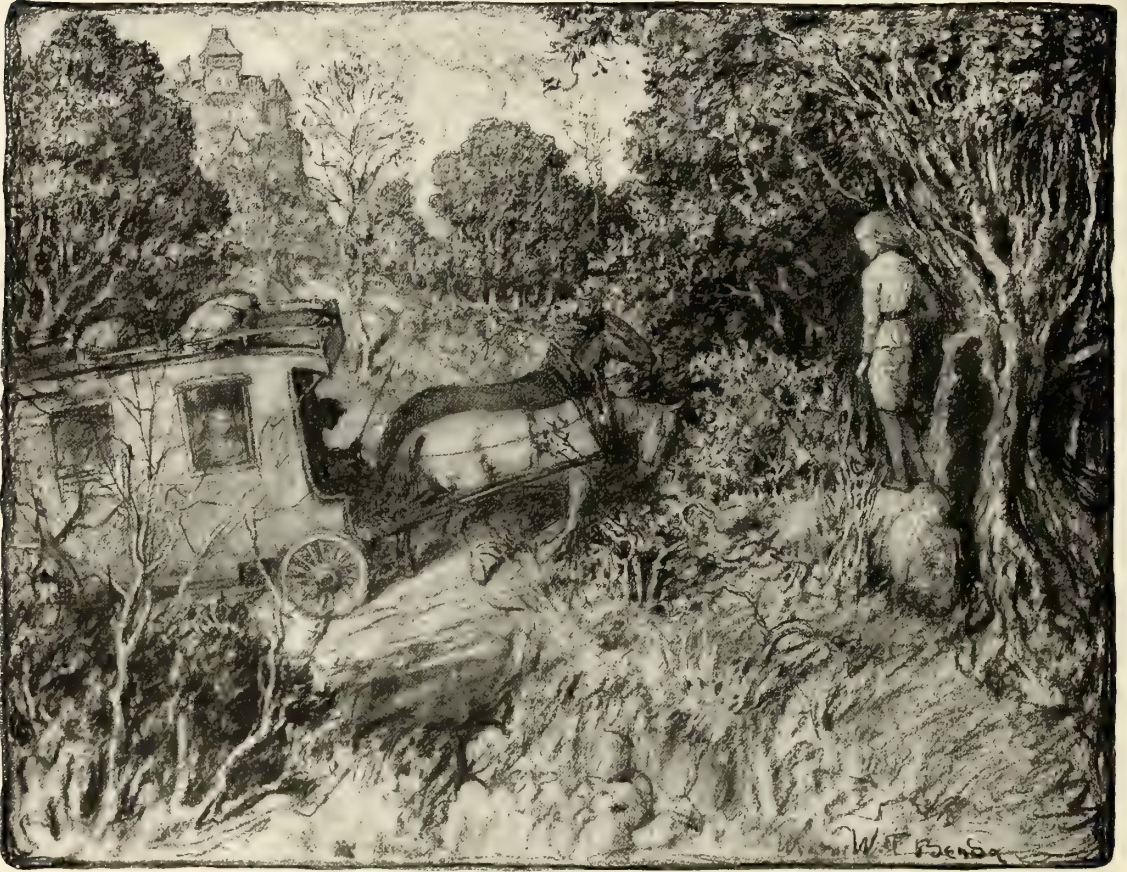


ever read—for a school convention. I really advise you to use it when you go to one."

Herr Stott left off being offended and resolved to follow this flattering advice, while Laddie thought with joy of the free-from-Herr-Stott days during the convention.

Then Mother made a great many strokes

you to-day, darling, but another time you must first consult me." So a happy Laddie hopped ahead to hold the door open for Mother. Soon came Daddy, the guests, the pastor, and the jolly doctor. Just as Laddie grasped the latter's hand to tell about the green wagon, the doors of the ball-room flew open on a dazzling sight.



"A HUGE GREEN GIPSY WAGON WAS GOING ALONG THE POST-ROAD."

through the pompous wording, putting in new words here and there, and finally read it off, adding: "There, Herr Stott, your speech will do nicely." But Laddie thought it not very like his tutor's speech, nor, indeed, like a speech at all. It was simple and easy to learn,—only some kind words, which the child felt were just what he wished to say when the household met under the shining Christmas tree.

As Laddie hurried to the drawing-room, he told Mother of the Gipsy child he had discovered for his Christmas guest, and begged her to tell the servants not to turn the boy away, but to let him share Laddie's tree and gifts.

Mother looked grave, but said: "I cannot deny

In the opposite end of the great ball-room blazed a fire of huge logs. Ranged down either side of the room were rows of trees, great and small, twinkling and glittering, gloriously hung with silver and gold festoons.

Laddie's tree was largest; then came Mother's and Daddy's, one for the guests, one for the servants, a fifth for the forester and his men, others for the workers from the estate. All these people, with smiling, shining faces, were drawn up in a group, and welcomed the gentry with a roar as of one big voice:

"Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!"

Mother gave Laddie a push, and he stood alone, a slim little figure against a background of blaz-

ing trees. He spoke very loud and clear. The words came straight from his warm little heart. As he finished, his eyes fell on the Gipsy boy standing among the group of people. He wore an old velvet jacket with silver buttons; his trousers were laced with green cords. It was the Hungarian costume which he wore when he played the fiddle with his father at the inns along their lonely route.

With one bound Laddie was by the child, and came leading him up to Mother. She took the two children around the trees. Laddie was wondering just where the usual tables of gifts were, so he could share them with his guest. Then there was a ringing of the great bell, and old Müller came in. He was the oldest servant in the house, and had been oldish and grumpy when Daddy was a boy. The old man tremblingly announced "Sir Santa Claus," and in that personage bounded. He begged that his luggage might be fetched, and the servants ran out to carry it in. Laddie delightedly beheld a number of huge trunks. But did you ever see *pretty* trunks? These were the loveliest Christmasy ones, made of crinkled paper; around their edges were borders of snow and silvery ice splinters. On the lid of the largest, in white snow letters, was "Laddie." The others were for the owners of all the many trees.

What a merry time unpacking and then reading off the names on the snowy packages, done up with a sprig of holly for each!

Laddie stood bewildered, trying to find something for his little guest. Neither a motor-engine nor a saddle seemed quite the thing. The jolly doctor came up and chose a pretty purse, slipping in a coin, and a thick motor-scarf was most appropriate for keeping warm when driving a Gipsy wagon on cold days.

Laddie, Bodo, the doctor, and Herr Stott (the latter so thawed by numerous gifts that it seemed really as if he *had once* enjoyed Christmases) were sending off an electric toy when the doors flew open and two children made a wild, rushing dash for the astonished Laddie, who cried:

"Hans! Where didst thou come from? And Betty—where didst *thou* come from?"

In Germany all the grown-ups address the children as "thee" and "thou," and the little ones so call each other.

"From Pritlewitz," said Betty, looking very "smart" in a new riding-habit, a jockey-cap tied over her flying curls.

Pritlewitz was a country house some miles away, where Hans' and Betty's grandmother lived alone.

"From Pritlewitz?" said Laddie, in a dazed voice, for the children were only there in summer.

"Yes," said Betty; "Big Brother has scarlatina, and they sent us away to Granny. We could not even let you know because we had been exposed to the fever. But now the danger is over."

"Yes," added Hans, "we came on our new ponies. They were under our tree in the winter garden!"

"Let me tell," interrupted Betty. "We coaxed to ride over (it is as warm as fall outside), but Granny would not consent. Just then came a telegram saying Big Brother is loads better, and she was so happy, she let the groom bring us. We may only stay an hour. To-morrow thou art to come to Pritlewitz and see our tree." And Betty hopped around like an equestrian fairy among the presents and heaps of paper wrapping.

"I fear not," said Laddie. "Thou seest I have a guest for to-morrow. This is Bodo. He has hard luck. His mother is ill, and he lives in the green wagon on the post-road."

"Yes, we saw it. But thou must bring Bodo also; he has a fiddle and can play for us."

"Yes," boasted Laddie; "he can tell also all about ponies and how they ride in Hungary."

Before half the presents were looked at the hour was over, and the children flew off as quickly as they had come.

Laddie could scarcely sit through the long dinner before he might return with the doctor to Bodo and see the Gipsies off, laden with gifts.

Then Laddie said good night to every one, but only his *public* good night to Mother; he knew she would come up later for a *real* good night. He was scarcely out of sight before she came after him, and, dropping down on a sofa, drew Laddie to her, saying:

"Is n't it a lovely Christmas, dearie? All thy wishes gratified, even playmates to spend the happy days with thee. But the best gift is still left! What wouldst thou say if thou wert to have two children for Christmases *and* for all the year, to play with and learn with, for thy very own brother and sister; what sayest thou?" Laddie looked curiously around, as if he thought the promised children (could they be Hans and Betty?) were hidden behind the furniture.

Mother went on: "Thou knowest Auntie Kate has died and left two little cousins without a mother? Their father has been sent to Europe as consul. He cannot leave his children in America with the ocean between them, so he has written asking us to take them and bring them up with thee, dear. Here he can often see them, and they will be like thy own brother and sister."

Laddie was too happy for words. He put his arms around his mother, who said: "There, darling, run off to bed now."

As he passed the picture of little Constance





"LADDIE CAME LEADING HIM UP TO MOTHER."

Adelaide Marie, he called aloud to it: "They are coming, truly coming, a new brother and sister. But I shall never forget thee, dear one!"

So we leave Laddie running away up the winding stone stairs into a rosy, happy future peopled with the real playmates he had so long wished for.

Perhaps you would like to know what happened to the Gipsy boy?

The next day, though Laddie did not hear of it, Bodo's father was killed in an accident at

the inn. The Gracious One herself and the kind doctor told the poor woman in the green wagon the sad news. Together they persuaded her to sell the horses and wagon and to settle down in the village, where she could earn her own living when well again, and where her boy would grow up to a more useful life than that of a wandering Gipsy. Later, when Laddie sees Bodo in his new village home, he will be happy to help him forget his old wandering life.

## IN MEMORY OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Died November 18, 1909

JUST as this number of *ST. NICHOLAS* is ready to be printed, there comes the sad news—which we here sorrowfully record—of the sudden death of Richard Watson Gilder, Editor of "The Century Magazine." To his comrades, associates, and fellow-workers of The Century Co., it comes as a grief too deep for words; and not alone in the hearts of those who knew him best or longest will he be sadly missed. Not only on account of his distinguished editorial career, but also because of his beautiful and lofty poetry, his whole-hearted labors in behalf of better homes and better teaching for the poor, and his devotion to every worthy cause—especially the cause of good citizenship—Mr. Gilder was held in honor and affection by countless thousands, both in America and in lands beyond the seas.

Most of the boys and girls who read *ST. NICHOLAS* (or all of them, as we like to believe) grow to be, later on, readers of "The Century Magazine." It is a welcome visitor to their homes; and our older readers, now in the "middle teens," are already acquainted with it, and, to some extent at least, with the far-reaching and extraordinarily useful life of the man who for twenty-eight years has been its editor.

There is neither time nor space here for more than a brief summary of his career. The full story will be printed elsewhere, and it is an inspiring record which all true-hearted boys and girls will read with a glow of pride and admiration. Indeed, what Mr. Gilder achieved in saving and brightening the lives of many thousands of children in the great city of New York would alone entitle him to the gratitude of children and parents everywhere.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER was the son of the Rev. William H. Gilder, a Methodist clergyman, and

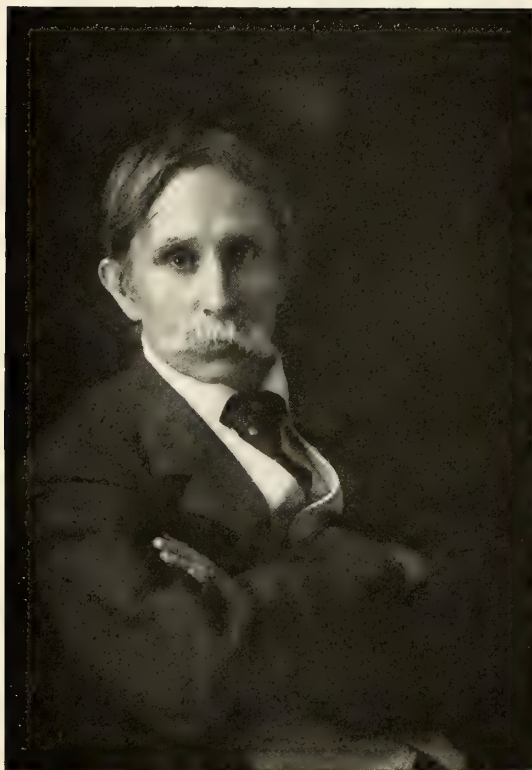
was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, on February 8, 1844. It will interest boys and girls to know that, while still a little lad, he showed a taste for writing and learned to set type while very young. And when his father moved to Flushing, Long Island, and established an academy for boys, Richard—then twelve years old—issued a little paper called "The St. Thomas Register," which he edited, printed, and published, "all by himself." His education was continued under his father's teaching. While still a youth, his literary gifts had become known among the New York publishers; and when a new magazine was brought out in 1870, under the editorship of Dr. J. G. Holland, Mr. Gilder was chosen as its associate editor. At about the time of Dr. Holland's death, in 1881, the name of the periodical was changed to "The Century Magazine," and Mr. Gilder then became editor-in-chief—a position which he retained to the close of his life. Of all that he did, as editor, to maintain and advance the highest standards of American literature and art, there is no room to speak; but the files of the magazine itself during the last forty years are a monument to his unwearied industry, energy, and devotion to the work he loved.

From the beginning, too, and throughout his editorial life, he was constantly writing poetry. He published in all, at various intervals, six books of poems, and each of them attained deserved popularity and displayed a genuine, steadily growing gift of song. His poems, ranging in great variety from grave to gay, voiced in stately odes, and in lyrics and sonnets of great beauty the sincere feelings of his heart for the grandeur, or mystery, or gladness of life. Perhaps he was at his best in some clarion-call to Duty or a ringing protest against some great Wrong, launched in a terse or fiery outburst. Few of his



friends realized how much he had written until his collected poems were brought out, complete, in 1908.

But neither editing nor writing could exhaust his zealous activities. He had an inborn sense of the sacred duties of a citizen, that made him ever ready to join or to lead in any movement for



RICHARD WATSON GILDER.  
From a photograph by Gessford.

righting the wrongs of the oppressed or helping those who could not help themselves. His heart cried out against injustice, and he felt a boundless pity for the hard lives—and especially for the children—of the poor. So, despite all the cares and exactions of his own busy days, he heartily accepted the post of first President of the New York Kindergarten Association, which did so much to aid and cheer the little ones of New York's most crowded districts; and as Chairman of the New York Tenement-House Commission he was the leader of those who planned and laid the foundation of the laws that "tore down scores of overcrowded, ill-ventilated tenements; opened small parks and recreation piers for the children; compelled the building of new schools; and made the dwellings of the poor safe against fires." This was, indeed, an achievement worthy

of all honor and gratitude, and yet it was only one of the many praiseworthy causes to which Mr. Gilder gave unsparingly his time and strength and talents. He was prominent in almost every artistic or charitable project that needed a champion,—although he always modestly made light of his own share in the work or its success.

No hasty outline of the main events in his life can give any true idea of the combined strength and gentleness of character that made him the man he was. Perhaps it was a part of his reward that the leaders of thought and action in things worth doing became his devoted and admiring friends. Few men in public life have had so large a circle of friends, drawn from so many fields of endeavor—from writers, artists, musicians, to practical and successful men of affairs and those engaged in the work of the government. He was the close and cherished friend of President Cleveland; the intimate friend of President Roosevelt; and the comrade and associate of many others who have held a foremost place in the history of their time—who were drawn and held to him irresistibly by his lofty patriotism and unselfish devotion. For there was nothing that he had more at heart than the wish to see the State in all things worthy of the ideal citizen, and the citizen worthy of the ideal State.

This great America of ours is frequently called, in a phrase familiar to our ears, "the land of opportunity"—and such, indeed, it is, with all its boundless opportunities for gaining wealth and power and luxury and material good. But it should never be forgotten by any of us, young or old, that the highest opportunity that can come to man or woman, boy or girl, is that of service to mankind.

And the American boys of to-day and the days to come, when choosing their heroes, as all boys will, may well look long and thoughtfully upon this kindly, steadfast man, who, seeking nothing for himself, yet never neglected an opportunity to serve his city, State, or nation; who, in literature, in art, in life, in thought—in all his work and in his burning love of country—sought and held and fought for the highest ideals. He heard and answered every call of Duty to loving service of his fellow-men,—the unflinching champion of the oppressed, the uncompromising foe of oppression; and yet he was not embittered by the strife, but kept unsullied the pure mind and young heart of the poet, and a nature so sweet and gentle, so modest, loyal, and generous, that—alike to the highest in the land and the humblest of his fellow-workers—he was always one of the most lovable and beloved of men. *W. F. C.*



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

A TWILIGHT VISION

It was just that hour of the day when you ought to, but do not want to, light the lamps, because there are such lovely shadows playing about the room, pretending not to notice the firelight, and yet cleverly keeping out of its way. I sat in a big chair and watched them jumping and tumbling around, having the best sort of a time.

It was then that it happened, and very wonderful I've thought it since, though at the time I was so interested that I forgot to be surprised.

I called the room the studio, because it had a north light, and because I had hung up some old tapestries, and studies in oil and water-color made by different friends, and because of a divan and lots of cushions, and some pieces of brass about. But it was really my workroom and had a big desk, and shelves nearly the whole way round the walls, loaded with books.

As I sat watching the shadows I happened to raise my eyes to a shelf where there was a row of Shakspeare. And right then it began! For, instead of the familiar gold and brown backs, I seemed to be looking at a vast, dark plain, where a few bent trees tossed their bare branches; a fire was burning in the middle distance, lashed this way and that by the wild wind, and over it hung a great caldron. Around this mighty pot circled three shapes like women, very old and twisted and ugly. They appeared to be throwing things into the pot, while they danced a strange dance. . . . You can think how I stared, and rubbed my eyes, and stared again. . . . Of course I had just been dreaming, and they had disappeared; but no—here was still no row of books; the witches had vanished, to be sure, but now I found myself looking into a moonlight gar-

den all overgrown with roses and jasmine. A balcony hung against a beautiful old house, on whose stone balustrade leaned a lovely girl, looking up at the moon. Down below among the roses I could see indistinctly the form of a young man with a cloak over his shoulders. . . .

Somewhat startled, I looked about the room. And whenever my eyes fell on what had once been the uninteresting back of a book, I saw instead, as though I had been looking through a magic mirror, a moving picture of the wild or splendid or fine or dangerous or just simple, every-day things those books told about. It was ever so exciting. In one corner, where Louisa Alcott belonged, I saw Jo and her sisters sitting beside their mother in the dear familiar room, with a glimpse of snow visible through the curtained window. Jo was reading from a roll of manuscript and waving one arm excitedly. Beth was smiling, with the cat on her lap; Amy was near the window embroidering. Just at that moment the door burst open and Laurie came rushing in. . . .

In the middle of another shelf I saw three men on horses, flying along at a great pace. They had swords at their sides and wore huge hats with feathers in them that flapped madly, and their long curling hair streamed behind them. As I stared at them, they rounded a corner of the road and drew rein at a lighted house, evidently an old inn. There was a sign with a king's head painted on it, and some words in old French, while in the courtyard people were fussing about with horses and strange enormous coaches, and, from a window above, a girl looked down and laughed.

"They must be the Three Musketeers," I thought. "Probably they are riding on some ad-





venture for the Queen." And I saw the host of the inn come running out, followed by a lad carrying three silver cups, which the riders took and emptied at a draft.

Scene after scene met my eyes; the walls of my studio seemed to open out in all directions, no matter to what part of the world, nor to what times, whether our own or back into the dim past. One particularly lovely picture I saw was an upland half overgrown with trees, where pink and white hawthorn bloomed in masses, and the green grass was all starred with little daisies and violets and anemones. The sky was mostly blue, with big white clouds sauntering slowly across it, and the tops of the trees swayed gently. Winding along among the green and white came a company of people, some on horseback and others walking. Many of them were carrying armfuls of the flowering may or tall lilies; some came dancing or playing on flutes and little harps. They were all dressed in wonderful clothes, flowing robes embroidered with precious stones, short cloaks of many colors, and the men wore doublet and hose, or else were in armor with helmets on their heads, whose lifted vizors revealed the strong, keen faces underneath. It was a marvelous sight.

I knew it must be Queen Guinevere and her knights and ladies going a-maying, and I leaned forward eagerly. There she was, sure enough! She rode a white palfrey, and from a jeweled circlet round her head her golden hair fell gloriously down below her waist. The bridle of her horse was all thickly studded with irregular blue stones, and her dress shone like the sun through a mist of white. Beside her, on a great black stallion, rode the most splendid knight of the whole company, his mighty shield glittering on his arm. . . .

Then suddenly it all vanished. I sat up in my chair; the fire had quite died down, and all the shadows had rushed together and now stood side by side looking at me. They seemed to be trying to keep me from seeing the book-shelves, but I managed to get a glimpse between them, and there were all the familiar green and red and other colored books, standing close. Here and there I made out a gilded title or decoration, nothing more; yet, as I got up to light the lamp, I seemed for a moment to hear a confused murmur as of many faint voices, vague shouts, a clash of arms, and distant laughter. And these indistinct sounds appeared to be coming from the shelves—but when I stopped to hear better, there was only silence.

Since that time, however, I have always realized that the books, which seem to us to be sitting so quietly on the shelves, are really busy every hour of the night and day with the most tremendous affairs. Struggles are going on in them, conversations are being held, people are setting sail in ships or starting off in trains or on horseback to do all manner of things,—yes, a whole world within our world is busy being alive; and I'm always hoping at shadow-time that I may see them at it again, but so far I only see the shadows playing silently about or the windows looking at the sunset, while I sit in the big chair and think about the wonderful life of the books.

#### THE STORIES OF THE ROUND TABLE

BUT that evening, since the prettiest thing I had seen had been the queen's maying, I took down the old book written by Sir Thomas Malory in the ninth year of the reign of King Edward IV of England, about the middle of the fifteenth

century, and turned the pages. This book tells all about King Arthur and his Round Table, where gathered the greatest company of gallant knights the world has ever seen, and about Lancelot and Queen Guinevere and the search for the Holy Grail. It is full of fights between the Round Table knights and others, and of the rescue of unhappy ladies, and of enchantments and imprisonments and splendid tournaments, and many other matters. Only a knight who was perfectly good and perfectly brave and absolutely honorable could hope to win the Grail, and one by one the knights were killed seeking it, or they did something wrong and lost the chance to pursue the quest of it. All except Sir Galahad, Lancelot's son, who, after innumerable hardships and the utmost courage and determination, at last saw and drank from the Grail, in the middle of the enchanted castle where the wounded king lay. Galahad cured the king of his hurt by a touch of the spear that lay beside the Grail, just as Parsifal does in Wagner's opera. For Parsifal is another name for Galahad. Tennyson wrote a beautiful poem on this perfect knight.

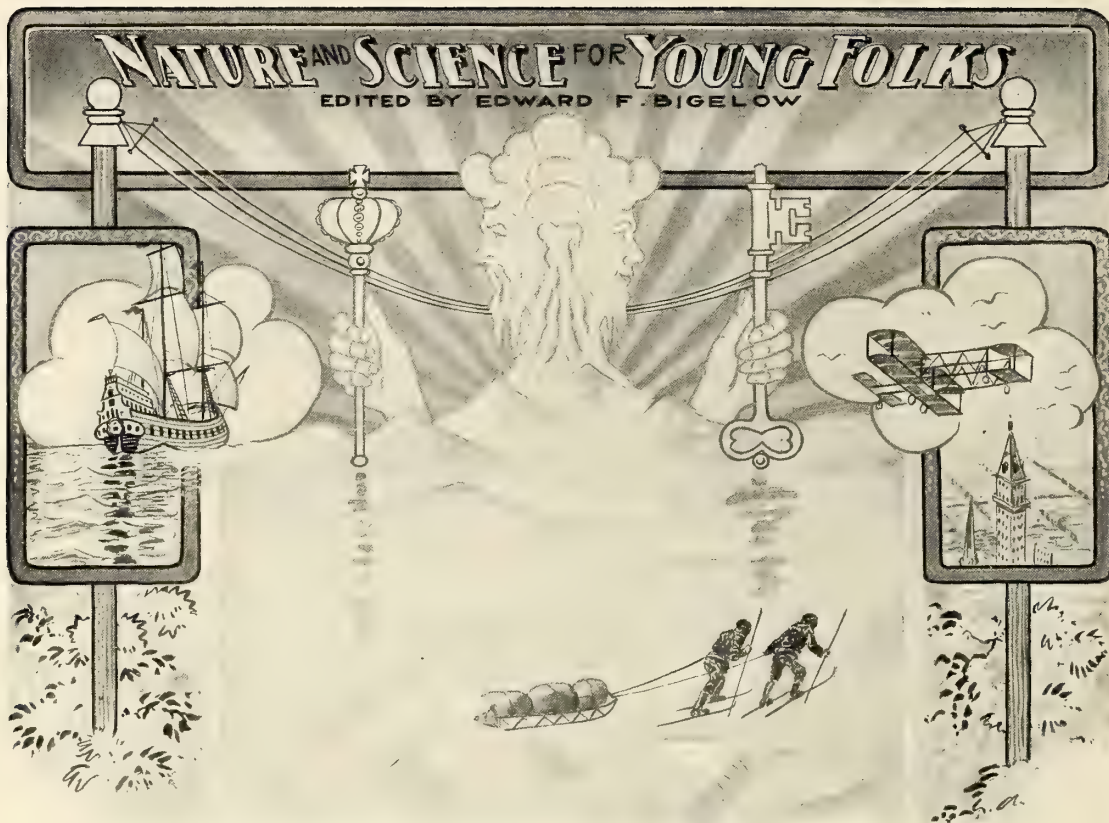
These stories of the Round Table are very old. First they were sung in the ancient French, and then Sir Thomas Malory gathered them together and translated them into the English of his day,

which you would find it hard to understand, for he uses many words which have long since been dropped out of the language. His spelling, too, is most astonishing. Luckily, many of the stories have been rewritten for you, and you can get them in modern English, and you will love them. When you are older you will not care to read them except as Malory himself wrote them, but at first it is better not to trouble with the difficulties of his book. Then there are Tennyson's lovely "Idylls of the King," which are all taken from "Morte Arthure," as the old book is called.

No one can read these stories without admiration for the men of that rough and hard age, who, in a time when life was perilous and men were bent on harming each other by any means, set for their goal the utmost courage, the noblest courtesy, the highest devotion, whatever it might cost them. Here for the first time chivalry was honored, and the knight whose word was never broken, who would never make use of an unfair advantage or refuse to help any one in distress, was the greatest among them. It was the beginning of a new thought and a deeper feeling among people, and the knights of the Holy Grail were the sign that the Christian ideal instead of the pagan ideal had come to lead the world.







### THE YEAR 1909 DOUBLY FAMOUS

At the beginning of 1909, we all knew that it was the hundredth anniversary of a year that is famous as the year in which *great men were born*; several of them, indeed, were among the most distinguished men of modern times. And as some of our newspapers have recently pointed out, in looking back over 1909, we realize that it, too, is a remarkable year, and likely to be famous in history as a year in which *great things were done*.

On the opposite page you will see the portraits of eight celebrated men, all born in 1809, and each of whom attained high eminence and renown in literature, music, science, or statesmanship.

To the girls and boys of the United States probably the centennial anniversary of the birth of President Abraham Lincoln—one of our greatest Presidents—was the most conspicuous because of its general celebration in the schools.

But 1809 was the birth-year, also, of one of the greatest statesmen of England, William Ewart Gladstone; of one of its greatest poets, Alfred, Lord Tennyson; and of perhaps its greatest scientist, Charles Darwin.

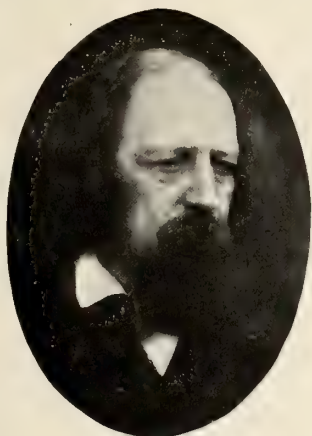
The musical world rejoiced that 1809 had pro-

duced two of the most illustrious composers, Chopin and Mendelssohn; and two of America's most brilliant writers, Edgar Allan Poe and Oliver Wendell Holmes, also were born that year.

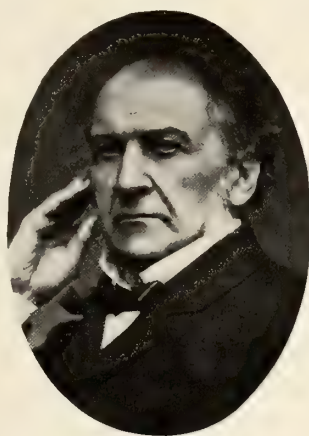
The city and State of New York also celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the beginning of successful steam-navigation on the Hudson River and the three hundredth anniversary of the exploration of that river by Henry Hudson. But it must be remembered that there have been several other important centennial celebrations in 1909. Among the minor "Three-Hundred-Years-Ago" celebrations a notable one was the erection by the Chicago Congregational Club of a tablet in Amsterdam, Holland, in memory of the Pilgrim Fathers who afterward came to America. It was there three hundred years ago that they decided to cross the sea and begin a new life in the New World. Governor Bradford thus expressed it:

By a joynte consente they resolved to goe into ye Low-Countries, wher they heard was freedome of Religion for all men . . . and lived at Amsterdam.

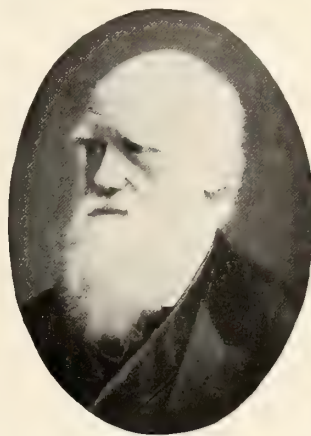
A similar gift by the people of Boston was made to the city of Leyden in Holland.



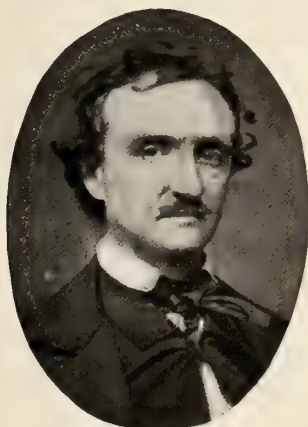
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.



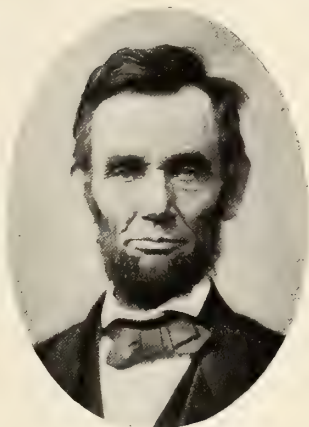
WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.



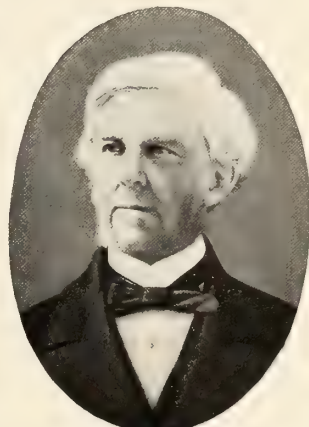
CHARLES DARWIN.



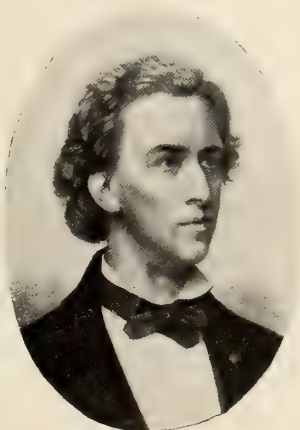
EDGAR ALLAN POE.



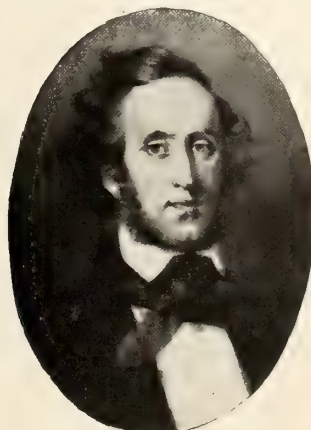
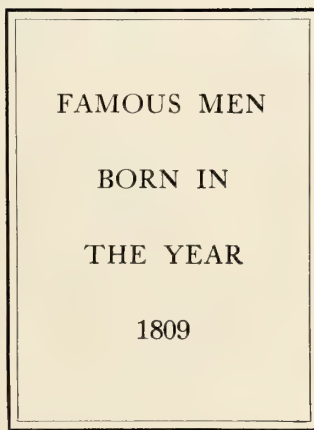
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN.



FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



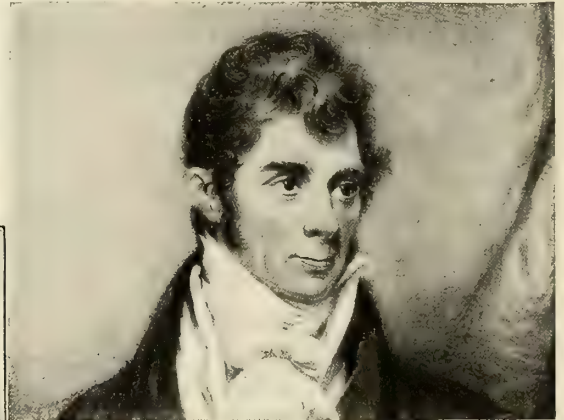


ARRIVAL OF THE *HALF-MOON* AT THE WATER-GATE, NEW YORK, DURING THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION.

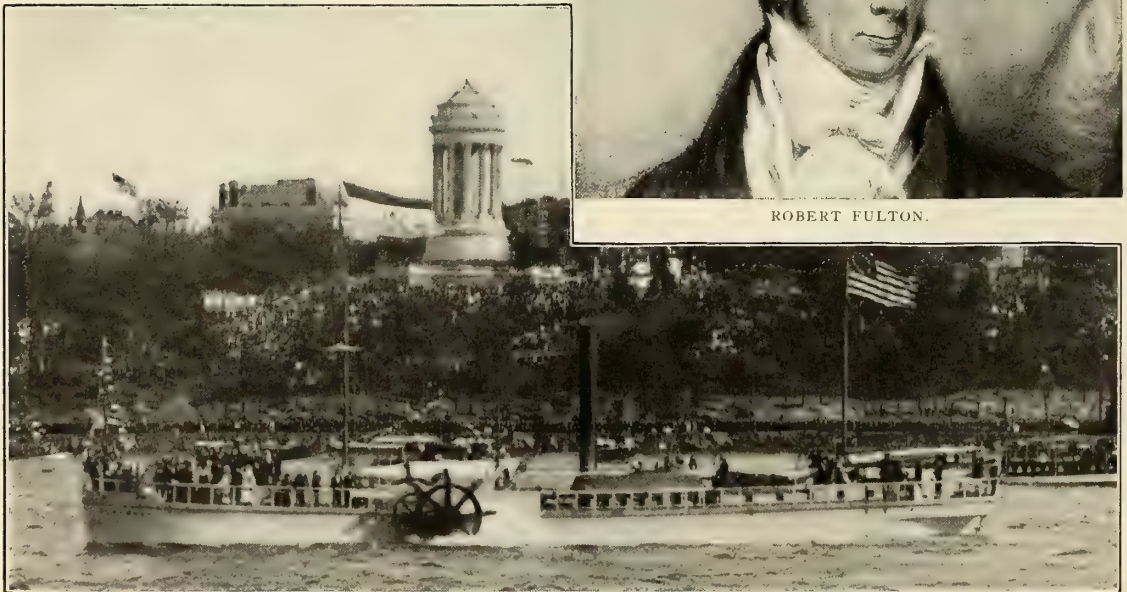
From stereograph, copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

BUT famous as 1909 is as a one hundredth (and a three hundredth) anniversary year, it seems likely to be even more famous as the beginning of an era of marvelous advancement in the fields of science. Indeed, several remarkable scientific achievements—genuine “fairy-tales of science”—must already be recorded to the credit of the year.

Let us glance at some of them in detail:



ROBERT FULTON.



THE *CLERMONT* PASSING THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, IN THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION.

From stereograph, copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

1. *The Discovery of the North Pole.* Probably the most dramatic event of the year, bringing to a triumphant conclusion more than three centuries of arctic exploration, has been the announcement of the discovery of the North Pole. Within a single week of 1909 such announcements and claims were made by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, and by Commander Robert E. Peary of the United States Navy.



COMMANDER PEARY.

Copyright, 1907, by Doubleday, Page & Company.

Arctic explorations began in 1553 by English explorers Willoughby and Chancellor seeking for a passage through arctic waters.

In 1576 Martin Frobisher discovered Frobisher Bay and brought home earth that he claimed contained gold. He made two later voyages and was followed in 1585 by John Davis, who discovered the straits that have since borne his name.

William Baffin, in 1616, reached about seventy-seven degrees and forty-five minutes north latitude. His record remained unequalled for two hundred and thirty-six years.

William Barentz made three voyages. On the

last, in 1596-97, he discovered Spitzbergen, but failed to find the supposed eastern passage.

Various exploring parties were sent out to the far Northland at about this time by England, Holland, and Denmark, and each one added something to our geographical knowledge of polar regions. One of these parties in 1607 was commanded by Henry Hudson, who was disappointed in not finding the "northeast passage," and then turned southwest. His little ship, the *Half-Moon*, found what was much better—the Hudson River and the site of the present great metropolis, New York. (Italians claim that Verrazano, and not Hudson, was the first discoverer of this river, but that Hudson was the first to explore and make it widely known.)

Lieutenant John Franklin was one of the most famous of the explorers of the frozen North. His explorations ended in 1826.

Then followed Captain John Ross in 1829, Captain C. Back in 1833, Dr. Kane in 1853; and several other famous explorers—including Greeley and Nansen—during the last forty years have tried nobly, but in vain, to reach the pole.

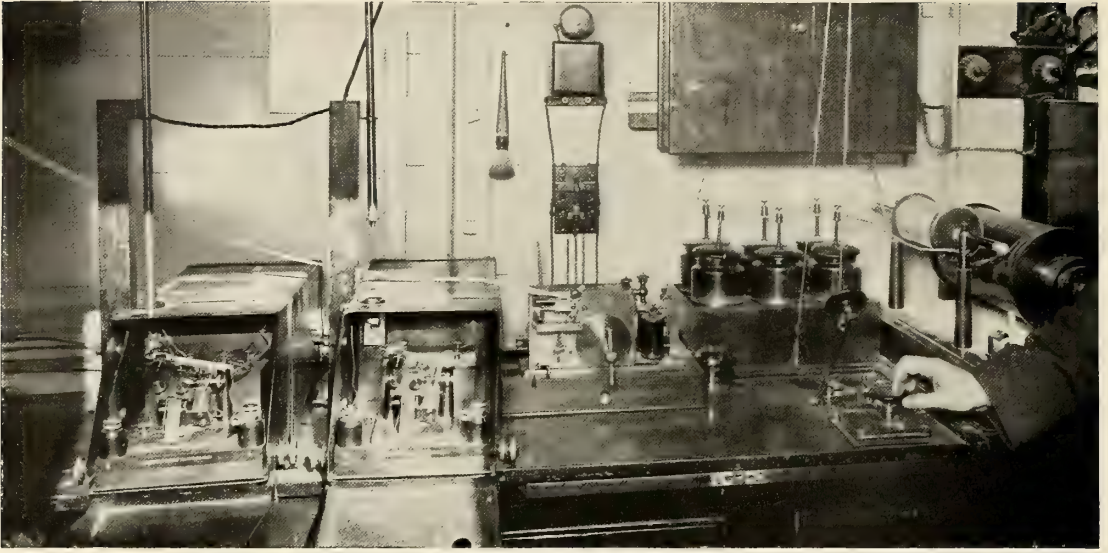
Commander Robert E. Peary began his explorations in 1886 and several times has pushed his way into the far North. Dr. Cook was surgeon for Commander Peary on his trip in 1891; and the journey inspired him with a love of arctic exploration that was put into practice in several hunting and exploring trips.

This brief review of some of the many arduous explorations of the North by many brave men helps us to realize the difficulties they had to overcome, and makes the success of 1909 all the more important and wonderful.

2. *Wireless Telegraphy.* In some respects the most dramatic of all events on the ocean and the most wonderful of all accomplishments of science was the saving of the lives of some fifteen hundred passengers on the *Republic* of the White Star Line by wireless telegraphy. The boat was about forty-five miles from Nantucket, on her way to Naples, last January. Early in the morning she was struck by another boat, the *Florida*.

This accident was chiefly due to a heavy fog. The steel stem of the *Florida* smashed through steel plates on the side of the *Republic* as if they had been made of cardboard. Both the ships were badly damaged and hopelessly groping in the fog. But Jack Binns, the wireless telegraph operator of the injured steamship, *Republic*, faithfully stood at his post and sent off messages for help. These electrical waves went in every direction. Soon came the answer, through the unseen electric waves in the fog, that boats were on the way to rescue. Some of these came from many





A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH OUTFIT ON A STEAMSHIP.

Photograph by courtesy of F. M. Sammis, Chief Engineer Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America.

miles—even from eighty or one hundred miles away. Thus 1909 saw for the first time boats called from beyond sight or hearing, without wires or any other old-time method of communication,

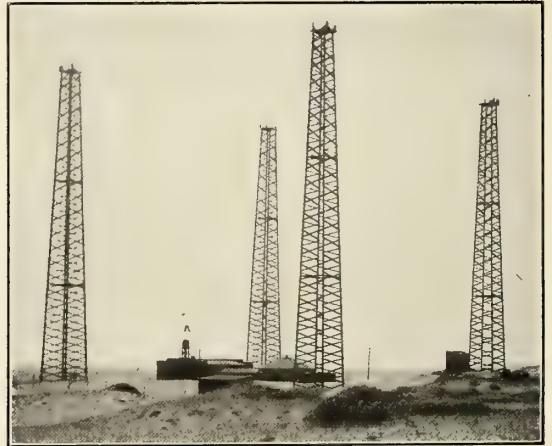
to the assistance of a sinking ship. Almost two thousand lives saved go to the credit of this victory for science, and they count Jack Binns, who remained faithfully at his wireless telegraph instrument, as one of the heroes of the year.



JACK R. BINNS.

Who operated the wireless telegraph outfit on the *Republic* and thus called aid to the sinking ship.

Photograph by courtesy of George S. De Sousa



A WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.

By the courtesy of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America.

3. *Great Ocean Speed.* The year 1909 has produced, by the steamship *Mauretania*, the highest ocean speed yet attained. The *Mauretania's* record is as follows: Eastward: highest day's run, 610 knots; shortest passage, 4 days, 13 hours, 41 minutes (short track); highest average speed, 25.89 knots (long track). Westward: highest day's run, 673 knots; shortest passage, 4 days,

10 hours, 51 minutes (short track); highest average speed, 26.06 knots (short track). The *Mauretania* holds all eastward and westward records for highest daily runs, fastest passages, shortest passages, and highest speed between the Irish coast and Sandy Hook.

4. *Man Begins to Fly.* This same year has seen most wonderful demonstrations of the success of flying-machines—not merely steerable balloons, but machines that are heavier than air and yet really fly in spite of this weight. Prominent in many daring flights, during the year, have been: in America, the Wright brothers; in Germany, Count Zeppelin (with his huge, metal-covered dirigible balloon); and in France, Monsieur Bleriot (who was first to cross the English Channel in a flying-machine).

5. *The Wireless Telephone.* Another wonderful achievement is the ability to send the voice through space without wires. With the wireless telephone, the voice produces electrical vibrations, and these travel through as do the electrical waves of wireless telegraphy. One writer has expressed it thus: "The difference is precisely that between shouting to a man across the street and talking to him over the wire, save that the radiophone hurls the sound-waves over greater distances than the unaided voice."

*What next?* Our month January was named after the old Latin god Janus, who was supposed to have two faces, looking in opposite directions,—forward and back,—or toward both the past and the future. (His fanciful image, holding the keys of past and future, is woven into the head-piece on page 266.) And two-headed Janus, in this particular January, has mighty achievements of mankind to behold in the realms of Nature and Science. The opportunities and possibilities of the future will always be greater than the accom-



WILBUR WRIGHT MAKING HIS FIRST "OVER-THE-WATER" FLIGHT AROUND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR, DURING THE HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION.

plishments of the past. But we seldom have so much in one year to be proud of as we had in 1809 and 1909.



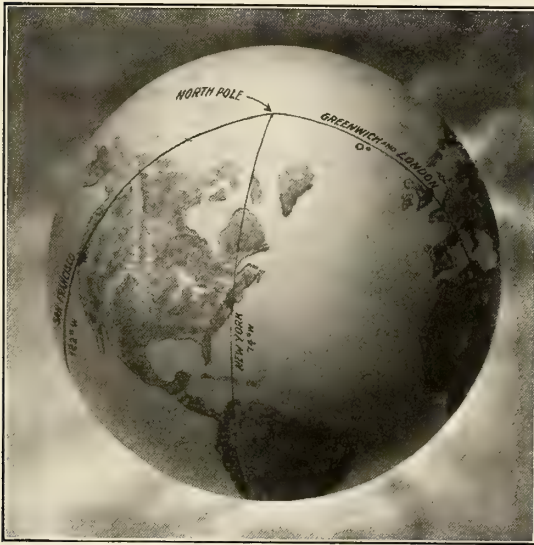
COMPARATIVE SIZE OF THE *MAURETANIA* AND THE *CLERMONT*.

Photograph of *Mauretania* by courtesy of The Cunard Steamship Company, Limited.



### THE CURIOUS TIME AT THE NORTH POLE

IF one of us had been with Commander Peary when he reached the north pole, how would the conditions there be different from those we are



THE EARTH SUSPENDED IN THE HEAVENS AND SURROUNDED BY CLOUDS. POLAR REGIONS SHOWN AS ICE-FIELDS WITH THE THREE MERIDIANS DRAWN THROUGH THE THREE MENTIONED CITIES.

Meridian through Greenwich. Meridian through New York.  
Meridian through San Francisco.

familiar with? Of course there would be the extreme cold, with ice and snow everywhere, but how about day and night, the appearance of the sun and moon; how would we know by our watch the time of day? We are creatures of habit, and our lives in the temperate zones are made regular by the coming of the sun each and every day. As every boy and girl knows, however, at the north and south pole, night lasts for six months, and during that time the sun never gets above the horizon; the rest of the year, during our spring and summer seasons, the sun never sets, and daylight lasts for six months. Every one has noticed in our latitudes that, after the sun rises in the morning, it gets higher and higher in the sky till at noon it is at its greatest altitude above the horizon, and in the afternoon it gradually sinks again toward the horizon. At noon the sun is due south of us, or, as the astronomer says, it crosses the meridian. Observations of the sun on the meridian readily give the astronomer the means of determining accurate time.

But how different it would be at the pole! During the twenty-four hours that ordinarily make up a day, the sun's height above the horizon remains practically unchanged; every altitude is

equal to every other, and consequently at every instant is the sun due south and on the meridian. In other words, we come across a curious freak that right at the north pole there is no north, no east or west or points of the compass in between; every direction is south and south only. And a still more curious oddity is that of time. The sun being always south, it therefore always marks noon. But a chronometer, wound up and kept going, would go as regularly as it does in New York or London. What would, then, its twenty-four hours each day signify? To answer this question, we must ask what we mean by a day, and what is time. Time is measured by the rotation of the earth on its axis. It takes five hours for the earth to rotate enough to carry the sun from the Greenwich meridian to the New York meridian, and another three hours before the sun is on the meridian of San Francisco. To get from one of these cities to the other it is necessary to travel thousands of miles. But if we were at the pole, as the diagram shows, these three meridians would come together. As noon takes place when the sun is on the meridian, and as at the pole it is impossible to distinguish one meridian from the other, no observations at the pole by astronomer or explorer would give the exact time, and the hour of the day could not be determined. It would not be necessary to travel thousands of miles to get from the San Francisco meridian to that of Greenwich, for at one and the same time we would be on both meridians. At the north pole, time has no real meaning, as we think of it, and if one could live there long enough he could never tell whether his chronometer kept exact time or whether it was fast or slow.

S. A. MITCHELL.

### THE SAPSUCKER AND RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD

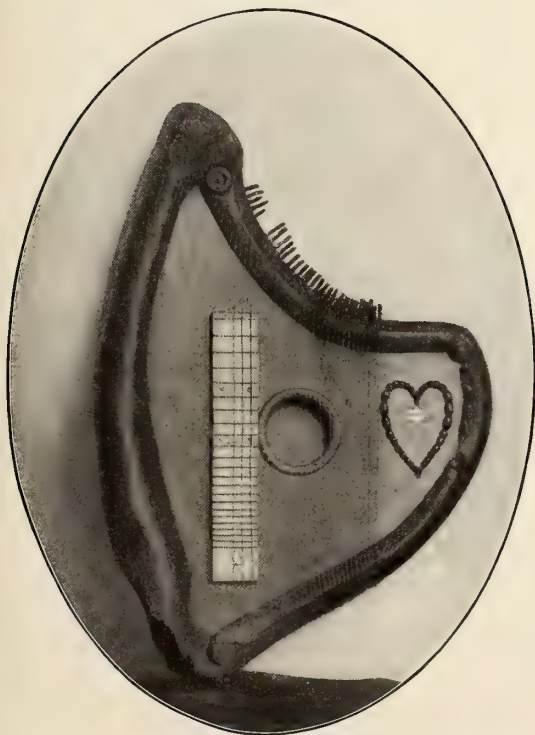
THIS picture illustrates a very pretty and an interesting sight. While strolling in a grove of sugar-maples on the last day of May, I noticed a yellow-bellied sapsucker at his usual work, well up toward the branches. As he clung to the trunk of a tree, drinking sap from the newly drilled holes, I saw a little ruby-throated humming-bird hovering near him. The sapsucker soon left that tree for another one near by, and the humming-bird at once darted to the vacated spot and probed the holes with his long bill, just as he would a flower, doubtless getting a drink of the sweet sap, and, perhaps, small insects. Then the hummer darted to the tree where the sapsucker was again at work; he waited here, hovering about his big companion as before, until the latter again left the tree, whereupon the holes were



THE SAPSUCKER AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

probed by the hummer, and the sapsucker again sought. This was repeated over and over again. The humming-bird had discovered that this woodpecker always left little holes filled with sap behind him, and he was profiting by the discovery.—EDMUND J. SAWYER.

#### A NATURAL HARP-FRAME



THE photograph shows a wonderful "natural harp," the frame of which is an endless, unjointed

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piece of maple wood with the bark on just as it grew. It was cut by a wood-chopper near Pontiac, Michigan, and is owned by Mr. A. J. Fisher, a real-estate agent of that town. The tones given forth by the harp are remarkably pure. This purity is said by musical people to be due to the fact that there are no joints in the frame, and that the vibrations have a complete unbroken circuit through the fiber of the wood.

The harp is a fine natural curiosity, and a great credit to the one who saw its possibilities and put it to musical use.

? "BECAUSE WE  
? WANT TO KNOW"  
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York.

#### LIGHTNING AND ELECTRICITY

KANKAKEE, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read in my history about Franklin's experiment with the lightning by attaching a metal rod to a kite. To this he attached a hemp string, at the end of which was a key and a silk string to hold on to. He sailed it on a stormy night and got a shock from the key. The history says he went home, and that he was the only man in the world who knew that lightning was electricity. My brother has a book called "The Fireside University." It said that the electric spark was not electricity, and lightning was red-hot air.

Now one book says that lightning is electricity, and the other says it is red-hot air. Would you please tell me which is right? I remain

Your loving reader,

EVERETT NORRIS (age 11).

Strictly speaking, your brother's book is correct. Franklin did not discover that lightning *was* electricity, but he discovered that lightning *was due to, or caused by,* electricity, or, as it is sometimes expressed, was a manifestation of electricity.

We do not know what electricity is, but, whatever it is, we know that when it passes along a wire the wire becomes more or less hot; when it passes through an incandescent lamp in sufficient quantity it makes the filament of the lamp white-hot, and when it jumps through the air as a small spark or as a flash of lightning we see its path because it heats the air or other gas through which it goes white-hot. Probably your history ought to say that Franklin, when he went home after his famous experiment, was the only man who knew that lightning and the ordinary electric spark were due to the same cause, the only difference being that one is enormously larger than the other.

PROFESSOR MORRIS B. CRAWFORD, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## "TIME TO GET UP!"

LITTLE ELINOR GRAY lived in a big city, but her grandmother lived in a big house in the country. Elinor and her Nurse Norah were going to visit her, and had to take a long ride in the railway-train, and another ride in a carriage that Grandmother sent to meet them, so it was almost dark when they drove up to the door.

Elinor's grandmother had two beautiful dogs — "Bruno," a big collie, and "Bounder," a little fox-terrier. And when they saw the little girl jump out of the carriage, they barked and barked because they were so glad to see her. And they said to themselves (*I think* they said to themselves): "We will let her have a good sleep to-night, for she must be very tired and it is nearly dark. But to-morrow, bright and early, we will ask her to come for a romp with us in the garden, and show her how much nicer it is to live in the country than in the city, where little girls have to walk so quietly along the streets, and dogs have to be led along the sidewalk, and cannot frolic on the soft green grass."

Elinor was very sleepy after her long ride in the train, and so, after she had had her supper, her grandmother told her she might go to bed early and get a good sleep, and that Nurse Norah would call her at seven o'clock in the morning.

But what do you think happened? Why, Bruno and Bounder somehow got into the house *before* seven o'clock that morning, and came leaping up the stairs, and went straight to Elinor's door. Elinor was a very sound sleeper, and did not hear them at first, and did not wake up. But soon Bounder began to scratch at the door with his little, sharp claws and to make queer little whine-y sounds; and Bruno's bushy tail went "Rap! rap! rap!" on the door, too. Then Elinor woke up, and listened a moment, and then she said: "Oh, *I* know what it is! It's those darling dogs!" And she jumped out of bed and opened the door, and there, sure enough, was Bounder, dashing right into the room, barking, "Good morning! good morning!" and big Bruno, looking at Elinor as if saying, "Good morning! did n't you hear us? It's time to get up!"

Elinor said: "Oh, you beauties! Yes, I know! And I'll get dressed right away!"

But what do you think happened *then*? Why, Bruno and Bounder did n't give her time even to call Nurse Norah and get dressed. You see, Bruno and Bounder did not often have so nice a little visitor, and they were ready to begin play that very minute. Bounder was jumping up and down and all over the room, and at last he spied Elinor's slippers on the floor and caught up one of them between his sharp little teeth and ran round and round the room with it. But Bruno chased Bounder all round the room trying to make him drop the slipper, while Elinor stood still and laughed and laughed and laughed!

But just then Nurse Norah came rushing in from the next room, asking what *was* the matter and in a minute, the naughty Bounder was made to give up Elinor's slipper, and Bruno chased him all the way out of the house.

And just as soon as Elinor had had her breakfast, she ran out and had a fine romp with Bruno and Bounder in Grandmother's garden.

*Ellen Foster.*



From the engraving of the painting by Arthur J. Easley.

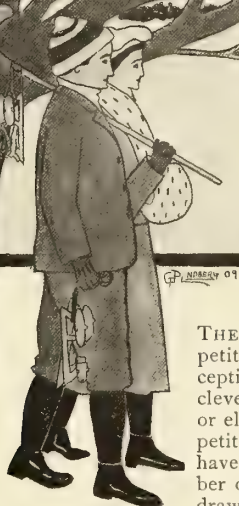
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"TIME TO GET UP!"



# The St. Nicholas League

## JANUARY 1910



"HEADING." BY GEO. P. LINDBERG, AGE 13.

THE subjects assigned to Competition No. 119 proved exceptionally satisfactory to the clever young folk of the League, or else the ambition of all competitors is growing, for seldom have we received a greater number of excellent essays, verses, drawings, and photographs.

The camera-lovers fairly outdid themselves, indeed, and "The Harvest" competition produced so marvelous a harvest of beautiful photographic views,—each of them worthy

of a prize,—that the Editor almost despaired of doing justice to them. This is true, too, in but slightly less degree, of the drawings, verses, and essays, and the Roll of Honor this month must be regarded, from beginning to end, as "a close second" to the list of those whose contributions appear in the League pages. We are only sorry we have not room to print them all. The work of the League members this month is really an inspiring achievement on the part of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls.

This happy beginning of the New Year encourages us all to look forward to 1910 in the confident hope that it will be the most successful twelvemonth in the history of the League.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 119

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Esther E. Galbraith** (age 16), Washington, D. C.; **Katharine Wardrope** (age 16), Belleville, Ont. Silver badges, **Dorothy Roland Halkett** (age 15), Dorking, England; **Ernest Williams** (age 13), Nacosari, Mex.

**VERSE.** Cash prize, **Agnes Mackenzie Miall** (age 17), London, England. Silver badges, **Mary de Lorme Van Rossem** (age 17), Amsterdam, Holland; **May Bowers** (age 17), Wilmington, Del.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, **Isabelle K. Nicol** (age 14), Peoria, Ill. Silver badges, **Virginia Hardin** (age 17), Denver, Col.; **G. Alvarez Rul** (age 16), Mexico City, Mex.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badges, **Samuel W. Singer** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Olive Bailey** (age 13), Jersey Shore, Pa. Silver badges, **Elise Gail** (age 15), Baltimore, Md.; **Ruth Hoagland** (age 14), Findlay, Ohio.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "D" prize, **James J. Offutt** (age 14), Omaha, Neb.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Dorothy P. Dorr** (age 14), Dorchester, Mass. Silver badges, **Brandt V. B. Dixon, Jr.** (age 16), St. Louis, Mo.; **Marion P. Hallock** (age 16), Scottsville, N. Y.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Myers McClure** (age 16), Sedalia, Mo.



"THE HARVEST." BY ELIZABETH COMSTOCK, AGE 11;

BY JULIA T. RAMSBROOK, AGE 15; AND

BY JOHN W. OVERTON, AGE 14

## AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY ESTHER E. GALBRAITH (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge)*

THE teacher and I were leaning on our bicycles, ready for a ride, while the teacher's younger sister smiled at us from the doorway.

"And where will you go?" she asked sweetly.

We did not know. We never know, but the younger sister does not understand.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The sky above us was a deep, deep blue shading to a paler tint near the horizon. Here and there feathery white clouds gleamed in the sunlight. The air was cool and exhilarating. We sped along past dry, brown fields; past orchards where ripe apples

crowd it out. We turned aside from the road by and by, and, guiding our wheels carefully, followed the aimless



"THE HARVEST." BY ELISE GAIL, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE HARVEST." BY SAMUEL W. SINGER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

shone temptingly from the trees or lay in ruddy heaps on the ground; past meadows rich with goldenrod, and through patches of woodland gorgeous with brown oaks, yellow poplars, scarlet maples, and dogwoods.

Soon we left the fields and orchards behind and entered the thick woods where the trees pressed close to the roadway, as if they resented its presence and were trying to

wanderings of a little path until we reached a spot where it joined an equally aimless little brook.

Here we dismounted and seated ourselves on a fallen log, breathing the mysterious wood smells and watching the live things about us. A woodpecker drummed on the tree close to our heads; an olive-backed thrush rustled in the leaves at our very feet; a flock of noisy blue-jays wheeled among the branches, uttering harsh cries; and a saucy red squirrel bustled about collecting acorns.

The sun was setting when we started on our return. The western sky was a miracle of red and gold, and the air was growing cooler with the approach of evening. We rode faster and faster for the sheer joy of moving, of feeling the keen breeze on our faces, of making the senseless machines respond like living creatures to our wishes.

All too soon we were back in the town, back along the quiet streets, back at the teacher's home. The younger sister asked: "Where did you go?"

We told her briefly. "What queer, long, uninteresting rides you two take!" she exclaimed.

We smiled, for the teacher and I understand each other very well, and we love our rides.

## COUNTING THE COST

BY JAMES B. HUNTER, JR. (AGE 15)

*(Honor Member)*

THE kingmaker sat with his pen in his hand,  
And he added new realms to a map of the land;  
A duchy or two, and a peasant's poor village.  
What are such trash but for plunder and pillage!  
The kingmaker sat as he figured the cost,  
Of munitions of war with the king's arms embossed.

So much for cannon, and so much for shell,  
Rifles and cruisers and *Dreadnoughts* as well.



"THE HARVEST." BY CHARLES J. HOBART, AGE 14;

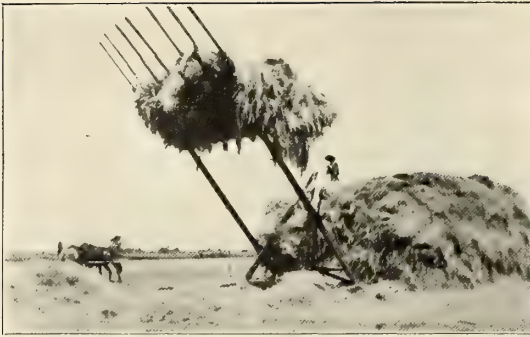


BY ELEANOR LORD, AGE 12; AND



BY CHARLOTTE V. HUBER, AGE 14.



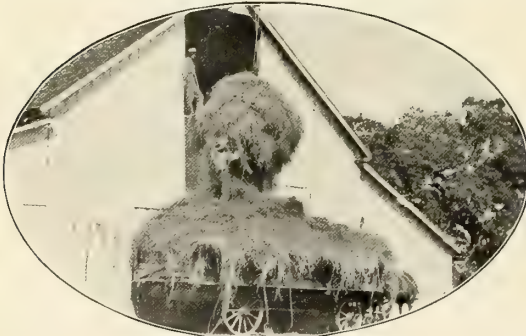


"THE HARVEST." BY LOUISE WIGGENHORN, AGE 12.

After the kingmaker had figured away,  
He grew weary and slept at the close of the day.  
How the cannon boomed and the war-ships sank!  
The regiments withered, rank upon rank!

And Death stalked free with a prodigal hand,  
To gather the brave and the bold of the land.  
The kingmaker watched as the white flag flew.  
"Hurrah, we have won! To the king, glory, too!"  
He watched as the troops went so slowly away.—  
Full many a rank must be filled for this day.

But see, here another army comes,  
Silent, without the beat of drums.  
Mothers, fulfilled are their wildest alarms.  
Mothers, with empty, empty arms.  
They are crying, in anguish, "Our children are lost!  
Our sons, have you truly counted their cost?"



"THE HARVEST." BY CHARLES S. MAUZY, AGE 17.

### AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

WE were seated at the breakfast table one morning in September and there being nothing special to do that day, Father suggested packing a lunch and spending the day in the woods. "We'll take the big buggy and all go," he said. Of course we agreed, for what could be more delightful than a drive through the woods which were beginning to change their summer garments for the more beautiful ones of fall; also the nuts were ripe and we might get some to put away for the winter. So, having hastily got a lunch together, at about ten o'clock we started bag and baggage on our expedition. Our party consisted of Mother, Father, Grandpa, my small brother, and myself, all in the highest spirits. After half an hour's driving over the main road, we took a circuitous and somewhat rough



"THE HARVEST." BY DOROTHY M. HOOGS, AGE 12.

one leading to what we called the "mountains," where we had decided to go.

How we did enjoy it! Our beautiful Canadian woods were just at their best in their warm red and gold coloring; the squirrels were running busily about gathering the harvest which must last them through the winter. Now and then we passed some pretty pond in which was reflected the deep blue of the sky. Everything was perfect. We camped on the top of the hill where we had lunch. About four in the afternoon we started back and everything went well until about five miles from home the wagon wheel became loose and we had to stop. Father tried to fix it, but having no tools found it impossible. Walking home was out of the question as far as Grandpa was concerned, so we were in great distress until we espied a load of hay coming, driven by a farmer whom Father knew. He was going within about a mile of our home and he kindly offered us a lift. A ladder had to be procured to get Grandpa on and we started—Mother, Grandpa, Mike, and myself on the hay-cart, Father riding bareback on our horse. The wagon was left at a near-by blacksmith's shop.

We were indeed a ridiculous cavalcade, and, as usually happens in cases like this, we met every one we knew and they could not help laughing. Although the rest did not, Mike and I enjoyed it immensely and will never forget the fun we had on that autumn ride.

### COUNTING THE COST

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALI (AGE 17)

(Honor Member, Cash Prize)

OFT, when I had a chance to guide  
Some weary, faltering one,  
"It is not worth the cost!" I cried,  
And left the deed undone.

Oft I held back a kindly word  
To ease another's pain;  
That help the sufferer never heard—  
The chance came not again.

I did not give that word and aid,  
They were not worth the cost;  
My selfish instincts I obeyed,  
Not knowing all I lost:

The love of friends, freedom from strife,  
And—far beyond all price—  
The tender, pure, and peaceful life  
Born of self-sacrifice.

But now my selfishness I rue,  
I know how much I lost,  
And, when I find some good to do,  
I never count the cost.



"THE HARVEST." BY ELEANOR W. MACHADO, AGE 15.

### COUNTING THE COST

BY MARY DE LORME VAN ROSSEM (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

It is evening, and I and my thoughts are alone;  
The present has hidden its face;  
It has slipped to the background of life, where the past  
Has a foremost place.

I stand at the foot of the wall of decision,  
Behind it the future waits, dumb.  
I must take my resolve, but my courage has left me,  
My heart seems numb.

It is breathlessly still in the shadowy chamber,  
The world is waiting without.  
My brain is sick with the endless supposing,  
The haunting doubt.

Mocking, the future defies me to venture!  
But the glove lies where it is thrown.  
Uncertain, I hesitate still in the darkness,  
Afraid and alone.

### AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY ERNEST WILLIAMS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE sixteenth of September is the Mexican Independence Day, and is always celebrated with sports and races at my home in Sonora.

My horse Dan was rather fast and I thought he had a chance of winning in the free-for-all race of last year. So I began getting him in racing condition. For every day in the two months I used in putting him in condition, I had a certain course to put him through.



"AN ORIENTAL HARVEST."  
BY MADELON DESCHERE,  
AGE 15.



"THE HARVEST." BY RUTH HOAGLAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

At last the great holiday came and I took Dan out and walked him over the race-track to get him accustomed to where he was to run. His glossy coat fairly glittered in the sunlight of that beautiful morning. He was never in better condition in his life, nor felt more lively. If he



"A RACCOON." BY JAMES J. OFFUTT,  
AGE 14. (PRIZE, CLASS D, WILD  
CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)



"THE HARVEST."  
BY OLIVE BAILEY, AGE 13.  
(GOLD BADGE.)



could ever run in his life, now was the time he could go even faster.

That day wore on more slowly than any one before. At last the race was called and seven horses drew in line. Never was there such an intense moment of waiting. I awoke to alertness like a flash as the starter called "Ready"; then we were off as the report of a pistol broke upon the air.

"More speed, Dan, more speed; the gray is opposite you and he is as fleet as the wind." As if answering me, Dan shot forward with a sudden burst of speed, and passed the gray. Hurrah! The race is won by half a length!

My ride caused several large offers for Dan, but I will not part with him as long as he lives.

valleys with little green-shuttered villas surrounded by their gardens of violet beds and lemon- and orange-trees.



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY ISABELLE K. NICOL, AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE.)

### AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY DOROTHY ROLAND HALKETT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

My sister and I were delighted when an excursion into the hills behind Mentone, on donkeys, was suggested.

By arrangement, at nine o'clock the next morning, six donkeys were led round to the hotel by their drivers, who wore broad-brimmed straw-hats and blue blouses.

We started climbing up a steep lane which, after about a quarter of a mile, ascended through vine terraces by stone steps. These the donkeys seemed quite accustomed to, but which we found very tiresome.

It was a relief when these steps stopped and the lane widened out into open country.

As we climbed higher we came into a path cut on the side of the hills. Down below us on one side were fertile



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY VIRGINIA HARDIN, AGE 17.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

On the other side, above them, were grass-covered terraces on which the gray olive-trees were growing, intermingled with red and white anemones.

The road grew very steep and stony as we reached the village of St. Agnes, our destination, but yet from our side of the mountain we could see no signs of habitation. And then at a turn in the road we came upon the village clinging to the rock and blinking at the dazzling southern sun.

Everything seemed as if just awakened from a hundred years' sleep by our arrival. The little houses, too old to stand straight, had given way and tumbled over to one side or the other, and the people, lolling in the cobbled alleys, stared at us in sleepy astonishment.

We came to an open space where we dismounted and our drivers tied up the donkeys.

We had a primitive lunch at a café on a terrace overlooking the valley.

In the great heat after *déjeuner* we climbed to the cross on the summit of the hill behind and obtained a lovely view of snow-tipped Alps and blue sky with the shimmering Mediterranean away to the south.



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY MARIA STOCKTON BULLITT, AGE 16.

## AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY FRANK STUERM (AGE 13)

It was an autumn evening, biting cold, and we were sitting around the fire in a Swiss farm-house, situated on a foot-hill of a famous mountain-range. We were, in fact, quite out of the tourist section of Switzerland.

All of a sudden we were startled by the sound of a horse's hoofs, and then a sound like that of an American fire horn; and it was a fire horn. As one of the men of the house rushed out, the rider yelled: "Dorf" ("Village"). Immediately, the one able-bodied man in the house got a lantern and hurried toward the village, for the fire rider had signified that a fire was there.

Thus, when a fire occurs in a country section of Switzerland, riders are sent in every direction to call out the men of the township.

If any able-bodied man does not appear at the fire, he must pay a fine; and if he does appear, he enjoys refreshments at the expense of the owner of the building. Accordingly, each man who should and does not go to a fire, loses doubly.

The man from the house at which we stopped arrived just as the fire was extinguished, but in time to escape his fine and enjoy a jolly time in the village inn.

## COUNTING THE COST

BY JOHN C. FARRAR (AGE 13)

LYING at home with a broken nose,  
Black and blue from head to toes,  
Face all skinned, and back all scratched,  
Head all bandaged, legs all patched;  
Now I've time to count the cost  
Of things that I have gained or lost.  
Gained? Oh, nothing but lots of scars,  
And a very good knowledge of handle-bars.

Down the hill came Bob and I,  
As fast as any wheel could fly;  
I was on the handle-bars —  
Crash! And we were seeing stars.

Well, it cost me quite a bit,  
And also Bob; he, too, was hit.  
Half a tooth, and doctors' bills,  
Lots of bumps, and other ills,  
Liniment and plasters, too,  
And more, I guess, before we're through.

## AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY JOHN WILLIAM HILL (AGE 13)

It was a delightful October morning when my father, my mother, and I started in the automobile for our camp on the shores of Panther Pond. In spring, winter, and summer, New England wears a Puritan aspect. In the fall she throws off this garb and adorns herself with brighter colors. The trees along the road were decked out in every conceivable shade of red, yellow, and gold; around the distant hills a silver veil was thrown by the hand of autumn; and many of the pastures were partly covered with goldenrod.

As we went past old "Blackstrap," we could see the watch-tower on its top which for over a century told sailors that to their west lay the city of Portland. During the next winter the ancient tower blew down; and when it fell, what was an historic landmark, as far back as our great-grandfather's boyhood, perished.

What an air of comfort and prosperity many of the farm-houses which we saw possessed! The haying, and har-

vesting of the crop, in most places, was over, and the farmer spared the time to repaint his house, build a new front door, or even add another barn.

In front of one house we saw a cartload of melons, and at my mother's suggestion we stopped and purchased a couple. The man raised them in his own garden and took them to the city for market. He had loaded his cart that night so he could get an early start the next morning, sell his fruit to the grocers, and return before dark. What a commentary upon our speed his mode of travel furnishes!

Near the end of our ride the road climbed to the top of a tall hill, from whence we could gaze for miles around. Far in the distance we saw the White Mountains: Kearsarge with its summit house, and Washington, loftiest of all, fairly towering above its lesser brethren. Beneath and beyond us Sebago Lake stretched down to Frye's Island, and at



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY G. ALVAREZ RUL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY MARIAN WALTER, AGE 15.

the foot of the hill Panther Pond, the culmination of our trip, lay rippling in the sun with its somber wooded points furnishing a foreground for the orchards and fields with their bright-colored oak, maple, and apple-trees.



## COUNTING THE COST

BY JANET ERSKINE ADRIANCE  
(AGE 14)

I AM the cutest little pup  
That ever you did see.  
Oh, how I love to chew things up!  
And make them raggedy!

It chanced one day in wandering  
'round,  
An apron I espied,  
And reaching it by just a bound,  
A hole tore large and wide.

Instead of being frightened  
At the wrong thing I had done,  
My eye with mischief brightened,  
And I thought that it was fun.

I tore and I ripped that garment,  
Until it was no more;  
When all at once, "You varmint!"  
Came from the clothes-yard door.

Then I was lifted by my neck,  
And — ! Well, no blow was lost,  
My howls could not that hard hand  
check,  
I 'd "counted not the cost !"

## COUNTING THE COST

BY MAY BOWERS (AGE 17)  
(Silver Badge)

"COUNTING the cost." How those  
words have rung  
Across my head day by day!  
"Counting the cost"; like a few  
bars sung  
Of some half-forgotten lay.

These words have been coming to  
me  
With thought-pictures vague, but  
sweet,  
All full of noble endeavor,  
And the trials it will meet.

And I seem to see a whole army  
Of earnest women and men,  
A chosen life-work before each one  
In mountain, desert, or glen.

A band who have quietly studied  
The ills of their chosen life,  
As well as its pleasures, and started  
All armed for the coming strife.

And few ever stop in disaster  
Who count the cost ere they begin;  
They know of the trials before them,  
And fight till the victory they win.

## COUNTING THE COST

BY CATHERINE C. ROBIE (AGE 13)

I WONDER what it costs Dame Nature  
To make the earth to smile,  
In summer-time with flowers gay;  
With green things all the while!

To make ever-restless birch leaves  
Turn silver in the sun,  
To fill the nooks with joyous birds  
Whose songs this earth o'er-run!

To make moss seats in forests cool,  
Gay brooks to ripple by;  
Great rainbows when a storm is o'er,  
To beautify the sky!

I wonder what it costs Dame Nature  
To keep the world a-glow,  
In winter-time, with sparkling ice,  
With soft and glist'ning snow!

To call gray clouds to gather, thick,  
And free the flakes that fall,  
And snuggle close the earth to warm  
Till the spring sun doth call!

I know Dame Nature 's not frowning,  
Counting the cost of things;  
I know all the time she 's smiling,  
Counting the joy it brings.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

## PROSE, 1

Gladys K. Williams  
Lucie Marucchi  
Elizabeth Key Lloyd  
Phyllis Corbett  
Doris Jean Keifer  
Helen R. Morgan  
Edith Maurer  
Maria E. Seldomridge  
Gayrite Garner  
Elizabeth Lambert  
Minnette Taylor  
Bessie Call  
Ruth Burlingame  
Lilian B. Cheney  
Katherine C. Blodgett  
Jane P. Clark  
Katharine Elsie Biggs  
Mary Dendy  
Alice Forbes  
Esther Louise Moss  
Winifred Stoner  
Josephine Bryan  
Helen Harte  
Louise Cohen  
Sarah E. Elmer  
Pauline Nichteausser  
Katharine Selden  
Gertrude Ragle  
Fanny Tomlin Marburg  
Tekla Fichtner  
Mary V. De Witt  
Emily Blackham  
Florence Fleming  
Bruce T. Simonds  
Ellen Campbell  
Joanna Leigh Lloyd  
Dorothy Buell  
Hannah E. Cummings  
Edith Thorne Dart  
Margaret E. Howard  
Martha Clow  
Ruby F. Howe  
Mary Whelan  
Agnes Lee Bryant  
Ida F. Parfitt

Charlotte Bartlett  
Alice Steward Maxcy  
Marguerite May  
Kayer  
George W. Moore  
Estelle Spivey  
Miriam Spitz  
Constance Pateman  
Laura M. Thomas  
Beryl Campbell  
Howard A. Dettmers  
Helen Clark Strong  
Jeannette Munro  
Constance Rosa  
Merrall  
Catharine H. Straker  
Marjorie S.  
Harrington  
Mary Villeponteaux  
Lee  
Eva Matthews  
Sanford  
Edna Anderson  
Emilie Edwards  
Mackintosh  
Evelyn G. Husted  
Anna Laura Porter  
Louise Volchok  
Helen A. Russell  
Frances Adair Ladaw  
Evelyn Kent  
Asa Smith Bushnell  
Edna von der Heide  
Marie Demétre  
Lorraine Ransom  
Frances G. Ward  
Lyda Livermore  
Belden  
Jeannette Parritt  
Florence M. Moote  
Esther W. Thomson  
Elizabeth Page James  
Alfred H. Drummond  
Mary S. Bristed  
Katharine Barron  
Stewart  
Philippina Beck

## PROSE, 2

Ruth A. Hathaway  
Elaine V. Rosenthal  
Lois Baylor Perley  
Dorothy C. Haskell  
Eleanor Baldwin  
Virginia Speare  
Katharine Ritchey  
Emily Williams Welch  
Dorothy Waite Abbott  
Hugh John Fraser  
Lillian Martin  
Priscilla D. Howard  
Beatrice H.  
Mackenzie  
Leisa Wilson  
Dorothy C. Snyder  
Marjorie Frank Veith  
Dorothy Speare  
Marion Irwin  
Frances Adele Smith  
Jean Rogers  
Margaret Outhwaite  
Lavinia Jones  
Jeannette Armstrong  
Adele Chesterton  
Mary Comstock  
Eleanor Parker  
Horatio King  
Henrietta Hoffmann  
Eleanor S. Collins  
Dorothy Elizabeth  
Hall  
Marjorie E. Cook  
Emily Hedleson  
Carol T. Weiss  
Margery Frink  
M. Frederica Smith  
Doris Knight  
Kathryn Manahan  
Mary Van Schaick  
Katherine Donovan  
Louise Winston  
Goodwin  
Suzanne Becker  
Nancy Lewis

Harold Drummond  
Adelina Longaker  
Frances A. Whetsler  
Irene Schoelkopf  
Mittie Clark  
Emma R. Prout  
Marie Maurer  
Gladys Maramore  
Ruth Newhall  
Mary J. Bassette  
Ruth M. Leipzig  
Maude Louise Strayer  
Helen A. Fulwood  
Florence M. Kiely  
Josephine P. Keene  
Hilda Stafford  
J. Raymond Robson  
Phyllis M. Luce  
Norine Means  
Stella Green  
Jennie Spindler  
Ida Mae Syfrit  
Hellen McLeod  
Marguerite Darkow

## VERSE, 1

Norah Culhane  
E. Vincent Millay  
Thérèse McDonnell  
Alice M. MacRae  
Anne P. Haxall  
Morris Miller  
Charles Pilote  
Dorothy Kerr Floyd  
Benny Stewart  
McLean  
Helen Foster  
Ruth M. Peters  
Raymond H. Palmer  
Mildred Elaine Fagan  
Adelaide Fairbank  
Dorothy Vance  
Helen de F. Griffin  
Marion F. Hayden  
Marjorie Paret  
Marjorie Winrod  
Anna B. Stearns  
Elsie Brink  
Rosalie Schmuckler  
Hazel Pierce  
Marietta D. Leat  
Richard T. Cox

Lillie Garmany  
Menary  
Winifred Ward  
H. Dorothy  
MacPherson  
Ruth Campbell  
Theda Kenyon  
Harold T. Bradley  
Dorothy Dawson  
Eleanor Johnson  
Katharine Balderston

## VERSE, 2

Alice Moore  
Annie L. Hillyer  
Mary Parks  
Anna C. Rimington  
Elisabeth Haerle  
Enid E. Jacobs  
Fritz Korb  
Ruth E. Hoag  
Cornelia Emily Cairns  
Tora Maria Johnson  
Lucile B. Beauchamp  
Virginia F. Rice  
Osie B. Loveless

## DRAWINGS, 1

Marjorie E. Chase  
Louise Seymour  
Alice Mary Miller  
Lucia E. Halstead  
Joseph Auslander  
Doris Bank  
Margaret E. Kelsey  
Susan Shaffer  
Mabel H. Reed  
Sallie P. Wood  
Elinor Clark  
Jack Hopkins  
Dorothy Eichlitz  
Muriel Avery  
Gladys Wright  
Lucy E. Karr  
George C. Monroe  
Ferris Briggs  
Margaret W. Paine  
Miriam T. Wilson  
Donald Lee Joseph  
Eleanor Maury  
Audrey Hargreaves

Ruth K. Whitmore  
Marshall Williamson  
Minna Besser  
Ralph Linn  
Josephine L. Palmer  
Beatrice Woods  
Donald R. Baker  
Ethel May Tatum  
Edna Davidson  
Philip T. Berker  
Dorothy Tenney  
Ruth Harvey Reboul  
Dorothy Eaton  
Dorothy Louise Dade  
Otto V. Tabor  
Margaret Osborne  
Helen C. Webster  
Margery R. Dawson  
Bernice L. Peck  
Mildred Moody  
Natalie K. Plough  
Olive M. Smith  
Gustrine Milner  
Miriam Story  
M. Udell Sill  
Eleanor L. Tingley  
Decie Merwin  
Alice Carpenter  
Dorothy Douglas

## DRAWINGS, 2

Ellen Moore  
Augusta L. Burke  
Mildred Luthardt  
Lydia Gardner  
Le Roy McColl  
Susan Shaffer  
M. Clemewell  
Hinchliff  
Marjorie Brown  
Kathleen Culhane  
Muriel E. Arkley  
Marguerite Tjader  
Grace Wardwell  
Ethel Knowlson  
Caster  
Lily King Westervelt  
Dorothy E. Billings  
Maere French  
Lucy Friend Rogers  
Alfred B. North  
Franklin Jackson

Adeline Rotty  
James D. Herbert  
Evelyn Caldwell  
Dorothy Outhank  
Adeline Paul  
Viola B. Godfrey  
Helen Mannassau  
Clara Buthfer  
Leonora Howarth  
Maithold Wollcombe  
Dorothy A. Brown  
Agnes I. Prizer  
Leila Taylor  
Carolyn McCoy  
Dorothy Gardner  
Ida Beardsley

Beulah A. Beach  
Anna May Indzonka  
Edna Haden  
Sarah Jameson  
Beulah Naylor  
Etta M. Chant  
Eleanor Bower  
Beatrice H. Cook  
Miriam Wallace  
Frances Hale Burt  
Duncan McGregor  
Beatrice Jenkins  
Esther Iris Hull  
Katharine H.  
Seligman  
Pearl L. Libby  
Mary Horne

Margaret Benney  
Cornelia B. Doherty  
Sylvia Warren  
Sara Avery  
Edgerton Hazard  
Sarah Smith  
A. Scott  
Percy Bloch  
Harrison W. Gill  
Malcolm Humphreys  
George C. Comstock  
Archie W. Little  
George Phillips  
Reynolds  
Lydia M. Scott  
Rosalie Hill  
Edith Dana  
Weigle  
Nancy M. Hunt  
Beulah Frances  
Pack  
Remsen Wisner  
Holbert  
Gordon Tileston  
Donald Blanke  
Reginald Smith  
Sully Hartman  
John Franklin  
Enders  
Lucia A. Barry  
Walpuga Fidler  
von Gsarbom  
Marguerite Magruder  
H. Ernest Bell  
Beryl Rathbone  
Amanda Butler

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

John Benney  
Emmet Mueller  
Jack Phillips  
Helen F. Batchelder  
Lowry A. Biggers  
Clara Emily Sterg  
E. Thiele  
Carleton W. Kendall  
Harold C. Schreiner  
Helen E. Macdonald  
Vernon S. Hybart

#### PUZZLES, 1.

Duane R. Everson  
Elizabeth D. Brennan  
Fanny Des Jardins  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
B. Kenneth Everson  
Margaret L. Free  
Duncan Scarborough  
Eunice Baldwin  
Marguerite Engel  
Harriet Henry  
Loretto Lawler  
Charles Hoag  
Alice L. Packard  
Joseph A. Trombetti  
Elizabeth C. Zeller



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY BERYL H. HARGETSON, AGE 10.

#### PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 123

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 123** will close **Jan. 10** (for foreign members **Jan. 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **May**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Friend" or "Friends."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "My Choice—Evening or Day-time Fun."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Trying to Get (or Keep) Warm."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Winter Scene" or "Something We Use in Winter." Heading or Tail-piece for **May**. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

#### RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.* If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

**The St. Nicholas League,**

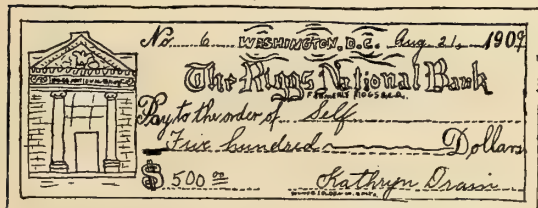
Union Square, New York.



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY MARION BULLWINKLE, AGE 13.

Ethel A. Van Liew  
Kate Griffin  
Helen Sturtevant  
Maude Walker  
Catherine Van Cook  
Edith Thorpe  
W. H. Braun  
Edna Lois Taggart  
Joseph Nordeen  
Mary Merrill Foster  
Ella Louise Hoffman  
Edna Hubbell  
Martin X. Smith  
Bonnie Eckert  
Eleanor M. Devoe  
Isaac Kronman  
Aline M. Crook  
V. M. Cansfield  
Marjory S. Ward  
Margaret R. Bonnell

Howard Henderson  
Lillian McGreer  
Corinne Finsterwald  
Abraham Solotaroff  
Jeannette McClellan  
Alice Carpenter  
Carl Mathews  
Malinda M. Stenhouse  
Marie de V. Knap  
Ellanor Hussey  
Park Russell Hitchins  
Marguerite Passavant  
Marian Chace  
Margaret S. Pitt  
Elizabeth Bodenwein  
Pierre Boal  
Dorothy Windsor  
Kittredge  
Dorothy Coykendall  
Russell F. Macdonald



"WHAT I LIKE TO DRAW." BY KATHRYN DRAIN, AGE 15.

Paul D. Windom  
Pauline F. D'Arcy  
Mildred E. Beckwith  
Marjorie Johnson  
Nellie Hagan  
Edith M. Tate  
Marion Robertson  
Jessie Metcalf  
Hugh Matte  
Margaret B.  
Richardson

#### PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Ruth Thayer  
David Sternbugh  
Arthur Blue  
Dorothy Strang  
Ruth Cushman  
Hampton Shier  
Joseph S. Guppy  
Roger Merrill  
Katharine G. Tighe

#### PUZZLES, 2

Rachel Metcalf  
Mildred T.  
Mac Gowan  
Thomas Arthur  
Mitchell  
Grace M. Spurway  
Jacob M. Berman  
Elizabeth Macallum  
Adelaide Hammond



# ST. NICHOLAS · COOKING · CLUB

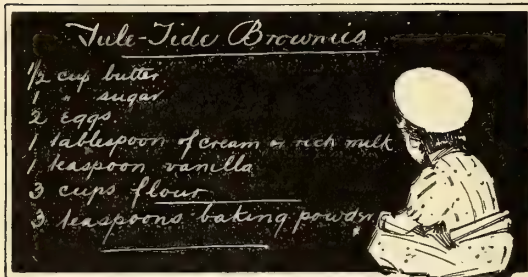


## HOLIDAY HOME MADES

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

1. YULE-TIDE BROWNIES.
2. TWELFTH-NIGHT SWEETMEAT.

### YULE-TIDE BROWNIES



BUTTER and sugar together cream,  
Then add the eggs well beat,  
The milk and the vanilla, too,  
All blended, as is meet.

The baking-powder slowly sift  
Into three cups of flour;  
Mix all together; set aside  
In a cold place an hour.

Then roll the dough a half-inch thick;  
Cut Brownie-men for fun;  
Brush each with milk and thickly dredge  
With sugared cinnamon.

Bake in a "moderate oven" now;  
Then wrap each puffy elf  
In sheets of paper paraffin  
Ere laid upon the shelf.

3. NEW-YEAR CARAWAY CAKES.
4. JANUARY JUMBLES.

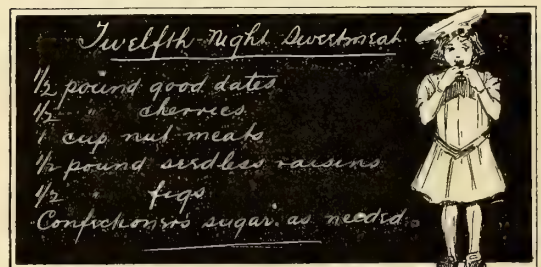
If you no Brownie cake-tray have,  
Just try this little plan:  
A number of small circles cut,—  
Two sizes if you can.

Together pinch for trunks and heads,  
Put arms and legs on—so,



Stick cloves or apple-seeds for eyes,  
And buttons in a row.

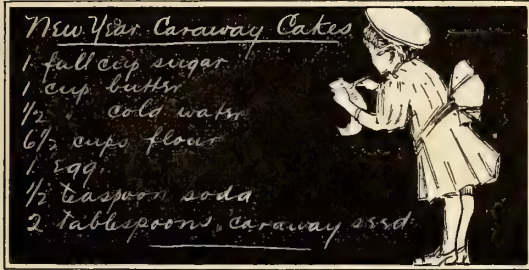
### TWELFTH-NIGHT SWEETMEAT



PUT all except the sugar fine  
Through the meat-chopper twice;  
Then turn it out upon a board  
And knead it in a trice,  
With just enough of sugar mixed  
To make it thick and nice.

When thus it is well kneaded in,  
 Roll out a half-inch thick,  
 Cut into strips, then dip both sides  
 In granulated sugar, *quick*,  
 That to the eater's finger-tips  
 This fruit-paste may not stick.

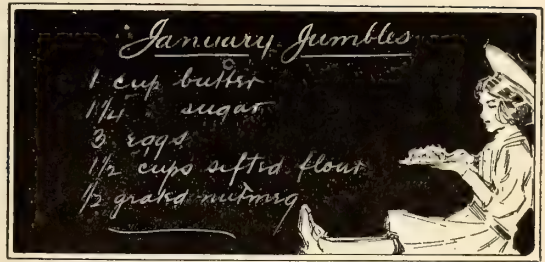
## NEW-YEAR CARAWAY CAKES



CHOP bits of butter through the flour,  
 And sprinkle in the caraway seed;  
 Then add the sugar well dissolved  
 In water cold,—half-cup you 'll need.

A teaspoonful of soda next  
 With water hot well mixed;  
 Then beat the eggs up separately,  
 And everything is fixed

For stirring well together; next  
 Roll out and flour the dough,  
 And cut it up in fancy shapes;  
 Then quickly bake, you know.



## JANUARY JUMBLES

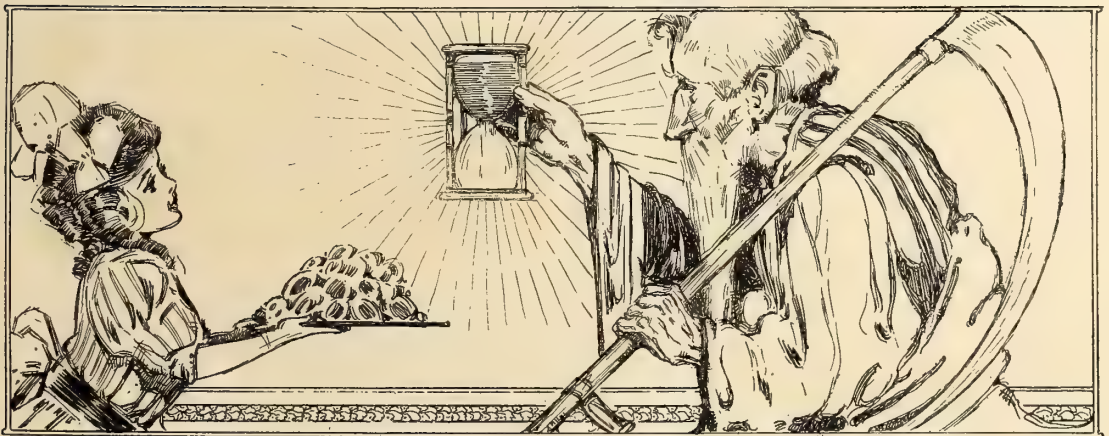
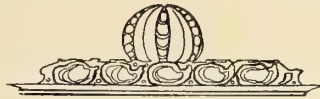
THE butter and the sugar cream  
 Till it is very light,  
 Then beat the eggs up briskly,  
 The yolks and then the white.

Then add the flour well sifted,  
 The nutmeg grated fine,  
 And stir them well together  
 The flavorings to combine.

Then drop from point of silver spoon  
 Into greased dripping-pan,  
 And bake in a quick oven  
 As briskly as you can.

The cakes will spread out thinly,  
 So watch they do not burn!  
 When browned all round the edges  
 They 're done just to a turn.

With griddle slicer take them up,  
 And put on dish to cool.  
 A hundred dainty little disks  
 Are made by this good rule.





# THE LETTER-BOX

WE are sure there is no picture in our last number which gave more pleasure to our readers than that of "A Little Princess," on page 116. And therefore we are the more sorry that, through a hasty oversight, ST. NICHOLAS failed to give due credit, beneath the picture, to the artist, Miss Harriette A. Clark, of New York city. Miss Clark is a gifted painter of miniatures, and it was from one of her beautiful little portraits that the magazine was allowed to make the copy that adorned "The Little Princess."

THE following is an interesting and welcome little letter from a Japanese school-boy—we are not entirely sure that it is not from a school-girl, as the given name is not spelled out. How very proud, and rightly so, too, might many ST. NICHOLAS readers be, could they write so good a letter in French, or German, or Italian—not to mention Japanese!

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Japanese middle school student and live now in Tokio; in Japan are few library at there, especially the Imperial Library is the largest one among them; it is situated in the Weno Park where is the famous park in Japan. I have read you for two years in that library every month and I experienced that I was very interested by you, better than any other English magazine for which I am very thankful to you. I have always neglected to write to you notwithstanding I have met often very interesting things in my country that to communicate to your loving readers, but I am very sorry to tell you I was so poor writer that I could not write to you my intention in English. But I have very improved to write English better in reading you, so I will read you in future with more earnest. And I hope I will make more improvement to write easily to let know your loving readers my observation about Japanese history, geography, and interesting things.

Your loving reader,

G. NISHIBASHI.

NEW ORLEANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am not a subscriber but a  *purchaser* of your lovely magazine. I am a lady of 62 years, and buy it for a dear boy of one of my neighbors, who greatly delights in its contents,—and so do I.

In the July number is all about the framers and signers of the Declaration. I read with interest about Roger Sherman, and was so pleased to see his picture. Why particularly Roger Sherman? Because his great-granddaughter is a visitor and friend of mine for years. She loves to tell me of Mr. and Mrs. Sherman. I thought you might like to know that a lineal descendant of his was here—*alive*. She is a Miss Louisa A. Wright, aged 78—reduced in circumstances, and has been an inmate of St. Anna's Home for fifteen years. She is the last member of her family. A very quiet, lovable, gentle old lady, very worthy of her great ancestor; loved by all who know her. She is very reticent and only told me of her relationship to our great Mr. Sherman a few years ago.

Very respectfully one of your admirers,

MRS. FRANK M. NORMAN.

TACUBAYA, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all the stories very much that you publish every month, but the one I prefer is "A Son of the Desert." In that story I admire the characters of Achmed and Ted; both different, but still good. In

Achmed may be seen the Bedouin nature, for he was revengeful toward those who abused him, but faithful to the persons who were kind, although he was almost a savage. I like his courage in going with Ted as far as Tourah, when he was in danger of imprisonment himself. But he preferred that, to allowing poor Ted to go alone across the desert, as he was very weak. In Ted, the kindness of his heart is shown in other ways, for he did not forget the fidelity of Achmed, but rewarded it by securing his pardon.

I am sorry to say good-by to my three friends, and because I cannot laugh any more at the tricks of Mr. Malloly. I hope next month ST. NICHOLAS will commence another pretty story such as Mr. Gilman knows how to tell so well.

I am so glad when my magazine comes that I feel as if a friend had arrived to instruct and amuse me for a month.

I live in Tacubaya, which is a suburb of Mexico City, and have been learning the English language about two years and a half. ST. NICHOLAS has helped me very much, for it interests me with its stories. My teacher is Miss Allie Nold, who says sometimes that I am a "provoking pupil."

I beg you to excuse my very, very long letter.

Yours truly,

MARIA TERESA MANCERA (age 16).

This little Mexican correspondent—and many thousand other ST. NICHOLAS readers, no doubt—will be glad to know that next month, or in the March number, we shall begin the continuation of "A Son of the Desert." The new story will be called "The Young Wizard of Morocco."

A FRIEND of ST. NICHOLAS, Austin H. Phelps, aged nine, sends us the following clever bit of rhyme as a companion piece to the verse printed in our November number and entitled "Hallowe'en":

Who 's afraid of pumpkins growing in the breeze?  
Who 's afraid of candles on our Christmas-trees?  
What 's that peeping through the glass?—  
A Jack-o'-lantern, let it pass.

A—, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is only the second year we have taken you, but we think you are the best children's magazine in the world; not only a children's magazine, either, because I know many grown-ups read you.

Both my brother and I like Mr. Barbour's stories best. Last winter my sister had two friends visiting her, and one was a first cousin of Ralph Henry Barbour. She told us quite a little about him, and, of course, we were very much interested.

Yesterday morning a book came addressed to Robert from Cambridge, Mass. When he unwrapped the paper, he found it to be "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," with an inscription to him by Mr. Barbour on the fly-leaf! Don't you think that is quite an honor for a little boy?

With much love, I am your interested reader,

LOUISE HOMPE.

DES MOINES, IA.

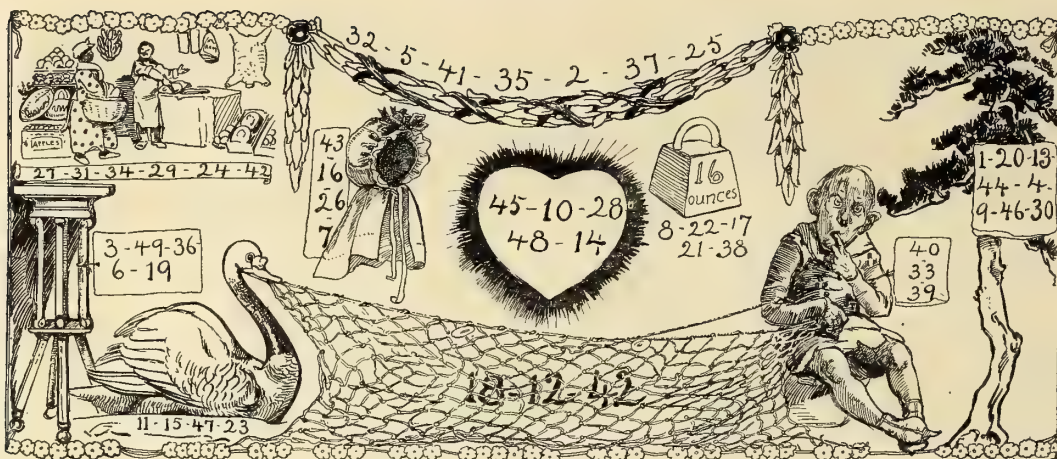
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written you a letter, as I have not taken you long. I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. Our school gave one of those latest ST. NICHOLAS plays. It turned out to be fine, everybody was dressed up so funny.

Your interested reader,

MARION GRISWOLD (age 10).







### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-nine letters, is a couplet.

#### ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a familiar object.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small coin. 2. A sailing vessel. 3. Saucy. 4. An imaginary being about whom Moore has written. 5. A light fog. 6. Tread. 7. Part of a ship. 8. A substance used in brewing. 9. A closed hand. 10. To cause to grow together. 11. A small pie. 12. Part of a table. 13. A point of the compass.

VICTOR KRAUPA (League Member).

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in can, but not in may;  
My second, in straw, but not in hay;  
My third is in pencil, but not in pen;  
My fourth is in cavern, but not in den;  
My fifth is in hawk, but not in crow;  
My sixth is in come, but not in go;  
My last is in little, but not in small;  
My whole is a game that 's played with a ball.

STANLEY D. DODGE (League Member).

### DOUBLE ZIGZAG

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

\* . 12 0 9 11  
\* . 0 . 6 13  
\* 4 . 0 . 7  
\* . 0 8 5 .  
\* . 0 2 .  
\* . 0 10 3 .  
\* . . 0 14 17  
16 \* 0 1 15 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A lame person's support. 2. Proceedings. 3. An elastic substance. 4. Restless. 5. To ensnare. 6. To draw out. 7. To make sure. 8. A person or thing whose presence is supposed to be a cause of good fortune.

The zigzag represented by stars will spell the name of the mother of two famous brothers; the zigzag represented

by circles will spell the first name of the elder brother; the letters numbered from 1 to 5 will spell the first name of the younger brother; from 6 to 13, their surname; and from 14 to 17, the name of the city where they became prominent.

DOROTHY P. DORR.

### CHARADE

My first always means to increase;  
My last is a number of years;  
Unite them with ease  
And then, if you please,  
A pithy old proverb appears.

ANNA M. PRATT.

### BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

I. 1. BEHEAD and doubly curtail a youth who died from the wound from a boar's tusk, and leave to put on. 2. The North Wind, and leave crude metal. 3. Soothing, and leave part of a tennis equipment. The three three-letter words remaining form a word-square.

II. 1. Behead and doubly curtail dancing, and leave a masculine nickname. 2. Pupils in a military school, and leave the surname of a humorous American writer. 3. Soothing, and leave something used by fishermen.

III. 1. Behead and doubly curtail made reparation, and leave a heavy-weight. 2. The tenth part of a legion of soldiers, and leave an exclamation. 3. A material used for coloring cheese and butter, and leave a word expressing refusal.

IV. 1. Behead and doubly curtail unclosed, and leave something mightier than the sword. 2. Edible grain, and leave before. 3. Soothing, and leave a snare.

V. 1. Behead and doubly curtail an imaginary, ideal island, and leave the summit. 2. Upright, and leave a unit. 3. Unclosed, and leave an inclosure for animals.

The five word-squares may be connected as shown in the diagram.

MARION P. HALLOCK.

# Beauty

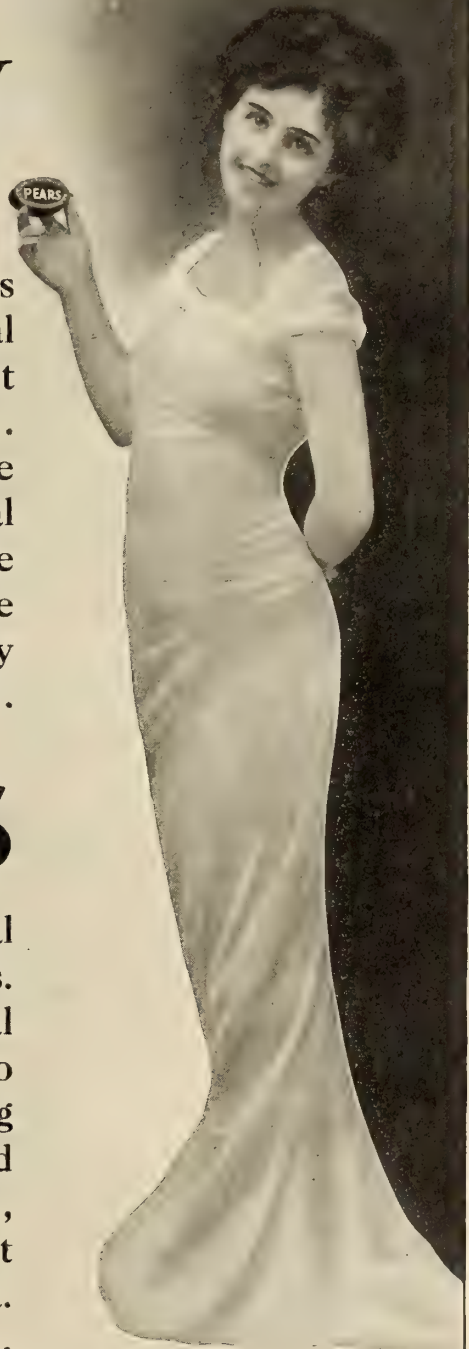
From a Society  
Point of View

Natural beauty makes its mark in Society where artificial beauty fails, and Society is right in drawing this distinction. Natural beauty should therefore be promoted by every natural means, and for this purpose there is nothing more effective than the acknowledged beauty soap of six generations.

# Pears

It is used in nearly every Royal Palace of Europe; and Messrs. Pears are holders of Special Warrants of Appointment to their Majesties, the King and Queen of England, and the King and Queen of Spain, and held a similar Warrant from the late Queen Victoria. 20 Highest Awards held.

## Matchless for the Complexion



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

*"All rights secured."*



*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 97.*

---

*Time to hand in answers is up January 10. Prizes awarded in March number.*

---

You know Competition No. 95, announced in the November number, which should have its report filed in this number? Well, that competition is really the very best competition we have had for a long time, and you girls and boys did n't pay half enough attention to it. And when the time came for judging it the Judges looked *so* discouraged because the answers were almost all pretty careless and not to the point. Then one Judge said, "Give them another chance," and they asked me to arrange the terms for having the same competition over again. So here is the way I propose, to be fair toward those who have already contributed and at the same time to give you all another chance at Competition No. 95.

*Double Prizes* will be offered right through for the best answers to this competition, and those who have sent in papers already may either send in new competitions or have their former ones stand as their contribution. Therefore, there will be no report

this month. Now, the competition is this:

Make a list of firms who *do not* advertise in ST. NICHOLAS, but who you think ought to, and give your reasons why they should advertise here. Some of those who contributed last time put in their lists the names of those who were already advertising in ST. NICHOLAS, which is not what is wanted. Don't give fanciful "reasons why," and don't think that you are answering cleverly when you make out an alphabetical list and give *one* firm opposite each letter.

You may take firms advertising in other magazines, or in newspapers, or on bill-boards.

I wish you could see the paper sent in by a young reader from Kentucky, who bears the name of a famous statesman. His list is so fine, and his reasons so good, that the Judges want more of the same kind. He tells just who reads the magazine and the kind of homes into which it goes, and other good facts.

(See also page 20.)

# These Handsome House Dresses Made Without Paying a Penny For New Materials



Don't think that you need to buy new materials every time you want a new dress.

The materials in clothes you have laid aside are as good as they ever were. And you'll be surprised at the new beauty Diamond Dyes will give the goods. You can have pretty new dresses with no more trouble than washing a handkerchief.

Diamond Dyes are a great economy in dressing the children, too. Thousands of mothers seldom buy a single yard of new goods for their children's clothes—they simply take the materials from their own old clothes and dye them bright new colors with Diamond Dyes—That's often less trouble than going to the store for new garments. And think of the saving.

## Diamond Dyes

"I had a gray foulard house dress, and my sister a blue. They were both faded and spotted, but otherwise good. We got some Diamond Dyes; I dyed my dress a beautiful old rose; my sister dyed hers the new raisin shade. We didn't even have to rip the dresses up. All

our friends thought we had new gowns. It's really wonderful what one can do with Diamond Dyes."—Mrs. Catherine Ferguson, St. Louis, Mo.

## Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

**Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes.** Imitators who make only one kind of dye claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk or other *animal* fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: **Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.**

Diamond Dyes for Wool cannot be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, but are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

## Diamond Dye Annual—Free

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. *Address*

**WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT**



Do you get the idea? Just to repeat so as to make sure:

A list of advertisers who do not use ST. NICHOLAS and reasons why they should do so. *Don't* write advertisements for them—only tell why ST. NICHOLAS will sell their goods.

For instance, "Colgate & Co. should advertise their Dental Cream in ST. NICHOLAS because mothers talk 'clean teeth' to their children morning, noon, and night—and mothers read ST. NICHOLAS." You may tell how you have seen mothers reading ST. NICHOLAS, or any other fact, if you want to. Have you any reason for believing that an automobile manufacturer would get the eye of the person who buys automobiles if he advertised in ST. NICHOLAS? If you think so, give some good reasons for your belief. We may theorize about who reads ST. NICHOLAS but *you know*.

And remember the Double Prizes.

\$10.00 for First Prize.

6.00 each for Two Second Prizes.

4.00 each for Three Third Prizes.

2.00 each for Ten Fourth Prizes.

Now, get out your thinking-

caps, put them on, and off you go to make your list!

WILLIAM P. TUTTLE, JR.,  
Advertising Editor.

**1. This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (97). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than 7½ x 10 inches.

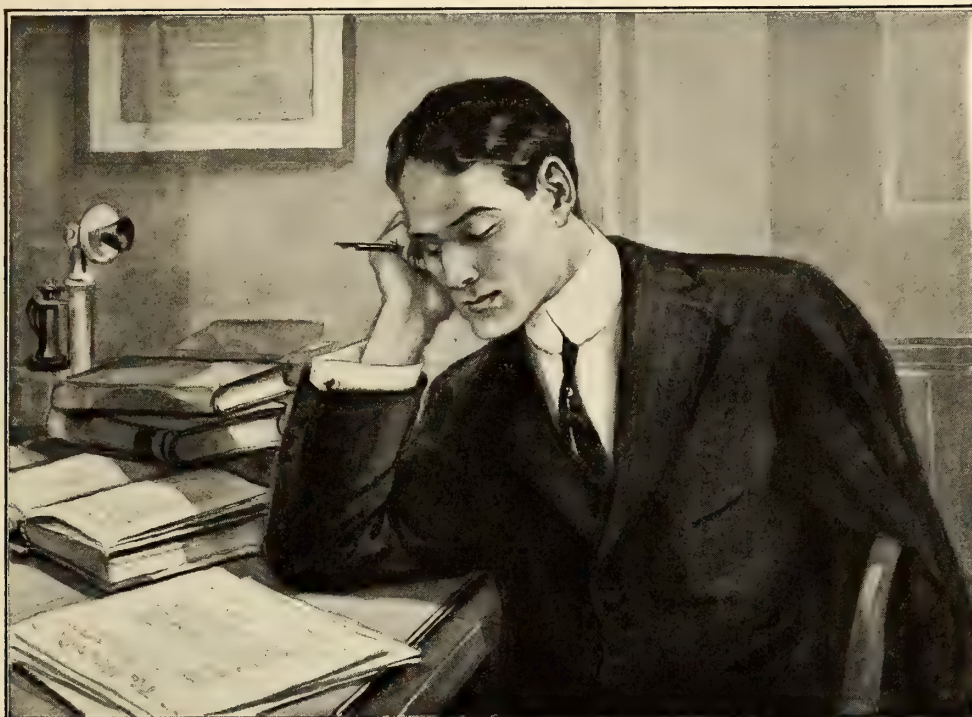
3. Submit answers by January 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 97, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

(See also page 18.)



## Mental Dullness

usually comes from *imperfectly nourished* brains.

The man who *thinks clearly* and *acts promptly* wins money and position.

# Grape-Nuts

**FOOD—**

made of whole wheat and barley, is not only promptly digested, but contains the Phosphate of Potash grown in the grains for rebuilding brain and nerves.

The regular use of this world-famed food, makes “clear thinking” easy.

Try a simple breakfast of **Grape-Nuts** and cream, soft-boiled eggs, crisp toast, and a steaming cup of well-made Postum—

**“There’s a Reason”**

---

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## STAMP ILLUSTRATIONS

THERE has always been a great desire on the part of collectors to have United States stamps illustrated in the catalogues. It is frequently very difficult to decide concerning varieties on account of the lack of illustrations. The makers of American catalogues have endeavored to meet the difficulty by cuts of portions of stamps, but the very ones that need the help of illustrations find difficulty in understanding them. The government has always refused to allow the printing of cuts which imitated the general appearance of United States stamps. A bill was introduced at the last session of Congress which aimed at a change in this position of the authorities. Under its provisions illustrations in black, not made by the steel engraving process, were allowed. We understand that the bill did not pass, but it will probably be brought up again at the first opportunity, and, as there does not appear to be any reasonable objection to allowing the printing of such illustrations, it is believed that it will become a law. Foreign countries allow the use of cuts of their stamps and it has never been found to result in the production of counterfeits.

## PERFORATIONS

THE numerous varieties which may be found in the mailing-machine perforations have aroused many collectors to especial attention to such differences in the stamps of all countries. One of the early attempts to introduce perforating into France is particularly interesting. A firm by the name of Susse Brothers, desiring to secure a government contract for perforating all French stamps, procured a machine with which they perforated stamps for private parties who bought the imperforate stamps from them. The holes made by the needles were very large, and therefore the stamps were liable to be badly torn in the process of separation. The public did not favor the method, and since Susse Brothers could not get a contract, and the commission on the sale of stamps which the government had been allowing was reduced, they sold their machine to a stamp dealer. This man continued to do private perforating for some time, but was not able so to adjust the machine that it cut the holes exactly as they had been made by the former owners. The original Susse perforations are held in high esteem by collectors of such varieties, but the imitations by the same machine are not valuable in their eyes.

## BULGARIAN ISSUES

IT is said that an issue commemorative of the establishment of the new kingdom will appear for Bulgaria about the first of January, 1910. Meanwhile, the low values most in use have given out and certain of the higher denominations of the present issue have been overprinted in order to supply the deficiency. Nearly two million of the 15st have been surcharged in blue-black, with the figures 5 and 10, thus providing a supply for present use. The old 30st has been surcharged in red with 25 and other surcharges appear on other denominations. It is said that the work is very poorly done, the overprinting sometimes striking the center of a stamp, but more often being very one-sided. Bulgarian stamps have always been favorites, and fortunately these surcharges are likely to be quite common and easily secured.

## HUDSON-FULTON STAMPS

THE stamp issued in commemoration of the Hudson-Fulton celebration will make a very pleasing addition to the number of commemoratives now in existence, and will serve to keep the date of the anniversary in the mind of the collector. It is announced authoritatively by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General that the Government will not issue any of these stamps in imperforate condition since they are of a different size and shape from the ordinary stamps in use, and thus will not be used in the stamp-vending machines. The Government does not, for this reason, expect any considerable call for them in imperforate condition. It would not be surprising, however, if this stamp did appear imperforate, for curious things happen in stamp circles.

## SOUTH AFRICAN STAMPS

A NEW issue is likely soon to appear for the Union of South Africa, and meanwhile the present issue of British South Africa stamps have been overprinted with the word Rhodesia in fancy letters in order to plainly indicate the country from which they come. It has always seemed strange that the British South African Company should omit the name of the country in which the stamps were used.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Ⓐ LARGE number of very good questions of general interest to our readers have been received recently. These we will answer here as rapidly as our space will permit. The statements in relation to the collection of unused stamps made above will apply to the stamps of the United States as well as to those of other countries. It is often easier to get the home issues than those from abroad and where the expense is not more than one can stand it is best to get them unused. Ⓒ Cheap canceled stamps cannot be sold to dealers. They buy such stamps in very large quantities only; otherwise the handling of them will not pay. Ⓐ A good duplicate album may be made from any ordinary blank-book. Write the names of the countries issuing stamps on consecutive pages, taking them from the catalogue and allowing a little more space for the large countries than the small. Keep stamps in envelopes in alphabetical order and transfer to the duplicate book such as are likely to be wanted by those with whom you make exchanges. Many stamps are so common that they are not worth the trouble of mounting in a duplicate album. Ⓒ Stamps cannot be removed from envelopes without injuring the original gum. If they could it would be of no use to do it for the original gum is of consequence on an unused stamp only. You may curl the stamps, but if the soaking in cold water, which is best to prevent injuring the color, removes all the gum the stamps will straighten out and lie flat enough finally. Ⓒ Oriental buff in United States envelop stamps is a hard shade to describe. It may possibly be recognized by calling it a light orange. There is no other envelop shade that is very much like it. Get some advanced collector to show you what it is. Manila is a coarse paper most used in wrappers. Ⓒ Varieties in the figures of the surcharges upon stamps frequently occur. They are often caused by the fact that the printer called upon to make a surcharge in some small country has not enough figures in his fonts so that he can make all alike.

## SCOTT'S STANDARD CATALOGUE

1910 edition now ready. 800 pages; illustrated.

Paper covers, 60c. Cloth covers, 75c. Post free.

### STAMP ALBUMS



**STAMPS—108** different, including new **Panama**, old Chile, Japan, curious Turkey, scarce Paraguay, Philippines, Costa Rica, West Australia, several unused, some picture stamps, etc., all for **10c.** Big list and copy of monthly paper free. Approval sheets, 50% commission.

SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., 18 East 23d St., New York



## DIME SETS

9 Austria Jubilee, 1908; 12 Belg. Post. Pckt., 1902; 7 Bolivia; 5 Bosnia, 1907; 10 Bulgaria, 1901-3; 5 Guatemala, 1902; 9 Honduras; 10 Nicaragua; 8 Paraguay 1903-7; 10 Salvador; 9 Mexico, 1890; 3 Somali Coast, 1894-1902. The 12 sets for \$1.00. With every order from this list we will send **FREE** sample and full instructions how to **COLLECT STAMPS FOR NOTHING.** This is something entirely new and every boy and girl should take advantage of it.

New England Stamp Co., 48 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

## BARCAINS

Each set 5 cts.—10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Crete. Lists of 5000 low-priced stamps free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO.,  
111 G Nassau Street, New York City.

**50 STAMPS**, all different, Corea, China, etc., 5c; **105** different, Corea, Mexico, China, Finland, Gold Coast, etc., 10c; **1000** hinges, 5c. Agents Wanted, 50 per cent. **List Free.** We buy collections.

UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**5 Varieties PERU** Free with trial approval sheets, 1000 mixed foreign stamps, 8c. **F. E. THORP**, Norwich, N. Y.



**STAMPS FREE.** 15 all different Canadians, 10 India, and catalogue free. Postage 2 cents, and, when possible, send us names, addresses of two stamp collectors. **Special Offers**, no two alike. 50 Spain 1c, 40 Japan 5c, 100 U. S. 10c, 50 Australia 1c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 7c, 17 Mexico 10c, 20 Turkey 7c, 7 Persia 4c. Agents Wanted 50% discount. 50 Page List Free.

MARKS STAMP COMPANY. Dept. N. Toronto, Canada.

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a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to

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Each issue contains two fine serials, eight to ten clever short stories and numerous special articles. Departments of Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Stamps, Coins, and Curios. A big Athletic Department, edited by **WALTER CAMP**, director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true manly sportsmanship.

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A typical illustration from **THE BOYS' MAGAZINE.**

**THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD COMPANY**, 657 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

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**STAMPS** 108 all different, Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cape G. H., Mexico, Natal, Java, etc., and **Album**, 10c. **1000** **Finely Mixed**, 20c. 65 different U.S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. **List Free.** 1 buy stamps.

**C. Stegman**, 5941 Cote Brilliante Av., St. Louis, Mo.



**Stamp Album with 538 genuine Stamps**, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **only 10c.** 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc., 5c. **Agts. wtd. 50%.** **Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free!** **We Buy Stamps.** **C. E. Hussman Stamp Co.**, Dep. I, St. Louis, Mo.

**DANDY PACKET STAMPS** free, for names two honest collectors; 2c postage. Send to-day. **U.T.K. STAMP CO.**, Utica, N.Y.

**STAMPS.** 100 Foreign, all different, 5c. Approval Sheets. Reference. The Victor Stamp Co., 444 Quincy Ave., Scranton, Pa.

**125 STAMPS** all different, including 25 unused from Réunion, Hayti, Siam, etc., 10c. Large album and 100 stamps, 30c.; 500 different stamps, 90c. Collectors' Catalog, 10c. **THE VICTOR STAMP CO.**, Norwood, Ohio.

## Foreign Stamp Collectors

will receive printed matter of interest by writing to C. H. Mekeel (R. F. D. No. 29), St. Louis, Mo., who is a stamp expert and has been established in this line 33 years. Rare stamps and old collections bought for cash. Buying list free. Choice stamps submitted to collectors on approval.

## 36-page Illustrated Catalog of British Colonials

**THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS OF FINE STAMPS** Stock unsurpassed. Catalog 4c. or free with order. 6 Mauritius, 10c.; 9 Newfoundland, 10c.; 15 Bermuda, 10c.; 15 Jamaica, 10c.; 3 South Nigeria, 10c.; 200 different, \$1.50; 100 diff., 50c. Colonial Stamp Co., 350 E. 53d St., Chicago.

**GOOD** stamps given free for addresses of 3 collectors and if you take my approval sheets. **R. Cooper**, 601 W. 127 St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

**50 Stamps**, all different and new bargain list for 2c. stamp. Approval sheets at 50 per cent. com. **E. Gowing & Co.**, Medford, Mass.

**FREE** **PACKET OF STAMPS** to approval seekers for 2c. return postage. **Kolona Stamp Co.**, Dayton, O.

**Stamps Free** 40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co.**, Toledo, Ohio.

**Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News**, Dept. 25, Boston, Mass., 6 mos., 25c. Nice packet 200 all different foreign stamps **FREE** with every subscription, OR nice book describing and illustrating U. S. stamps and envelopes. *Take your choice.* Best stamp paper published. Send for sample copy.

**1910 PRICE LIST, FREE,** OF SETS, PACKETS, AND SINGLE STAMPS. Send your name. **ECONOMIST STAMP CO.**, 79 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

**STAMPS** 100 varieties foreign, free. Postage 2c. **QUAKER STAMP CO.**, Toledo, Ohio.

## THE GUIDE TO NATURE FOR ADULTS

*An illustrated monthly magazine devoted to commonplace nature with uncommon interest.*—Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

Will "Nature and Science" young folks please call the attention of grown-up friends, parents, and teachers to this magazine? For sample copy send 10c. to

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Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "N-5" showing designs.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.**  
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## Durability and Beauty

have made this ware famous for many years.  
It affords the longest service  
and satisfaction—

"Silver Plate that  
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San Francisco



# A Noon Rest Grand Canyon of Arizona

Several miles down the trail on the brink of the inner plateau, a thousand feet above the Colorado River. Always sunny and warm there, even in midwinter.

This titanic gash in the earth's crust is a mile deep, miles wide, and rainbow-tinted.

## The California Limited

carries a Pullman direct to the Grand Canyon.

Two to five days' time, \$6.50 railroad fare, a reasonable hotel bill at El Tovar (management of Fred Harvey) and a few dollars for rim and trail trips — that's all the extra expense. You will enjoy seeing the Canyon en route to or from sunny California.



**Santa Fe**

All the way



OVERLOOKING COLORADO RIVER, GRAND CANYON

Write me for illustrated booklets — "Titan of Chasms," "El Tovar" and "California Limited."

W. J. BLACK, Pass. Traffic Mgr., A. T. & S. F. Ry. System,  
1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

## Exquisite Gifts for Every Girl and Boy



# THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SILVER FOX

by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

This is the most delightful of all Mr. Seton's delightful stories—for the young in heart of all ages—the story, from his cubhood to his splendid prime, of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and his happy, adventurous, sometimes tragic life among the Goldur Hills. All the magic of the wild, free life of the open is caught and held in the pages; and the telling is Mr. Seton's ripest and best.

"In its charm as well as its lesson of sympathy and friendship with the animal world, it is a book that every child should possess."—*Baltimore Sun*.

With over one hundred of the author's characteristic illustrations. Cover design, title-page, and general make-up by Grace Gallatin Seton. \$1.50.

*Of the same charm and sympathy, the author's earlier book*

# THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY

As years go by the appealing story of the Grizzly Wahn—a real person is Wahn—seems only to grow in favor with young and old.

*The illustrations are as delightful as the text, and the printing is in two colors. \$1.50.*



The Century Co.

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New York






**M**other says: To make good gravy, thicken with Kingsford's Corn Starch, not flour — flour makes lumpy gravy and that raw taste.

**Kingsford's Corn Starch** is the best thickening for all gravies, soups and sauces.

Send a post card today, and we will mail without charge our remarkable little Cook Book H.H. — "What a cook ought to know about corn starch."

It contains one hundred and sixty-eight of the best recipes you ever tried.

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**HOLDS WITHOUT HOLES**

**THE ONLY SAFE CLASP FOR CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS**

THE *Velvety Grip*


**HOSE** CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON **SUPPORTER**

**WORN ALLOVER THE WORLD OF ANY DEALER ANYWHERE**

Or Sample Pair, any Children's Size (give age) 16 cents. Mailed on receipt of price

MANUFACTURED BY  
**GEORGE FROST COMPANY**  
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

ALL GENUINE HAVE THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON AND THE NAME STAMPED ON THE LOOP.



**For Those Who Prefer a Highly Scented Toilet Powder**

There is no secret about Mennen's Borated Sen Yang Toilet Powder. It is simply Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder delicately scented with an Oriental Odor. Its perfume is lasting and distinctive.

Look for the Mennen's head on the back of the can, to make sure of the genuine. Put up in the "Box that Lox."

Sample box for 2c. stamp to cover postage.

Guaranteed by the Gerhard Mennen Company under the Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial 1542.

**GERHARD MENNEN CO. - Newark, N. J.**



**MENNEN'S BORATED SEN-YANG TOILET POWDER**



# **DO YOU ENJOY ST. NICHOLAS?**

Then why not make some other  
boy's or girl's Christmas a mer-  
rier one by the gift of a year's  
subscription?

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It comes twelve times a year  
A Christmas every month

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Three dollars for a year's subscription  
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## Rich Cargoes for

Will be found in **THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.**

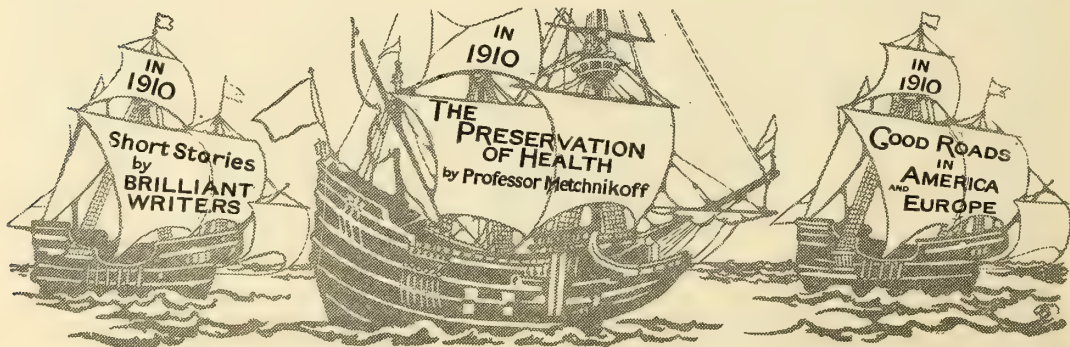
To it, like a great port, come the choice of important productions in many fields of thought throughout the world.

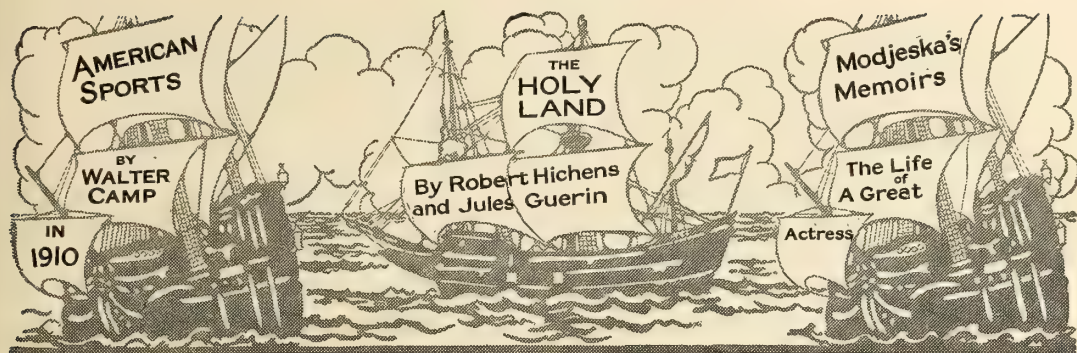
Here are brought the most entertaining fiction and delightful stories by the most brilliant writers.

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35 cents a copy, \$4.00 a year. A year's subscription makes an ideal present.





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Historians, naturalists, financiers, sportsmen, politicians, scholars and poets are among those who fill its numbers to overflowing.

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# World's Best Thought in MAGAZINE

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"And he who sendeth Gifts, I wot,  
That Speak in Print, is unforget."

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## "THE LADY OF THE DECORATION"

"Between the sprightly 'Lady of the Decoration' and the ingenuous 'Little Sister Snow,' comparisons are worse than idle, and not the least clever feat of their author was in creating types so diverse, setting between them bounds as remote as the dewdrop and the rose. But with all the skill of the 'Lady of the Decoration' to charm, to startle, and waylay, 'Little Sister Snow' has a subtler appeal, and one need not go far to discover that art has made her its own. Yuki San is a creation, and this tender, pathetic little story, fibered deep in life, is LITERATURE OF A RARE SORT."—*New York Times*.

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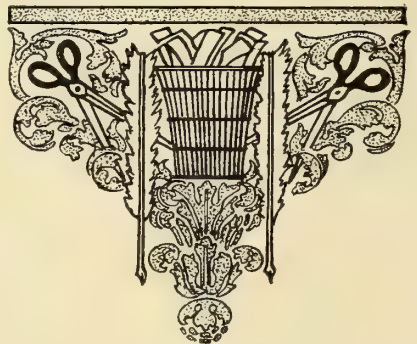
*("Mrs. Rice's art is the sunlight searching out the lowly life of the waste places of the world, and interpreting it with exquisite sympathy on its human side and something akin to genius in its artistic demands.")*

Here is the story of a Man—pathetically pretentious and grotesque, beautifully brave and unselfish—who Failed, as the World counts Failure, and of life in a ridiculous mite of a Kentucky town. But "the deep pathos and whimsical humor, above all the ineffably tender human interest of the little character study, are profoundly moving, and make it a really finished bit of literary work."

Sympathetic pictures by Guipon. \$1.00.

## MR. OPP

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"MRS. WIGGS  
OF  
THE CABBAGE PATCH"



*Alice Hegan Rice*

THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

**C**ome Girls—get together  
and have a Taffy Pull. Make the taffy with  
Karo. See how smooth and golden it pulls. How  
delicious it tastes. How wholesome it is.  
Karo Fudge too—simply perfect—  
and Caramels and Butter Scotch.

**Karo**  
CORN SYRUP

Eat it on

Griddle Cakes  
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Use it for

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★Send your name on a  
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Book—fifty pages including thirty  
perfect recipes for home candy-making.

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# A CHRISTMAS NOVELTY

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Everybody—unfortunately—does not know how to use Ivory Soap for the toilet. The way is this: Wet *both* hands. Hold the soap in the palms of the hands. Rub vigorously for, say, 15 seconds—longer, if the water is cold or very hard. Wet one hand and "work up" the lather. Wash the hands and arms. Rinse. Repeat the operation,

applying the lather to the face and neck. Rinse. Repeat again—twice, thrice or even four times. Rub dry.

It is a good idea to use warm (or lukewarm) water, to begin with, finishing with cold water. Warm water opens the pores of the skin. Cold water closes them.

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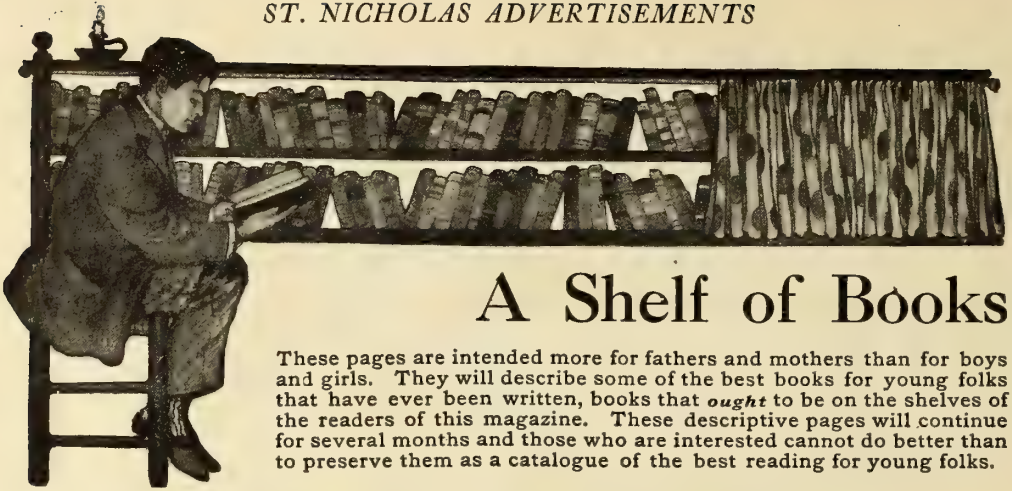
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FRANK H. SCOTT, President.  
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secretary.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.





## A Shelf of Books

These pages are intended more for fathers and mothers than for boys and girls. They will describe some of the best books for young folks that have ever been written, books that *ought* to be on the shelves of the readers of this magazine. These descriptive pages will continue for several months and those who are interested cannot do better than to preserve them as a catalogue of the best reading for young folks.

### **T**HE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By Helen Nicolay

This is the gift, *par excellence*, for every boy and every girl who does not yet own it. Knowledge of the character and life-history of this greatest and most beloved of Americans is certainly the richest and most precious educational heritage of every young American; and Helen Nicolay's book, in choice of incident and event, in accuracy, in sympathy, in vivid interest, stands, and will stand, as the ideal life of Lincoln for young people. It is based on her father's and John Hay's great standard work.

### **T**HE HAPPYCHAPS

By Carolyn Wells

Since the world began—back to the days when the only books were those men sang or told—there has been nothing that so appealed to the young as highly imaginative verse and pictures. And while, 'way back in the Preacher's time, it seemed as if there was nothing new under the sun, "The Happychaps" are certainly deliciously new. A homeopathic dose is a sure cure for a fit of temper; and, read aloud, the book means fun and cheer in the dullest, longest, dreariest spell of rainy weather. The very little folks like the pictures; and the next older love to follow the pictures while mother or father reads aloud; and the bigger girls and boys find the book an all-absorbing companion. It's impossible to tell which is funnier, Carolyn Wells's verse or Harrison Cady's pictures; but there are 150 pages of the two mixed together.

### **E**LECTRICITY FOR EVERYBODY

By Philip Atkinson

Just the best popular book in print, telling everything a bright boy wants to know about the nature and uses of electricity, and the various kinds of apparatus by which it is generated and employed. With this book a wide-awake lad can have months of fun experimenting with batteries and motors, telegraph and telephone construction, yes, and wireless telegraphy, too. Simplicity, clearness, fullness, and scientific accuracy are admirably combined in this book; and the illustrations tell everything the text does not.

### **M**ASTER SKYLARK

By John Bennett

Probably more people have learned to love history by reading fiction than from the more serious work of the great historians. The historians may tell you about the great movements of Shakspeare's time, but in a good story you *live* with the people and in the times. Such a piece of fiction is "Master Skylark," the story of a sweet little singing lad who became the companion of the great Will Shakspeare and who knew, as a humble subject may know, the immortal Queen Bess. Young people will get a truer idea of the life of Shakspeare's day from this delightful story than from many a serious volume.

The pictures by Reginald Birch are among the book's delights. Surely no one can give just the touch that Birch gives to smiling, healthy boys and dear little black-stockinged maids.

### **A** FRIGATE'S NAMESAKE

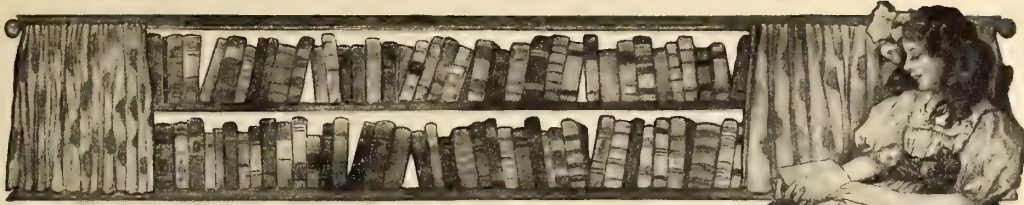
By Alice Balch Abbot

One of the most charming books of American history ever written. How a little girl came to be named for a frigate; how she knew and loved the story of her country's navy and naval honors, and through this familiarity and enthusiasm enjoyed many unusual and delightful experiences. It makes a unique and fascinating story, which leaves the young reader richer in inspiring knowledge and appreciation of the courage which should be every young American's joy and pride.

### **S**AILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

By Captain Joshua Slocum

Another of the true stories, this, which is better than any made-up story could ever be. Captain Joshua Slocum has done what every wide-awake boy would love to do—he made a tidy little vessel, christened her the "Spray," fitted her up snugly, and made a voyage around the world in her. Did he have adventures? Did n't he! And he has told the story of his voyage and all its happenings rarely well. Give the book to any and every boy, and be sure of great gratitude; and parents will rejoice over the boy's widened knowledge of and interest in geography.



## for Boys and Girls

*To give a book is to enrich the receiver permanently; to put into his or her possession something which leaves a residuum of pleasure long after the particular day on which it was received has been forgotten.*

Hamilton W. Mabie.

*A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury but one of the necessities of life.*

Henry Ward Beecher.



### **P** RINCE LITTLE BOY And Other Tales Out of Fairy-land By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell

There is no other book which can quite make up to a child for not having this book, for the spell of Fairy-land is in every one of these tales in rare degree, and the magic of a writer who has himself found the way to Fairy-land and never quite forgotten it. To read the book is the next best thing to visiting Fairy-land; and, such is its magic that he who reads—unless he is very, very stupid, or very, very unworthy—will find the path to Fairy-land, and get glimpses inside the fence, and, perhaps, find the Fairy whose kiss means love of the sun and the woods and all living creatures, and what birds talk about, and what songs the winds sing to the trees.

The artists who made the pictures have been to Fairy-land too.

### **C** AREERS OF DANGER AND DARING By Cleveland Moffett

It is a fine thing for boys to know something of the courage and faithfulness that underlie much of the necessary work of the world—to share, so far as is possible through printed words, the thrill of the life of the Steeple Climber, the Deep Sea Diver, the Balloonist, the Pilot, the Bridge Builder, the City Fireman, the Aerial Acrobat, the Wild Beast Tamer, the Dynamite Workers, the Locomotive Engineer. Cleveland Moffett has tasted the experiences of all these everyday heroes; and because he has done so and has felt deeply the dangers these brave fellows face quietly, for the sake of their work, the book rings true; and the result is a book of adventure every boy should have.

### **T** HE SWORD-MAKER'S SON A Story of the Year 30 A.D. By William O. Stoddard

There is no question that "Ben-Hur" gave many thousands an intimacy with the story and teachings of the Christ they would never have known but for that setting of the Bible narrative; and this book does for younger readers what "Ben-Hur" did for adults. Through all its pages moves the figure of the Christ, and again and again are retold the events of history and quoted His words.

It is all very reverently and beautifully done; but the youthful reader gets a new point of view—that of the young Cyril, "the sword-maker's son," and his sister Lois, who believed in and followed Christ through the years of His ministry, and whose loyalty remained unshaken after His death. Whether as historical narrative of intensely absorbing interest, or as a reverent setting of the Christ story which will help young people to better understanding of the Biblical version, it is a wonderful piece of work.

### **E** IGH T GIRLS AND A DOG By Carolyn Wells

It is a good kind of book to give to the friend going off on a trip. It is a good kind of book to give girls who are per-fect-ly sure they can run a house or do anything on which they have set their hearts. It is jolly, wholesome reading, any time, for anybody. The eight girls, and the dog, went down to a summer cottage by the sea and kept house; and they had loads of fun doing it. Reading about it is almost as good as being there.

### **T** HE CRUISE OF THE "DAZZLER" By Jack London

Give this to the boy who is at outs with school and getting into a frame of mind where he wants to run away. He will keenly enjoy the adventure of it, and in the end he will profit by Joe's runaway adventures on the *Dazzler* and friendship with 'Frisco Kid—as Joe did. An uncommonly wholesome and helpful book for restive lads.

### **S** IR MARROK By Allen French

This is the kind of old-time romance to keep young hearts a-thrill, and young blood bounding—all mystery and romance and quaint magic and brave deeds and evil from the days of King Arthur. It is based upon "The Lay of Sir Marrok"; and has only gained for young readers of to-day in the retelling. "The Lay of Sir Marrok" is, perhaps, one of the most inspiring and fascinating of all the Arthurian legends; and Mr. French has happily preserved the spirit of the original.



## Some of The Century Co.'s Famous Dollar Books

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By Louise Forsslund

A beautiful little book—this story of an aged couple's poverty and love and ups and downs—running over with pathos and humor, and a quiet philosophy that occasionally becomes epigrammatic.

*By the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"*

### MR. OPP

By Alice Hegan Rice

"A story brimful of sentiment, on the border line between humor and pathos."

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*The illustrator, Leon Guipon, has caught the spirit of the book.*

### AUNT AMITY'S SILVER WEDDING

By Ruth McEnergy Stuart, author of "Sonny," etc.

"If you are among those who are avoiding laughter because it causes wrinkles, you had better not read Ruth McEnergy Stuart's new books."—*Edwin Markham.*

Humor, charm, and a delicate art are in each and all of the four short stories making this book.

*Clever pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele, A. B. Frost, and others.*

### UNCLE WILLIAM

By Jennette Lee

Just the tale of an old man who lived in a tiny cottage on Arichat—with a mile of open on each side and all the sea in front—an old man who had learned how to live and to love, with a love that stretched out helping hands to others.

*Frontispiece by Steele.*

*"This is an entirely new sort of 'strictly true' love-story."*

### AN UNOFFICIAL LOVE-STORY

By Albert Hickman

If ever a girl was indiscreet, it was Marjorie. If ever a girl was bewitching, it was that same Marjorie. And the story of her wild wooing and wilder winning is quite the most unconventional romance written.

*Pictures by Chapman.*

The Century Co., Union Square, New York

## Table expenses and health

**Y**OU are interested in these things; both are important.

Last month we gave you the highest medical authority for eating more Quaker Oats; Sir James Crichton Browne, LL. D., F. R. S., of London; now let's consider the question of eating Quaker Oats from a practical, every day point of view.

Dollar for dollar you get more food value in Quaker Oats than in any other food. You can prove this for yourself by actual tests; you'll find that as you increase the amount of Quaker Oats you eat, your health will improve and the cost of your table will decrease.

It's worth trying for the sake of economy but it's worth more from the standpoint of health and vigor, and you'll find that a big dish of Quaker Oats with sugar and milk (or cream) for breakfast or supper is perfectly delicious.

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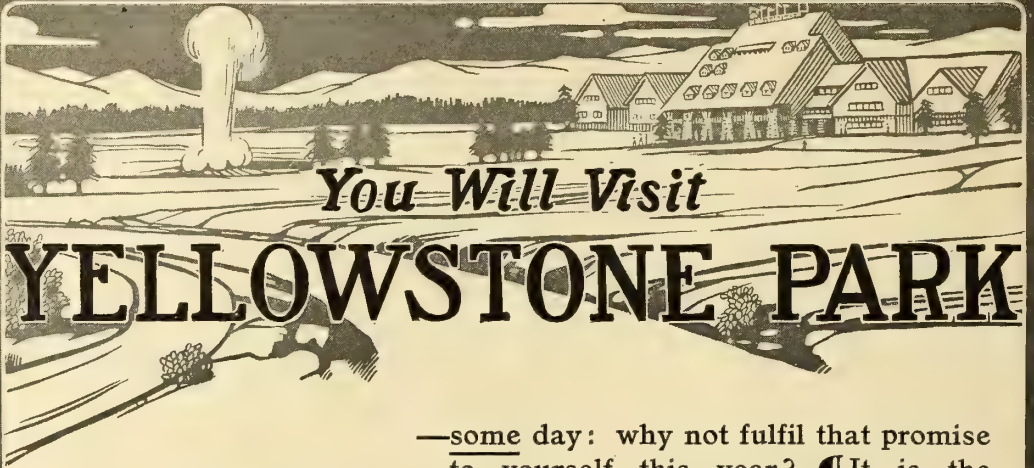
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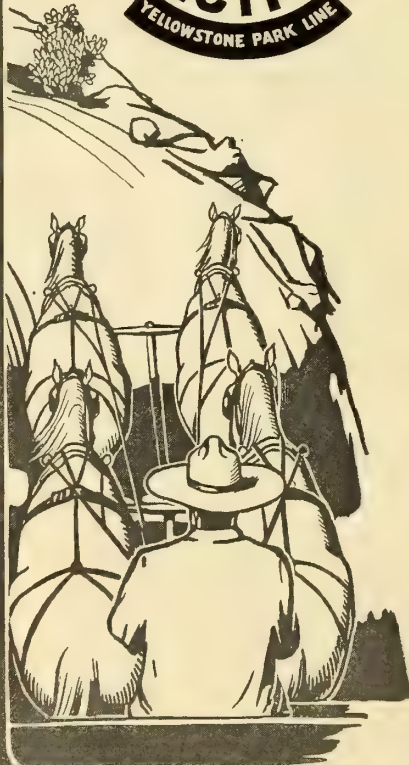
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## Northern Pacific R'y

"The Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune."







"WHEN PEARY'S DOGS CAME STEAMING UP THE TRAIL!"

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 4

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## PEARY'S DOGS

BY L. N. CHAPIN



"During the next day the ice writhed as if in torment, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire. . . . At night Marvin and Borup came spinning in with their trains, their dogs steaming in the bitter air, like a squadron of battle-ships. . . . A rise in temperature to fifteen below reduced the friction of the sledges, and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with their tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads with short, sharp barks and yelps."—*Peary's Account of his Trip to the Pole.*

How did the blood with nobler fury flow,  
The eye gleam bright that had begun to fail,  
And every muscle firmer, tenser grow,  
When Peary's dogs came steaming up the trail!  
We do not know their rugged, uncouth names,—  
They dwell in lands of snow beyond our sight;  
And yet that story of their daring flames  
A streak of glory through an arctic night.

Half-dog, half-wolf, such is his ancient strain,  
A doubled power he lends to man's behest;  
For when man would that Northern fastness gain,  
He must fight wolf with wolf, and steel his breast.  
The only law the Ice King knows is force;  
No blood of kindness trembles in his veins;  
Onward his great white empire holds its course,  
And last of all the hermit kings, he reigns.

When round the pole the ice-fields groaned and rose,  
Like some vast Titan in his agony,  
And fierce the north wind swept across the floes,  
And over lanes of ever treacherous sea,



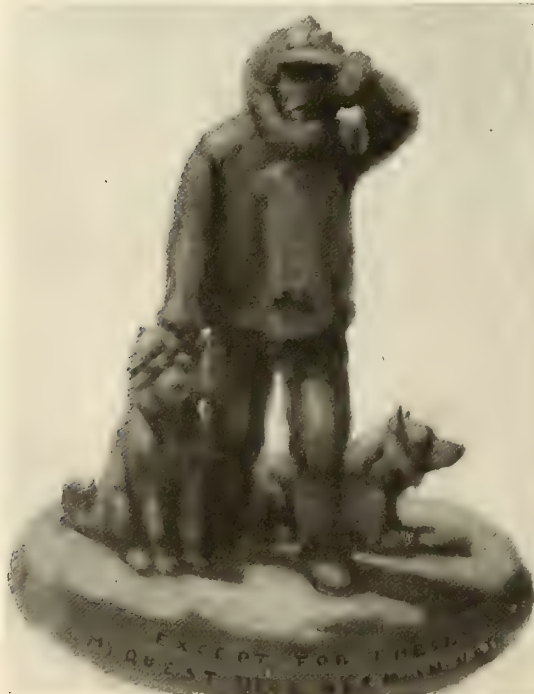
## PEARY'S DOGS

Ah, then this creature tossed his dauntless head,  
 And howled defiance on the ghostly air;  
 Then 'gainst the load his mighty shoulders spread,  
 And plunged to meet the dangers waiting there.

Only a dog—nay, judge not thus his worth;  
 A thousand years of history rather tend  
 To make us say, Great Hero of the North,  
 Man's faithful ally and his noblest friend.  
 Only a dog—how harsh the judgment stands  
 On one whose valor stars so many tales,  
 And lights the pages of so many lands,  
 With that clear cry whose pathos never fails.

Across the eternal fields of ice and snow  
 Roam the grim specters of the mighty dead;  
 Their graves are dug in caverned ice below,  
 Their spirits range betossed in storms o'erhead;  
 There, unreturning, are those loyal bands,  
 Who poured to man the fountains of the breast;  
 Pets of the household, pilots in midnight lands,  
 Martyrs to science in its boundless quest.

When, soon or late, we build a noble shrine  
 To keep the great commander's story bright,  
 Give equal honors to the humbler line  
 Who shared the perils of that arctic night.  
 There let the hero lay his kindly hand  
 Upon some noble comrade's shaggy mane,  
 And deeply writ let this true legend stand:  
 "EXCEPT FOR THESE MY QUEST HAD BEEN IN VAIN."



# A YOUNG BREADWINNER

BY FANNY W. MARSHALL

ONE cannot be a lawyer and a poet at the same time—at least, so thought a young Englishman named Lawrence a good many years ago, and so, though he had been bred to the practice of law, when he became of age and the master of a small inheritance left him at his father's death, he turned his back on his profession and determined to be a poet instead. But, alas! history saith not how very, very many have intended to be poets, but only tells us how few have become such, and the name of Lawrence is not to be found among them. He mistook the wish for the ability. The poetic thoughts, when committed to paper, added nothing to his income, and when, after four years of this delightful existence, he began to see the bottom of his purse, and at about the same time fell in love with the daughter of a clergyman in the neighborhood and married her, he realized that some more remunerative means of livelihood had to be found.

So he obtained first one, then a second, small government position. But when he lost his second post, he took a small inn in Bristol, called the White Hart, thinking, perhaps, that the landlord's business of making himself agreeable to his patrons might offer an easy sort of life. To show his intelligence and taste, he fitted up a library for the benefit of his guests, and hung engravings of the great masters on his walls, instead of the gaudy pictures usually found in inns of the period. Here, on May 4, 1769, a son named Thomas was born, one of sixteen children, of whom only five outlived their childhood.

When little Thomas was three years old Mr. Lawrence took his family to Devizes and there became landlord of the Black Bear, an establishment of a much better class than the White Hart had been, for it was the best inn in the town and was patronized by all the wealthy, notable, and fashionable people who came down from London and made it a stopping-place on their way to Bath, the famous watering-place, which lay twenty miles beyond.

Little Thomas, as he ran about the house, attracted the attention of the visitors by his unusual beauty and precocity, and his father, finding him wonderfully apt, taught him to repeat some of the verses he himself loved so well. By the time the child was five years old it was his father's greatest pleasure to stand him on a table and bid him, for the amusement of his guests, repeat passages

from Milton and Shakspeare, which he would do so intelligently that the fine ladies and gentlemen who heard him were delighted.

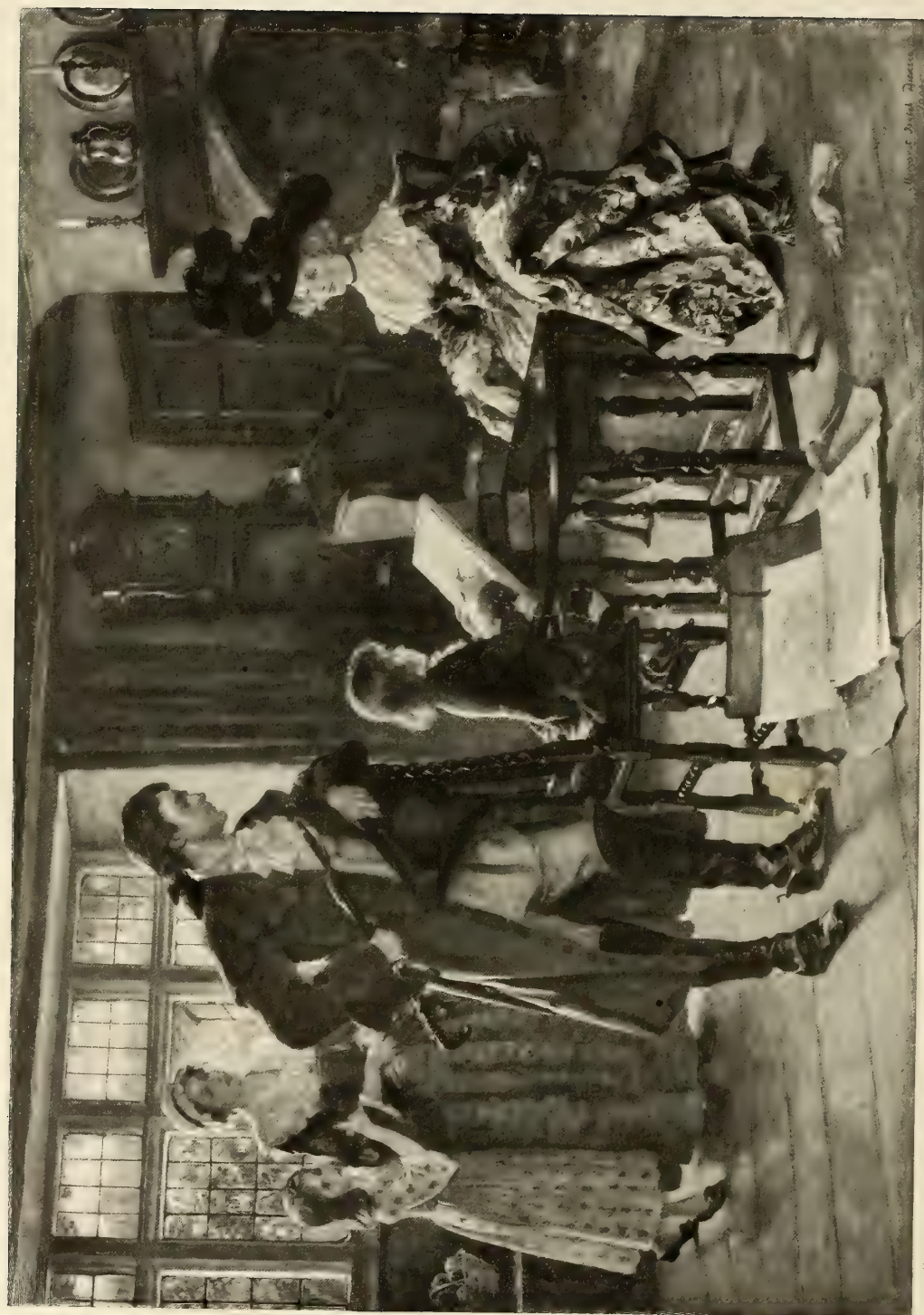
But the little fellow had another accomplishment even more remarkable—a knack at drawing portraits. Where he acquired it no one knew, for he was never taught; it seemed to come without thought or effort. The elder Lawrence was so proud of his wonderful boy that he was continually singing his praises, in season and out of season. An occurrence of this kind is described by Thomas Lawrence's biographer, Williams, on the authority of Mrs. Kenyon herself:

"Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon [in 1775] arrived late at the Black Bear, tired and out of humor, when Lawrence entered and proposed to show them his wonderful child. They were about to refuse, when the child rushed in, and Mrs. Kenyon's vexation was turned to admiration. He was riding on a stick and went round and round the room. Mrs. Kenyon, as soon as she could get him to stand still, asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to her husband. 'That I can,' said the little Lawrence, 'and very like, too.' A high chair was placed at the table, pencils and paper were brought, and the infant artist soon produced an astonishingly striking likeness. Mr. Kenyon now coaxed the child, who had got tired by the half-hour's labor, and asked him if he could take the likeness of the lady. 'Yes, that I can,' was his reply once more, 'if she will turn her side to me, for her face is not straight.' His remark produced a laugh, as it happened to be true."

Long years ago the Black Bear disappeared from Devizes, but the charming picture by Margaret Dicksee, which we are privileged to reproduce, has recreated one of its rooms and made it the setting for a scene that must have been many times repeated—the small artist intent upon seizing the likeness of the lovely sitter (of whom he certainly cannot complain that her face is not "straight"), the young man in riding-dress behind the chair, dividing his attention between the portrait and the original, whom he doubtless thinks the prettiest girl in the world, while in the background stand mother and sister, full of pride in the wonderful little son and brother, and serenely certain of his success.

David Garrick and his wife used to pass through Devizes every year on their way to and from Bath, and it was part of the program that





From a painting by Margaret Dicksee. Copyright, 1901, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New York.

# THE FIRST COMMISSION. SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AS A BOY.

the little Lawrence should recite his new "pieces" for them and show them such of his portraits as the sitters had not carried away with them, and we are told of one particular occasion when Garrick said, as he patted the curly head: "Bravely done, Tommy! Whether will ye be, a painter or a player, eh?"

The famous Mrs. Siddons sat for the young artist; Sheridan, Dr. Johnson, and Burke marveled at his precocity; and the belles and beaus applauded and petted him enough to turn the head of any child with a spark of vanity. But, oddly enough, the gifted little fellow, in spite of all this flattering attention, did not grow forward or self-conscious, while his bright, sunny temper, his beauty, and the pretty courtliness of his manners—caught, perhaps, from the passing guests of the Black Bear—made him a host of friends who spread the fame of the wonderful little Tommy Lawrence.

Few of us are so embarrassed with talents as to render the choice of a career difficult for that reason, but Thomas was one of the few, for success seemed certain in two directions. When he was eight or nine years old, however, he was taken to see a famous collection of pictures by the old masters, probably the first great paintings he had ever seen. He stood absorbed before one by Rubens, and as he finally turned away said, with a deep sigh: "I shall never be able to paint like that." But nevertheless he then and there decided to be a painter.

Not long after this the Lawrences moved to Oxford, where the father's occupation was apparently that of business manager for his clever little boy—an occupation even more congenial than that of keeping an inn. From this time Tommy seems to have been the main support of the family, rather a heavy burden for a pair of ten-year-old shoulders, although about this time

his eldest brother and sister, having completed their education, found positions and contributed regularly to the family income.

Before leaving Devizes Tommy had been allowed to attend school for two years, and this was all the education he ever received at his parents' hands. His clever fingers must be always busy in order that father, mother, brothers,



Formerly owned by Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

"CHILDREN PLAYING."

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

and sisters might live in comfort, and he helped his brothers to obtain the education that he might not have himself, one of them becoming a major in the English army and the other a clergyman.

On one occasion a wealthy baronet who had become interested in the lad offered to give a thousand pounds toward his art education; but Tommy could not be spared, and his father declined the proposal.

But it must not be thought that Tommy for a moment felt himself ill-used, for he was happy in





From the painting owned by Lord de Grey Wilton.

LADY DERBY (MISS FARREN). BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

quest of sitters, he was a little personage, admitted into the most exclusive circles. His portraits of Mrs. Siddons and Admiral Barrington, made at this time, were engraved and widely sold, and Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, was also his patroness. His pastel portrait of her is now in Chiswick House, the property of the present Duke of Devonshire.

The family life of the Lawrences seems to have been a very happy one; Tommy was a devoted son and brother, while he was the love and pride of all. His father would sit and read aloud to him while he worked, and it was his mother's chief care to keep her handsome boy freshly and becomingly dressed. The admirers of Thomas Lawrence, however, must always regret that he was not allowed to study the great masters of painting while he was still young, for when, in later life, he visited Italy and enjoyed that privilege, the effect on his work was marked, and he himself felt, as was the case, that the portraits he then painted far surpassed in breadth and quality all his previous canvases.

At last, in 1787, when Thomas was eighteen, the time came when he felt he must try to

being allowed to do the work he loved. His studio in Oxford was the resort of admirals, bishops, lords and ladies, statesmen and scholars; while at Bath, whither he went in the season in

make a place for himself in a larger world than that of Oxford and Bath, and he set his face toward London, whither he went accompanied by his father. This step had evidently been planned for



a long time, for they had put aside sufficient money from his earnings to permit them to engage rooms in a good quarter of the city, not far from the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, then an old man. Young Lawrence soon called upon him, showed him his work, and waited, trembling, for the verdict of the great master. Reynolds at once saw the unusual quality of the work, gave the young artist the benefit of his criticism, and became his kind friend and adviser.

Until this time Lawrence had drawn only in crayon or pastel, but he now began to study at the Royal Academy, working in oil, and so far from thinking, as his remarkable success might have led him to do, that he knew about as much as was necessary, he applied himself with unwearied patience and perseverance. He had the love and capacity for work in an unusual degree: from his tenth year until his death at sixty-one he labored almost without interruption, seizing every opportunity for study, even after he became president of the Royal Academy. On one occasion he became so absorbed that he stood before his easel painting for forty-eight hours practically without rest or interruption.

Almost immediately on arriving in London, Lawrence found patrons, and doubtless his way was made easier by the fact that he was singularly attractive personally, with a slight, erect figure, a handsome face framed in long, curling brown hair, and unusual grace. It was said of him in later years that if it had been his business to drive flocks of geese to London, he would have done even that gracefully.

At first he charged three guineas each for portraits, and made three or four a week; but when, at twenty, he painted the lovely portrait of Miss Farren, Lady Derby, and he found himself the fashionable painter of London, he regularly received thirty guineas for a head and one hundred and twenty for a full-length portrait. Twenty years later he received three times these rates.

He had for his patron the King himself, George III, who in 1792 appointed him "Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty," and who insisted that the artist should be admitted at once to the Royal Academy, although at the time he had not yet attained the necessary age. So the rules of that



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PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

institution were changed to permit him to become an "associate" member, which satisfied the King.

With all these honors crowding fast upon him, Lawrence's good common sense never deserted him, and he carried himself with so much modesty and tact that he escaped much of the envy and jealousy that too often come with success. He was generous, too, to a fault, and not only continued to provide for his parents, but gave freely to every needy brother artist, or to any one else whose distresses were brought to his knowledge. And so, though he earned a great deal all his life, he was always in need of money, not



for his own wants, for they were not extravagant, but for those of others who appealed to him.



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LADY HARRIET HAMILTON AS A CHILD.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

He was kind and gentle always, not only to human beings, but to all the dumb creatures that

came in his way; and he had a real affection for his own pets and those of his friends. He had a fine cat, of which he was very fond, and a certain spaniel, belonging to a friend, was his special favorite. He put this dog into one of his best-known portraits, and whenever he dined with its master he always had a chair set beside him for the dog, whom he laughingly called his "patron," and would say, as he patted it on the head or smoothed its silky coat: "I hope I have made you live at least a hundred years."

Some of the most notable of Lawrence's paintings are portraits of children, in whose soft curves and fresh color he delighted, while his quick sympathies and understanding enabled him to win the confidence and affection of his little sitters. And many of his child-portraits are familiar pictures to-day, through copies and engravings of them that are treasured on the walls of thousands of homes both in England and America. Of his portraits of older people it was said that he always made his men look brave and his women beautiful.

In 1815 Lawrence was knighted and became Sir Thomas Lawrence; in 1819 he was elected president of the Royal Academy, and held the post until his death in 1830. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, beside his friend and master, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

## SKATE-SAILING FOR LIFE

BY C. H. CLAUDY

"PUT in an extra pair of heavy socks, please, Fanny; it will be bitter cold to-night. Jack, get me the brown blanket for Jim. He 'll need it when I stop at Harriges."

Mr. Billings spoke quietly, but his heart was in a tumult. It was not easy for him to leave his sixteen-year-old daughter and eighteen-year-old son alone in a trapper's house in middle Canada, at the height of an unusual "snap" of cold. But his partner, in camp forty miles away, had been hurt by a falling tree, and had sent word by a neighbor asking for him; and Mr. Billings had to go.

"And, Jack," he called, as his son came with the horse-blanket, "take care of Fanny; you 're the man here now. And keep off the river. I saw wolf tracks this morning."

"Why, Father!" cried Jack, "are you sure? It must have been a dog. We have never heard of a wolf this far south since we 've been here."

"They were wolf tracks, Son," was the answer. "I know a wolf track when I see it. It 's the unusual cold and the deep snow that have driven them down out of the woods. You stay away from the river until I get back. I 'll be home in two or three days."

This was all there was to his leave-taking. They were not emotional people, these Billingses. That Father had to go forty miles, with the thermometer twenty-five below zero; that they two had to keep house alone, in a place where loneliness stalks barefaced always, were things to think of, to regret, to sorrow over, if need be, not to make a fuss about. Frances and John Billings were both children of the wilderness, and something of the stoicism of the men and the women and even of the beasts and the trees that live alone, far from their kind, and weather the rigors of seven months' winter, was theirs, even at the

age when youth and high spirits fight bravely against cold and silence and hard work.

The house was lonely. It was bad enough to have Father gone, but to have him away and not to know whether "Partner Uncle Phil" would ever come again or not, to have only empty rooms and empty chairs to face, was more than uncomfortable.

The two young people looked at each other gravely across the supper-table.

"Don't let 's mope, Jack," said Fanny. "Let 's clear up the attic. It needs it, and work is more fun than sitting still."

"Too cold, Sis," answered Jack. "You 'd think you were outdoors. And listen to that wind! I 'll wager Father 's glad he has that sleeping-bag over his legs!"

"Never mind Father!" said practical Fanny. "We can't do him any good thinking about him, and Father always has taken care of himself. If we work fast, the attic won't hurt us. I 'm going up!"

The girl arose, took a lamp, and went lightly upstairs. In a moment Jack, unwilling to sit and hold his hands and think, joined his sister. Together they dressed as if for outdoors, and then went up to the big, dim, cobwebby attic. It *was* cold.

"Whew!" said Jack. "Let 's begin. Let 's start on that pile of junk over there!" and he stepped toward it as he spoke.

Whether he stumbled and fell or hit her arm by accident, he could never tell, but the next instant he was working madly to extinguish the flames which the oil from a broken lamp was spreading, while Fanny beat at his face and body with a blanket she had swept from a rafter. Luckily, they put the flames out, but when it was all over, save the smoke, Jack was curled up on the floor, moaning, his face black, and his cry all:

"Oh, my eyes—my eyes! Oh, my eyes!"

Very gently Fanny led him down the stairs, into the warmth and light of the sitting-room. As the warm air struck him, he gasped with pain.

"My collar, Fanny; get it off—oh!"

Quickly the girl unbuttoned his collar and opened his shirt at the neck. He was badly



"SHE SPUN AWAY DOWN THE CRACKING, BOOMING RIBBON OF ICE."

burned. Deftly she bathed the tortured face and neck, bound up the burns, and oiled the bandages. Then there was nothing to do but sit and watch.

Jack was a man in heart if a boy in years. Beyond his first involuntary cry, he set his teeth and said nothing. But Fanny knew. Once when she left the room noisily and crept back, she heard him moan, "My eyes! Father, my eyes!"



It was too much for Fanny. She said to herself:

"If I were hurt, Jack would never sit still and watch. He 'd do something. He needs a doctor. It's only twenty miles to town by river. I can make it under the hour with the sail."

Even as she began to get together skates, cloak and gloves, sweater, and the fur "danco," she stopped.

"Wolves! Father said he saw a wolf track. And Father told Jack to stay off the river. If Father were only here! If I only had another horse! But I'm not afraid. At least, I'm not much afraid. And he did n't tell *me* to stay off."

Quietly she made her preparations. There were Jack's skates, longer and sharper than hers, but she knew she could use them. There was the fur danco, which fits head and neck and shoulders; there the thin mittens and the thick fur ones to cover them, the sweater, the belt, and the fur cloak. The skate-sail she meant to use was in the barn. She had already seen that the wind was quartering the river.

Fanny stepped into the sitting-room.

"Jack," she said, "Jack, I'm going to skate to town and get Dr. Perry. He'll be here in a few hours, and I'll come back with him. I can't see you suffer like this, and he may be able to do you a lot of good. No, don't say anything—I'm going."

Whether Jack heard, or, hearing, understood, she did n't know. He put out a hand to her, and she grasped it and kissed it—an unusual demonstration for her to make—then ran from the room. The tears, which blinded her at that feeble motion of her usually strong, well brother to keep her by him, froze to her lashes as she stepped out. It was bitter cold, and even through her fur the north wind's icy knife cut true and sharp.

"This is n't the time for tears; it's the time for me to be a man," she said, half sobbing, to herself, nor smiled at the words.

She ran to the barn, and took from the wall her brother's skate-sail. Shaped like a big kite it was, nine feet long, five broad, with two crossed spars to hold it taut. She remembered how she and her father had laughed at Jack when he made it, after some plan he had seen in one of their rare magazines, and how he had had the laugh on them and the envy of all the countryside youth when he carried it and outstripped the fleetest skater of them all. Then she caught her breath with the thought, "Will he ever skate again?" shook the dread from her, and tried to think only of Jack as well and strong. It was with profound gratitude and eyes that would fill that she

worked over the heavy sail and remembered that she had a generous brother who had shared his sport with her and taught her how to use the thing, so graceful when well managed, so cumbersome to the novice.

"I'll make you a lighter one; this is too heavy for you," Jack had said.

But she was glad she had learned to use the heavy one.

Slipping on her skating-gear quickly, Fanny drew the straps tight—tight.

"Feet'll shrink with the cold; must n't get loose," she thought.

Then, confident, and with fears behind her, she stepped off the little wharf on to the black surface of the Skatchawattomie. She was not cold now; the excitement of her adventure had gripped her. A few strokes brought her to the middle of the little river. The skate-sail she held horizontal over her head, well knowing that to bring it broadside to the wind before she was ready was to be thrown or have it torn away from her. Then carefully she set her feet, the right one in front, drew in her breath, and, with a sudden motion, brought the skate-sail upright along her right side. Before the wind could whip it about, her left hand had caught the horizontal spar which rested on her shoulder, her right grasped the upright, and, almost as if shot from a gun, she spun away down the cracking, booming ribbon of ice which stretched so far, so black, in front of her.

It is an exhilarating sport, this skate-sailing, almost like flying. So swift the motion, so bird-like and so effortless, the body seems without weight. Keen air whips the blood to the face with such a tingle, and the excitement of the possibility of a spill and of the motion and the necessity for alertness of guiding is so great, that, purely as a sport, it has few equals. But, joyous as Fanny had always found skate-sailing, it was not sport to-night; it was business. She had little time for enjoyment; every nerve was strained to get to town and get the doctor back to that poor burned body in the house, already far behind. Yet it was impossible to keep some feeling of exultation from her heart, even though she chided herself for it.

Even as she exulted in the swift motion and shook with a little shiver of pleasure at her speed, her face blanched. Seeming an answer to the loud ring of skates on brittle ice there came through the air from behind a soft, high, keen note. She had never heard it, but she knew what it was.

"Wolves," she whispered; "wolves!" And then again, "Wolves!" She could not be mistaken.



"'IT 'S NOW OR NEVER,' SHE THOUGHT, AS SHE REACHED THE BEND OF THE RIVER."



Well she knew, from many a camp-fire story told by hunter and trapper as well as from thrilling tales her father had told, what a pack of winter-starved wolves may mean to the unwary traveler. One wolf can be scared away, two or three need but little vigilance, but a pack is death to one man, be he armed how he may.

For a moment panic gripped her. But always she saw in her imagination the picture of a suffering, dearly loved face, a freckled hand groping for her. The young face steeled itself.

"It 's for Jack. He 'd do it for me," she thought, and swung a little closer to the wind.

The black ribbon of ice swung steady and low beneath her feet, and there was but little noise, only the hiss of the skates as they cut into the cold-cracked surface, and an occasional "clang" as she struck with one foot or another a frozen bit of wood, an air-hole, or a crack. She was thankful for her brother's long skates, that saved many a tumble, and for her strong ankles. With every bend in the river she must change the position of her feet, and sometimes swing the heavy sail over her head and down the other side. Cold she was not. Going with the wind, she felt none; across it, and the sail protected her. Only her feet were getting numb, from vibration rather than from cold.

Then again she heard it, nearer now and louder, a keen, high cry that was half a howl and half a growl and wholly terrifying. She looked back. There was nothing in sight. But—

"Horror!" she thought. "Horror! They are coming—coming—and soon I 'll see them behind me. Give me strength!"

The banks of the river were as black as the surface. Starshine only lighted the path, and she prayed as she flew that no bad air-hole might throw her. Even as she thought it, one foot went through and caught, and it was with a wrench and a jar that she got her feet together again. Then, as if the high gods were indeed testing her courage, while her heart still beat with terror of the thought of an injury to her leg or foot, right behind her, it seemed, came the noise of the pack, in full cry now, and scenting well the flying quarry just ahead. But Fanny, her blood up high and her brother's helpless cry still in her ears, forgot to be frightened as she turned and looked back.

"Small pack," she thought, as they swung into sight, eager and lank and swift, pin-points of light for merciless eyes, "but big enough for me."

Then she turned her face to the work in front. She had to change sail several times to make a

difficult turn, and she felt she was losing ground. But a flaw in the wind took her just then, and instead of easing off, as she had been doing, to relieve the terrific strain on ankle and leg, she bore up against the wind, leaning hard against the sail. It was like pulling a throttle wide open! For the few minutes the flaw held, she spun along at a rate that would shame an ice-boat. Then the flaw fell, and her speed dropped. Behind her, closer and closer, she heard the occasional cry of the pack.

"But it is n't far now," she thought. "*It can't* be far now. It 's just around that bend," hopefully.

Fanny did not know the river as Jack did, and the night and the excitement and the wolves had confused her as to just where she was.

Now she swung into a long and narrow stretch with the wind dead across it, and she had to tack or lose speed. And as she tacked, looking round her sail, she could see the black mass of terror sweeping straight down the lane.

"It 's now or never," she thought, as she reached the bend of the river.

But it was to be "now."

"Yes, there it is! There it is!"

Fanny's thought was a cry aloud. The lights of the little town were in sight. And with the wolf-pack trailing twenty yards behind her, she flung herself at the low wharf, pitched the sail to the pack, and, while they worried it, flew, skates and all, into the little store, gasped out her story to an astounded crowd of men, and then faded quietly into a land where there were neither wolves nor ice nor burned brother Jack.

IN the long days of convalescence, when no one knew whether he would ever see again or not, Frances had to talk and to read much to keep both from thinking too often of those hours of horror: for Jack, when, blinded and pain-racked, he waited helplessly for the aid which seemed so long in coming; for her, when, coupled with the thought of being torn to pieces, was the other terror that, should she fail, her brother might suffer for days before relief, or—the end.

But the terror of these memories grew less with each passing hour, and vanished on the day when Dr. Perry took the bandage from Jack's eyes and he saw again.

"It was that, and a girl's pluck, that saved your eyes, young man," he said, pointing to the torn sail standing in the corner of the room.

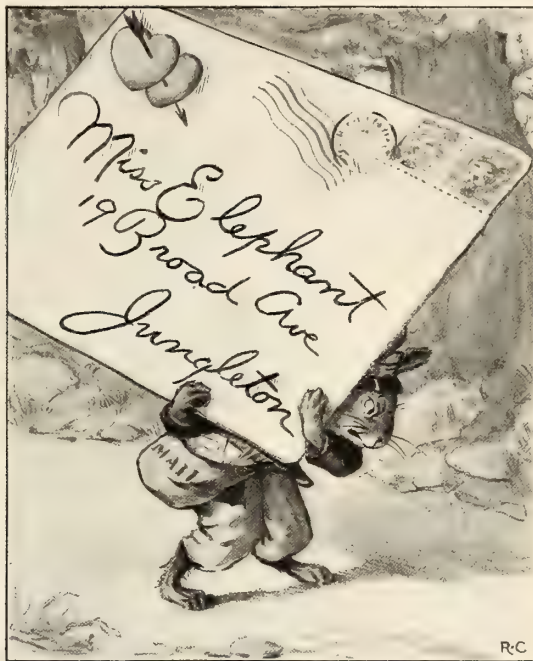
But Jack only raised his eyes and took his sister's smiling face between his thin, scarred hands.

# THE POSTMAN'S TRIALS IN ANIMAL-LAND



R.C.

DELIVERING COMIC VALENTINES IS A DANGEROUS BUSINESS.



R.C.

"THE ELEPHANTS WILL HAVE TO STOP SENDING VALENTINES OR I 'LL QUIT THE JOB."



R.C.

"SHE 'LL HAVE TO COME OUT FOR IT. IF / TAKE IT IN IT 'LL GET WET."



ROSE CLARK

"I 'LL WAGER THAT CAT SENT THIS VALENTINE. I DON'T THINK IT'S A BIT FUNNY!"



# JACK HAS AN ADVENTURE

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"ORR, come here!"

Alex Ward's over-the-wire chum, Jack Orr, promptly arose from his instruments in the Hammerton telegraph office and crossed the room to where Manager Black and the chief operator had for some minutes been earnestly conversing.

"Jack," said the manager, "there have been important developments in the big will case on trial out at Oakton, and the 'Daily Star' has asked for a fast operator to send in their story to-night. The chief tells me you have developed into a rapid sender. Would you care to go?"

"I 'd be glad of the opportunity, sir," said Jack, delightedly.

"All right. The chief will let you off now, so you will have plenty of time to catch the seven o'clock train. And now, Jack, do your best, for the 'Morning Bulletin' is sending its news matter in by the other telegraph company, and we don't want them to get ahead of us in any way."

When Jack reached the station, several of the newspaper men, including West of the "Star," already were there. Among them he saw Raub, a reporter of the "Bulletin," and with him Simpson, an operator of the opposition telegraph company.

"Why, hello, kid!" said the latter on seeing Jack. "They are not sending you out to Oakton, are they?"

"They are," responded Jack, with pride. Simpson laughed, and, somewhat indignant, Jack passed on down the platform. On turning back, he noticed Simpson and Raub apart, talking earnestly. As he again neared them, both glanced toward him, and abruptly the conversation ceased. At once Jack's suspicions were aroused, for he knew Raub had the name of being very unscrupulous in news-getting matters, and that Simpson was not much better. He determined to watch them.

But nothing further attracted his attention, and finally, the train arriving, they boarded it, and made a quick run of the ten miles to the little village. There Jack headed for the local telegraph office.

He found it a tiny affair, in a small coal office on the southern outskirts of the village. Introducing himself to the elderly lady operator, who was just leaving, he went to the key and announced his arrival to the chief at Hammerton.

It was an hour later when West, the "Star"

reporter, appeared. "Here you are, youngster," said he; "a thousand words for a starter. It's going to be a great story. I'll be back in half an hour with another batch."

Promptly Jack called "H," and soon was clicking away in full swing. But suddenly the instruments ceased to respond. The wire had "opened." Jack tested with his earth connection, and finding the opening was to the south, waited, thinking the receiving operator at Hammerton had opened his key. But minute after minute passed, and finally becoming anxious, he cut off the southern end and began calling "B," the terminal office to the north.

"I, I," said B.

"Get H on another wire quick and ask him what is wrong here," Jack sent quickly. "We are being held up on some very important stuff."

"H says it is open north of him," announced B, returning. "We are putting in a set of repeaters here, so you can reach him this way."

A moment later Jack heard Hammerton calling him from the north, and in another moment he was again sending rapidly.

But scarcely had Jack sent a hundred words when this wire also suddenly failed. Then several minutes again passed and no further sound came. Jack leaned back in despair. Suddenly he sat upright. Raub and Simpson! Was it possible this was their work? Was it possible they had cut the wires?

Quickly he made a test which would show whether the breaks were near him. Adjusting the relay-magnets near the armature, he clicked the key. There was not the faintest response. Switching the instruments to the southern end of the wire, he repeated the test, with the same result.

On both ends the break was within a short distance of him. Undoubtedly the wires had been cut!

Jack sprang to his feet and seized his hat. "I'll find that southern break if I have to walk half-way to Hammerton," he said determinedly, and leaving the office, set off rapidly down the moonlit road, his eyes fixed on the wire overhead.

Scarcely a mile distant Jack uttered an exclamation, and, running forward, caught up the severed end of the telegraph line.

A moment's careful examination of the wire showed it had been cut through with a sharp file.

Yes; undoubtedly it was the work of Raub and Simpson, in an effort to score a "beat" for the opposition telegraph company and the "Morning Bulletin" and keep the news from the "Star."

"But you have n't done it yet," said Jack,

road, and immediately Alex Ward's feat at Hadley Corners occurred to him. Could he not do the same thing? Connect this end of the telegraph line (and fortunately it was the Hammerton end) to the fence, then run back and string a wire

from the fence into the office, as Alex had done with the rails?

To think was to act. Dragging the telegraph wire across the ditch, he looped it over the topmost strand of the fence wire, near one of the posts, and wound it about several times. Then on the run he started back for the office.

As he neared the little building Jack saw a figure within. Thinking the "Star" reporter had returned with further copy, he quickened his steps. At the doorway he halted in consternation. Instead of the reporter were two desperate-looking characters, and on the table beside them were a half-emptied bottle and a large revolver.

Jack hesitated a moment, then stepped inside. "What are you men doing here?" he demanded.

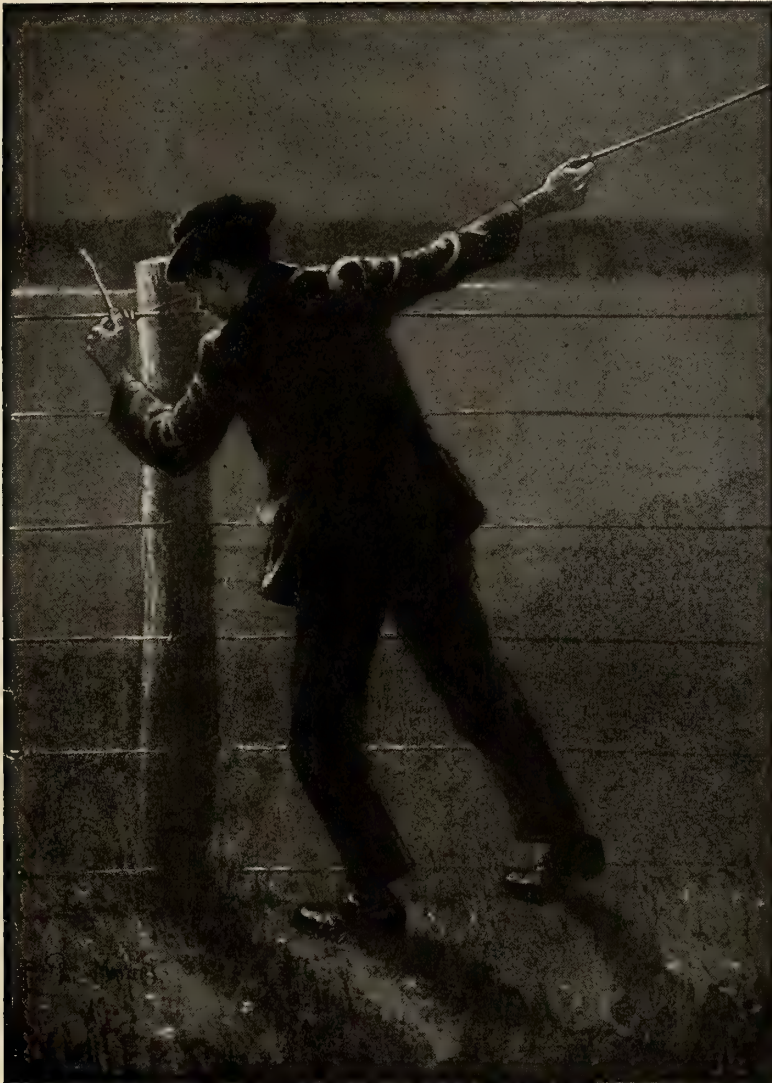
"Oh, hello, kiddo! We are the new operators," said one of them, stupidly and in a half-intoxicated way. "You're discharged, see? And you git, too!" he suddenly shouted, catching up the pistol.

In terror Jack darted without. A few yards distant he halted, in dismay. Now what was he to do?

"Hello, youngster! What 's up?" It was West, the "Star" man whom he was to help.

Excitedly Jack explained, and told of the severed wire and his plan to bridge it. The reporter uttered an indignant exclamation.

"It 's Raub's work, sure as you 're born," he said angrily. "But, my boy, we have got to do something! We can't be beaten this way!"



"HE LOOPED THE TELEGRAPH WIRE OVER THE TOPMOST STRAND OF THE FENCE WIRE."

grimly, turning to look about him. How could he fix the wire? As the cut had been made close to the glass insulator on the pole, only one of the two ends hung to the ground, and he at once saw that he could not splice them. He could not climb aloft and take that heavy stretch of wire with him. That was plainly impossible.

His eyes fell on a wire fence bordering the



"We might get help and drive out those two roughs," suggested Jack.

"No, we have n't time. And then they might put up a tipsy fight and shoot somebody. Come, think of something. You surely can get over this new difficulty, after your clever idea for getting around the cut in the wire," said the reporter.

"I don't know," replied Jack, glancing about him. "Oh, say! Yes, I have it! I have it! The local operator told me there was an extra set of instruments in the storeroom—that window, next the operating-room! We will get them, and some wire, and set up an office out in the barn! The wire fence is just behind it! Come on!"

"Great! I knew you 'd do it," cried West, following Jack toward the window indicated. "But be careful, youngster. If those fellows hear you, they may shoot."

With some difficulty they raised the window, and with the reporter's assistance Jack crawled inside. Fortunately the door into the office was closed; and lighting a match, he soon found the instruments, and also a pair of wire-cutters and some odd lengths of wire. Passing them out to the newspaper man, he clambered after.

"We 'll probably find a lantern in the barn for a light," said Jack, as they hastened toward it.

The barn door was unlocked, and entering, they struck a match.

"Here you are," said West, reaching down a lantern from a nail behind the door. "Things seem to be coming our way at last."

"And there is the very thing for a table," said Jack, pointing to a long feed-box.

As they quickly cleared its top of a pile of harness, West asked, "Just what is your scheme here, youngster? I don't think I understand it."

"Oh, simple enough. I 'll run the wires through this knot-hole, and connect one to the fence and the other to the ground."

"Simple? It looks different to me," said the reporter, admiringly. "But all right, you go ahead; I 'll settle down on this box and write the rest of my story."

Jack at once began sorting over the roll of wire. Having found two suitable lengths, he connected them with the instruments, and thrust them out through the knot-hole. Then, hastening outside, to the rear, he proceeded to connect one of them to the same strand of the fence wire to which the telegraph line was connected a mile distant. The other he drove deep into the damp earth beneath the edge of the barn. And, theoretically, the circuit was complete. Hurriedly, then, he reentered the barn to learn the result.

"Well?" said West, anxiously.

"There is current, but it is too weak." Jack's

voice trembled with his disappointment. "I suppose the rusty splices of that old fence offer too much resistance."

"But I 'm not beaten yet," he exclaimed, suddenly recovering his determination, and turning to pace up and down the barn floor. "I 'll work it somehow if I—oh!" With a cry Jack darted for the door, out, and toward the office.

The intoxicated roughs were still in possession. Quickly but quietly he clambered again through the window of the storeroom, and made his way to the office batteries. Disconnecting two of them, he carried them to the window-sill, climbed out, and hastened with them to the barn.

"Now I 've got it, Mr. West!" he cried. "I 'll have H again in ten minutes!"

West sprang to his feet. "I 'm in on this, too!" he exclaimed, and darted after Jack as he returned. And ten minutes later, working like beavers, they had moved down the entire office battery of twenty cells.

In nervous haste Jack connected them together, then to the wire. Instantly the instrument closed with a solid click.

"Hurrah! We win! We win!" cried West, and Jack, springing to the key, whirled off a succession of H's. "H, H, H, ON! Rush! H, H—"

"I, I, H! Where have you been? What's the matter?" It was the chief, and the words came sharply and angrily.

"The wire was cut both sides of the village," shot back Jack. "I think it was Raub and Simpson's work. And two roughs chased me out of the office with a revolver. Hired by them, I suppose. I 've fixed up an office in the barn, and am sending for a mile through a wire fence, to bridge the cut. ORR."

For a moment the chief was too amazed to reply. Then rapidly he said: "Orr, you are a trump! But come ahead with that report now. And make the best time you ever made in your life. I 'll copy you myself."

And there in a corner of the big barn, by the dim light of a lantern, both West and Jack worked as they had never worked before—West writing as fast as his hand could fly, and handing each sheet to Jack, who hurried the words over the wire. An hour later, he announced "30" (the end) to one of the speediest feats in newspaper work on the records of the Hammerton office.

Though it was 3 A.M. when Jack got back to Hammerton, he found the chief operator at the station to meet him. "I had to come down to congratulate you," said the chief.

"But did we beat them?" asked Jack.

"All to pieces. For they had a slow-working wire—or something happened. The 'Bulletin'



"BOTH WEST AND JACK WORKED AS THEY HAD NEVER WORKED BEFORE."

did n't get in more than five hundred words. We gave the 'Star' over two solid columns! It was one of the finest bits of newspaper work we ever did."

The manager's congratulation the following

morning was as enthusiastic as that of the chief. "And as a practical appreciation, Jack," he added, "we are going to give you a full month's vacation, with salary. You have earned it."

When Jack returned to his wire, one of the



first remarks he heard was from Alex Ward, at Bixton. "Well, what is all this I hear, old boy?" clicked Alex. "So your wished-for adventure came OK, did n't it? And it has my trick at Hadley Corners beaten to a standstill."

"Nonsense. Why, it was that stunt of yours that helped me out, or I'd never thought of using the fence," declared Jack. "But the manager has given me a month's vacation for it."

"He has? Well, then, Jack," said Alex, quickly, "come down and spend part of it with me. Won't you? I'll promise you all kinds of a good time—though I am not sure I can guarantee anything as exciting as last night's work."

Jack readily accepted the invitation; and, as it turned out, Alex might as well have made his promise. For he could have kept it.

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## FOR CAESAR

BY BERTHA E. BUSH

It had rained steadily all day long, but still the march was not slackened. The loads of the legionaries were heavy. For miles the sticky, clogging mud had gripped with slimy clasp at the weary men's ankles. Again and again they had been compelled to wade through chilling water waist-deep. Till midnight they had been marching. Till midnight again, for all they knew, they would march. Not a soul in the weary ranks knew where they were going or what for. That was not Caesar's way. His military plans owed a great part of their success to their very unexpectedness. No one knew where he was going to strike. To a bewildered enemy, he appeared to be everywhere, and everywhere at once.

With painful, dragging steps, for his young muscles were so weary that he was scarcely able to lift one foot after the other, walked Caius Valerius, a boy of seventeen, between his two closest comrades, Publius Manlius and the white-haired Aurelius. The boy was utterly worn out with hunger and cold and strenuous exertion.

At last the clash of horns and trumpets, breaking upon the dull thud of marching feet, proclaimed that the order had come to make camp.

The boy limped painfully but unhesitatingly to the baggage wagon and seized a spade. Not for a single night would Caesar settle down without making a wall and ditch around his army. The men who had marched uncomplainingly in the rain for uncounted hours now dug as uncomplainingly in the toilsome trenches. They would have dropped dead of exhaustion before they complained against anything that Caesar had ordered. From division to division strode his tall thin figure, as wearied as they were and as unresting; and wherever the form of the commander appeared there were cheers. Not a soldier in his legions but worshipped Caesar.

At last the digging was done; and the men gathered around the camp-fires to warm their chilled limbs and dry their soaked garments while the rations of crushed grain were being cooked. The cheering flames flared and flickered in the darkness. They brought into ruddy relief the smooth young forehead of seventeen-year-old Valerius, the vigorous frame of Publius Manlius, who had been ten years a legionary, and the white locks of old Aurelius, who had served out his allotted time long ago but had begged to go with the legion that he might be in still another campaign with Caesar.

They were great friends, these three, the eager boy, the man in middle life, and the white-haired one who might easily have been the grandfather of the group. They slept together in their leather tent. They ate their rations from the same dish. They stood shoulder to shoulder in line of march and battle; and morning, noon, and night they talked together about Caesar. Not one of the three but would have gone joyfully into any danger for Caesar's sake. Not one but would have offered his life for Caesar willingly and at a moment's notice.

The two older soldiers were very fond of the boy Valerius, who reminded Manlius of a younger brother who had fallen fighting at his side and Aurelius of a lost son. When the youth's head sank upon his knees and his eyes closed in slumber, they kept near him and prevented their rougher comrades from waking him. And so, when a word came to the groups around the fires that lit their hearts as a spark falling on a bit of dry tow causes it to burst into flame, Valerius was asleep and did not hear.

This was the word: that Caesar had a further enterprise for all legionaries who were inclined to undertake it that night. The enemy, under Ariovistus, were hastening forward with all their

might to seize the town of Vesontio. Caesar desired to have the Romans capture it first, and so grasp the key to all the frontier. But it was an enterprise exceedingly difficult. The way was full of pitfalls, and dangerous to go over in broad daylight, and this was midnight. It was the dark of the moon, and storming furiously. Caesar would not order any one forward under such circumstances. Those who would go, might volunteer.

In an instant Publius Manlius was on his feet with his weapons in his hand. "I will go," he cried out.

"I will go," said the aged Aurelius; "I am so old that it will matter little if I am lost."

"I will go," said hundreds of voices in every part of the camp. It was their joy to go into danger for Caesar's sake. They would have left their suppers cooking on the fire, and started fasting, but that Caesar's absolute command forbade it.

"Let no man go into line of march until he has eaten," he ordered. The order was stern, but they loved his very sternness as the sobbing child loves the soothing voice of the mother. Like hungry wolves they fell upon their food and ate it half-cooked, only anxious to be gone. But the boy Valerius still slept.

"It will break his heart not to go with us," said the old man; and he bent over the lad and shook him softly to awaken him. But the long boyish lashes did not lift themselves from the round young cheek. He slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Manlius, too, attempted to rouse him, but he only murmured sleepily in the language of his childhood, "Mother, don't make me get up yet. I have not heard the cock crow."

"He is so young and so tired out that pity would

spare him," said Aurelius, gravely, and they marched away and left him asleep before the fire. But oh, how grieved and hurt and angry the youngest legionary was when he awoke at the clash of the morning trumpets and found them gone! To think that there should have been a



"A SLIM, BOYISH FIGURE DARTED FORWARD AND KNELT AT HIS FEET."

chance to do something for Caesar and they had let him miss it! He raved; he stormed at his companions in arms. He made up his mind never, never to forgive them; never to speak to them again. For three days after the army had marched into Vesontio, which the night advance



had captured, Valerius kept his resolution. Then a new cause for devotion drew the hearts of all who loved Caesar together.

The army must wait in Vesontio till the baggage wagons came up to them; for never under any circumstances would Caesar allow his army to be cut off from their base of supplies. A waiting time is a hard time, and this was filled with something dreadful and unprecedented. The Roman army became smitten with terror. Day by day more frightful rumors flew about concerning the fierce German tribes against which they were to march. They were giants in stature. They had incredible valor in arms. No one had ever conquered them. They carried cruel barbaric weapons that made wounds no skill could heal. They were so fierce and so strong that the very glance of their eyes melted the hearts of all who dared to come against them.

A wave of terror swept over the camp. It was the fear of the mysterious, the unknown, the supernatural. Camp-followers deserted. Traders departed. Servants begged leave to go away, or crept trembling away without leave.

But through it all, the tenth legion remained steadfast. They might be setting out to their death, but what did that matter? Death for Caesar was glorious.

Through day after day of the panic, the boy Caius Valerius had hovered about Caesar's tent, hoping, praying, beseeching the gods that some enterprise might be given him to undertake for Caesar which would make up for what he considered his disgraceful failure to go with the advance which had captured Vesontio by that night attack. When Caesar called the centurions of the army together and delivered to them his famous speech, the boy still hovered near.

"To-morrow night on the fourth watch I move camp," he said. "Those who are not afraid may go with me."

The cheeks of the boy Valerius flushed into sudden red. "I go," he shouted out loud and clear in the face of the whole assembly.

He was not a centurion. He had no right to speak. But Caesar looked kindly at this first volunteer.

"If the rest of the army are afraid"—his tone cut like a knife—"I will go forward with the tenth legion alone."

"Oh, no, no, no! We are not afraid. We will go anywhere with Caesar!"

The backbone of the terror was broken. The legions pressed forward eager to follow their commander. But to the tenth legion was given the favored, most dangerous, place; and when at last

they drew near enough to the enemy to arrange for a conference, a new honor was given them. The arrogance of Ariovistus demanded that Caesar should not take his trusted foot-soldiers to the place of meeting, but rather that each commander should go with cavalry. The Roman cavalry were not Romans, but aliens of Gallic birth, and, as the wily German knew only too well, could be more easily corrupted to mutiny. Caesar did not deny the demand; but he mounted his tenth legion, all Romans, on the horses of the cavalry, and to their unspeakable joy and pride took them with him.

"Caesar has done more than he promised for us," said a rejoicing legionary. "He promised to make us his pretorian cohort, but here we are all knights (*equites*)."<sup>1</sup> (This is a pun, for the word for horseman is the same as the word applied to a certain privileged order of Romans and translated knights.) It is the one joke in Caesar's commentaries.)

The result of the conference showed how shrewd Caesar was in his action. For Ariovistus treacherously sent a body of troops to attack the cavalry while the conference was in progress, thinking that since they were aliens, they could be readily overcome, or prevailed upon, by fouler means, to flee and leave Caesar in the hands of his enemies. But the tenth legion, leaping from their borrowed horses, rallied in order of battle instantly, and stood as fierce as lions, desiring nothing so much as to be commanded to advance upon the treacherous forces and annihilate them utterly. Caesar, however, with more than Roman moderation, refused to allow them to return the attack, lest there might be a suspicion that he as well as Ariovistus had dealt treacherously. The heart of Valerius thrilled at the withheld order; and he thought, as he had thought a hundred times before, that there never was a commander in the world half so splendid as Caesar. Marching back on foot, with arms held ready for action, he was given a position close to the great general; and there was never a prouder boy drew breath. But still he longed to do some more special thing for his general.

The next day Ariovistus, with amazing audacity, requested a second conference. As a matter of course, the request was refused, but who should bear the message of refusal into the German camp? Well they knew the probable fate of the messenger. Before the words had left his lips, he would be cut down.

The brow of the great commander was knit in pain. It was ordering one of his soldiers to death, and he loved his soldiers. He had not yet decided whom to send when he started from his

<sup>1</sup> Just as the English word "Cavalier" and the French word "Chevalier" came originally from a word meaning "horse."



"'HOLD!' CRIED CAESAR. 'SPARE THAT CAPTIVE.'"



tent; but as he lifted the curtain flap, a slim, boyish figure darted forward and knelt at his feet. From the moment the first word was brought, young Valerius had lingered around the commander's tent, waiting to beg to be the messenger to carry the dangerous word.

The keen black eyes of Caesar looked straight into the boy's clear blue ones. "Why do you ask for this?" he said, in his cool, even tones. The boy flushed and stammered. The tongue that had been so ready in every retort before, could find no words to express his great devotion. But Caesar understood.

"Go," he said.

Like an arrow shot from a bow, the boy was off to prepare, his face aflame with joy.

"Tell my mother I died for Caesar," he said to the two who were his closest comrades in arms. And Manlius and Aurelius, though they loved him better than their lives, said no word to detain him.

He carried the message to the German commander, and looked up unflinching to receive the death-blow which should answer it. But Ariovistus, perhaps moved by the memory of some other blue-eyed youth as dauntless, delayed the word. Instead he commanded him to be bound with triple chains and closely guarded. "The signs were not right for killing him," he said.

The Germans were very superstitious about signs. By reason of them, they even delayed to give battle although Caesar tempted them again and again to advance to it. But the German soothsayers had prophesied defeat if they began the battle before the new moon. Valerius found this out and managed, by bribing a greedy German camp-follower, to send word of it to Caesar. He himself might have escaped by the same means, but he scorned even the thought.

Three times he was brought forward in his chains, and the fagots piled to burn him alive, and the fire kindled. Once a sudden shower put out the flames, and it was held unlucky to rekindle them. Again, a flight of birds above the stake

was believed to proclaim the moment inauspicious. The third time he had barely been brought from his place of confinement when a terrified clamor arose. The Romans had surprised the camp and forced a battle. The Germans fought like the wild beasts of their native forest and performed incredible deeds of bravery and ferocity, but the untrained barbarian power could not withstand the onslaught of the trained Romans. Defeated, they fled through the forests, dragging after them the captive, Valerius.

Over bush and stump, through swamp and mire, they dragged him. The Romans followed hard in pursuit. The Roman spears were hurled at them. The Roman swords hurtled above their heads. A single word now would have brought rescue to Valerius, but, with boyish pride, he refused to call for help. A Roman soldier admit that he was a captive? A Roman soldier cry out for help? He would rather die!

And in a moment he would have been beyond help, for the sword was flashing above his head; but just at that instant Caesar came dashing up, and Caesar's eyes were keen.

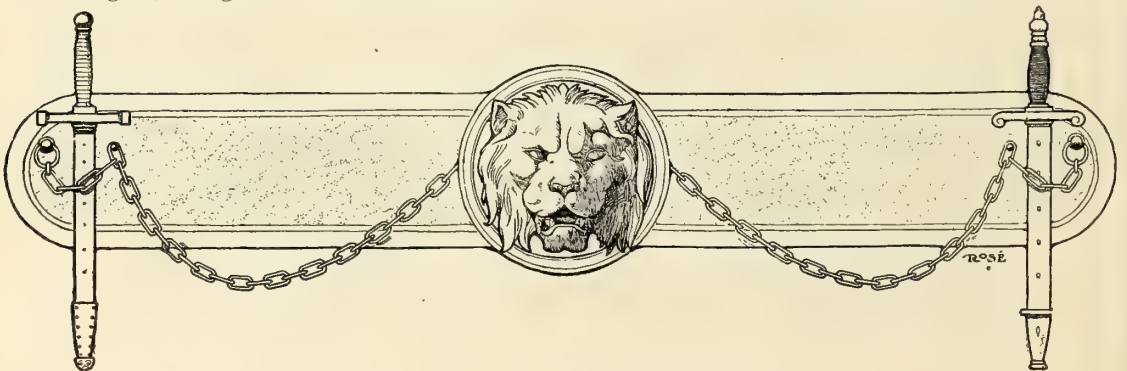
"Hold!" he cried, and the uplifted sword was lowered. "Spare that captive."

Obedient hands brought him forward, and loosened his chains. The boy Valerius stood a second time and looked into Caesar's eyes.

"Valerius!" cried Caesar; and then in amazement, "Valerius!"

To have his name spoken in that way was the highest honor. Not for a hundred deaths would Valerius have given it up. Speedily, his chains removed, he was seated on a horse at Caesar's side; and at Caesar's side he remained through all that memorable day and many days after.

So the boy Caius Valerius was rescued, "which thing indeed brought not less pleasure to Caesar than the victory itself," says Caesar's blunt Latin chronicle. And he grew to be a man greatly honored among his legionary comrades, and died in a victorious battle for Caesar the very year before Caesar's treacherous murder.



# "MARY ANN HUBBLE"

BY DEBORAH E. OLDS



I ONCE knew a woman named Mary Ann Hubble,  
And this woman always was looking for trouble;  
She was looking all day from the time she got up,  
To the candlelight-hour when she sat down to sup,  
She would look all around her, and search high  
and low—

Just looking for trouble where'er she would go.

AND you may be sure that this Mary Ann Hubble  
Had more than her share of what people call trouble.

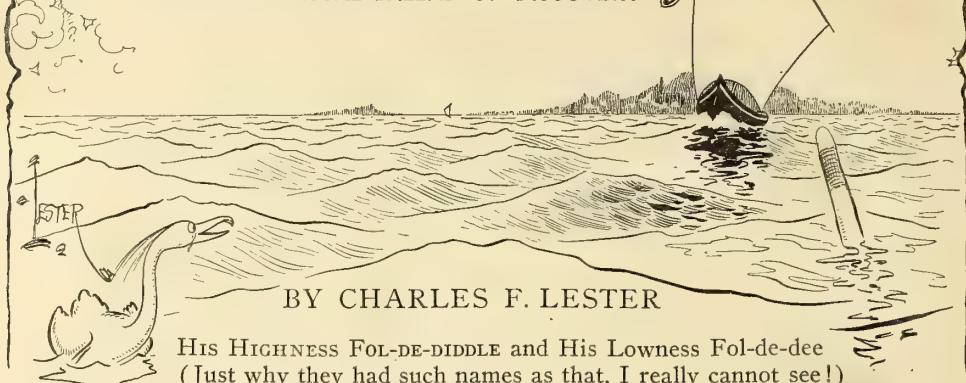


MR. PYTHON: "WELL, BOYS, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW OVERCOAT?"



# THE HAPPY LAND of YON

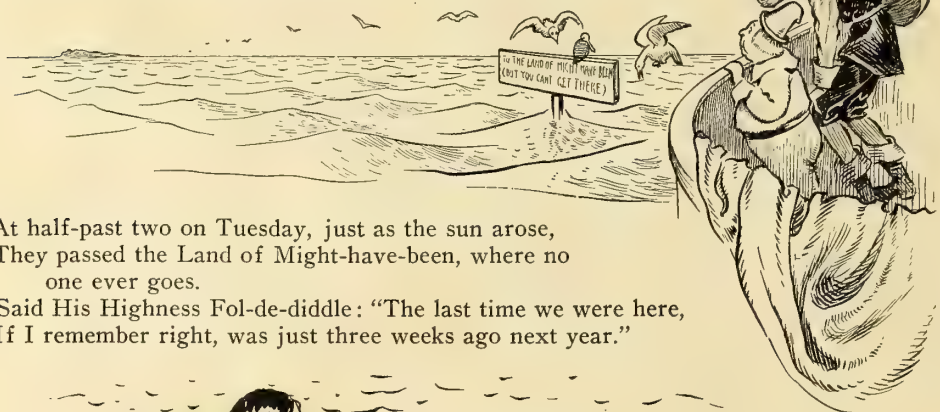
A NONSENSICAL BALLAD OF DISCOVERY



BY CHARLES F. LESTER

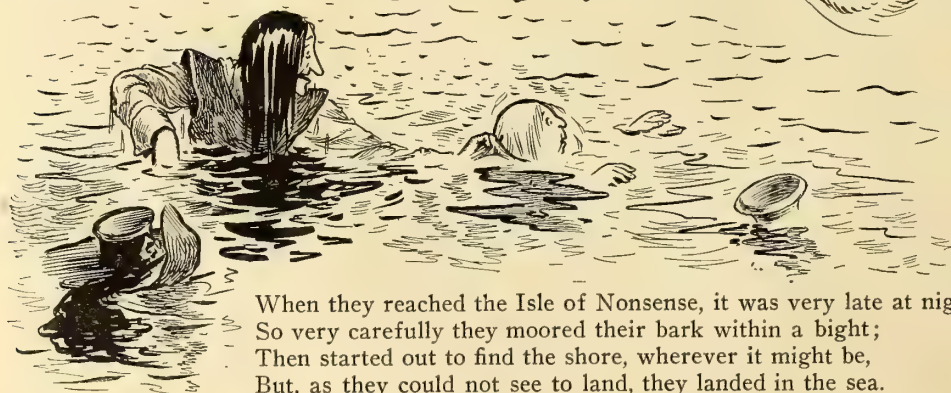
HIS HIGHNESS FOL-DE-DIDDLE and His Lowness Fol-de-dee  
(Just why they had such names as that, I really cannot see!)  
O'er the bounding, bubbling billows were briskly bowling on,  
To find the Town of Thither in the happy Land of Yon.

His Highness Fol-de-diddle was exactly six feet three,  
And three feet six the measure of His Lowness Fol-de-dee  
(That 's not important, still it 's quite a pleasant thing to know),  
And they lived in the Land of Somewhere Else, where the  
What-do-you-call-'ems grow.



At half-past two on Tuesday, just as the sun arose,  
They passed the Land of Might-have-been, where no  
one ever goes.

Said His Highness Fol-de-diddle: "The last time we were here,  
If I remember right, was just three weeks ago next year."

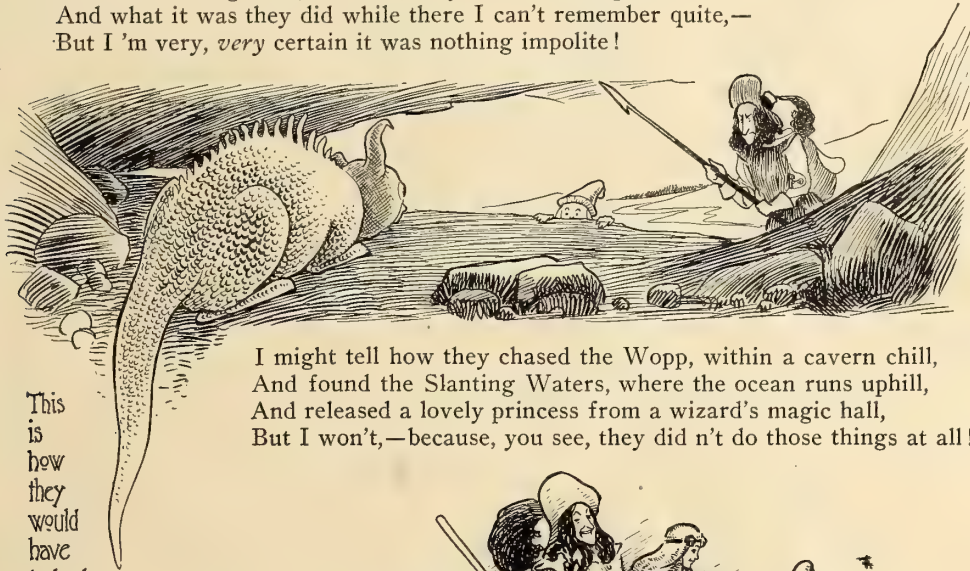


When they reached the Isle of Nonsense, it was very late at night,  
So very carefully they moored their bark within a bight;  
Then started out to find the shore, wherever it might be,  
But, as they could not see to land, they landed in the sea.



The Nonsense people heard their cries, and got them safe to shore,  
And the king insisted that they stay some days, or even more;  
And he told such funny stories after supper, every night,  
They gained thirty pounds between them, and their clothes were all too tight.

And then they weighed their anchor (which had gained a pound or two),  
And sailed along until, in short, they came to Bungaroo;  
And what it was they did while there I can't remember quite,—  
But I 'm very, *very* certain it was nothing impolite!



I might tell how they chased the Wopp, within a cavern chill,  
And found the Slanting Waters, where the ocean runs uphill,  
And released a lovely princess from a wizard's magic hall,  
But I won't,—because, you see, they did n't do those things at all!

This  
is  
how  
they  
would  
have  
looked  
if  
these  
things  
had  
really  
happened



Now quite a while has passed since any tidings came to me  
Of His Highness Fol-de-diddle and His Lowness Fol-de-dee;  
But I rather have a notion they 're still bowling briskly on,  
Looking for the Town of Thither in the happy Land of Yon.





# AN ACCEPTABLE VALENTINE

(More "Betty" Stories)\*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE McGuires had lived for more than a month in their pleasant house on Commonwealth Avenue, and Betty had begun to feel at home there.

The house was only rented for the winter, and Denniston Hall was temporarily closed until the summer-time, when they expected to go back there. The whole arrangement had been made in order that Betty might attend school in Boston, and she was a day-pupil in Miss Whittier's school for girls, which was quite near her home.

The school was very much to Betty's liking. She had started in under very pleasant auspices, as she had become acquainted with two or three of the girls before she went. She soon made friends with the others, and, as school hours lasted only from nine o'clock till one, she had the advantage of being most of the time in her own home.

The house, completely furnished, had been rented from some friends of Mrs. McGuire's who were traveling abroad, but Betty had had some of her favorite belongings sent up from Denniston.

Good-natured Pete had taken Betty's list and had carefully packed and forwarded every item on it, and then, after securely locking up the house, had followed the family to Boston, and was installed there as general utility-man, and a very valuable one at that.

Grandma Jean and little Polly were also there, and Jack, who had entered the Institute of Technology, was delighted with his new opportunities for progress in his studies.

Mrs. McGuire had wisely concluded not to make very desperate efforts to improve Betty's "manners," but to trust to the general influences of a well-ordered school and well-bred companions.

And so Betty was happy in her new school life, and was rapidly making firm friends among the pupils there.

Indeed, given a fair start, she could not fail to be a general favorite, for her warm-hearted unselfishness and her cheerful good nature were unfailing, and she was always ready to do a favor or to enter into a plan with enthusiasm.

Though friendly with the others, Betty liked Jeanette Porter and Dorothy Bates best of all the girls, and this trio were often together, both in and out of school hours.

Jeanette was a slender, rather delicate, girl, with a sweet countenance and large, serious eyes. Dorothy was a gay, roly-poly sort of a being, who was always smiling, and irrepressibly inclined to mischief. But they both loved Betty, and she was fond of them, and never a cross word marred the happiness of their intimacy. Sometimes, if Jeanette seemed too sober-faced, the other two would tease her a bit or play a merry joke on her, but always in a spirit of harmless fun, and when their victim could no longer keep from smiling at their foolery, they declared themselves satisfied.

But one day, as they walked home from school together, Jeanette was really troubled about something, and though she tried to conceal it, she was on the very verge of tears.

"What's the matter, Jeanie?" said Betty, tucking her arm through her friend's, while Dorothy walked on her other side.

"Nothing, Betty," said Jeanette, not crossly, but decidedly. "Please don't ask me about it."

"Indeed we will ask you about it!" declared Dorothy. "You just must tell us what's up, because we're your trusties and trues—are n't we, Betty?"

"Of course we are! What's up, Jeanette? Anybody been scolding you?"

"No, it is n't that. Oh, girls, I don't want to tell you!"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Now, you just out with it, Miss Secret-Keeper, and pretty quick, too!"

"Oh, well, it's nothing, anyhow," said Jeanette, with a heightened color; "it's only that I can't go to the reception."

"Not go to the reception!" cried Betty and Dorothy together. "Why not?"

"Well, because—because I can't have a new dress."

"Oh, is that all?" said Betty. "Why, I'll give you a new dress."

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

\* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good though lowly friends, who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.

To Betty's amazement, Jeanette turned to her with a look she never forgot.

"How *dare* you say such a thing, Betty McGuire? If you were n't one of my best friends, I'd never forgive you!"

"I did n't mean any harm," stammered Betty, quite crushed by Jeanette's offended look.

"Of course she did n't," chimed in Dorothy; "in fact, she did n't mean it at all."

Betty was about to speak, but Dorothy pinched her arm to be silent, and went on herself.

"You don't need a new dress, Jeanette. Your white muslin with the lace yoke is a very pretty dress?"

"It was; but it's just been done up, and it went all to pieces. It's so old, you know. Mother said she did n't believe it would stand washing again. So I can't go, and I told Miss Whittier to-day that I would n't select a piece."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried Betty; "and you recite so well, too. Can't you wear some other dress?"

"No, I have nothing fit for an evening affair, and Mother says I can't have a new one. So I'm not going."

At Miss Whittier's school a reception was given each winter, and was always a very important event. The parents and friends of the pupils were invited, and elaborate preparations were made for the occasion. The girls wore their prettiest frocks, and a program of entertainment was given in which the pupils who excelled in singing or declamation took part.

Usually this reception was held on the date of some poet's birthday, and this year the 27th of February, Longfellow's birthday, had been chosen.

It was now the 10th, but the intervening time was none too long in which to prepare for the great event.

Betty, Jeanette, and Dorothy were all among the ones chosen to recite from the poet's works, and a prize would be awarded to the one who best deserved it.

Each contestant was allowed to make her own selection, and already Betty was practising on "*The Wreck of the Hesperus*," while Dorothy had chosen "*The Skeleton in Armor*."

These decisions were profound secrets among the school-girls, only Miss Whittier being supposed to know what each girl was to recite. But of course our three little friends told each other in the strictest confidence, and when Jeanette announced her intention of staying away from the reception, both Betty and Dorothy were astounded.

But argument and coaxing were in vain, and when Jeanette turned in at her own gate, the

other two said good-by and went on toward their homes.

"Whatever made Jeanette so angry when I offered to give her a dress?" exclaimed Betty, as soon as she and Dorothy were alone.

"Why, you goose, of course she would n't accept a dress from anybody! You ought to have known that the mere mention of such a thing would offend her!"

"But I don't see why. I'd love to give it to her."

"It would hurt her pride too much. Don't you see, the Porters are not at all well off,—I don't mean quite poor, but I mean they have to scrimp to get along,—but they're fearfully proud. Jeanette would be quite willing to say she could n't afford a new frock, but she'd die before she'd let any one give her one."

"Well, I think that's silly. Just because I happen to have more money than she has, is the very reason I ought to give her a dress."

"It does seem so," admitted Dorothy, "but it is n't so, and don't you ever propose it to her again, for it won't be a bit of good, and it only makes her angry."

"Well, I won't, then, but won't it be horrid not to have Jeanette at the reception? It takes all the fun out of it for us, I think."

"Yes, I think so, too; and look here, Betty, don't you tell anybody the reason why Jeanette's not coming. She told us, of course, but she knew we would n't tell."

"Did n't she tell Miss Whittier?"

"Of course not, silly. Though most likely Miss Whittier guessed."

"But you said Jeanette would just as lief tell it."

"Well, she might tell it to us, not to any one else. I declare, Betty, you don't seem to have any gumption about some things!"

"No," said Betty, rather meekly, for she was often bothered by her lack of "gumption" about matters which were new to her experience.

On reaching her own home, she went straight to her mother with the story.

Mrs. McGuire sat reading in the pleasant library, and looked up with a loving smile as Betty entered rather abruptly.

"And will you tell me, Mother," she concluded, after she had poured out her indignation, "why Jeanette should get so angry at what I said?"

"You can't understand, deary," said her mother, smoothing Betty's tangled dark curls, "that peculiar pride which revolts at accepting anything of money value from anybody outside one's own family. It is, perhaps, especially a New England trait, and your own Irish heart is so big it leaves



no room for the Puritan instincts which are also yours by inheritance. But Dorothy is right, dear, and you must not repeat your offer to Jeanette, though I, too, am sorry that it is not possible."

"But, Mother, if I could think of some way to give her a dress without letting her know where it came from, would n't that do?"

"Hardly, dear. She would know at once that you had sent it, and would, of course, be offended."

"Oh, dear! I think people are just silly."

"That may be, but you can't make the world different in a moment. Come to luncheon now, and tell me all-about your own plans for the reception."

"All right; but, Mother, I'm going to find some way for Jeanette to go to it, too. I don't know how yet, but you see if I can't fix it somehow!"

"Very well, Betty; but don't do anything without consulting me."

"No, I won't, and I have n't thought of anything yet, but I'm sure I shall."

All the rest of that day, Betty thought hard, but it was not until after she had gone to bed at night that an idea flashed upon her. Such a beautiful idea! She wondered that she had n't thought of it sooner!

She felt she must discuss it with her mother at once, for if it would n't do, she wanted to think up something else. But surely it would do! Such a grand idea *must* be all right!

She jumped up and put on her blue kimono, and poking her bare feet into little bedroom slippers of blue quilted satin, she ran out into the hall and called over the banister:

"Mother, are you alone? May I come down?"

In response to the "Yes, Betty dear; what is it?" she ran down-stairs, and, flinging a sofa-cushion on the floor, nestled against her mother's knee.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I've thought of the beautifullest plan to give Jeanette a dress and not offend her! Oh, do approve of it, Mother, please do! It's such a good plan!"

"Tell me about it, Betty, so that I can enjoy it, too."

"Well, you see, Mother, to-day's the tenth. So next Saturday's the fourteenth—Valentine's Day, you know. Now, I want to get a lovely dress for Jeanette, and make it into a valentine, and send it to her! Don't you see, nobody could get angry at a valentine, and you can't put your name to it, and so she'd have to keep it!"

Betty looked so radiant over her plan that Mrs. McGuire had n't the heart to disapprove of it, though she felt a little dubious about its wisdom.

"Let me think it over," she said quietly.

"But remember, Mother, I mean to make it like a real valentine. Put it in a box, you know, and lace paper around it, and sort of hearts and darts and things, and a verse, a lovely, loving verse. Would n't that be nice?"

"Yes; that effect would greatly help it, for valentines nowadays often contain a lace handkerchief or bonbons or something by way of a gift. Your plan seems to grow on me, Betty."

"Oh, Mother, how lovely you are!" Betty jumped up from her low seat to give her mother a most enthusiastic squeeze, and then, big girl though she was, stayed cuddled in her arms while they continued the conversation.

"How can you get a dress to fit her, my child?"

"I thought about that. But if we just buy one all ready-made, you know, about my size, I'm sure it will be about right for her. And Mrs. Porter can take it in or let it out, or whatever it needs. A soft, white kind of a one, I mean."

"Chiffon?"

"Yes, with lace here and there, and cunning little ribbon bows, and knots of velvet, or something fancy-like for evening."

"Well, we'll go together to select it."

"To-morrow afternoon, after school?"

"Yes, or next day. Of course you won't send it until Saturday?"

"No; but we have to fix it up valentine-y, you know, so we'd better go to-morrow. Then we must write the verse. Mother, won't you make up the verse? I don't want a 'Roses red, violets blue' sort of a one."

"Very well; skip back to bed, and I'll see what I can do in the poetry line."

"Oh, you dear Mother! You *are* so sweet!" And with a final, rather smothering embrace, Betty said good night, and ran back to her bed to dream of valentines and Longfellow and Jeanette, all in a grand jumble.

It was hard next day to say nothing of her plan to Dorothy, but Mrs. McGuire had decided if it were to be successful it must be kept absolutely secret. So not even Jack was told about it, and, after luncheon, Mrs. McGuire and Betty started off to buy the frock. Mrs. McGuire had slight misgivings about it all, but she determined to try the experiment, for it was the only way that the thing could possibly be accomplished, and she felt very sorry for Jeanette. After looking at several pretty, girlish dresses, they decided upon a lovely one of cream-white chiffon, made over white silk. It had a soft lace bertha, bordered with a wreath of tiny pink rosebuds. It was a simple, dainty little gown, but very effective, and Betty agreed that it would suit Jeanette perfectly.

The saleswoman was asked to provide an espe-

cially nice box, and Betty examined it herself, to be sure that the corners were unbroken.

Then, with explicit directions about careful packing and wrapping and speedy sending of it home, they went away.

"Of course, Mother, I must send Jeanette another valentine, too; a real one, you know, so she won't suspect about the dress. And, anyway, I want to buy at least twenty other valentines to send. Will you go with me?"

So they went to another shop, and Betty bought valentines for a few school-girls and other friends she had made in Boston; for Jack and Polly and Grandma Jean, and for some of her Greenborough friends.

Nor were Pete and Ellen forgotten, for Betty well knew how they would prize valentines from her. And so engrossing was the selection of all these that the afternoon slipped away, and when they reached home, to their great joy the new dress had already arrived.

Behind the locked doors of her mother's room, Betty carefully lifted the lovely thing from its tissue-papers, and exclaimed with delight at its beauty. It looked even prettier than it had in the shop, and Betty was sure her plan would be a fine success.

"I hope so," said Mrs. McGuire; "at any rate, we 'll try it, and if it does n't turn out as well as we hope, I 'll take the matter in charge, and go and see Mrs. Porter about it."

The next afternoon Betty devoted to fixing what she called the "valentine-y" part of it.

The big box was of fine white pasteboard, of a watered design, with gilt edges, and the firm's name in gilt letters on the cover.

Over this name Betty pasted a large valentine that completely covered it.

Then, with considerable cleverness, she cut up several other pretty valentines, and of the rose garlands and doves and cupids she obtained in this way, she contrived a sort of wreath, which, when pasted into place, made a border all round the box cover.

Inside the box were two large leaves of satin paper which closed like shutters over the dress when it was folded in place. These leaves Betty decorated in similar fashion to the cover, and replaced the white tapes with narrow blue ribbons. The leaves closed together and were fastened with a large red paper heart, garlanded with flowers, and pierced by a gilt arrow.

Fastened to the heart by the arrow was the verse Betty's mother had composed and had copied on the blank page of a real valentine. This was in an embossed envelop and was addressed "*To Jeanette from St. Valentine.*"

The verses which her mother wrote read thus:

On Cupid's Day  
One may, they say,  
Send tokens to a friend,  
Of love most true,  
As mine for you,  
A love that ne'er shall end.

Accept then, dear,  
The token here,  
That tells this love of mine;  
Or else a dart  
Will pierce the heart  
Of your fond Valentine.

"Mother, it is perfectly lovely!" cried Betty, as she read the verses. "And, don't you see, saying 'from St. Valentine' is the same as saying 'from Santa Claus,' so I *don't* think she 'll mind, do you?"

As this was about the fiftieth time Betty had asked the same question, Mrs. McGuire could only make the same reply:

"I don't know, dear; but don't worry about it. If she 'minds,' I will undertake to set the matter right again."

Then the box was carefully wrapped in white paper, and sealed up with gilt hearts. Mrs. McGuire addressed it, and she had also written the verses, for Jeanette would have recognized Betty's penmanship at once.

It was hard to wait for Valentine's Day, but, as Betty had much to do getting ready her other valentines to be despatched, the time flew quickly. Jack also had many to send, and as, except for the dress, Betty need make no secrets of hers, they spent the afternoon of the thirteenth together in the library, addressing the pretty missives.

"This is a beauty!" said Jack, holding up a lovely affair of gilt latticework, which, if you pulled a cord, burst into a mass of flowers and birds. "I think I 'll send this to Jeanette Porter. She 's one of the nicest girls we know, don't you think so, Betty?"

"Yes, I do. She and Dorothy Bates are my dearest friends, and they 're coming over this afternoon, so let 's get theirs out of the way first."

"All right. I 'll send this one to Dorothy. She 's a jolly girl, but Jeanette 's my choice. She 's so quiet and pretty-mannered."

"I 'm fond of Jeanette myself, Jack," said Betty; "and—oh, here they come! Slip theirs in here, quick!"

They whisked the valentines into a table drawer, just in time to escape the eyes of the girls as they came in.

"Hello!" said Betty, gaily. "We 're addressing valentines. As there are n't any here for you



two, you may look at them all you like. I hope you 're not expecting us to send you any!"

"Oh, no!" said the visitors, laughing, for well they knew they would all send valentines to each other.

"Is n't it jolly that Valentine's Day comes on Saturday?" said Dorothy. "I shall sit on the lowest step of the staircase all day long to be ready to fly to the door every time the bell rings."

"Oh, girls," cried Betty, "would n't it be fun if you'd all come over here to-morrow afternoon and bring your valentines! We can have a regular show of them!"

"All right, I'll come," said Dorothy, and "So will I," said Jeanette. "Oh, what a beauty this is! Betty, I don't see where you found such lovely ones."

"That 's left over," said Betty, carelessly; "you may have it, if you care for it."

The thoughtless words were no sooner spoken than Betty's heart stood still with a sudden fear that Jeanette would be offended again.

But, to her amazement, she replied as carelessly:

"Don't you want it? Oh, thank you, I'd love to have it. I got mine at Morrison's, and they 're not nearly so pretty as this one."

Betty was bewildered.

Why was Jeanette so ready to accept a valentine, and so angered at the offer of a dress? To be sure, the valentine cost but a trifle, and the frock considerably more, but that was a matter of degree, and if it was on account of principle, Betty thought the cases were the same. But Betty gave up trying to understand these fine distinctions, and awaited results of her enterprise.

On Saturday a messenger was sent with the precious box. He was given special directions, if any one should ask him where the box came from, not to give the slightest hint.

"Trust me, ma'am!" said the boy, and taking the box carefully, he went on his errand. Then

there was suspense indeed. Betty hovered near the telephone, though she had no real reason to think Jeanette would call her up. Had her mind



"ON SATURDAY A MESSENGER WAS SENT WITH THE PRECIOUS BOX."

not been distracted by the continuous arrival of valentines to herself, she could scarcely have kept from flying over to Jeanette's house.

But valentines of all sorts and styles came pouring into the house all day. Betty and Jack received them in every mail, and also between mails by messenger.

Polly had enough to make her baby heart overflow with glee, and though she ruined most of them with her affectionate pats and kisses, she liked them just as well in their shabby condition.

About four o'clock the young people arrived. Betty had invited a dozen or more, both girls and boys, and though valentines are particularly meant for the fair sex, yet the boys had a goodly number to exhibit also.

The young folk gathered in the drawing-room and set their treasures around on tables, mantels, piano, and even on chairs, so many there were.

Eagerly Betty watched Jeanette to see what her demeanor might be.

To her amazement, Jeanette was positively gay! She seemed like one transformed. Her eyes danced, and her face fairly beamed, as if she were bubbling over with happiness.

Jack admired her more than ever, and wondered if the receiving of a few valentines pleased her as much as all that. Betty did n't quite understand, but she saw that Jeanette was radiantly happy, and she felt sure that it *must* be because of the new dress.

"Oh, I know the valentine *you* sent me, Betty!" she cried soon after she came in.

"Which?" said Betty, her heart in her throat with excitement.

"This one!" cried Jeanette, triumphantly holding up the pretty paper valentine that Betty had sent.

"Right you are, Jeanette," she replied; "I did send you that, because I knew you 'd love that landscape with the blue trees and green sky."

"It is n't that way!" cried Jeanette. "You need n't make fun of my prettiest valentine of all—or nearly," she added, with a funny little smile.

Betty was mystified, but said nothing, but after the others had gone and only Jeanette and Dorothy remained, she said, unable longer to restrain her curiosity:

"Whatever is the matter with you, Jeanette? I never saw you so gay and festive."

"Indeed, I should think I would be!" exclaimed Jeanette. "I waited till the others had gone, to tell you. Girls, I 'm going to the reception!"

"You are!" cried Dorothy. "How perfectly lovely!" And Betty said: "Oh, Jeanette, I 'm so glad!"

"How did you happen to change your mind?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, I had a dress for a valentine! The loveliest dress you ever saw! It 's just a dream! All filmy chiffon, and the darlingest little pink rosebuds, and exquisite lace—oh!"

"A valentine!" cried Dorothy, and Betty said eagerly: "Who sent it?"

"I don't know," said Jeanette, turning her eyes on Betty, so honestly ignorant that Betty knew she did n't suspect in the least. "I 've no idea. It came in the most beautiful box, all fixed up like a lovely big valentine, and the sweetest verse, all written out. I never saw the handwriting before, and I can't imagine—I have n't the least idea—who sent it to me."

"Are you glad?" said Betty.

"Glad? Well, I just guess I am. Now I can go to the reception, and I 'm going to recite 'The Famine' lines from 'Hiawatha.'"

"But have n't you any way to find out who sent it?" persisted Dorothy, thereby asking the very question Betty wanted to.

"No, and I don't want to try. You see, you 're not supposed to know who sends a valentine, and of course it would turn out to be Aunt Esther, or Grandmother Harrington, and that would take away all the beautiful mystery and romance. It 's so lovely not to know where it came from. It 's a true valentine."

"So it is," agreed Betty, her heart fairly bounding with joy at the complete success of her little plan.

"Come on home with me and see it," urged Jeanette; but Betty felt she must tell her mother about it at once, so she said: "No, it 's too late. I 'll run over to-morrow to see it."

"All right, then; be sure to come," and happy Jeanette went away with Dorothy, leaving an equally happy Betty behind her.

"And don't you mind if she *never* knows you gave it to her?" asked Mrs. McGuire after she had the story.

"Why, no, Mother. What a question! The whole trouble was for fear she *would* know that. And now she has the dress, and she 's so happy about it, indeed I *don't* want her *ever* to know where it came from!"

Betty's own joy in the gift she had made was purely unselfish, and she felt ample reward in the pleasure she had given Jeanette.

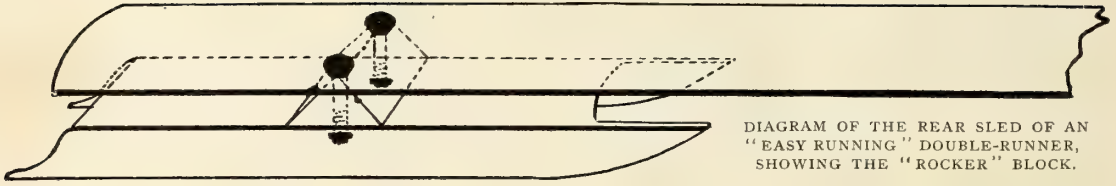
So when the night of the reception came, Betty took quite as much satisfaction in seeing Jeanette in the lovely and becoming frock as she did in wearing her own beautiful new one.

And when Jeanette received the prize for her wonderfully well-done recitation, Betty squeezed her mother's hand and looked up at her with eyes fairly beaming in triumph at the thought that she had made it possible for Jeanette to win.



# COASTING

BY H. L. FAIR



"B-R-R-R-R-R!"

Yet there is no winter sport like it—this swift rush through the air, this apparently hazardous turning of corners in a cloud of stinging crystals, this gladness of motion and outdoors and snow and red-blooded life. Yet who has n't coasted on a "double" has missed its purest joy.

Oh, those double-runners! And those glorious days and still more glorious nights, when the snow "scrunches" underfoot with the squeaky, comforting sound that says it's much too cold to melt, and the lightest breeze makes your ears and your nose tingle, and the sweet, clean, clear air is being breathed in great quantities! And then the swift exhilaration of the swoop down, some clean-cut, nervy boy flat on his face, strong arms holding the leader sled, and a merry, happy pile of boys and girls crowded helter-skelter on the long, hard board—for the more, the merrier, and the more, the faster!

You have heard what the Chinese gentleman said of tobogganing: "Fline fun—fline fun. F-s-s-s-s-s-t! Walkee back tlee mile!"

And so it is, and the quicker the "F-s-s-s-s-s-t" the more fun it is to walk back again up the hill.

There are about forty different ways to do everything in the world one wants to do, but only one right way. Making a double-runner is no exception to the rule. Have you never wondered why some double-runners go so much faster and farther than others? The fastest one is the model to copy, of course, but you want to know something about what model to use in making yours when you have nothing with which to compare it.

In the first place, according to a natural law, the less bouncing up and down your double-runner does, the faster and the farther it will go. Now on the smoothest hill are some humps and hollows. If the sleds are connected to the board properly, they will ride these humps and hollows with the minimum of jar to the board and the passengers; if improperly connected, riding down will remind you of springless farm wagons and

mountain roads. The rear sled should not be fastened stiffly to the running-board—a mistake some amateur builders frequently make. A heavy triangular-shaped block of oak should be made, its length the width of the long board you use for the body of the double-runner, its height six inches, and its base nine inches. Its apex or edge should be rounded and should be at least an inch through. Three inches from each end a hole should be bored straight down from apex to base, and corresponding holes should be made in the board used for the body and through the top of the sled. Now, then, this "rocker," as it is called, is to be fastened tightly to the middle of the rear sled by six three-inch lag-screws put in from underneath the sled, its apex upward and at right angles to the runners. The board rests on top of this, and bolts are to go through the holes and be fastened, but not tightly—at least an eighth of an inch of play is to remain. This arrangement (see diagram) allows the rear sled to rock back and forth in the direction of its runners, the result being that when it strikes a hummock, it can ride over it by rocking up and down, and does not require that a large part of your downward momentum be spent in lifting the whole weight of the complete double sled over that hummock.

Other things being equal, that double-runner with the longest rear runners and the most flexible connection will ride the easiest and go the farthest. The length of the runners is important in avoiding jar. The little gully that the short runners will dip into, the long ones will bridge and go right over. The same is true of the front sled, of course, but you don't want the runners so long here, because it makes steering difficult. The easiest way to steer a double-runner is to get down flat on your face and hang on tight to a cross-bar nailed to the tops of the front runners—as long a cross-bar as your arms can reach comfortably, in order to get all the leverage possible. But this takes up room on the board, and it is a frequent practice to set a tiller-rod to the top of the pivot-bolt of the front sled and steer

with that, sitting upright. This also has its disadvantages, since the higher you sit and the more of you there are sitting, the more top-heavy you become, and the more apt to have a spill going around a curve.

Moreover, it is difficult to secure the tiller tightly to the pivot-bolt, and an accident to the steering-gear may well mean a bad spill. Much the better way is to have a cross-bar, and, if you

will not jerk sidewise, even if you take your hands or feet from the steering mechanism.

There is a little trick in loading up a double-runner which has a good deal to do with its speed. In the first place, the taller people should be in front, the shorter behind, because the wind resistance is less if this is done. In the second place, the greater weight should be behind; the passengers should be packed more closely at the



COASTING ON A "ROCKER" DOUBLE-RUNNER.

have n't room to lie flat, steer with your feet, in which case you must have a back to your seat in order to get a leverage on the cross-bar.

Be sure to put your pivot-bolt well forward of the center of the front sled. Unless you do this, the coaster will steer hard and the forward sled can slue around easily. If however, the pivot is well in front of the center of the guiding sled, it

rear end than in front, because the rear runners, being longer, can stand more weight than the forward ones, and the friction is more evenly distributed.

With a careful boy at the helm, there is no better winter sport than letting old Father Gravity speed you down a fine hill—in spite of the "B-r-r-r-r-r!"



# KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

## CHAPTER III

### EVAN MAKES ACQUAINTANCES

It was still broad daylight when they left the entrance of Holden Hall and started across the yard, the golden end of a perfect September day. Down the long sloping hill, beyond the athletic field, the waters of Lake Matunuxet showed blue between the encircling foliage. Farther east the river wound its way through marsh and meadow toward the bay, some three miles distant. The railroad embankment was visible here and there, and due east the little town of Riverport lay huddled. The school buildings described a rude crescent, with Holden, the newest of the three dormitories, at one point and the gymnasium at the other. Next to Holden stood Second House, with the laboratory tucked in behind. Then came Academy; then First; then the gymnasium. Behind First House stood the principal's cottage, and here the land sloped abruptly upward in forest, and Mount Graytop raised its bald crown of scarred and riven granite hundreds of feet above the surrounding country. The elms in the yard still held green, although here and there a fleck of russet showed. On the lower slopes of the mountain a well-defined belt of maples was already turning yellow.

Rob and Evan were not the only boys who had recognized the advisability of being early on hand at supper in order to choose tables to their liking. The corridor leading to the dining-hall was pretty thickly sprinkled with boys of all ages between twelve and eighteen. Rob was greeted many times, and Evan was introduced to at least a dozen fellows whose names he did n't remember five minutes afterward. It was all very confused and noisy and jolly, and in the middle of it the doors were flung open, and the waiting throng surged into the dining-hall and made a decorous but determined rush for the tables.

Evan followed Rob down the room and across to a table under one of the broad windows. Here, however, a difficulty presented itself. The table seated eight, and seven of the places were already occupied. Evan, observing that, hung back, but Rob beckoned him on. At one side of the vacant seat sat a stout, cherub-faced youth of about Evan's age. Rob drew back the vacant chair and fixed his gaze on the stout youth.

"Why,—Jelly,—" he drawled in mock surprise,

"what are you doing here? You 're surely not thinking of sitting with your back to the window in all this draft, you with your delicate constitution? What would your parents say, Jelly? No, no, out you go. We can't have you falling ill; flowers are too expensive."

"I got this place, Rob, and I 've a right to keep it," answered the boy. He spoke defiantly enough, but his tones lacked conviction, and he paused in the operation of unfolding his napkin. Rob patted him tolerantly on the shoulder.

"It is n't a question of right, Jelly; it 's a question of what is best for you. You know you can't stand a draft; I know it; we all know it. It 's your welfare we 're considering. Now if you look sharp you can sneak across and drop into that chair that Hunt Firman has temporarily vacated; but you want to be quick."

Jelly was quick. He was out of his chair and around the table on the instant; and before Firman, who had gone across to a neighboring table to greet an acquaintance, was aware of it, Jelly had stolen his place. A contest ensued, Firman trying to oust Jelly without drawing the attention of the faculty, and Jelly, stable with his one hundred and forty-odd pounds, paying no attention to threats or blandishments.

"I 'll lick you after supper!" hissed Firman.

"Wonder if we 'll have ham to-night," remarked Jelly, serenely, to the table, at large.

"Get up, do you hear? That 's my place, you big roly-poly!"

"I smell hot biscuits, anyway. Pass me the butter, Ned."

"You wait till I get hold of you! Rob, make him give me my seat. It 's all your fault, anyhow. You might—"

A bell tapped somewhere, and an instant hush fell over the hall. Firman ran to cover, subsiding in the first unoccupied chair he could find, leaving Jelly master of the situation. The laughter died into chuckles, the chuckles to snickers, and the snickers to silence, and from the head of the hall came the deep voice of the principal, Dr. Farren, asking grace.

"I 'd rather be on this side, anyway," announced Jelly, as soon as conversation began again. "It 's too cold over there in winter, Rob."

"Well, by that time, Jelly," was the sober reply, "we may have you so strong and sturdy that you can stand it over here."

Even Jelly joined in the laugh that ensued. Evan was aware that the six boys who, with Rob and himself, filled the table were viewing him with unconcealed interest and was relieved when Rob proceeded to introduce him.

"Fellow Luculluses," said Rob, "I take pleasure in introducing to you my friend Mr. Kingsford. Mr. Kingsford is honoring the school with his presence for the first time. He hopes to remain with us at least until the end of the term. Kingsford, on your right you will find Mr. Law, of the well-known firm of Law and Order. Next, Mr. Pierce. Next, a gentleman whose acquaintance I have n't the pleasure—"

"Peterson," prompted Jelly.

"Mr. Peterson. Next to Mr. Peterson, Mr. George Washington Jell; Mr. Jell speaking eloquently, as you can see, for the excellence of the board provided. At the other end of the table you may dimly observe Mr. Devens. And here we have Mr. Wright, on my right. Now everybody knows everybody, and Jelly is requested to stop taking all the biscuits, as there are others here present."

It was a very jolly meal, with a good deal of laughter and much fragmentary conversation. The supper was excellent, and Evan was hungry and did full justice to the hashed chicken on toast, baked potatoes, cold lamb, hot biscuits, preserves, and cake. He also accepted a second cup of cocoa at Rob's suggestion, and then drank a glass of milk just to make certain of keeping life in his body until morning. And while he ate, as he took only a small part in the talk, he had opportunity to look about him.

The dining-hall was large and cheerful and well lighted. It occupied all one end of Second House, and so had windows on three sides. Between the windows were pictures, most of them photographs of Roman and Grecian ruins, while at either side of the door stood pedestals holding, on one side, a bust of Socrates and, on the other, a bust of Washington. There were twenty-odd tables, accommodating at present one hundred and seventy students and the faculty and staff of the school. Dr. Farren occupied a small table at the head of the hall with the school secretary, Mr. Holt, and the matron, Mrs. Crane, or, as she was called, "Mrs. Crow."

"I don't know how she got that name," said Rob, as he pointed out the dignitaries. "Maybe it's on account of her black hair. Anyhow, it is n't because the fellows don't like her. She's a dear. That's Holt next to her. He's secretary. No one knows him very well. And there's the Doctor. The rest of the faculty is scattered. The white-haired chap over at the far table is

just 'Joe'; real name Alden; Greek and Latin. The slim, youngish fellow over there is 'Mac,' who tries his level best to make me discern the beauties of algebra. He also teaches history, and 'it's a cinch.' The big fellow down here on your left is 'Tommy' Osgood. Tommy teaches chemistry and is also and likewise physical director; and he's a tartar. Mr. Cupples, affectionately known as 'Cup,' is down there by the door. Cup pours French and German into you. Now you know the faculty. Be kind to them and very patient. After supper I'll take you over to Mrs. Crow's. You'd better get on the right side of her, because she's a mighty good sort and can do a lot for you if she wants to. And I'll try and see the Doctor and tell him about your consumption."

"I never had a cold in my life," laughed Evan.

"Knock wood. And if the Doctor calls you over to the office, try and look as delicate as possible. You might cough a little, too. A hacking cough would help a lot." Rob turned from Evan and addressed Gus Devens, a large, ruddy-faced youth. "I say, Gus, what does the foot-ball situation look like to your practised eye?"

"Like the dickens," answered Gus, promptly and heartily.

"About the same as usual, then," suggested Pierce. "Say, fellows, why does n't some one do something?"

"Such as what?" asked Rob.

"Fire Hopkins!" blurted Jelly.

"Oh, Hop means well enough," said Joe Law.

"Yes, he does!" answered Devens, sarcastically. "I'll wager I could pick a better team out of the two lower classes than Hop will get together this fall. Adams will lick us again as sure as fate. They've got almost all of last year's team left. Hop may mean well enough—only I don't believe it—but he certainly does n't *do* well enough. I'm sick of seeing the school beaten every year."

"We won year before last," said Law.

"Yes, we've won once in five years," said Rob. "I suppose that's all we ought to expect. They tell us that defeat is much better for us morally than victory, victory enlarging the cranium and making us vain and arrogant and unlovely. Remember ancient Rome."

"What about ancient Rome?" demanded Jelly.

"Eh? Oh—oh, nothing; just remember it. I heard Mac say that once in class, and it sounded rather well." When the laugh had passed, Rob addressed Devens again: "Are you going out this year?"

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Devens, disgustedly. "This will make the third time. But I'm sick of getting knocked around on the sec-



ond team. I 'm going to tell Hop that if he does-n't give me a fair show for the first, I 'll quit, and he can find some one else to do the human stone wall act for him. Look here, you fellows, you all know, every one of you, that I can play all around Bert Reid."

"That 's no joke," said Wright, and the others concurred.

"Well, then, why can't I get on? Favoritism, that 's all it is. Every one knows it, and there 's no harm in saying it. I don't talk like this outside of school, of course, but—"

"What we ought to have is a coach," declared Peterson.

"Of course we ought, and we 've tried hard enough to get one ever since I 've been here," answered Devens. "One year it 's one reason and the next year it 's another; anyway, we don't get him."

"Hop said last year he 'd be mighty glad to have a coach," said Law.

"Yes, but he wanted a fellow he knew and would n't talk about any one else. If the Doctor would take a decent interest in things—"

"He always begins to hum and haw about 'the danger of investing sport with undue prominence,'" said Pierce, disgustedly.

"Oh, the Doctor means well, too," protested Rob. "I 've got an idea in my head, you chaps, and some day soon I 'll spring it. I 'm going to let it seethe a bit first."

"Another of your numerous patents?" asked Jelly, with a grin.

"Maybe. Look here, Gus, my friend Kingsford wants to try for the team. I told him what he was up against, but he has the—the indomitable will and reckless courage of his forebears, and refuses to be intimidated. You sort of put him up to the tricks, will you? See that he does n't get into any more trouble than necessary."

"Glad to," answered Gus Devens, with a friendly nod to Evan. "Played, have you, Kingsford?"

"Yes, quite a little."

"What?"

"Half and quarter; quarter mostly."

"Whew! we certainly could use a good quarter," said Wright. "Miller 's the limit. I hope you get a show, Kingsford."

"Yes, but don't expect it," remarked Jelly, despondently. "Just look at the way they treated me last year!"

A howl of laughter arose, and Jelly viewed his table-companions indignantly.

"That 's all right, you fellows, but I did as well as Ward did. He did n't get through me very often, I can tell you! You know he did n't."

"You did great work, Jelly," said Rob, soothingly. "They ought to have kept you on the second. I have an idea that the reason Hop dropped you was only because he was afraid that sometime you 'd fall on the ball and squash the air out of it."

"Oh, you run along," growled Jelly. "I 'm going to try again this year, anyway, and I 'm going to make the second for keeps."

"Why don't you go out and be the ball?" asked Wright, pleasantly. Jelly pushed back his chair and walked disgustedly away, and his departure was the signal for a general exodus. Rob's progress was often interrupted, and Evan had to shake hands with many more new acquaintances, most of whom, as there were a great many new-comers wandering around the corridors that night, shook hands with him in a perfunctory way, muttered that they were glad to know him, and paid him no further attention. But Evan did n't mind. Although this was his first experience of boarding-school, he held no romantic notions of such places and so was not disappointed because so far nothing romantic had happened. He drew out of the way and waited for Rob to get through talking, thinking to himself that it would be nice to have as many acquaintances as his new roommate had, and making up his mind that some day the fellows of Riverport School should be as glad to talk to him as they now were to Rob Langton. While he stood there waiting, Frank Hopkins passed, talking to the tall youth of whom Evan had asked his way that afternoon. If they saw him they made no sign.

Presently Rob parted from the last of his acquaintances and, followed by Evan, reached the door.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he apologized. "Some of those chaps, though, I wanted to be nice to—for a reason. I 'll tell you why some day soon. Now let 's cut across to First House and call on Mrs. Crow."

## CHAPTER IV

MALCOLM WARNE

THEY found the door of the matron's office wide open and boys coming and going every minute. It was a good deal like a reception, Evan thought, as Rob, taking him by the arm, guided him into the room. The matron was a small, plump, middle-aged woman with red cheeks and very black hair, whom every fellow liked at first glance and usually worshiped devotedly by the end of his first term. Old boys returning to school made a bee-line from the stage to Number 1 First House, and shook hands with Mrs. Crow



"'HELLO!' HE SAID. 'OH, BEG PARDON. WHERE 'S ROB?'" (SEE PAGE 329.)



before they thought of anything else. Her sitting-room, or office as she preferred to call it, was a veritable museum of gifts from boys or their parents, gifts ranging from sea-shells to the mahogany arm-chair presented to her by last year's graduating class. And there was n't a thing so tiny and trivial, that she could n't tell you at once the name of the giver. She had very pleasant, kindly black eyes and a sweet voice, and loved a joke better than her afternoon tea. Rob wormed his way into the group about her, dragging Evan after him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Crow?" he cried, seizing her hand and shaking it violently. "Are n't you glad to see me?"

"Why, Rob, how you do grow! Oh, my poor hand! Of course I'm glad to see you, even if you did forget to come and say good-by to me last June."

"I tried to, really, Mrs. Crow, but I could n't stand the—the ordeal. It would have saddened my whole summer. I want you to know my brother Evan. Evan, this is Mrs. Crow, of whom I talked incessantly all summer."

"How do you do?" asked Evan, taking the hand held out to him. Mrs. Crow gazed from Evan to Rob doubtfully. Some one sniggered. Evan felt somewhat embarrassed and looked appealingly at Rob's beaming countenance.

"I don't believe it," said the matron, finally. "He's never your brother, Rob Langton; he does n't look the least bit like you. Now is he?"

"My foster-brother, Mrs. Crow."

"He's just fooling," said Evan. "My name's Evan Kingsford, Mrs. Crow—I mean Mrs.—"

"Never mind," she laughed; "they all call me that. I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Kingsford. I hope you'll like us. Let me see, you're in Holden, are n't you, if I'm not mistaken?"

"Yes, ma'am. I was sent there at first."

"I remember; number 36."

"Wrong, Mrs. Crow; he's with me in 32," said Rob.

"Really? But I'm sure my list says 36."



"'HAVE YOU EVER PLAYED FOOT-BALL?' HE ASKED." (SEE PAGE 331.)

"They had him down for there, but he's very delicate, and 36 is such a cold room that I rescued him. I'm going over to explain to it now. Come, Evan."

"Well, I hope he will let you make the change," said Mrs. Crow, dubiously. "But you know he does n't like to have the rooms empty."

"Then you tell him to let us have 36 for a parlor," laughed Rob, dragging Evan away.

"You must come to my teas, Mr. Kingsford,"

called the matron. "Any Friday between four and six. Don't forget, please."

"I think," said Rob, when they were outside again, "that I'd better see the Doctor alone. You go on over to the room and get your things unpacked. I'll be along in a few minutes. There you are, over there, the last building. Don't get lost."

Rob turned toward Academy Hall and the office, while Evan picked his way through the twilight across the yard under the elms. When he reached the second floor he found the door of 24 open and a group of fellows, among whom he instantly recognized Frank Hopkins and the tall youth, standing around it. The conversation, which had been eager and animated, died down as he came into sight. It was rather an ordeal to pass that group, but he made the best of it, viewing them calmly and casually as he took the last few stairs and turned down the corridor. To his surprise, some three or four of the fellows nodded to him, and he returned the greeting in like manner. But Hopkins only stared disdainfully, while the tall youth grinned annoyingly and began to hum in time to Evan's footsteps. The latter was glad when he was in 32 with the door closed behind him. Through the open transom, however, he heard the talk and laughter begin again, and caught the words, "Mighty well built, though, Hop. You'd better nab him for the team." He could n't hear the foot-ball captain's reply, but it was evidently humorous, judging from the laughter it summoned.

With reddening cheeks and a rather lonesome feeling he began the unpacking of his trunk, which, with Rob's, stood in the center of the room. His mother had placed a letter on top of the till, and, although it was a very sweet and dear letter, it rather increased his homesickness as he read it. He went on with his unpacking, feeling a little bit choky about the throat, and was glad when there came a knock at the door.

"Come!" he called.

The boy who entered paused in surprise when he saw Evan.

"Hello!" he said. "Oh, beg pardon. Where's Rob?"

"He's over at the office," answered Evan. "He will be up in a few minutes. Won't you wait?"

"Thanks." He glanced doubtfully about the room and then closed the door behind him and sat down. "Are you going in with Rob?"

"Do you mean am I going to room here?" asked Evan. "Yes; that is, I expect to. They gave me 36, but Langton asked me to come in with him, and he's trying to fix it up for me with the principal. That's what he's doing now."

"Oh, I see," murmured the other. He seemed rather disappointed, Evan thought, and wondered why. "I suppose you and he are old friends?" asked the stranger:

"No; I never saw him until this afternoon. It—it was very decent of him to ask me, I think."

"Yes," said the other, thoughtfully. "Don't let me stop you, please. I'll just wait a minute for Rob."

Evan went on with his unpacking, catching now and then as he went to and fro between trunk and closet and bureau a glimpse of the caller. He was a very good-looking fellow, with dark hair and eyes and a softness about mouth and chin that was almost girlish. He sat with elbow on knee, and chin in hand, looking dreamily across the room, evidently quite forgetful of Evan's presence. After a while the silence grew oppressive.

"My name's Kingsford," announced Evan. The other looked up slowly and nodded.

"Thanks. Mine's Warne." Then he went back to his rapt study of the opposite wall. Evan was distinctly relieved when he heard Rob's footsteps in the hall.

"Well," said Rob, as he came in, "it's all—Hello, Mal! Where'd you come from? Been waiting long? Kingsford, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Warne, a particular friend of mine. Mal, this is Mr. Kingsford. He and I are going to try it together."

Malcolm Warne shook hands with a smile which displayed a set of very white teeth. It was a nice smile and lighted up the somewhat serious face very pleasantly.

"Happy to meet you," said Warne. Then, to Rob, "So he was just saying. I hope you will—like it—both of you." He had a very soft voice, spoke slowly, and had a way of chopping off the ends of his words that was unfamiliar to Evan.

"Oh, we'll get on all right, I think," said Rob, easily. "Sit down, Mal, and tell us what you did all summer. By the way, though, Kingsford, it's all right about the room. Doctor agreed with me that a chap with any tendency toward colds, grippe, pneumonia, and consumption ought not to live in 36. He got rather interested in your case, and I should n't be surprised if he sent the doctor around to-morrow to report on you. If he comes, please cough for my sake! Well, I've got to get my trunk unpacked. Go ahead and talk, Mal."

"No, I reckon I'll go on. I just dropped in to say howdy to you."

"What? 'Go on' nothing! Sit down, you idiot, and tell me what's been happening with you."



"Oh, nothing much. I had a very quiet summer. I was at home most of the time, although we went down to Virginia Beach in August for a couple of weeks. I'll see you to-morrow, Rob. Good night, Mr. Kingsford. Pleased to have met you. Get Rob to bring you over to see me soon. So long, Rob."

"Well, if you insist on going," said Rob, following the caller to the door. "What's the matter, Mal? Anything wrong?" They passed out, Rob drawing the door shut behind him. Evan heard their low voices outside in the hallway for several minutes. Then Rob reappeared, looking worried.

"Now there's a crazy idiot," he said, with a frown, thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets and spreading his long legs apart.

"Why?" asked Evan.

"He wanted to come in here with me, and he never said a word about it. Says he was waiting to make sure I had n't any one in view. He's too blamed sensitive."

"Well, that's easily fixed," said Evan, lightly. "It won't take me ten minutes to move across to 36. That's where I belong, anyway, Langton. I'd rather do it, really."

"Not much! But I've got an idea."

He hurried out, crossed the hall, knocked on the opposite door, and threw it open.

"Hello, Spalding!" Evan heard him say. "Want to use your window a second. Oh, Mal! Come back a minute, will you?" Evidently Warne heard, for Rob only sent one hail across the yard.

"Here's the idea," he went on, as he returned to 32. "We'll get Warne to move into 36. He never knows whether he's hot or cold, and he's dead anxious to get out of the room he's in. He's in First House with a chap named Gammage; decent chap enough, but he and Warne don't hit it off. Mal's a Southerner, from North Carolina—or South, I've forgotten which. Where is Wilmington, anyway?"

"Wilmington? In Delaware, is n't it?"

"Is it? Then I guess Wilmington is n't the place; I'm pretty sure he's from one of the Carolinas. Anyway, he's an awfully nice fellow, and I want you to like him. Here he comes. Say, Mal, I've thought of a great scheme. Sit down and I'll unfold it. Kingsford here was booked for 36. So that leaves 36 empty. You see the Doctor and get him to let you move into it. You don't mind rooming alone, do you? Besides, you can make this room home if you like to."

"I should n't mind that a bit," said Warne.

"Good! But I ought to tell you that 36 is a cold old hole; there's something wrong with the

pipes—some bronchial trouble, I guess. Anyway, in cold weather you'll pretty nearly freeze. But you can always study over here, you know."

"I don't mind a cold room. That's one thing Gammage and I are always scrapping about. He likes it about eighty. Do you think the Doctor will let me change?"

"I don't see why not. Tell him that you don't get on with what's-his-name; tell him you like a cold room. He ought to be glad to have some one in 36 that won't kick all the time for heat. He's over at the office now. Go ahead and tackle him before he gets any one else down for the room. And come right back and let's hear what he says."

Malcolm Warne was back in ten minutes, looking very pleased.

"He said yes, Rob. My, but I'm tickled. I'd sleep in an ice-chest to get rid of Gammage."

"That's fine, Mal. I told Kingsford that you were disappointed about rooming in here, and he offered to get out. But I knew you would n't want him to do that."

"No, indeed," said Malcolm, warmly, glancing gratefully across at Evan. "It was very good of you, though, Kingsford."

"Not a bit," murmured Evan.

"I say, you chaps," began Rob. Then he paused doubtfully. The others waited, looking inquiringly at him where he stood rumpling his mutinous locks with a paper-cutter.

"Why, just this," he went on presently. "Here are three of us, all pretty good fellows—speaking for the rest of you, that is. Now let's cut out this surname nonsense. My name's Rob, yours is Malcolm, or Mal for short, and yours is Evan. There, that's settled." He tossed the paper-knife down. "Now I want to show you fellows a little idea that occurred to me coming back from the office a while ago. Bring up your chairs."

"What is it?" asked Evan, exchanging an amused glance with Malcolm.

"It's an improved foot-scraper for door-steps. It's all well enough to get the mud off the soles of your shoes, but why not clean it off the uppers, too? Now, look here. Where's my pad? Either of you got a pencil? Thanks. Now then!"

"WHAT's the name?"

It was the tall youth whom Evan had begun to thoroughly detest who asked the question, and who, with note-book in hand and pencil poised, impatiently awaited an answer.

"Kingsford," replied Evan.

"What age?" continued the other, looking as though he had never seen Evan before.

"Fifteen."

"What class?"

"Junior."

"Ever played foot-ball?"

"Three years."

"Whereabouts?"

"Elmira, New York."

"What position, I mean, you ninny!"

"Quarter—and half, a little."

"We don't need backs. Want to try for end?"

"I suppose so; yes."

"Don't do it if it's going to hurt you," sneered the other, turning away to catechise the next candidate. Evan looked after him angrily and then turned to his nearest neighbor, who happened to be Mr. George Washington Jell, resplendent in a new pair of khaki trousers which, because they had to be of generous proportions about the waist, fell ungracefully half-way to his feet.

"Who's that chap?" asked Evan.

"Edgar Prentiss. He's manager. He's pretty much the whole show, for that matter. He

and Hop are as thick as thieves, and Hop does about as Prentiss says. He's no good; I hope he stubs his toe."

"So do I," agreed Evan, with enthusiasm. Jelly beamed on him.

"He's a regular cad; no one likes him—except Hop. I made a good joke about him last year. Want to hear it?"

"Yes," said Evan, good-naturedly. "What was it?"

"It's a conundrum. What is a foot-ball manager? Give it up? He's the captain's apprentice. See? Prentiss—apprentice?"

Evan had to laugh, not so much at the joke as at Jelly's eagerness for appreciation. "That's all right," he said. "What are you trying for, Jell?"

"Guard—or 'most anything. But, say, don't call me Jell; no one ever does; and it sounds funny. Besides, I don't mind. I know I'm fat, and I can't help it. I'd rather be fat than be a bean-pole like Prentiss."

*(To be continued.)*



MR. AND MRS. TOM THUMB.



# THE DANCING KI-WI



BY G. F. HILL

ILLUSTRATED BY L. LESLIE BROOKE

THE Kiwi of New Zealand is a very curious fowl;  
He sleeps by day and wakes by night, as if he were an owl.  
Most other birds have wings, of course, but here 's a little chap  
Who cannot flap his wings because he has no wings to flap.

But he runs about and snuffles

Like a pig that 's after truffles,

And he whistles "kiwi, kiwi," in a most peculiar tone;

And he dances like an angel, though it 's very little known.

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,

But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

His beak is long and slender, with the nostrils at the tip,—  
(But perhaps this does n't matter since his beak 's his upper lip)  
He lives, when he 's allowed to, on a hillside in the wood,  
And it 's generally considered that his taste is very good.

Yes, the natives of New Zealand

Think he makes a dainty meal, and

So they hunt him in the sunshine, and they hunt him in the rain,

And if once they catch him napping—well, he does n't dance again

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,

But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

Now the history of the Kiwi is known to very few.

As a very special favor, I am going to tell it you.

Though he has n't any wings now, it was not always thus;

He could fly a goodish distance, and never make a fuss.

With his wings of red and yellow

He was quite a gaudy fellow,

And blue and green and purple were the feathers on his breast;

But of all the things about him, his dancing was the best.

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,

But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

Now all the birds obeyed a king (so says the historee),  
 And he was the Royal Hoopoe, most splendid for to see.  
 Upon his head the Hoopoe used to wear, as I am told,  
 A crest of lovely feathers, like a crown of shining gold;

Yes, his crest of golden feathers

He wore it in all weathers;

They say he never took it off, so proud he was of it;

And yet, although he looked so grand, he could n't dance a bit.

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,

But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.



THE DANCING COMPETITION.

Now there is yet another bird that figures in my tale:  
 Some called her Philomela, and others Nightingale.  
 She was small and brown to look at, but if you chanced to hear  
 What a swell she was at singing, you would say she was a dear—  
 Hear her fluting, hear her trilling,  
 All her little body thrilling—

There never was another bird whose voice was half so fine;  
 It always made the Kiwi sort of shiver down his spine.  
 Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

"'T would be jolly," thought the Hoopoe, "if I somehow could prevail  
 On the Kiwi of New Zealand to wed the Nightingale.  
 But I hardly like to ask him, he might think it rather strange.  
 So the best thing I can think of is to manage to arrange

For a Dancing Competition

And a Public Exhibition,

And offer to the winner Philomela for a bride;

And the prize shall be awarded in the way that I decide."

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.



So the Hoopoe sent out notices to all the birds he knew  
 (The carrier-pigeons carried them from China to Peru),  
 Saying, "O-yez! O-yez! O-yez! King Hoopoe doth proclaim  
 A Dancing Competition, and invites you to the same.

And to the winner he 'll a-

Ward the Princess Philomela

To be his bride forever; but he thinks it only fair  
 To inform you that the Kiwi of New Zealand will be there."  
 Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.



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"'I 'LL DO A DANCE UPON MY HEAD, AND THAT 'LL MAKE 'EM TALK.'"

Perhaps you 've reckoned up the motes that in the sunbeams play;  
 Perhaps you 've counted all the stars that form the Milky Way.  
 But you never could imagine what a crowd could really be  
 Till you saw the birds arriving in their myriads o'er the sea:

Bobolink and cassowary,

Toucan, puffin, and canary—

All were awfully excited as to who was going to win,  
 Though the Kiwi kept pretending that he did n't care a pin.  
 Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

They danced about a fortnight, till there was n't any doubt  
 That there were only two of them who 'd have to fight it out.  
 Although the Kiwi danced so well, it none the less was plain  
 That he 'd have to get up early to beat the Crested Crane.

Said the Kiwi: "I 'll be bursted

If I let myself be worsted

By a chap with legs as long as stilts and clumsy as an auk.  
 I 'll do a dance upon my head, and that 'll make 'em talk."  
 Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

As yet I have n't told you, but it 's useless to deny  
 That the Kiwi's wings were sham ones, and their color only dye.  
 They were fastened to his shoulders with wax and bits of string;  
 You would never have imagined that they were n't the real thing.

But he should n't have forgotten

That the string was old and rotten,

And he 'd got so hot with dancing that the wax began to run  
 (For it 's warmish work, is dancing for a fortnight in the sun).  
 Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

So he looked a little foolish when all at once he found  
 His gorgeous wings were lying beside him on the ground.  
 But t' other birds they screamed with joy, and cheered and cheered  
 amain,—

And off went Philomela next morning with the Crane.

But the Kiwi he was taken

And most severely shaken,

And then, before they let him go, they washed him well, because  
 They wanted to discover what his proper color was.

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.

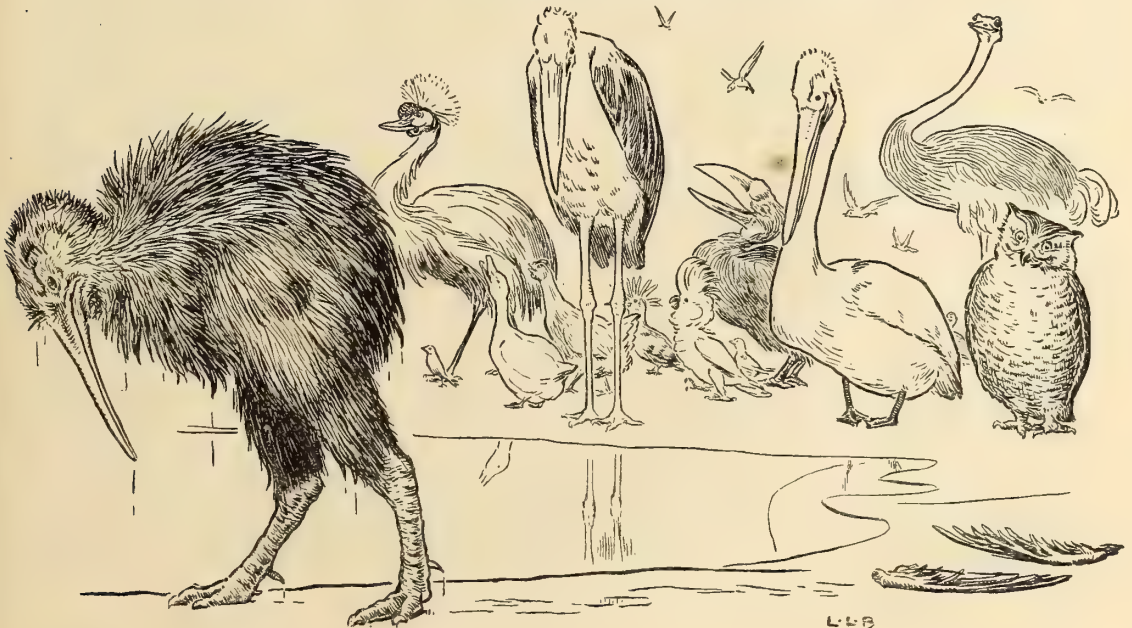
Now since that day the Kiwi lives a lonely life and shy;  
 He grubbles in the underwood, and never tries to fly.  
 He 's a dingy brown, because he never dyed himself again;  
 He was much too much disgusted with the victory of the Crane.

His feathers are like bristles,

And he snuffles and ki-whistles,

And (though but few have seen him, so it 's very little known)  
 Very often in the moonlight he dances all alone.

Oh, St. George he is for England, and St. Denis is for France,  
 But the Kiwi 's for New Zealand, and a splendid chap to dance.





# THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

## CHAPTER VII

### MR. YATES AT HOME

It was known in the servants' hall that that night the Vicomte never went to bed. Bannister, the butler, who slept on the other side of the wall, heard him restlessly pacing his room throughout the earlier part of the night; and at four in the morning a groom, in going to attend to a sick horse, noticed a bright light still burning in his window. Also, if further proof be needed, the housemaid found there was no necessity to make his bed in the morning: apparently he had not even laid himself down in his clothes.

For all that, he appeared spotless and immaculate at the breakfast-table, a thing of frills and ruffles, with a smile for every one and seemingly in the best of spirits. But no sooner was the meal finished than he went round to the stables and ordered out the mare. The stable-boy, who tightened the girths, said that the Vicomte could not stand still for impatience, but kept telling him to be quick and rapping his boots with his cane. When he rode off, his white teeth were showing, and he was snarling like a fox.

It was a boisterous morning in March. The sun shone brightly, but a strong gale was blowing from the southwest that was bitterly cold and raw. It caught the Vicomte's cloak and made it flutter about his mouth, as he trotted briskly along the London road.

He found Mr. Yates's residence without any difficulty. Dismounting, he tied the mare to the gate; and then he knocked at the door. It was opened by a woman, who drew back nervously, half closing the door in his face.

"Is Mr. Yates in?" asked the Vicomte.

"I dunno," she said; "I 'll go an' see."

In two seconds she had returned.

"No," she said. "He 's out."

"Merci," said the Vicomte; and brushing the woman aside, he stepped lightly into a small room. And there was Mr. Yates seated at a table before a plate of fried bacon and a glass of toddy, which he was slowly stirring with the stem of a pipe.

At the sight of the Vicomte he let go of the pipe and lifted his hands in the air. The Vicomte bowed slightly, from the hips, with his legs very close together and holding his hat in his hand.

"Well, I 'll be sunk if it ain't the furrener!" exclaimed Mr. Yates. "I 'll be gibbeted if it ain't!" Then, mastering his astonishment, he rose from his chair and attempted a display of heartiness that made the Vicomte smile.

"Well, now," he cried at the top of his voice, "I look upon this here as a downright honor. Why, sir, I 'm that there pleased to see yer ludship, as I can't rightly put it inter words."

But the Vicomte took him up.

"I believe you," said he.

"Pray take a seat, sir—me lud, that is."

"Thank you," said the Vicomte, throwing hat, gloves, and cane upon the table. "I want a word with you *in private*." He gave emphasis to the words, at the same time throwing a glance in the direction of Mrs. Yates, who was on her knees at the fire.

Yates caught the look.

"Confidential like?" he suggested.

"Precisely," said the Vicomte. "Where shall we go?"

"Go!" echoed the other. "We don't go nowhere, me lud."

Mrs. Yates picked herself up.

"Where 've I got ter go to?" she asked humbly.

"Go fur a walk," said Yates. And, at that, the dutiful lady, without waiting to put on either a hat or shawl, set off along the road, as if she was bound for Ipswich, at five and a half miles an hour.

The Vicomte paused for a moment to take a pinch of snuff from his silver box.

"You know the coast?" he said at last, closing the box with a snap.

"None better," assented Yates.

"Intimately, I feel sure," threw in the Vicomte.

"An' for why?" asked the other, quickly.

"You should know that best yourself. Listen now," said the Vicomte. "I trust that you are a smuggler; indeed, I happen to know that you are. I must have a man who knows the coast. Also, can you find me Jerry Abershaw? I may want him within a month."

As Mr. Yates afterward observed to the highwayman, "When he arst me that, the breath went slick out o' me body. Strike me Davy, but he could have flipped me over back'ards with his second finger an' thumb!"

But the Vicomte was not so disposed. He



"'TAKE THAT MONEY,' HE THUNDERED, 'AND MEET ME TO-MORROW NIGHT  
ON RAMSEY HEIGHT!'"



merely lay back in his chair and helped himself to snuff.

Mr. Yates's lower jaw had gone down like a signal-board. His cheeks had vanished, and his forehead had gone up somewhere under his stubbly hair. He sat rigid and mute on the other side of the table, seemingly nothing but mouth and eyes.

"*Wot 's that?*" he gasped.

The Vicomte yawned.

"My friend, why do you trouble me to repeat myself? You heard what I said very well. When I shall require him, you take horse and ride to London, and bring Jerry Abershaw to me."

"*Who?*" exclaimed Mr. Yates.

"Jerry Abershaw," repeated the Vicomte.

Mr. Yates closed his mouth with a snap and vehemently shook his head.

"Sink me, but I never heerd of him!" he asserted.

"*Mon Dieu,*" sighed the other, "all this is a pitiful waste of time!"

"Never heerd of him! Never heerd the name in me life! Does he come from these here parts?"

The Vicomte, without a word, drew a bundle of bank-notes from his pocket and slapped them down on the table. Mr. Yates's eyes again opened to their utmost, but he never spoke a word.

The Vicomte, damping his finger-tips, counted out three crisp notes and tossed them across to Yates.

"There," he said; "there is pay for your help. Meet me to-morrow night, at ten o'clock, on Ramsey Height. I will whistle three times, and you will find me on the outskirts of the wood. I have business of a private nature. I need your help, else I would never be here. You have no choice but to obey."

Mr. Yates was no fool. He thought he scented a trap.

"Yer words is plain enough, governor—me lud, I mean; but you 're somewheres under a misapprehension, all the same. I 'm a honest man, fair an' square an' aboveboard, and allus was, from the very day I was born."

"Tut, my friend!" said the Vicomte, not a little testily. "You waste your breath on me. It will be wisest to do as you 're bid."

But Yates was stolidly silent, though the notes seemed to dance before his eyes.

"I don't believe this here 's a honest job," he said at length.

The Vicomte angrily rapped the table with his knuckles.

"Have done!" he cried. "I warn you, do not try to play the hypocrite with me!"

Mr. Yates was a pinnacle of uprightness.

"*Lookee here, me lud,*" he said. "You walks inter the house of a man wot 's a honorable gent, by both birth and *segacity*, and accuses him of keeping low companionship. Now, I arsts you, me lud, is it gentlemanly; is it perlite?"

The Vicomte got to his feet, seizing his cane in his hand.

"Take that money," he thundered, "and meet me to-morrow night on Ramsey Height—or I 'll have you up before the bench for holding up the Ipswich coach!"

Gipsy Yates went back like a man knocked out of the ring. He was far past the power of dissimulation now.

"Who, in the name of mystery, told you that?" he gasped.

The Vicomte never moved. But he stood with his fingers drumming upon the twisted hilt of his sword.

"You were the man who emptied the boot," said he, "that is to say, after you had shot the horse and struck the marine officer a blow upon the head."

"But," faltered Yates, "*you* was n't there. Was you?"

"I was," said the Vicomte. And then there came a pause. "Now," the Vicomte went on, "you have only to do as I bid you. I can keep a secret as well as yourself; and if you wish for anything more to set your mind at rest, I can tell you now what you must very soon learn for yourself, that my business is just as important to you as your own."

Yates was no longer in any doubt.

"Say, governor," he threw in, "and how did yer get the money?"

"How so?" the other asked.

"When I saw yer larst, you 'd only got one louis about yer."

"Since then I have had negotiations with my own country," hastily answered the Vicomte. "But that 's my affair, and not yours. What I wish you to understand is that this must be kept secret. Serve me well, and it will pay you. Play me false, and I 'll find you out."

"Aye, aye," responded Yates. "As long as a job 's honest, an' the skipper knows his own mind, Gipsy Yates don't arst for nothing more."

The Vicomte turned to the door.

"Ramsey Height," said he.

"Sure," said Yates. "I 'm your man, me lud."

"Good!" exclaimed the Vicomte.

And with that he closed the door and was gone, while Gipsy Yates sat down again to his bacon, which by then had grown cold.

But his appetite appeared to have gone, for he

soon put down his knife and fork and, pushing the plate aside, solaced himself with the toddy.

"A wunnerful gent!" he said to himself. "A wonderful gent, indeed!"

ARRIVED at Nether Hall, the Vicomte was informed by Sir Michael of the engagement of Cicely to Captain Roland Hood. He received the news with an affectation of surprise, and then he declared that from the bottom of his heart he wished the young couple all the happiness in the world. He took Roland aside and congratulated him in a very cordial and effusive manner. To Sir Michael he expressed the opinion that a more suitable match he found it difficult to conceive. And, altogether, Monsieur le Vicomte seemed as delighted as any one else in the house.

To Cicely alone his manner was greatly different. With her he made light of the whole affair, regarding it merely as a pretty and not unpicturesque species of joke, *un pasetemps idéal*—as he put it in his own language—well enough in its way; but, he intimated, there were far more serious things in the world. He entered into conversation on the subject in much the same manner as a grown-up person will take a good-natured interest in the prattling of a child. If Cicely resented his demeanor, he adopted an exultant air. Which was the greatest mystery of all.

It had always been the custom of the Vicomte to sigh frequently when he talked; yet now, when one would have thought there was cause for it, he seemed disinclined to sue for pity or consolation. His self-confidence was alarming. He carried himself as one who had the victory in his hands.

Cicely had never trusted him from the start. She knew him for one who would be terrible in wrath, whose nature had all the force and violence of an irresistible mountain torrent. And yet, as far as the man's vehemence was concerned, figuratively speaking, he could fold it up and put it away at will. A pinch of snuff, a laugh, and a whisk of his cambric handkerchief was all that was needed to bring about the change. Before this despotism of the will, Cicely felt herself to quail, and not altogether without a reason. For she was conscious that this man, who had such dominion over himself, was capable of exercising an almost equally complete mastery over one who was weak and who already stood in fear and trembling at his very glance. Even under the shelter of her father's roof, where from her window she could see the cattle browsing in the rich, open pastures and the tall gray tower of Dedham Church rising above the tree-tops in the

peaceful valley of the Stour—even with her lover at her side, a feeling of insecurity took the strongest hold upon the girl.

"Roland," she once ventured, "when you are alone with Monsieur des Ormeaux, does he ever talk to you—of me?"

"Oh, very seldom; and when he does, it is only to tell me that he thinks I have found a very charming little wife."

"Is that all he says?" she wondered. She barely spoke aloud.

"Yes," laughed Roland, and then his face changed; indeed, there was the vestige of a frown. "To tell you the truth," he added, "I do not care very much about discussing you with Monsieur des Ormeaux. I do not like the man."

"Why, Roland? Why?"

She spoke breathlessly; and on a sudden the color left her cheeks.

"Why!" he repeated in surprise. "You are not afraid of him, are you, Cicely?"

"No," she cried. "Oh, Roland, tell me I'm not!"

She had caught tight hold of him. He took her playfully, yet tenderly, by the shoulders.

"Of course you're not!" he laughed. "Why should you be?"

"I don't know why," she answered hastily. "I can't think of any reason why I should be so. He is always polite; he is most considerate, too; but sometimes when he speaks to me, he smiles. And then I fear him, Roland! I could not tell you why; but I do," she cried; "I do."

"No; of course you could not tell me why! For it is all imagination, Cicely, and altogether without a cause. I, too, dislike him. But you must not let such silly fears run away with you! Monsieur des Ormeaux can do us no harm; and it is not likely he will ever try."

"No," she sighed, and drew closer to him she loved.

So little did they know the man! They thought, poor, foolish ones, that they were secure in a happiness that seemed to them the only thing in all the world. They did not dream that Louis des Ormeaux, if so it fell in with his plans, would go back to the Middle Ages, and fling civilization to the winds as readily as he would take a pinch of snuff. For the lean, lithe form that paced the garden of Nether Hall, whipping the springtime blossoms with his cane, veiled alike the heart of a Roman and the fiery spirit of a Gaul.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS

MAY had drawn swiftly into June. It was the time of year when the Stour Valley, always with



a gentle beauty of its own, is at its best. The richness of the fields was bespangled over with the yellow of the buttercups, and on the lowlands the marsh-mallows stirred in lazy breezes from the coast. Lilac and laburnum were in bloom, and the lanes and hedges white with hawthorn; which, together with the daisy-dotted meadows, made it seem as if the valley had been powdered by a fall of summer snow that could not melt in the sunshine, and cast abroad the sweetness of its perfume. Flocks of sheep were scattered on the uplands; cattle wandered lazily along the river-side; while, between the pollard-willows, the sleepy, listless river drifted to the sea.

It was that Eden of England that John Constable loved so well; and surely no scene was ever more symbolical of Peace. Yet, at that very time, the whole civilized world was arming itself for war; and upon this same glorious first of June, Lord Howe shattered the French fleet and drove them back to Brest.

Indeed, Europe was now upon the threshold of those twenty years of strife that saw the rise of Napoleon and heard the tramp of the Grand Army over the snows and across the desert sand. The war-dogs were loosed; the imperial eagles of France were to be borne in triumph through nearly all the capitals of civilization, and Moscow was doomed to flames. As yet the vineyards of Spain and Italy were untrampled under foot; the Danube flowed its even course, and the green corn rustled in the breeze upon the field of Waterloo. But the Reign of Terror was drawing to its close. France was already dyed in blood. And now the flood-gates were opened wide; and soon the earth would shake and the air would thunder, for Napoleon, the "Man of Destiny," was come.

Sir Michael was all for war, as, he said, every loyal, self-respecting, and patriotic Englishman always ought to be. And he called all who were against it "knaves."

Roland, in spite of protests from Cicely, was for getting back without delay to his ship, which had gone south to the Mediterranean, and was already within sound of the guns. His marriage was postponed until he came back again from the war. It had been originally intended that a double wedding should take place in Dedham Church. But, as will be seen, so many things were destined to intervene between the younger couple and their united happiness, that Sir Michael grew redder in the face than ever from impatience, and finally (to take a peep into the future) wedded the widow in the spring of the following year. But in the summer of the year 1794 England was already flushed with the news of her first great victories on the sea.

Now that Roland Hood was fully recovered from his injury, he and his mother went back to Bentley Hall. It had been decided that they should spend the last few weeks before he re-joined his ship at their old Suffolk home.

But, as Bentley Hall lay not half a dozen miles from the gates of Nether Hall, no sooner had he returned home than the gallant captain was forever on his horse, pounding the Ipswich road, on his way to see Cicely.

And so the time passed quickly on, until the autumn was upon them; and one short hour was all that remained to them. Roland was to leave the following morning; and now it was that, once and for all, he must wish Cicely good-by.

They were in the garden, when the Vicomte came suddenly upon them in the summer-house.

"Pardon!" said he. "I interrupt?"

"Not at all," said Roland. "We are glad to see you, sir." This was not strictly true; but it was always a difficult matter to hold strictly to fact and at the same time keep level with the Vicomte in politeness.

"I will delay you not a moment," the Vicomte went on. "I understand you naturally wish to be by yourselves. *Mon Dieu!* but it may be ever so long before you meet again!"

As he said this, he gave peculiar emphasis to the words, and threw his hands and his eyes sharply upward, as if there was some calamity afloat that only himself was able to foresee.

"Why do you say that, Monsieur?" cried Cicely, more than a little alarmed.

He smiled—his old, cruel smile—and then he bowed exceedingly low.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "we never can tell."

That was all; and then there was a silence, during which Roland shifted uneasily upon his feet, and Cicely turned anxiously to look at him. But the Vicomte stood quite motionless, with the ghost of the smile still playing around his lips.

"Sir," said Roland, "you are pleased to be pessimistic. I myself take a happier view of things."

"It is natural to hope for the best," threw in the Vicomte, "especially when one is young. We are very like fish that are caught in a net; we never realize what a calamity has befallen us—until we are landed high and dry."

"I fail to take your meaning," said Roland. "Do you mean to imply that to be forewarned is to be forearmed?"

"Mais non!" exclaimed the Vicomte. "That is not my intention; and it is very far from being the case. Cassandra prophesied the fall of Troy; no one believed her; but," he added softly, "nevertheless, the city fell."

And at that he bowed again.

"Monsieur," said Roland, turning impatiently away, "you speak in a riddle."

"Say rather a parable," cut in the other, "of which the meaning is more than plain: that the majority of us are dolts, Monsieur. It is very sad, but true."

They had nothing to say. They could not accuse him of rudeness. He was quite polite with it all.

"But it is not to tell you that that I am here," he went on. "I have come to pay my adieus, Monsieur le Capitaine."

"But I will see you before I go, surely?" said Roland.

"No, Monsieur. I have to ride into Colchester this afternoon, to meet a friend of mine who arrives by the Harwich coach. He is about to return to France. Ah, my fortunate friend!" and he sighed, placing his hand on his heart. "How I, too, long for Paris once again! But Versailles is gone; the Tuileries is no more; Paris, as I have known it, is a thing of the past! Ah, Monsieur, but it is all too sad to contemplate! Was there ever a moment more suited for adieus? It is a sad word, Monsieur; but what would you have? We all are heavy in our hearts. As for myself, I am desolate!"

And the man was smiling all the time. More than that, in every word there was a touch of mockery in his tone.

He wished the young Englishman good-by with all the courtesy in the world, and, with a final bow, went up the gravel path toward the house, humming his favorite air and swinging his cane in his hand. It is noteworthy that he used the word "Adieu," and not "Au revoir," as if he thought that they were not to see each other again. But here, for once, the Vicomte des Ormeaux was sadly in the wrong.

WHEN Roland Hood mounted his horse, his heart was as heavy as lead. Under the light in the Hall porch he had seen Cicely turn away and bury her face in her father's coat.

At that he had set his teeth on his under lip. His throat was aching sorely; and deep down somewhere in his chest there was a feeling of something that quivered, that made his breath come fast and short. Using his spurs, he set off along the road.

Five days later his new ship sailed forth from Plymouth Sound. She was a frigate, the *Inconstant*, and there was a wealth of irony in the name. Roland Hood, from the upper deck, watched the shores of England fade away in the fog, and vowed he would always be true to a certain girl who was soon to be his wife.

During the months that followed, Captain Hood took part in the combined naval and military operations in the Mediterranean. But it was not until the action of La Spezia, when the *Inconstant* was shot to splinters under the *Ça Ira's* eighty-four guns, that his personal courage was brought under the special notice of Nelson. And this was, in some sort, the turning-point of his life. It had much to do with his future success. He was selected to carry Admiral Hotham's report of the action to the Admiralty, and therefore arrived in England somewhat unexpectedly, as will be seen, just in time to avert a terrible calamity. And what that calamity was, and how nearly it came about, it is now time to tell.

The days that followed Roland Hood's departure from Nether Hall were heavy indeed for Cicely. It was, in some degree, a comfort to her that during the autumn months she was left mostly to herself. Her father had taken again to the hunting-field; Anthony was forever roaming the countryside; and day after day the Vicomte left the house immediately after breakfast, and did not return till night.

No one knew whither he went. He explained that, as a soldier, he was accustomed to an active life. He was never so happy as when astride of a horse. The old Squire, though he was too sleepy at nights to listen to much of his talk, still believed the man to be all that a courteous nobleman should be. Cicely shunned him, and feared him still, but kept her fears to herself. Anthony regarded him half in suspicion and half in a kind of mirthful curiosity; for Monsieur des Ormeaux was a mystery that a boy of seventeen, born and bred in an English village, could not be expected to solve.

At all events, when the Vicomte asserted that he loved to be far afield, there was no question that he spoke the truth. Night after night he brought back the mare in a muck sweat and splashed about the girths in Essex mud. The result of which was that the Squire bought a fine chestnut from a cavalry officer in Colchester, which he presented to the Vicomte on the second anniversary of the day the refugee landed at Judas Gap.

So the Vicomte, with two horses to ride, was constantly from home, for which Cicely was more than a little grateful.

Only upon one occasion was the old subject broached. It was a winter afternoon, and had rained hard throughout the day; but now the clouds had lifted upon a blood-red sunset that mingled with the firelight on the window-panes. Sir Michael was not returned from the chase. Anthony, with John Constable, had gone to Lang-



ham Marshes to snare a heron, in full belief of the old Essex superstition that a heron's legs made wondrous fishing-bait. As for the Vicomte, the weather had kept him in, and he had passed the day in his own room.

Cicely was alone. She had gone to the harpsichord, and for some time her fingers moved upon the keys. It was the sound of the music that brought the Vicomte down the stairs, on tiptoe, like a cat.

The room was growing dark, and softly she broke into a song. Cicely's heart was full. And Louis des Ormeaux, entering noiselessly, listened and heard it through. The sweetness of her voice, the softness of the notes, touched the innermost strings of his heart. He burst suddenly

She drew herself up. She looked proud and even defiant, but her heart was beating fast. She was the dignified mistress of Nether Hall.

"My father's house," said she. "I think I forget, my lord, you are his guest."

The Vicomte bowed exceeding low.

"Pardon," he muttered. "I ask forgiveness—I forgot."

He turned upon his heel and left the room, closing the door without a sound, and went back softly to his room. As for Cicely, sitting down at the harpsichord, she buried her face in her hands.

It was there that Anthony found her. He asked her what ailed her, for her cheeks were wet with tears; but she would not answer him. Boy



"HE TURNED UPON HIS HEEL AND LEFT THE ROOM."

forth: he told her of his love and again asked her to be his wife.

She reminded him of what he already knew, that her hand and heart were pledged to one who was serving his country across the seas.

But the Vicomte was beside himself. For once in his life, he was rash.

"I take no such answer," he cried to her.

though he was, and little used to the ways of the world, he could no longer be blind to the fact that this man plagued his sister with a love that she neither would nor could return. He remembered what Constable had told him of the scene in the Bergholt lane; and from this incident dates Anthony Packe's firm distrust of the Vicomte, that led to the disclosure of his perfidy.

(To be continued.)



## hen Winter Comes

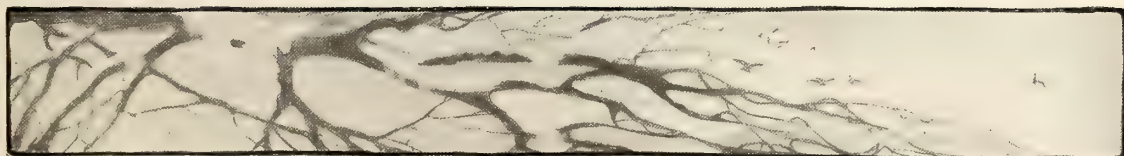
BY CECIL CAVENDISH

WHEN winter comes it brings the plays,  
And who 's as glad as we?  
When Sister takes me Saturdays,  
What lovely things we see!  
Though snow is flying through the air,  
And afternoons are gray,  
It seems like sunshine everywhere  
When riding to the play.

When I am settled in my seat,  
As cozy as can be,  
The music plays so soft and sweet,  
It says, "Come dance to me!"  
Though dancing down the slanting aisle  
I 'd dearly like to go,  
I know it 's best to wait awhile  
And watch the leader's bow,

Until the curtain slides above,  
And then the play 's begun,—  
With things to please, and things to love,  
And always lots of fun.  
If sad times come to make me sigh,  
I know they 'll soon be past;  
Before we bid the play good-by  
It all comes right at last.

I hate to leave the pleasant place,  
But Sister says to me,  
"Let 's hurry home now, little Grace;  
There 'll be iced cake for tea."  
At home, I tell dear Mama all  
About my happy day,  
And, tucked in bed beside my doll,  
I dream about the play.







From the engraving of the painting by W. H. Trood.

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"A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN."

# DR. MARY

BY SALLY CAMPBELL

It was raining hard. In her journey through the long gray day Molly Dunn had come to a place which all boys and girls visit now and then, especially on rainy Saturdays. The place is named "I Wonder-What-To-Do-Next."

Molly stood up and looked about her.

Grandmother was sitting by the fire. Her knitting was in her lap; she was gazing into the coals.

"She is remembering," Molly whispered to herself. "She is thinking of all the things that used to be long ago. Lots of them are over, and she misses them. And she feels sorry."

Molly waited only a moment. Then she went down-stairs.

Presently grandmother heard a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there was Molly, wearing Charley's coat, which came down to her heels; and her father's hat, which almost gave her a crick in her neck, it was so wobbly and hard to balance, and she was carrying a big umbrella. She set the umbrella against the wall and took off her hat—she was glad it is not polite to wear your hat in the house when you are a man.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said to grandmother. "I am a doctor; not just a plain one, but a special doctor that 's very important, and my visits cost a lot of dollars apiece."

By this time Molly and grandmother were shaking hands.

"What is your name, Doctor?" inquired grandmother.

"M'm," meditated Molly. "My name is Dr. Mary. I can't stay long. There 's a great deal of measles and croup and other diseases waiting for me in a hurry. But your son asked me to step in, so I obliged him. Please let me see your tongue."

Dr. Mary looked at grandmother's tongue, then she felt her pulse, then she laid the palm of her hand on grandmother's forehead and put the back of her hand against the end of grandmother's nose.

Dr. Mary shook her head.

"You are a very, very sick lady," she said gravely. "I 've got just three cures to give you. If they don't cure you I don't know what I 'll do."

"Three!" cried grandmother. "It must be a bad case! What is the first?"

"The first," answered Molly, trying to keep her dimples from showing (for who ever heard of a

great special doctor that had dimples?), "the first is to kiss me!"

Grandmother was not slow to obey, which is a great point with a patient.

"I feel better already," she said.

"The second," continued Dr. Mary, when she had smoothed her hair back again out of her eyes, "is to take all these different things that I am going to tell you about, and stir them up together and put them right over your heart in a plaster, to draw."

Molly got that last expression from Julie, the laundress. She waited to see whether grandmother would appreciate it. Grandmother did.

"Very well, I will," she promised. "Tell me what the things are."

"Why," said Molly, "this is one: Charley told the other boys that he felt pretty shy of grandmothers before you came, but now he liked them; they were 'all right,' he said. And mother said it made a change in a family when an angel came and lived with it—she meant you. Julie and Katy think you are splendid! I heard them tell the butcher there was n't another old lady in town could "hold a candle to" you. That was very slangy, but they meant to be nice. And father is crazy about you. All of us are. Now!" ended Dr. Mary, "Stir all these up and put them over your heart—the heat will be good for you."

"Oh, very good!" said grandmother softly, her eyes shining. Then she tried the first "cure" over again several times without stopping.

"Wait! Wait!" said Dr. Mary. "There is one more medicine for you to take."

"I don't need it!" said grandmother.

But Dr. Mary frowned at her. Then she laughed and frisked about the room in a way that was very undignified for a famous physician.

"If you knew what it was!" she cried delightedly. "If you just *knew* what it was, you never would say that! There!"

She snatched something out of her pocket, that is to say, Charley's pocket—and dropped it into grandmother's lap. It was small and oblong, and had many foreign postmarks. It was a letter from grandmother's youngest son, her "baby," who was writing a remarkably learned book in Japan.

"How do you feel now?" asked Molly, when grandmother was turning the first page.

"As if I had never had an ill day in my life," answered grandmother.

And indeed she looked it!



# LITTLE DUMPLING STREET

IN Rothenberg across the sea,  
That quaint old town of Germany,  
There is a street whose name to me  
Sounds wonderfully sweet.  
I know street names selectable,  
And stately, and respectable,  
But nothing so delectable  
As—"Little Dumpling Street."

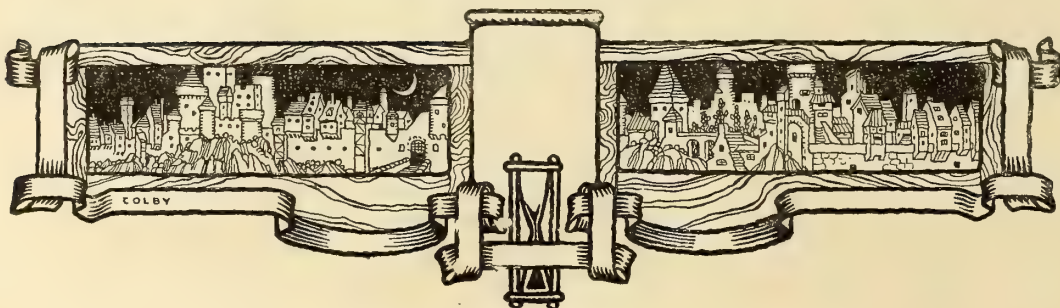
The street is short and narrow, too,  
With not a single house that 's new;  
Steep red-tiled roofs against the blue,  
And curtained windows neat;  
And, at the corner, from a tower  
A clock looks down through sun and shower  
And condescends to strike the hour  
For Little Dumpling Street.

I know the finest cooks live there  
And make that ancient thoroughfare  
A place to seek, and fill the air  
With odors savory-sweet.  
The kitchen fires are all aglow,  
Those jolly cooks run to and fro  
And set the hot loaves in a row  
For Little Dumpling Street.

Such puddings full of plums, such pies,  
Such griddle-cakes of mammoth size;  
Such creams and custards please the eyes,  
And tempt the mouth to eat;  
For quince preserves, and damson jam,  
And currant loaf, and chops of lamb,  
And orange cake, and roasted ham  
They cook in Dumpling Street.

The people in that city fair  
May eat and drink without a care.  
I know no breakfast foods are there  
Made out of oats and wheat.  
I wish my luck would carry me  
On some swift boat across the sea  
To Rothenberg in Germany  
And Little Dumpling Street.

*J. L. J.*





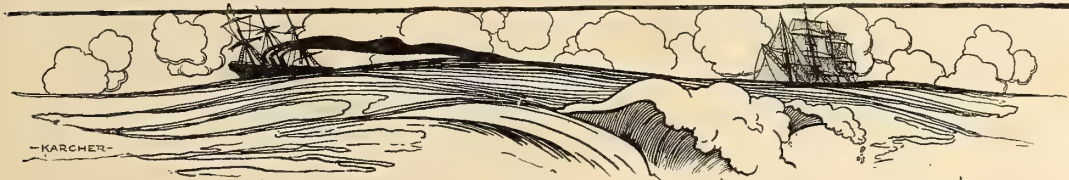
## QUEER CARGOES

BY JEAN HALIFAX

WE 've just the nicest teacher, and she knows such lovely plays;  
She lets us do the jolliest things on dark and rainy days,  
And yesterday it rained so hard, 't was quite dark in our room,  
But she let us play "Queer Cargoes," and we soon forgot the gloom.

"I send my ship to Africa, with Apes and Awls and Arks"  
(For you begin with A, you know), said little Winnie Marks.  
Then Bessie went to Boston, with Brown Bread, Beans, and Bats,  
And Amy went to China, with Camels, Corn, and Cats.  
Luella sailed for Denmark, with Dishes, Dogs, and Dyes,  
And Johnny went to Egypt, with Eagles, Eels, and Eyes,  
Will to France, with Flags and Figs and Furs and Files and Fish  
(*Queer* loads are fun, you know, and so you take just what you wish).  
Then Ralph set out for Germany, with Guns and Garments gay,  
While Maisie sailed for Holland, with Ham and Hats and Hay.  
Virginia went to Italy, with Iron, Ink, and Ice  
(She said "the Boot" was very warm, and ice-cream would be nice).  
Ruth sailed with Jars and Jugs and Jam to see the Japanese,  
And Arnold went to Kansas, with Kettles, Kegs, and Keys.  
Margaret sailed for London, with Lumber, Logs, and Lasts,  
And Tom, for Maine, was laden with Mice and Mats and Masts.  
With Nickels, Nests, and Noodles went Jessie to Norway;  
With Onions, Owls, and Oxen went Bess to Oyster Bay.  
With Pipes and Pigs and Peanuts, for the Philippines Ned sails  
And Teddy went to Queenstown, with Quartz and Quoits and Quails.  
And Roy went to Rhode Island, with Roses, Rats, and Rails,  
While Albert sailed for far Siam, with Shovels, Songs, and Snails.  
Then Ruthie went to Turkey, with Turkeys, Tin, and Tow  
(When the alphabet gets down to here, you have to go quite slow);  
To Utica with Uniforms went little Sadie Maile,  
And Ray took to Virginia Volcanoes and a Veil!  
Then Jack went to Wisconsin, with Whales and Wax and Wells,  
And May to the Yosemite, with Yachts and Yokes and Yells.

The other letters were too hard, and so the play was done.  
Now don't you think that "Cargoes" is just the jolliest fun?  
Your ship will go just where you choose, near home or far away,  
And are n't these the *queerest* cargoes you ever heard of, pray?



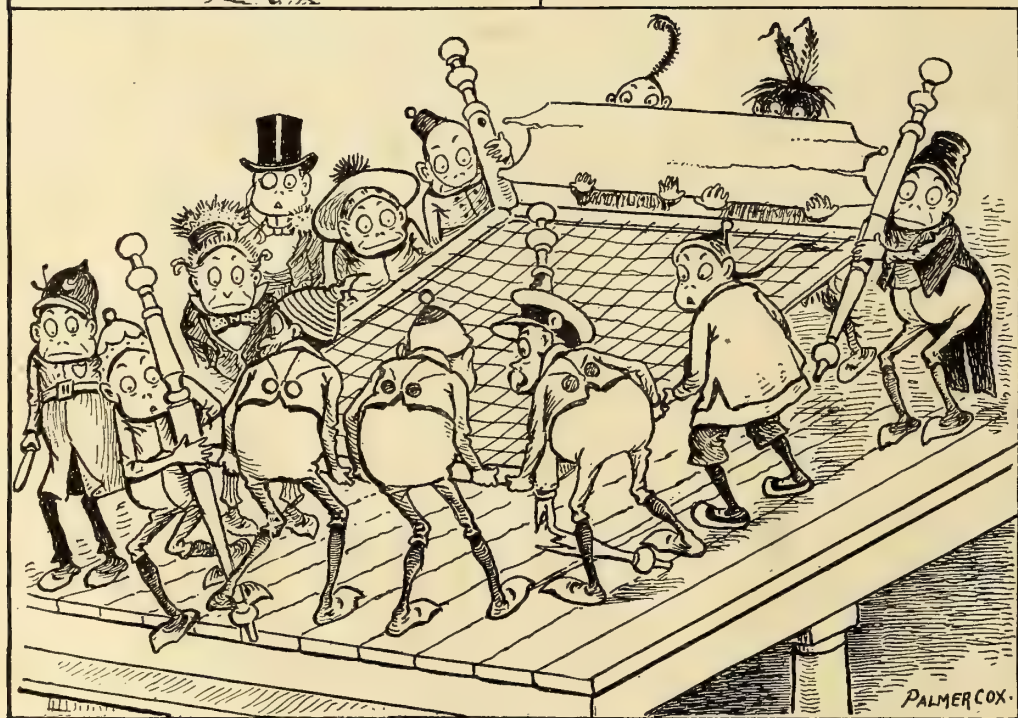


# THE BROWNIES AID THE HOSPITAL.

BY PALMER COX.



THROUGH contributions widely sought,  
The people of the town had bought  
A building where the sick could rest  
And find attention of the best.  
But many wants were crying yet  
That must by generous hands be met,  
So Brownies planned to meet the case  
By putting all such things in place.  
Said one: "Those who have work to do  
Will take the cake, and pudding, too;  
The labor that all leisure kills  
Is better than the doctor's pills,  
And we at idle hands may smile,  
Or heads inactive all the while,  
Without a plan from night to night,  
Or purpose that insures delight.  
We know what broken bones require,  
What those may need who play with fire,  
Or where by premature discharge  
The hunter falls, while game 's at large;  
We know the ailments of mankind  
From gout to the distracted mind,  
The ills that early gain a hold,  
And keep it till the frame is old,

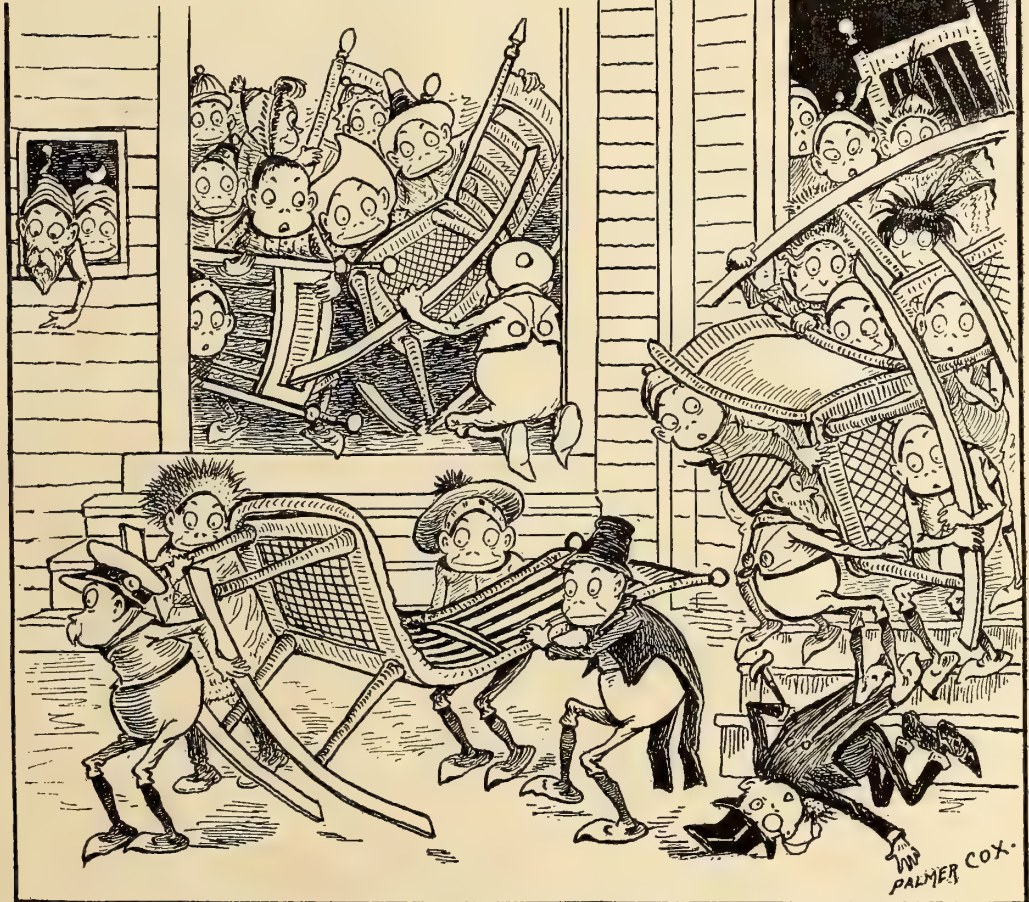


"AND BROWNIES CARRIED BEDSTEADS THERE THAT PEOPLE COULD WITH REASON SPARE."



Were dragged to light through garret doors,  
To squeak complaints on other floors;  
And Brownies carried bedsteads there  
That people could with reason spare,  
For in the attics far from use  
The searchers found them lying loose,  
Belonging to some bygone day  
That modern styles had pushed away.  
Said one: "We'll treat the townsmen fair,  
But in the face of need declare  
When people are in health they must  
Dispense with even yellow dust,

In spite of traveling worlds around  
Or draining springs for cures renowned."  
Then chairs that had not creaked their fears  
Beneath a human weight for years



"CHAIRS THAT HAD NOT CREAKED FOR YEARS WERE DRAGGED TO LIGHT."





To aid the sick, and helpless folk,  
Who sink beneath their heavy yoke."  
They pulled the mattress out from under  
Those who were dreaming of their plunder,  
And never roused them from the bliss

They found in such a theme as this;  
And even cradles got their care,  
For well the Brownies were aware  
Disease can war on infants wage  
As on the folk who stoop with age.  
The crutch for those upon the mend  
On which to hobble, hitch, and bend,  
And feel a freedom never found  
Upon the cots or beds around,  
Was not forgotten on the list,  
Or from the contribution missed.  
They knew hot water is a cure  
For many trials we endure,  
And though much hurried, ever kind,  
The boiler was not left behind.  
The instruments that waken fears,  
And few can look on without tears,  
Were boldly in their places laid



"EVEN CRADLES GOT THEIR CARE."

As though such labor was their trade.  
The caskets that might come in play  
When doctors had their practice day,  
The narrow operating-table,  
With willing hands as well as able,  
Were borne along by street and road  
Till in the building they were stowed.  
With boxes filled with bottles old  
Of patent drugs they found unsold,  
They hastened on, but not without  
Some sad mishaps, that let stuff out  
Which caused a loss, and caused delay,  
And filled the bearers with dismay.  
But here and there a bottle broke  
Passed with the Brownies as a joke,  
For in the main the general good  
Was moving onward as it should.  
And daylight would show wards and places  
All ready for a rush of "cases,"  
Where everything would be in reach  
Of both the patient and the leech.



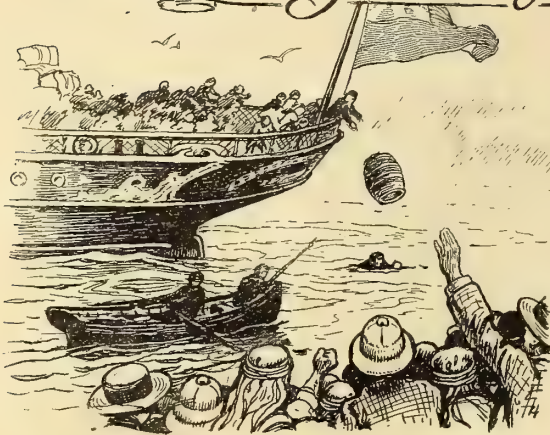
When'er the band for labor meet,  
They aim to finish all complete,  
And here they worked with such a will  
That people talk about it still.





# The Young Wizard of Morocco

By  
Bradley Gilman  
Author of  
*A Son of The Desert*



## CHAPTER I

### TWO FRIENDS MEET AGAIN

**I**T was late in the afternoon at Gibraltar; a clear sky and comfortable temperature drew everybody out of doors; and the one thoroughfare of the snug little town, Waterport Street, was at that hour crowded with people.

A young man, with a frank, fearless face and well-knit figure, sauntered out of the courtyard of the Hotel de Castilla, and moved, in a leisurely way, down the street toward the harbor. He cast glances into the show-windows, as he passed them, and at times he stopped and gazed more closely at some especially striking object offered invitingly for sale.

The young man,—a lad of about sixteen years, apparently,—was dressed in a rough Tweed suit, and walked with a quiet ease and vigor which harmonized with the brown tint of his face, and indicated an excellent condition of health and strength.

Evidently he had been long enough at "old Gib,"—as residents and frequent visitors call Gibraltar,—to make a number of friends; for, as he sauntered along, again and again he bowed and spoke to some civilian, or returned a military salute given by a stern rigid officer on horseback, or lifted his hat to some group of ladies passing in a carriage.

From these greetings, more or less formal, but all friendly, we may learn the young man's name; and, finding that it is "Leslie," we look more closely at him, and discover that we, too,

are friends of his, and that he is no other than the lad whom we have before seen in great perils and privations, but who has grown so strong and brown that we might almost have failed to recognize him. His father, Colonel Leslie, had planned to meet him here, but has been called back to the United States, and has written his son to expect him a month later, and to use the interval in travel near the Straits of Gibraltar.

As our newly-found friend stopped to examine some finely-wrought silver-work in a shop-window, he heard his name spoken, in an anxious tone, and turned quickly about. The voice was that of a woman, and she was pulling hard at a spirited horse which she rode. She was the wife of Captain Thornton,—commander of H. M. S. *Thunderer*, lying off Algeciras, across the bay,—who was a friend of Ted's father.

Ted had dined with the Thorntons, at the Hotel de Castilla, and was now startled to see that Mrs. Thornton's countenance showed alarm, or, at least, anxiety. She carried a hunting-crop in one hand, and tried to point with it down the narrow, crowded thoroughfare; but her horse,—evidently a young animal,—was extremely restive, and she needed both hands to restrain and quiet him.

The quick-witted American lad saw at once that she sought his aid; and, giving a sharp glance down the street, and then up it, he recognized her difficulty and danger. Coming rapidly down the street, from Commercial Square, was a company of Highlanders, in characteristic Scottish uniform, plaid kilts and bare knees, and led by a platoon of bagpipers, skirling wildly on their shrill instruments. That was quite enough to frighten a steed unaccustomed to such sounds; but the commander's wife was confronted, in the other direction, by two or three camels, laden with huge panniers; and, evidently, the horse was unused to these great, gaunt quadrupeds, and showed his distrust and tim-

idity by his nervous movements. Camels are seldom seen in Gibraltar, although common enough across the strait, in Tangier and Ceuta.

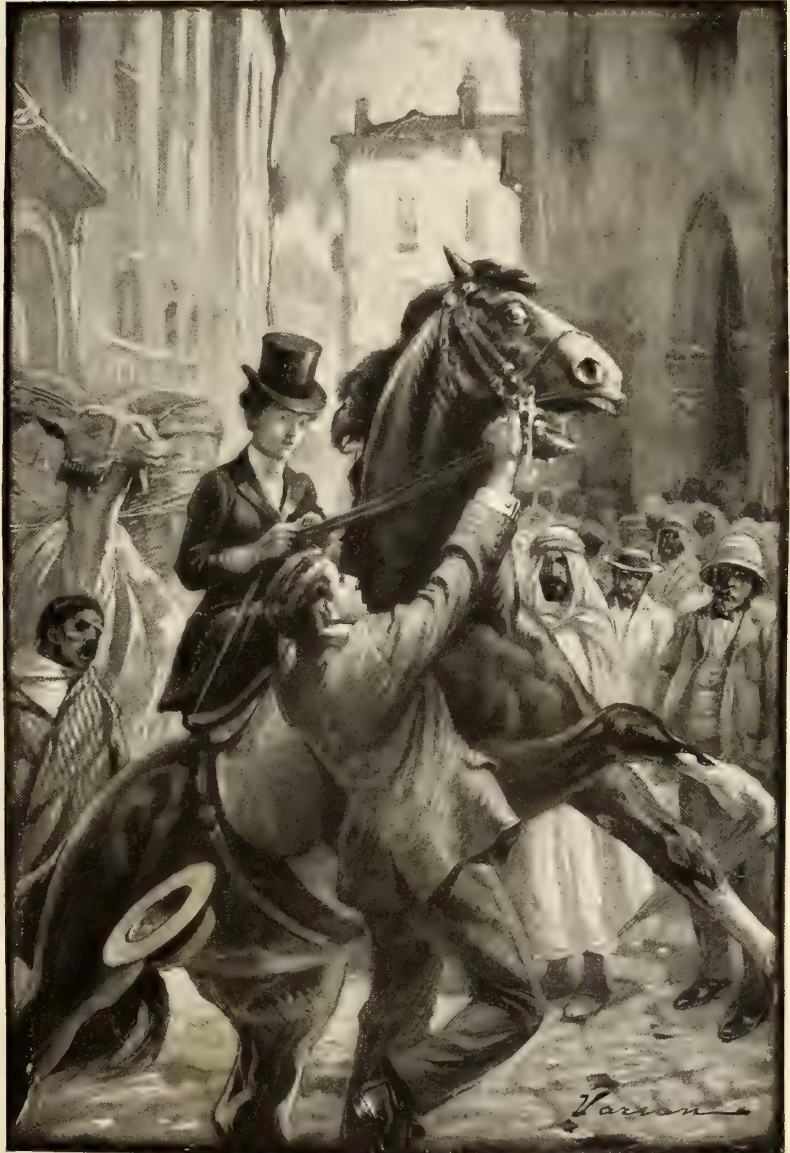
Ted, for a moment, was quite at a loss to know what to do. Could he catch the half-rearing animal by the bridle? And could he hold him, after he had seized him? Could the now alarmed and nearly helpless rider dismount? Could he stop the advancing line of Scottish pipers? Could he motion back the camel-drivers, who were stupidly plodding along toward him, leading their high-headed uncouth beasts by long cords?

The lad felt a great burden of responsibility thrust suddenly upon him. These various courses of action leaped through his mind like electric sparks; there was little time to deliberate; indeed, no time whatever; and the distressed lady was staring down at him with fixity of features, and with tears in her eyes.

Instinctively he sprang to the restive horse's head, caught the bridle with his strong brown hand, and waved his left arm toward the advancing camel-drivers, to stop them. The now excited animal reared, and actually lifted the boy from the ground; yet he held on pluckily, but needed both arms for this acrobatic performance. In a second or two his feet were again on the ground, but he could give little heed to camels or soldiers, although his ears told him that the pipers were still advancing; all his strength was needed to restrain the horse, who, without him, would undoubtedly have bolted, and plunged, and made havoc with some store or stores, and thrown his now nerveless rider, probably to her death.

Ted held on, desperately; it seemed many min-

utes, but was only many seconds; then the frightened horse, snorting in terror, with ears twitching nervously, and half trying to rear again, began to back; and just in line with this retrograde movement of his, stood the narrow



"INSTINCTIVELY HE SPRANG TO THE RESTIVE HORSE'S HEAD."

doorway,—flanked by broad show-windows,—of a "Military Outfitter"; his windows were filled with cork-helmets, dragoon-boots, and many sorts of garments much decorated with gold-braid.

The sight of the horse's powerful hind legs momentarily approaching the outfitter's shop,



nerved Ted to one more frantic tug at the bridle; and the horse yielded a little and came with him. Then, by chance, on turning his head, the boy's glance fell upon the doorway of a caterer's shop,—just across the way; he saw that it was wide and high; a noble Moorish arch it was, with a double-leaved door, and both leaves or wings open.

The sight sent a pulsation of hope through his heart, and gave new strength to his straining muscles. His plan was formed in the twinkling of an eye. "Steady, there!" He ordered the trembling, prancing animal, now altering his voice from a soothing tone to one of sharp command: "Steady, now! Come! Come here!" Speaking thus he pulled vigorously on the bridle, and felt the frantic young animal yield obedience; now was his one chance, and he took it; he pulled with all his might, and he was able to rush the confused horse straight across the thoroughfare, and into the broad doorway; and he did not slacken pace until he backed himself against a counter, at the rear of the shop.

The owner of the shop was active in his mind and his muscles, and quickly flung together the big leaves of the double door, thus shutting out terrifying sights and sounds from the trembling, but now controllable, animal.

Another moment, and one of the salesmen helped Mrs. Thornton to alight, and the worst was over. By good chance a brother of the commander,—himself a colonel of the garrison,—now came into the shop; and, after adding his warm thanks to Mrs. Thornton's,—and both of them insisting that Ted should dine with them again, the next evening,—they went away, leaving directions that the horse, when fully calmed, should be sent to its stable, near the Alameda Garden.

Our young friend Ted was but little out of breath, and only slightly disturbed in his nerves, so robust was his condition of physical health; and, as he passed quietly and modestly through the admiring and applauding crowd of spectators, outside the shop, he could think of only one thing. "My, but that shop was a queer place to be in, holding a horse!" he chuckled. "How we must have looked! With all those cakes and pies and candies around! A jolly pair of customers!" Then he shook his head more seriously. "But I was pretty lucky to get in there. Things looked rather dark for about ten seconds." And he quickened his pace, going on down toward the "Old Mole," a stone pier which juts out from the shore into the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

In the clear air of that sunny afternoon he

could look a long distance over the waves, and quite across the strait, some ten miles, where the African coast range of mountains,—the Riff range,—lifted itself against the horizon. Scores of ships were to be seen, some at anchor, and some passing in or out of the mouth of the great inland sea. Various flags, floating in the light breeze, silently proclaimed ships from European ports, from the East, and elsewhere. Among these "colors" Ted noted one with the dear old "Stars and Stripes," and his heart beat loyally at the sight.

There was a large number of people crowded upon the pier, for a "Peninsular and Oriental Steamer" (called by all travelers "P. & O. Steamers," for short) was expected to arrive that day on her voyage from Suez and Alexandria to England; and even now spectators, with strong field-glasses, could make her out, far away to the eastward, a great column of black smoke pouring from her stacks. Her name was the *Albion*.

A general buzz of conversation and comment prevailed throughout the assembled company, and all watched with interest as the *Albion* presently dropped anchor, and was soon surrounded by towboats and barges and many lesser craft. Some of the spectators were awaiting friends, and others, like Ted, were drawn to the pier chiefly by curiosity.

The government boat, a steamer of medium size, had the right of way, carrying mail and bearing passengers in the service of the British government. She ran up alongside the *Albion*, and, after much bustle and confusion, she cleared away, and headed back toward the pier. Her deck was crowded with soldiers, officers, and privates, and many of them had their wives and families with them. As she ran alongside the pier there was much shouting of orders, and clanging of signal-bells to the engineer; and deck-hands stood at the rail with coils of landing-lines, which they prepared to throw to boatmen on the pier. "Away, now!" called the second mate, who was in command; and the smooth, pliant coils shot out, like long sinuous serpents, across the chasm, and fell upon the pier. Next the large cable or hawser was hauled across, and next—well, something happened which was not down on the program, but which was to seriously affect the life and fortunes of Ted Leslie.

Suddenly, above the general hubbub of voices, rose the piercing scream of a woman; and again it rose, dominating all other sounds.

Ted had not rudely pushed his way to the edge of the pier, and so could not see clearly what was going on; but he made two or three light agile

leaps into the air, and from the glimpses thus obtained, he made out that a child had been knocked overboard by the "kick" of the bulky hawser.

He caught sight of the woman, who was frantically bent upon leaping in after her child; but two deck-hands restrained her; and now scraps of news were passed about from lip to lip among the excited passengers on the pier. "Yes, that 's what it is." "Child knocked overboard." "Yes, a mere baby." Then exclamations of eager curiosity and earnest sympathy. Then, "Good! Good enough!" "Yes, but how foolish!" "Oh, the pity of it!"

From all this, as the crowd jostled and swayed, and questioned and replied, Ted gathered that the child had been instantly followed into the water by a man, a passenger, who would probably have made a speedy rescue, for rowboats were flying to the spot from all sides; but, most unluckily, somebody on the deck had pushed over an empty water-cask, presumably intending it as a life-preserver for the gallant rescuer. But the cask struck the man in the water, rendered him unconscious, and he and the child both were pulled into the first rowboat that reached the spot.

Varied were the comments on the accident; all agreed in expressing satisfaction at the rescue, but many muttered their anger or disgust at the stupid man who had pushed overboard the water-cask and who had quickly disappeared below decks. The crowd surged hither and thither, some drifting back toward the town, and others staying to greet friends returning from the East. As for Ted, he walked slowly away, debating whether or not he would take the walk he had planned, up to the Moorish Castle,—an old ruin on the slope of the hill,—to see the sunset.

As he deliberated he heard the regular tramp, tramp, of footsteps behind him; and, looking around, he discovered four men, walking carefully in step, and bearing some heavy object among them. It was a piece of canvas; they were using it as a stretcher or litter, each holding one of the four corners; and on this improvised stretcher lay the limp body of the man. Ted understood. It was the passenger who had leaped into the water and had been injured by the cask.

They drew nearer; the man's face was uncovered; it was a dark face, and a youthful face; and with blood upon it; the young man seemed to be unconscious. A few steps nearer came the evenly walking bearers, and Ted suddenly felt a thrill of surprise and horror shoot through him, for he recognized the face, discolored though it

was, the dear face of his friend, tried and true, Achmed, the brave, faithful son of Abou-Kader, the Bedouin sheikh.

## CHAPTER II

### THE MYSTERIOUS GIRDLE

WORDS cannot express Ted's emotions, as he recognized the face of his friend lying motionless and apparently unconscious upon the canvas litter. He uttered an exclamation of astonishment and horror, and laid his hand on the shoulder of the sailor who was acting as leader. "Do you know him?" asked the young officer in charge of the bearers, and motioned his companions to stop.

"Know him?" cried Ted; "I certainly do. He is an intimate friend of mine; in fact I owe him my very life. But where are you carrying him?"

Ted spoke in a blank sort of way, and was trying to collect his ideas; for the shock was a heavy one. He had not dreamed of meeting Achmed in Gibraltar, and now to meet him in this way,—it paralyzed his powers of body and mind, for a moment, but for a moment only; he quickly recovered himself. "Where are you bearing him?" he again inquired, sharply; for the man seemed to hesitate, and not to know what was to be done with the injured man.

The boyish official cleared his throat, impressively, and answered, drawing himself up as high as he could: "The purser directed me to place him in charge of some surgeon, at some hotel. He was coming ashore here, anyway; his luggage was all made ready. As to his ticket-coupon, we did not notice that; perhaps it is in his pocket, now; let me see—"

He started to thrust his hand into the inside pocket of the injured lad's water-soaked coat; but no sooner did he draw back the lapel of his coat than Achmed mechanically threw up his arm and pressed the coat back into place, at the same time murmuring a few words. Ted caught the Arabic word "La! la!" (No! no!) several times repeated; and knew that his dear friend was trying, in a half-conscious way, to prevent the search.

The young official did not persist, for he was a very decent sort of lad; and he listened, readily, as Ted said: "If you will let me, I will look after him; it is growing late in the afternoon, and soon will be 'Gun-Fire'; then, as you doubtless know, the gate over there will be closed. So we must hurry at once into the town. Will you kindly come with me, and order your men to follow my directions? We will take him at once to the hospital of the garrison; there are excellent surgeons there, and—"



"But you have forgotten," interrupted the purser's assistant, "that only men in his majesty's service are given quarters there."

"I have not forgotten," responded Ted. "But this man has been, and is now, I think, in that service; we shall have no difficulty, I assure you." And he recalled Colonel Thornton and his recent expressions of gratitude, feeling sure that the way would be opened by that officer, if other plans failed.

So the sad little procession wended its way up off the Old Mole, through the great stone portal, past the stiff stern sentries, and up through the main thoroughfare. Although the street was crowded, people made way, instantly, for this group, as soon as they discovered that in its midst was a human being, injured and helpless. That is nearly always the noble truth about men and women, that, although they push and jostle one another, selfishly, or heedlessly, in health, yet, when some great sickness or woe comes to their notice, they quickly sink their selfishness and hardness, and are ready to lend a helping hand.

Treading carefully in unison, the men bore their forlorn burden steadily onward, and when they drew near the barracks, Ted ran on ahead, and got a few minutes' talk with the officer of the guard at the gate. A brief explanation about Achmed's service in Egypt, and a reference to Colonel Thornton, opened the way for Achmed's admission. And he was borne in and laid upon a bed in one of the wards, his luggage being labeled, and placed in the storage-room.

The surgeon in charge now prepared to examine the injured man; and he seemed to expect Ted to depart, with the others, leaving the patient in his sole charge; but our young American had no such intention; he had a tenacity and intensity of nature which, when roused, made him carry out most thoroughly whatever he was engaged in; and he would not and could not give over all care and responsibility for Achmed, now helpless, to another person, even though that person was the accredited and honorable "Surgeon in charge of his majesty's troops at Gibraltar."

It was well, too, that Ted did remain, after thanking and taking leave of the purser's assistant; for, when the white-jacketed young doctors, —the surgeon's assistants,—began to remove the injured lad's clothing, again he resisted, and in his dim, half-conscious way held tight the lapels of his wet coat.

Then came a surprising and touching scene; an exhibition of the power of affection to penetrate the mysterious regions of the mind, when

the hands and voice of duty and official service have failed. Achmed resisted, feebly but feverishly, the efforts of the medical attendants; and they paused, for a moment, in uncertainty as to how much force to use. Then Ted,—hardly able to keep back tears, his sympathy and loyalty to the faithful Bedouin lad was so deep,—came close to the side of the bed and took Achmed's brown, fine hand in his own hand,—larger, but no stronger, and equally brown,—and, in soft, low tones, speaking as if to a sleeping child, quite forgetful, too, of the three Englishmen standing near, he said: "Achmed! Achmed! O Achmed, my friend, my brother! I am here, Achmed; you can trust the brother whose life you saved; we are together again, Achmed. Does not the son of Abou-Kader know his American brother?"

Thus spoke Ted Leslie, tenderly, eagerly, as if crooning to a sick child, and unconsciously framing his speech after the quaint fashion of the desert, as he had come to know it, through Achmed. And, as he spoke, he smoothed gently the limp hand which he held between his own strong hands, and bent over his friend and brother, and his very soul seemed to go forth toward the injured silent form, as if his own strong will might lift up that companion's will and soul, out of the deeps of silence and oblivion into the field of light and conscious life.

Then the sick man gave a sign of revival; his breath was held, for a few seconds, and presently came forth in two or three long sighs; and now he opened his eyes; slowly, at first wonderingly; and then there came gradually into them the light of intelligence and recognition; and Ted was overjoyed to see the familiar expression, as of old, come into Achmed's strong face, that keen yet noble and trustful expression, which had rested on his "Brother" many times, in those hours of trial and peril, in the desert of Helouan.

"You know me, Achmed?" asked Ted, yet in a low tone, as was befitting at a bedside of sickness. "You know me, and you trust me?"

The Bedouin lad's eyes closed for a moment, as if in peace and content; then opened and rested with confidence on Ted's face, while his two hands now sought Ted's two hands, and held them firmly.

But only for a few moments did this last. Achmed now seemed to recall something of importance; and he released Ted's hands and began to fumble at his own clothing. The surgeon and his assistants at once came forward, expecting to undress him and examine him, as was their duty. But Achmed, at their approach, ceased his own efforts,—sad it was for Ted to see those

movements so feeble,—and motioned the men back.

So, willing to humor him, they again retired, and Achmed waved them off, until they were half across the room. Then he feverishly and hurriedly began again fumbling at his clothing; and, as Ted ventured to assist him, he welcomed the aid, and his dry lips formed the Arabic affirmative: "Ayweh! ayweh!" (Yes! yes!)

Ted now surmised that Achmed held, concealed about him, something which he was very anxious about; and he was not wholly surprised, there-

At a sign from Ted the friendly doctors came forward, and the injured lad made no resistance whatever as they skilfully removed his garments and proceeded with their thorough examination.

Ted had put the strange band of parchment into his inner waistcoat pocket, and now awaited anxiously the judgment of the surgeon as to Achmed's condition.

"Not so bad! Not at all bad, if all goes right"; was the opinion rendered, after an extremely careful examination had been made. "You can leave him to us with entire confidence"; continued the surgeon, as his assistants dried and rubbed the young Arab's passive body, and then tucked him,—bandaged about the head and left shoulder,—snugly into another bed. "He got it hard on the head and shoulder; but that is all; and, in a few days, if no fever symptoms set in, we shall find him a very different man. Your friend, you said?"

"Very much so"; responded Ted, with an energy, and a light in the eyes which carried conviction. "In fact each of us owes his life to the other; so you can see that we are pretty closely united, in our feelings."

"Quite so! Quite so!" was the British surgeon's prompt response; and he paused as if giving the lad an opening, as if hoping he would go on and tell more about the ties

of gratitude and trust which united him to the young Arab, and how they had been formed.

But Ted was just now impatient to go out and find his friend Colonel Thornton; he wished to make assurance doubly sure as to the care of Achmed. So he said good-by to the surgeon, took a last watchful look at the sick man, and hurried away.

After following one or two false scents, he trailed the colonel to the Castilian Club, composed chiefly of English officers; and there, meeting his friend, he gave him an account of the accident to Achmed, telling also as much of his own former relations with the Arab lad as was needful.

Colonel Thornton nodded approvingly, step by step, and expressed his pleasure at being able to do something for Ted, so soon, in return for



"ACHMED TOOK THE TINY PACKET AND LAID IT BETWEEN TED'S PALMS."

fore, when he had removed or drawn aside the coat and waistcoat,—still soaked with water from the brave plunge into the bay,—to find, beneath the undershirt, a narrow, thin band of parchment, fastened tightly about Achmed's waist, and colored so much like the lad's dark skin that it might easily have escaped detection.

"Ayweh! ayweh!" again whispered Achmed, as Ted untied the silken strands which held it; and his glance turned watchfully toward the three doctors, who still remained at a distance.

When the mysterious band was free, Achmed took it into his own hands, folded it up, and laid the tiny packet between Ted's palms, shutting one hand over the other after he had done so. "My brother, my brother!" he said, and then sank back with what seemed a sigh of relief and entire trust, and closed his eyes, and relaxed all his muscles.



Ted's brave, prompt rescue of his imperiled sister-in-law. "And now," said the American boy, closing his narration, "I would be very greatly obliged if you could give me a note to the surgeon which would allow me admission at any and all hours, day or night, to the hospital, while my friend is a patient there."

"Why, yes—er—yes," was the colonel's hesitating response. "That is to say, at any hour of the daytime; but, of course, at night you won't wish—"

"Pardon me, Colonel Thornton, that is just the point," said Ted, with decision; "I wish to go in and out, even in the night; to-night, for example."

"But surely, my dear boy," remonstrated the good-natured officer, "you can trust our surgeons and assistants to look after him at night? It almost looks as if you thought they would neglect him; as if you thought—"

Ted smiled, but shook his head in a determined way. "I don't know anything about that side of the matter," he insisted; "I know only that Achmed stood by me in Egypt, day and night, at peril of his life, and waited on me and encouraged me, and now I shall stand by him, to the uttermost. You will do me the kindness, Colonel Thornton?"

"Why, yes, yes," came the kind-hearted officer's reply, in an indulgent tone. "You shall certainly have the right of way, for all hours, if you feel as strongly as that." And he went over to a little desk, turned up the light, and wrote out the letter to the surgeon, exactly as the American lad had suggested.

Thanking him warmly, Ted departed. The evening had come, and lights were on, in the shops and along the narrow streets. Back to the Hotel de Castilla he hurried, and took a few hasty bites of food, then back again to the hospital, where the surgeon's assistant, now in charge, was evidently surprised to see him. One glance, however, at the colonel's note made the assistant ready to do his slightest bidding.

Thus Ted's purpose was accomplished. His plan was carried out. For he passed the entire night beside Achmed, waiting on him, soothing him when he seemed restless, but not speaking to him so as to arouse him and prevent that sleep and rest which was Nature's own best medicine.

The next day and the next night, with hardly any break, faithful Ted stayed at his post, doing nurse's duty as only affection and fidelity could do it, and catching many brief naps in a big arm-chair. He repressed Achmed's desire to

talk, whenever the Bedouin lad seemed inclined that way; and, with a silent, trustful pressure of the hand, Achmed always gave in to him.

Thus the hours and days and nights passed. Achmed's slightest wish was noted and met, even before he could audibly express it. Once he asked about the parchment girdle, and was plainly relieved when his faithful young nurse drew it carefully and cautiously from his own inner pocket.

What was in or on the girdle Ted knew not; he had not examined it. He was not lacking in curiosity, but he had a fine sense of courtesy and right which forbade his opening the tight little packet into which he had, at first, tied the mysterious band. If Achmed wished to explain it to him, later, then would be the time for him to know about its secret value, and not before.

After a few days, and rapid improvement, the two loyal friends talked more and more together; and here came a blow to Ted. Naturally he inquired about friends and affairs in Egypt; and, among the first, he asked about that third member of their little escaping group, the clever, agile, mischievous monkey, "Mr. Malloly."

At once Achmed's face showed that he had sad news. "I must tell my brother that which is the truth, even though it gives him pain"; he said sadly. And he then proceeded to explain that the monkey had disappeared, a few weeks before, from the pleasant garden by the Nile, where had been his home. "No one knows whither he has gone, nor even if he still lives"; he said reluctantly, but firmly. "But it was thought that he had been stolen by somebody; by some tourist, perhaps. That is all I know, all I know." And he held Ted's hand tightly, as he gave the mournful news, for he was well aware how dear to Ted the intelligent little creature had been.

After a long silence he spoke again. "I will tell my brother, soon, about the parchment girdle which I gave into his keeping. It is very precious; it holds a very important secret. Keep it safely for the present." And Ted nodded and said nothing.

"That will explain why I have so surprised my brother by being here," continued Achmed, in a low tone, making sure that nobody was near enough to overhear his words; "but first I will say that I remember leaping into the water, from the steamer; and next I will say that I—that I believe—that the cask, of which you have told me, was thrown upon me—by an enemy."

He paused, and looked at his young nurse. Ted was astonished, but made no reply.

(To be continued.)



## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



### TEARS, IDLE TEARS

It is not hard to understand why, when a book makes you laugh, you want to read it and to read it over and over again. But it is rather puzzling to find that one

also enjoys reading and re-reading books that make one want to cry. What can there be in us that likes to be made to feel unhappy? In real life we don't try to do things that will make us suffer—not at all! But there are books that you cannot think of, once you have read them, without tears coming to your eyes, and yet you will find that you love those books perhaps more than any others.

One such is by Miss Ewing, "The Story of a Short Life." It tells about a little boy, a boy who is gentle and brave and most lovable; so lovable that you want to know him all your life. But the story is short, because his own story has not much more than begun before it ends. Your heart aches so when he dies that it seems as

though you could n't bear it—yet you love the book and read it many times. Why?

Perhaps it is because the story is beautiful. Word by word, so simply, so tenderly the picture of this short and lovely life is placed before you. You feel that it could not have been so exquisite if it had not also been so short. The story is so true that if it had ended differently and not made you cry it might have lost some of that truth and simplicity which made you feel so deeply. And, after all, to feel deeply is one of the best things in life; and there, maybe, lies the explanation of why we do love sad stories. They make us unhappy in a way, but they do not leave behind any bitterness or sense of personal loss. And they usually have a special beauty of their own.

There are many such stories, most of which you are more likely to read after you have grown up, but others you will like now. Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" is such an one, half sad, half mingled with fairy happiness. I remember, too, how I used to mourn over some of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales; particularly those that told about the poor little lark dying of thirst in its cage, and singing to the daisy that pitied it, and of the little child whom the angel



took up to heaven, and who brought with him the faded plant that had made his only joy on earth. Yes, though most fairy tales have a pleasant way of turning out happily, some are sad; and you remember those the longest.

"LAUGHTER, HOLDING BOTH HIS SIDES"

ALL the same, and though it is certainly true that you get this almost unaccountable happiness out of being made unhappy, yet we all enjoy enormously being made to laugh. And fortunately there are any number of books and stories that give us plenty of chance to laugh to our hearts' content, if we choose. I'm going to speak of two of these that are very different from each other, but are both delightfully funny. The first is the only story for children ever written by Thackeray, "The Rose and the Ring," and the other is the immortal, adorable "Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.



"The Rose and the Ring" tells of the wicked King Valoroso XXIV of Paphlagonia, of his queen, of Princess Angelica his daughter, of Prince Bulbo the fat and rich, and Prince Giglio the handsome and poor. It tells of Betsinda, the princess's maid, who is really a princess herself, and whose true name is Rosalba. Then there are old Gruffanuff, the governess, and a rude footman who undergoes a horrid punishment, being turned into a knocker. There are also lions and a lioness, for little Rosalba had been carried away as a baby and brought up by an old lioness; when she first comes into the story she is very ragged and very dirty, but as merry and cunning as can be, dancing around on her little feet and making funny rhymes—

"Oh, what fun to have a plum-bun !  
How I wis' it never were done !"

she sings, and Princess Angelica, who is altogether spoiled, and a rather snobbish and disagreeable young person, takes a fancy to her and makes her her maid: nor does little Rosalba have the easiest time in the world.

But it is the way the story is told that makes you laugh all the time. It makes fun of all sorts of solemn things, and even of some writers who never thought any one would dare to make fun

of them. But it does this in such an apparently innocent way that perhaps they never guessed it. Anyhow, whether you read the story for the first time and are so interested in finding out how Prince Giglio wins back his kingdom and how Betsinda is discovered to be Rosalba and a real princess, that you have n't time to laugh at all the funny things, or whether you are reading it over for goodness knows the how-manyeth time, you are going to think it one of the best stories you have ever read. If you get the book, try to find the proper edition, with rhymed headings to the pages, just as Thackeray wrote them. For some foolish reason these are left off in many of the recent editions. There are pictures just as funny as the story, also made by Thackeray. And if you don't shout with laughter when you read how Prince Bulbo and Prince Giglio both proposed to Betsinda, and when you look at the picture of Bulbo tearing great quantities of hair out of his head in his despair—why, there 's no use talking to you at all!

BEING A BOY

As for Tom Sawyer, there are no princesses or fairy Blacksticks or magic rings and roses in his story. He is just an American boy in a Middle Western village, with his friends and his old aunt—but funny? Well, rather! That whitewashing, for instance. Tom whitewashing the fence on Saturday afternoon, when he 's fairly bursting to get off and play. Enter Ben, carrying an apple, engaged in a glorious game where he in his single person represents boat, captain, engine-bells, gage-cocks, what not.

"Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you!" exclaimed Ben.

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly, and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I war n't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work—would n't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly: "Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I ought n't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

A little more of this, and Ben naturally grows



wild to try the thing himself, and presently he begs Tom to let him have a turn at it.

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind.

"No — no — I reckon it would n't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence — right here on the street, you know — but if it was the back fence I would n't mind, and *she* would n't. I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it ought to be done!"

Perhaps you will guess that before the afternoon is over Tom has had a pretty good time on account of that fence. And he *has*. He has eaten Ben's apple, for one thing. I only wish I were going to read about him again for the first time, as, after all, many of you will. For I suppose it's impossible for you all to have read Tom's story, since there must be a time when one has n't done even the nicest things.

You will see, when you read these two books, that, although they are so different, they have one thing in common: the people in them are real people, and seem just as much alive as do your friends and schoolmates. For though Bulbo and Angelica and Giglio and Rosalba do all sorts of absurd things and have impossible adventures, yet they are ever so much like the rest of us, good and bad, kind and unkind, silly and clever. One of the reasons why the story is so funny is just that—the people are such amusing, every-day people, and their adventures are so curious and unexpected; like "Alice in Wonderland," for that matter. Tom, in spite of his adventure in the cave, goes along much like any other boy, and his life is as real as himself. He will always stay real, for boys have a way of being much the same

right along, and when you get a real boy into a book he's going to last. Why, if nothing happened to Tom at all, you'd enjoy meeting him. There are a lot of stories about boys that have more adventures in them; but the boys are n't really alive, and a month after meeting them you forget their very names. But you can't forget Tom and Huck Finn, not any time after reading of them.

Another thing you feel when reading these books is that the men who wrote them enjoyed doing it every bit as much as we enjoy reading them. More books than one likes to think of are written in the hope that they may be bought, and not because their writers love to work at them. But these last are the only ones worth while, and after you have read a few of them you won't care greatly about the others.

There are of course many humorous books you will have to save to read till you are older. Some of them come down from very old times.

Perhaps I seem to talk very haphazardly about books, and to skip from one kind of story to another in a most reckless manner. You see, there is one thing that matters especially in reading, and that is to read real books; good literature it is called. And I want you to know that a book may be written in any age, about almost any subject, and in a vast variety of styles, and still be real and worth while. It may teach you of old ways and ideas and how they affect us now. It may make you laugh, it may make you cry, it may simply make you feel comfortable. It may be the strangest kind of a fairy story or the simplest account of every-day happenings. But it must have truth and life, or it is n't worth reading.





# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## GORDON'S TOY CASTLE ON THE HILL

BY EVERETT WILSON

LAST Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as many other ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls had. The tree was up in his playroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be called the "nursery" when he was a baby.

A few days after Christmas, Gordon's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up, and the little pine needles are dropping all over the floor, and the maid has to sweep them up every day."

Gordon was sorry to have the tree taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she would n't wait just one day more. I think that is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until to-morrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him, he began to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland, and he had read to Gordon many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the noble lords lived in strong castles set high up on the mountains, so that the soldiers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle just like the ones he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers.

So this day Gordon got out his castle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a steep hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bottom of the hill—all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle. Then he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles, that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they could n't get up by themselves. Then Gordon would stand them all up in a row again and roll the marbles down the hill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gordon, for you know it really did n't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint.

The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next Christmas.

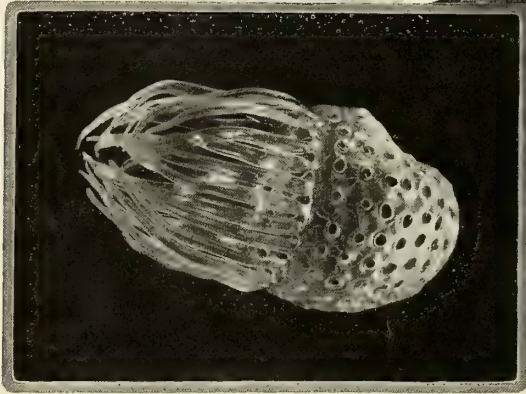


GORDON'S MAKE-BELIEVE CASTLE ON THE HILL.



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

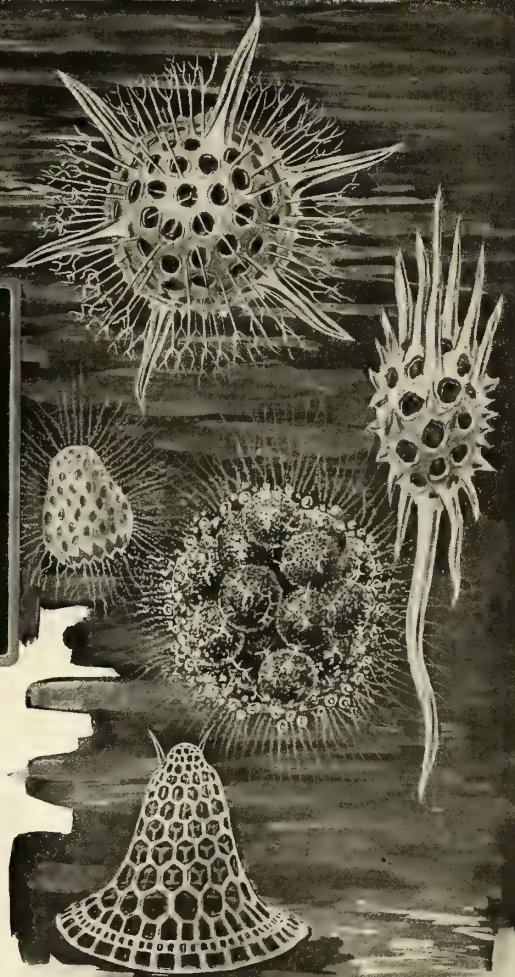


WONDERFUL GLASS MODELS OF  
CURIOUS LITTLE ANIMALS

At the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, there has been placed on exhibition a series of skilfully constructed glass models of the beautiful and intricate shells of certain varieties of microscopic animals known to scientists as protozoans. These glass models are the delicate handiwork of Mr. H. Müller, who made them under the direction of Messrs. Roy W. Miner and B. E. Dahlgren of the Museum staff.

Wonderful as are the protozoans themselves as viewed under microscopes, one's admiration is even more excited by the mechanical skill that produced the large and correctly detailed models. Photographic illustrations, much reduced in size, like those accompanying this article, cannot do justice to the exquisite beauty of the models.

Many protozoans are so simple in structure that they consist of only a tiny cell without any covering. They have no legs, but extend any part of the jelly-like body in the form of slender, finger-like

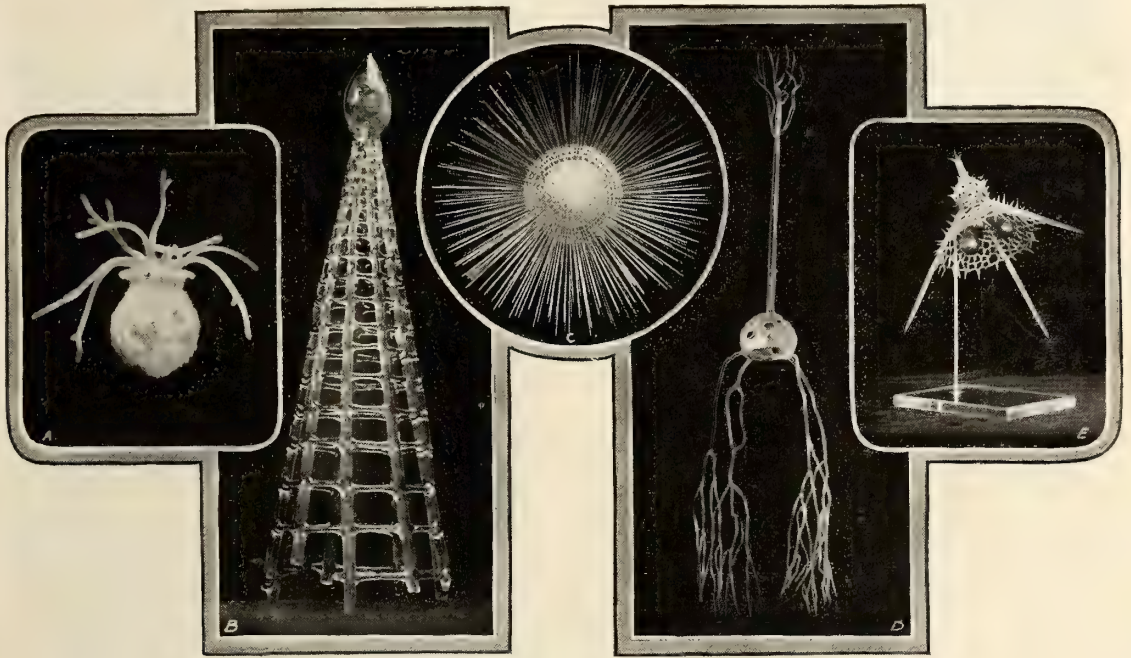


A VARIETY OF BEAUTIFUL AND INTRICATE FORMS OF  
TINY ANIMALS REPRESENTED IN GLASS MODELS.

processes, with which they cling to the supporting object and so drag themselves along.



These processes are called "pseudopodia" (false feet) and sometimes extend from the body so years that they have existed when you learn that their skeletons have formed vast beds of stone,



MODELS IN GLASS THAT SHOW THE WIDE RANGE OF FORMS.

much like the roots of a tree, that they have given the class name to the little creatures—Rhizopods, the "root-footed."

Wonderful as it may seem, these animals have no special mouth, but may develop a mouth on any part of the body, for when one of the pseudopodia comes in contact with anything eatable, such as tiny diatoms, infusoria, algæ, etc., the part is withdrawn, bringing the particle of food with it into the interior, where it is digested.

Huxley regarded these tiny creatures as the most wonderful examples of animate existence, mainly on account of their extreme simplicity. Mere bits of wonderful jelly are they, but nevertheless they digest and assimilate food; they live, grow, and maintain their existence in the face of destructive forces constantly opposed to them. They have the ability to build a shell or external skeleton, which is always beautiful and often complex in character.

Another group of these lowly animals are the salt-water forms called radiolarians. These are found almost everywhere, but most abundantly in tropical seas, where they swarm in myriads. They may be taken from the surface, but they have also been dredged from a depth of nearly three miles.

You may get some notion of the countless numbers of these radiolarians and the millions of

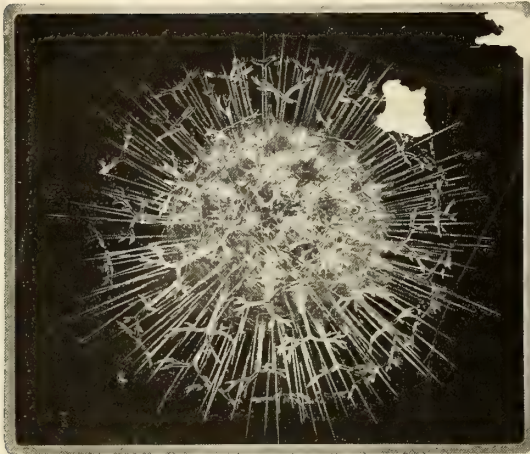
one known stratum of which, in the Nicobar Islands, is two thousand feet in thickness. The



THE WONDERFUL GLASS SKELETON OF THE DELICATE GORGONETTA.

(*Gorgonetta mirabilis* Haeckel.)



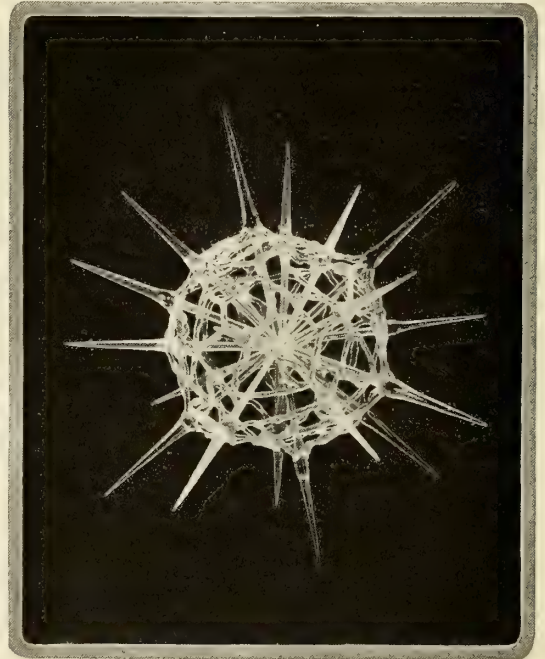


THE OUTER VIEW OF A MINUTE AND COMPLICATED  
RADIOLARIAN.  
(*Aniloceros elegans* Haeckel.)

Barbados island is largely formed of their fossilized skeletons, but the deposit there is not so thick as in the Nicobar Islands.

Odd as these tiny creatures are in many ways, one would scarcely look for beauty in such mere specks of animated jelly. Here, however, lies their greatest charm. Few animals are more beautiful than these lowly radiolarians, their flinty skeletons assuming an infinite variety of

form. Haeckel, alone, has described more than our thousand species, most of which are but specks invisible to the unaided eye. It is the microscope that reveals them to us, and shows

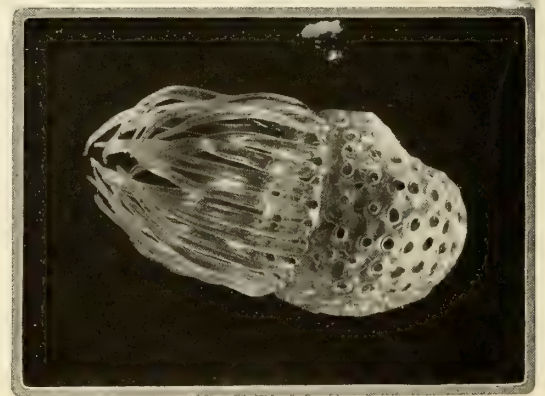


"LIKE TRANSPARENT NEEDLES THROUGH A LACE BALL."  
(*Stauraspis stauracantha* Haeckel.)

them to be forms of beauty such as tiny openwork boxes, latticework cones, concentric spheres of which the inner are held in place by radiating



A SECTION OF THE RADIOLARIAN FIGURED ABOVE,  
SHOWING ITS STRUCTURE.



IT SUGGESTS SOME STRANGE PLANT GROWTH.  
(*Carposanum irregulare* Haeckel.)

spines, "helmets," "baskets," "lanterns," "bee-hives"—all formed of glass-like silica.

One of these little creatures is so beautiful that Haeckel named it *elegans*. The model shows both

external and sectional views. The globules about the capsule are a deep green, and surround these are numerous bubbles, each of which was blown in glass, by the maker of these models, separately and of a special size so as to be in proper proportion to the rest of the animal. The branched spines projecting from the netted surface help to form the skeleton, and the slender, straight filaments extending from among them are the pseudopodia. The living animal is about the size of a pinhead. One variety belongs to a type which does not form a flinty skeleton, but builds the shell, or carapace, from stuck-together particles of sand or of other material found near by, much as does the caddis-worm of the brook. It moves about with its "case" uppermost.

Perhaps the most complex of all of them is *Gorgonetta*. Although Haeckel thought *Auloceros* was "elegant," this marvelous one impressed him even more, and he seemed to think nothing less than *mirabilis* (wonderful) a fitting name for it.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

#### A FREAK MAPLE

WHAT appear in the picture to be four separate trees are really but four branches of a single trunk. The tree, a sugar-maple, is said to have been uprooted by a wind-storm about sixty years ago. The roots on one side were bent without



THE FOUR "TREES" THAT CAME FROM THE BRANCHES OF A FALLEN TREE.

(Photograph by Verne Morton, Groton, New York.)

being broken, so that the tree kept on growing, and the four largest limbs followed the natural tendency to turn and straighten themselves until, in time, they attained their present treelike form. The four "trees" have no connection with the ground except through the trunk and roots of the original tree.

NOTE. The maple at the extreme right of the picture has no connection with the others.

NEIL MORTON.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN "NATIVE CAT"

SEVERAL kinds of this little marsupial are found in Australia, Tasmania, New Guinea, and some of the adjacent islands. Most of these are slender



AN AUSTRALIAN "NATIVE CAT."

(Illustration used by the courtesy of the National Zoological Park.)

and weasel-like, but with hair longer than most weasels have. All are more or less spotted. They live largely on birds and eggs, but also eat insects.

#### MAKES A CROOKED TUBE FOR A HOME

THE shell-worm is quite common on the Atlantic coast. It makes a hard, white tube on rocks, dead



CURIOUS SHELL TUBES OF "SERPULA" ON A SCALLOP SHELL.

shells, etc. The accompanying illustration is from the New York Aquarium.



"BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York.

#### THE DAINTILY FIBERED COTTON-GRASS

CALUMET, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the name of the flower inclosed? My brother gathered these



THE COTTON-GRASS.

Specimens from Michigan and Iowa. The fiber is so good that some people have thought it useful for fabrics.

flowers last July, and they have shown no change since we have had them. Do they ever wither? We do not see many of these growing here. These flowers were gathered in a marshy place, though they have not been in water since that time.

Your reader,

BURNIECE LARSON.

#### SPECIMENS OF COTTON-GRASS FROM IOWA

LUVERNE, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a part of a plant found in a swamp not far from my home. Could you please tell me what it is?

Your interested reader,

CONSUELO HANNA.

The specimens sent by both inquirers are shown in the accompanying illustration. They are the finely fibered cotton-grass (*Eriophorum*). The scientific name is from the Greek word meaning wool-bearing, though we commonly call the soft bristles "cotton."

#### A CHAMELEON NOT KEPT IN A CAGE

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the June number of ST. NICHOLAS I read two letters from those who had chameleons and seemed interested in them. I have a chameleon which I have had for three months, but I have never shut it up in a cage of any kind except when we first got it. As we were having cold weather, I always put a wire screen over it when I put it in front of the fire to keep it warm. During the night and the morning it stays in my room on my window-sill, which is six inches wide. It never goes off

unless it climbs the curtains. In the afternoon we take it down-stairs to the dining-room windows, and it catches flies. That is all it eats except an occasional worm. It has shed its skin twice since we got it, and is getting ready now to do it again. It is very tame, and every one is very fond of it. It will drink drops of water off your finger or out of a spoon.

Very sincerely yours,

VIOLET R. CLAXTON.

In a bird store I saw a large number of chameleons that had their freedom and climbed over the counters and shelves, but spent the most of their time on the edges of aquaria in a large bay-window. At night all the chameleons "came home" to their small box-cage. None wandered to other cages, though there were several similar ones in the store.

#### THE COLORS OF WATER

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me what makes streams a pure green, when the sky is a pure blue, and the trees perfectly bare, and the ground perfectly brown?

Your affectionate reader,

MARTHA S. SHOEMAKER.

The expression *pure* used in connection with the color green makes that color exactly like the *emerald green* of my paint-box or the Paris green used on potato plants to kill the potato-bug. Now, there is really little, if any, such color in nature. Properly speaking, the expression should be "a decided" green. If the sky is blue and the trees and ground bare, there is only one reason for water to be a decided green, and that is, the water is green and *not* colorless. One must never forget the fact that the waters of the seas, lakes, rivers, and streams in general are very often colored. For instance, the water of the Mediterranean Sea is *not* colorless, but green-blue; also there is a brilliant red river in South America. The St. Lawrence in Canada is pale green, and the Ottawa golden brown; where these two rivers meet, quite frequently whole broad patches remain unmixed. Here is a gold patch and there a green one. Otherwise than this, water reflects the colors of its surroundings, and a so-called "Emerald Pool" in the White Mountains is green because the birches on its borders in early summer are brilliant green. The Blue Grotto in Capri, Italy, shows a remarkably rich color, near to green-blue, because all the light received in that grotto comes through the water at its entrance and, as I said, the Mediterranean is green-blue. The waters of the geysers in the Yellowstone Park are also colored by natural mineral dyes. You can dye your own glass of water by a piece of the bloodroot plant. Try it. That will be a vegetable dye.

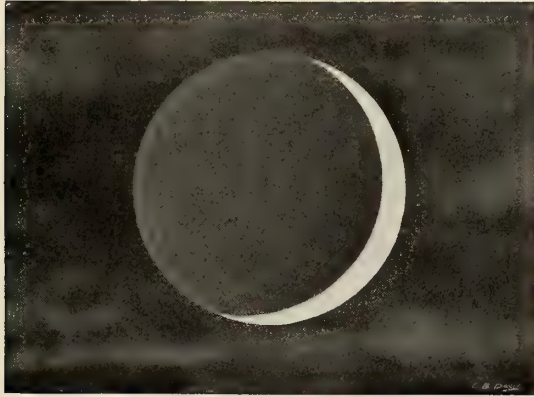
F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS.

## THE EARTH SHINES ON THE MOON

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The drawing I send you is that of a crescent moon. What causes the faint part at the left of the crescent of light?

Your interested reader,  
HILDEGARD DIECHMANN (age 13).



THE SUNLIGHT REFLECTED BY THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

This is the familiar "old moon in the new moon's arms" seen every new moon. The cres-

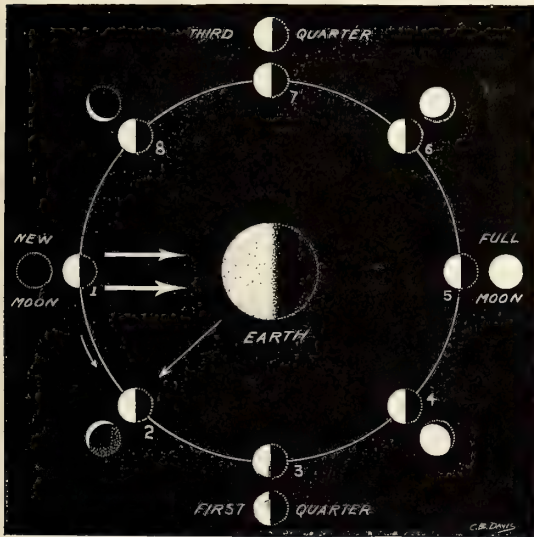


DIAGRAM SHOWING WHY THE BRIGHT PART OF THE MOON ASSUMES THE DIFFERENT FORMS AND HOW THE LIGHT IS REFLECTED FROM THE EARTH TO ILLUMINE THE PART IN SHADOW.

The eight positions of the moon along the white line show how one half is always illuminated by the light from the sun, which comes in the direction of the two heavy arrows. The crescents, etc., near each one show how the moon looks from the earth when in that position. In No. 1 the moon is wholly in shadow, and in No. 2 only a part of the light part is visible along one side. The different positions will readily show why this is.

The long, slender arrow pointing from the earth to moon No. 2 shows how the light is reflected from the bright side of the earth to faintly illuminate the shadow side of the moon as shown in Fig. 1.

cent shines by light reflected from the sun; the rest of the moon, though receiving no light direct

from the sun, is illuminated by light from the earth —the earth acting as a big moon to *our* moon.

S. A. MITCHELL.

## DO DOGS DREAM?

HOLME PARK, ROTHERFIELD, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly tell me if dogs dream?

Your loving reader,  
MARJORIE SELIGMAN (age 8 yrs., 11 mos.).

We do not surely know whether dogs dream. It might seem sure that they did, because in their sleep they growl as if angry, start as if frightened, and do other things which would fit in with dreams; but probably in most cases they act as if angry or frightened in their sleep without really thinking of something exciting in a dream. Dogs probably only very rarely think about things even when they are awake.—EDWARD L. THORNDIKE.

## THE SIZE OF RAINDROPS

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you please tell me why raindrops are sometimes large and sometimes small?

Your devoted reader,  
BODIL HORNE-MANN.

Raindrops do not always have the same size or weight, and this is primarily due to the fact that they are not formed like the drops of water that fall from a wet cloth or the spout of a pitcher, or the drops that rush out of the small holes in a garden sprinkler. In all these latter cases a solid stream of water is broken up into drops; but the raindrop is formed in the cloud by the accumulation of minute atoms of water drawn together into one drop, and sometimes by the melting of a large snowflake or a solid little icy hailstone. When a drop is thus formed in the clouds, it begins to fall, no matter whether it be large or small, and observers in balloons state that all sizes of drops are to be found within the clouds themselves, from the finest fog and drizzling mist up to the heavy rain. It is commonly said that the bigger drops fall faster than the smaller ones and overtake them and grow bigger. This sounds reasonable, but no one has really proven it.

There are several forces at work determining the sizes of drops. If these are formed by slowly cooling, dry air, they will be at first very small and cold, and may even be only minute snowflakes. If drops are formed by rapidly cooling, very warm, and moist air, they will be large and warm and watery. Snowflakes and fog particles begin by the collection of water on little nuclei or specks of dust. If these specks of dust are



electrified negatively and the moist molecules of air are electrified positively, the drops would, I think, be larger than if both had the same sort of electricity. If the air is dustless, such as we find within clouds, the molecules of moisture rush together more violently and from a larger region all about any special center, so that the near-by fog particles and water molecules are all driven together to form a large drop—a drop that is so large as to break in two, when it gets to falling rapidly.

The biggest drops fall the fastest, and, as the air resists their fall, they assume a pear shape and often break in two, so that, by catching and weighing many drops near the ground as they are falling, it has been found that the most numerous drops are those that have relative weights as 16:8:4:2:1, showing that the drops have been dividing into halves as they fall. Any spherical drop that is too large to stand the strain of the resisting air will be pulled into a figure eight (8) and cut into halves.—C. A.

#### HOW TO MAKE A HEKTOGRAPH

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I have taken you for several years. I have a printing-press and it affords me pleasure and a little pocket-money at the same time, but I write to ask how I can make a hektograph to reproduce copies of letters and so forth. I want one for handwriting, but not for type-writing, but I would like to know very much.

Your faithful reader,

FREDERIC R. COLIE (age 12).

To make a hektograph the following material will be necessary:

3 ounces Cooper's gelatin, cost about 25 cents.  
18¾ fluid ounces glycerin, cost about 65 cents.  
Tin tray about 9 x 12 x ½, cost about 20 cents.



THE TRAY, GLYCERIN, INK, AND GELATIN.

Soak the gelatin in water over night. In the morning pour off excess of water. Put the gelatin in a double-boiler and add glycerin. Cook un-



"PEELING" OFF THE LETTERS FROM THE PAD IN THE TRAY.

Use a microscope or strong reading-glass to examine the writing.  
The letter is the one you sent.

covered about five hours. Pour into a tray, taking care to avoid bubbles. Leave in a cool place until hard—at least five hours.

Before using, moisten the surface with a damp sponge and dry with printing-paper.

The writing must be done on paper with hektograph-ink, using a new steel pen. When the writing is dry the paper is placed face down on the pad and rubbed gently to insure contact. After about half a minute remove the original and repeat the operation with the blank sheets, working as rapidly as possible. After making the desired number of copies, wash the pad with a sponge and tepid water; and allow to dry before using again. After a little experience the work can be rapidly and easily done.

#### A CURIOUS GEOGRAPHICAL "UP" AND "DOWN"

EAST WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often heard the expressions "down in Maine" and "up in New Hampshire," and wondered why one should be spoken of as "down" and the other "up." Is it because the Maine and New Hampshire in England are situated in these directions and the Bay State settlers unconsciously clung to the old habit, or is it merely a colloquialism? If not, what is the reason? Thanking you for the help that I have often received through your interesting columns, I remain

Yours sincerely,

AVIS G. LITTLE.

My opinion is that "down in Maine" is hardly more common than "up in Maine." Perhaps the proof of this is the fact that Holman F. Day has given "Up in Maine" as the title of a collection of his poems. If "down in Maine" is the more common throughout Massachusetts, I

should judge it was merely colloquialism.—H. A. ALLAN, Clerk for Superintendent of Public Schools of Maine.

I suppose that through the phrase "down East," folks grew to speak of "down in Maine." In no other way can I account for such a plain perversion of geography. If Maine is not "up" in relation to the rest of the States, where is it? I entitled my book "Up in Maine" because I considered that title the proper one, and as many people speak of the State that way as cling to the other characterization. After all, it's only a matter of habit—as one has grown accustomed. We hear talk of "down to Boston" or "up to town."—HOLMAN DAY.

### THE SPIRALS ON THE TWIGS

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending in the same mail, under separate cover, five specimens of what seem to be willow twigs with a spiral formation on each. My father, who found the twigs, says that the formations look like rows of punctures made by insects laying eggs. He can find none on the twigs. The twigs seem to be dead above the punctures. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS for several years and enjoy it very much. Hoping that you can give me an explanation of the formation, I remain,

Your interested reader,

JOHN F. KYES, JR. (age 11).

The spirals are caused by the dodder, a vine that entwines itself around the twig and feeds upon the sap in it. The spirals are composed partly of portions of the vine, partly of the scars made by the "suckers" of the vine that have penetrated the bark to get at the sap upon which the vine feeds, and partly of the enlargement of the wood and bark of the twig caused by the irritation of the vine and suckers. Originally this curious vine sprang from the ground, which fed it until it attached itself to the twig; then the



THE SPIRALS ON THE TWIGS.

dodder severed all connection with the ground by withering away or "snapping off," and became wholly a parasitic plant.



A SECTION OF THE BLOOM OF THE DODDER.

Sometimes a long twig will be completely entwined by the bloom, and then, later in the season, by the "seedboxes."

### SNAKES EAT YOUNG BIRDS

PETERBORO, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went down to a little grove of birches and two pine-trees near our house. I found a robin's nest in the smallest pine-tree about four feet from the ground. When I went down to it again, I found only one bird in the nest (there had been three before) and one was lying on the ground. I picked it up and put it in the nest and was looking around for the other, when I saw a dust-colored snake with brown, leaf-colored spots in the bushes near me. There was a large swelling below his head, and I think he had swallowed the other bird. Do you think he did? How did he get the birds out of the nest? What kind was he? The next morning the first bird was dead and the second nowhere to be seen. Where do you think it went?

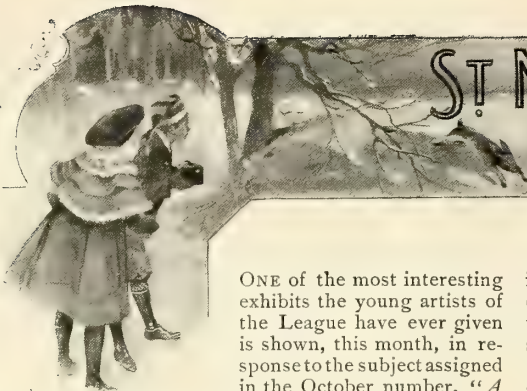
Yours truly,

RUTH BURNETT (age 11).

It is somewhat common for many species of snakes to feed on young birds. The one you saw was the milk-snake, also called checkered adder, wood-adder, and house-adder. They hunt birds that build their nests low, and they also find many that build on the ground. They will eat three and four young birds at one time. When a nest is in a low bush, they wind around the branches and then eat the young birds one at a time until they have the last one. A nest of young birds will last a snake two or three months, after which time it will eat again.

Perhaps the snake you refer to came back to the nest and got the bird you put back. Snakes will not eat anything that is dead; therefore that is why you found only one dead bird in the nest. The young bird you found on the ground probably fell out while the snake was after the birds, which, without a doubt, caused its death.—C. A. CLARK, East Lynn Station, Massachusetts.





# ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



ONE of the most interesting exhibits the young artists of the League have ever given is shown, this month, in response to the subject assigned in the October number, "*A Copy*." The League rule

that every competitor's work must be strictly original is familiar to all, but, for once, the Editor resolved to test the members' skill in drawing, by asking each young artist, frankly, to copy any single picture or illustration that appealed to him or her; and the result showed a surprising excellence throughout, and, in some instances, a remarkable ability. The subjects chosen ranged from well-known paintings to illustrations in books and periodicals; quite a number, indeed, selected illustrations that had appeared in ST. NICHOLAS itself. How well they reproduced these is manifest in the few examples that we are able to print

in the following pages. For not only the pose and action of the figures in the original pictures, but the spirit and the facial expression are preserved with a faithfulness and skill that are worthy of all praise.

The young photographers, too, found "*In Haste*" a congenial subject, and they furnished many admirable variations to fit this title — from humorous little pictures of every-day life, to exciting races between men or horses, and even to such a pretty illustration of "*in haste*" as the waters of a brook rushing over the stones.

It is a pleasure, too, to see how many meanings the boy and girl rhymers have found in "*Hope*," and the wealth of fancy that the theme inspired. And the League members will be glad, in this midwinter season, to take a retrospect of summer holiday travels or incidents in the young prose-writers' accounts of what most interested them in their vacations. Several record well-remembered opportunities of seeing or talking with notable people.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 120

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Silver badges, **Allan Campbell Thurston** (age 11), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Winifred Sackville Stoner** (age 7), Evansville, Ind.; **Helen G. Scott** (age 12), Montclair, N. J.; **Adeline Mac Tier** (age 12), Montreal, Can.; **Ruth Ingalls** (age 13), Barcelona, Spain.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Laura Moench** (age 17), Gowanda, N. Y.; **Thérèse H. McDonnell** (age 17), Atlantic City, N. J.  
Silver badge, **Mary Sedgwick** (age 16), Lee, Mass.

**DRAWING.** Gold badge, **Robert Gifford** (age 15), W. Medford, Mass.  
Silver badges, **Josephine Richey** (age 17), New York City; **Phyllis M. Horton** (age 16), St. Michaels, Eng.; **Lydia Gardner** (age 14), Snyder, N. Y.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Gold badge, **Allan Lincoln Langly** (age 17), Newport, R. I.  
Silver badges, **Earle H. Ballou** (age 17), Chester, Vt.; **Sarah M. Talbert** (age 17), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Arthur Blue** (age 16), Pittsburg, Pa.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "B" prize, **Lois Addison Sprigg** (age 13), Washington, D. C.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Jeannette Munro** (age 15), Madison, Wis.  
Silver badges, **Samuel Brenner** (age 14) and **John J. Regenold** (age 15), both of Philadelphia, Pa.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Judith Ames Marsland** (age 12), Boston, Mass.  
Silver badge, **Frances C. Hamlet** (age 16), Westbrook, Maine.



"IN HASTE." BY EARLE H. BALLOU, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"IN HASTE." BY ARTHUR BLUE, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING MY VACATION

BY ALLAN CAMPBELL THURSTON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE thing in which I was most interested this vacation was a telegraph-line rigged up between my house and my chum's, which is three doors away.

My instrument was given me by a neighbor. My chum, whose name is Earle, was loaned an instrument by the same neighbor.

Luckily, we had enough money saved up to buy the wire and the insulators. We needed three wires, but used the ground as one, and strung the other two across the roofs.

The first time we tried it, we could not make anything out of it but a jumble of dots and dashes. Then we set to



"A COPY." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

work and studied the Morse code. We made slow work of it, but gradually got it into our heads.

Then we made up certain signals of our own. At first we got on very slowly. We had made a rule that the one who was sending should wait after every letter until the other had made a dot to show that he understood. Three dots meant that you did not understand and to repeat the last letter.

After a while we got so proficient that we did not need the extra dot. Now we can have long conversations with perfect ease and make plans for what we are going to do. It is lots of fun and very interesting. Any two boys can have a telegraph-line very easily by getting a book on telegraphy from the library.

MANY contributors have failed to observe our recent statement regarding wild creature photographs. These photographs must not be of animals in captivity, or even in large reserves like the Yellowstone Park, etc.

## "LEAGUE HOPES"

BY THÉRÈSE H. MC DONNELL (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

STANDING on Ambition's ladder  
Looking up the rounds above  
Soaring with our Day-Dreams higher,  
Till we reach our heart's desire,  
Reach that place that each would love.



It isn't so awful to have the mumps!—

"A COPY." BY JOSEPHINE RICHEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

Stepping from the "Roll of Honor"  
Higher than the published line.  
Till the badges both obtaining  
Sweetest triumph of our gaining —  
Realized — these hopes of mine!

Gone is childhood, but its "League Days"  
Stay in "Retrospection Land."  
Memories bitter, memories bright  
Climbing up Ambition's height  
Hope—and I, went hand in hand!

## HOPE

BY MARY SEDGWICK (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

As the sun rising in the morn  
Brings us light, so hope is born.  
But at night the sun is set,  
Darkness comes, and we forget  
The light we had; and so despair.  
Yet with the morn dawns hope, so fair,  
That life, for all its troubles, seems worth while;  
And we regain our courage and can smile.



"IN HASTE." BY ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLY, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



## WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING MY VACATION

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER (AGE 7)  
(Silver Badge)

DURING this summer vacation, I have had a great many disappointments. In the first place, my mother promised



"A COPY." BY FRANCES WATTS, AGE 14.

me a pony just as soon as my father, who is one of Uncle Sam's officers, should be sent to his new station. We expected to go early in the summer, and I made great plans for having fun with my pony, but the orders never came. Besides, all of my playthings were packed in boxes, and I had no children with whom to play, as there is only one baby on our reservation.

Then we planned to go to a number of Chautauquas, where I was invited to make speeches in Esperanto, because I am the youngest person holding an Esperanto diploma; and also to visit my Uncle Charlie in Seattle and

recite some poems at the Exposition on Esperanto Day. But, unfortunately, a bad fever made me very ill and I could not leave home.

You can imagine how lonely most any child would have been in my position, but in spite of all my troubles I had great happiness because I knew the universal language—Esperanto.

Every day the mail brought me interesting postals and sometimes curios from children living in all parts of the world. One lady sent me a whole miniature housekeeping outfit from Japan and a family of Japanese dolls. The little house is arranged like a real Japanese home, having movable partitions so that I can make it into one large room or several small ones. There are no chairs, sofas, pianos, or many other things which we have in our homes.

Many interesting letters written in Esperanto also reached me from girls and boys across the seas. One boy aged ten years says that he lives in Tokio and he reads the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine loaned him every month by an American lady living near his home. He wrote me a history of Japan on a piece of rice-paper two yards long.

Next vacation I hope that some of the ST. NICHOLAS readers will become Esperantists. This coming August you will have a chance to hear Esperanto spoken by people from all over the world, if you go to the International Congress at Washington, D. C.

## HOPES

BY  
DOROTHY C. SNYDER  
(AGE 11)

WHEN I was small, I  
hoped for toys  
And dolls and sweets  
galore,  
And then when I was  
six I wanted  
Books of fairy lore.

At seven, I wanted  
roller-skates;  
At eight, I yearned  
for wealth;  
But now that I'm  
eleven,  
All I really want  
is health.



"A COPY." BY LYDIA GARDNER,  
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"IN HASTE." BY CHARLES  
CAMP, AGE 9.



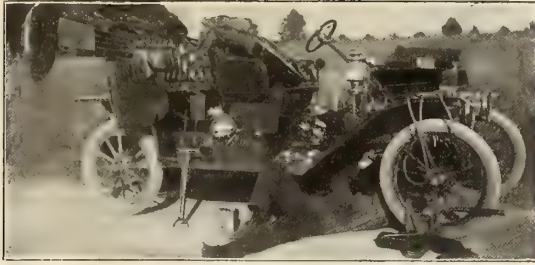
BY ELIZABETH HAZELTINE,  
AGE 15.



BY SHERWOOD FOLEY,  
AGE 12.



BY JOHN R. LESLIE,  
AGE 9.



"IN HASTE." BY REGINALD SMITH, AGE 14.



"IN HASTE." BY SARAH M. TALBERT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

## WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING MY VACATION

BY HELEN G. SCOTT (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHILE traveling in France we stopped at Paris for a few days. What most interested me was my trip to Fontainebleau palace, thirty-seven miles from Paris.

We started out on a fairly clear morning on this all-day trip. Our route was partly through an immense forest, one of the most beautiful in France and the second largest in Europe. For that reason the kings built a palace at Fontainebleau, so that when they wanted to hunt in this forest they could go to the palace.

When we arrived at Fontainebleau, the guide showed us the spot where, many years ago, there was found a beau-



"IN HASTE." BY ALICE WANGENHEIM, AGE 13.

tiful fountain of clear water, which, in French, is the word which became the name of the place, Fontaine-bel-eau, or Fontainebleau.

From there we continued our trip to the palace, some two miles away. It is a large two-story building formed in the shape of a square, with a court in the center and open on one side. The buildings were low and had large, glass doors.

We went through the rooms of Louis XIV, XV, and XVI, also of Napoleon and Josephine and Marie Antoinette. They were all furnished with the original furniture. There were also little anterooms where people who wished to see the King or Queen would have to wait, according to their rank. The highest would have to wait the shortest time, and so on down.

Beautiful fountains and gardens surrounded the palace.

## THE COUNTRY OF HAPPY HOPE-EE

BY LAURA MOENCH (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge*)

WERE you e'er on the beach o' Be-Lazy Bay  
Where the Hobbledy-Hopes hop out o' the spray,  
With laughing and smiling and ways so beguiling,  
They make you feel gladsome with glee?  
Now a Hobbledy-Hope is a creature, you know,  
Who says he will take you where'er you will go  
In the country called Happy Hope-ee.



"A BEAR UP A TREE." BY LOIS A. SPRIGG, AGE 13.  
(PRIZE, CLASS "B," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

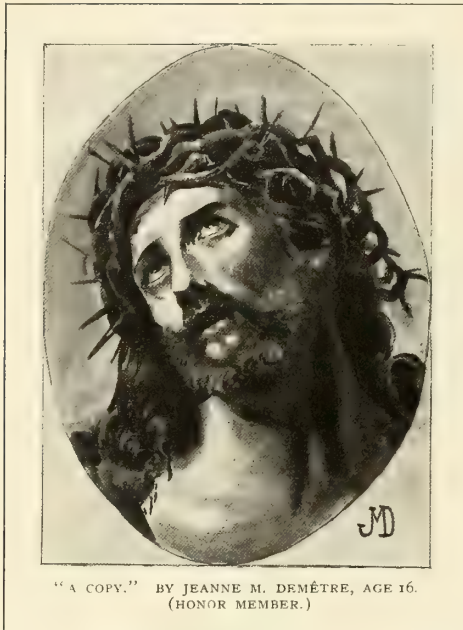
And the Hobbledy-Hopes say that Hope-ee is where  
Those fine castles are that you built out of air,  
On hilltops commanding, in real marble standing,—

Whatever you 've wished for is there!  
There are gardens and green glades and glimpses of sea,  
And in front of each house grows a laurel-wreath tree;  
There no one will say: "You are dreaming all day,"—

In the country of Happy Hope-ee.

Each Hobbledy-Hope has a little *Half Hour*,  
A boat that keeps sailing in sunshine or shower;  
You watch the wind's veering, the rigging, the sheering,  
As they bound o'er the billows of Be-Working Sea;  
Then a Hobbledy-Hope he will course you away  
From the Be-Loafing Beach of that Be-Lazy Bay  
To the country of Happy Hope-ee.





"A COPY." BY JEANNE M. DEMÈTRE, AGE 16.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

### WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING MY VACATION

BY RUTH INGALLS (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

THE event which interested me most during my vacation was "La Semana Triste" in Barcelona.

On Monday, July 26, we went down to the dock to see some friends off on the Spanish mail *Buenos Ayres*, which was loading soldiers and ammunition to be sent to Melilla. There was great excitement, the people refusing to have their soldiers sent off to war, never to return. They rushed toward the ship, the women in front with their arms outstretched to defend their husbands and sons. When we left the dock and started up the main street to go home, it was crowded with the lower classes and not a car was running. Eight men were shot who said "Down with the war!"

The next afternoon the city was put under martial law, and in the evening the lower classes burned as many con-

vents as they could. Most of those which were not burned were defended by monks.

A convent, just across the street from us, was set fire to at about 11 P.M. and burned several days. Men and boys broke in the gates and doors, piled up the furniture and set fire to it, while one soldier could have defended it. The fire soon died down, but at 2.30 A.M. the mob returned, chopped up the doors, and threw them on the flames. The next morning, people rushed in, brought out the china, and smashed it in the streets. The foreign consuls held a meeting, but decided not to send for war-ships. The next day things seemed better, but soon the mob



"IN HASTE." BY MARGARET GILMAN, AGE 13.

stirred up the flames in the convents. Toward noon, four or five soldiers appeared in front of our house and fired several times, but after they had gone, everybody came out of their houses.

The next day, July 30, there was a great deal of firing, but on July 31 people were ordered to work, street cars and trains ran, and we were able to go for a walk in the afternoon. The next day things were about as usual and have been ever since, although several bombs have been thrown since the end of the riots.



"A COPY." BY HENRIETTA BROWN-  
ING, AGE 14.



"A COPY." BY JACK HOPKINS,  
AGE 12.



"A COPY." BY MARGARET K. TURNBULL,  
AGE 13.

## HOPE

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH SIMPSON (AGE 16)

'T is like a blessing sent to cheer those in despair,  
 Falling swiftly, silently from heaven's dome;  
 A beam whose brilliancy, so soft, so wondrous fair,  
 Uplifts the eye and lights full many a dreary home.

Man sits with careworn brow, and wrapped in somber  
 shrouds,  
 Encircled by an ever-deepening, hopeless gloom;  
 When, like a star that, sudden, breaks through troubled  
 clouds,  
 It shows the path and turns him from impending  
 doom.

Oh! white-winged Hope, so fondly cherished in each  
 life!  
 Our human frailness clings to its pure light, our  
 guide;  
 Its absence means our downfall and a darkened strife,  
 Its presence smoothes the roughened path of the  
 untried.

A spark divine, it draws us far beyond our scope,  
 For, from God's gracious, kindly smile springs  
 radiant Hope.

WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING  
MY VACATION

BY EDMUND T. PRICE (AGE 14)

So few boys have had the opportunity of meeting the inventor of the electric light and the phonograph, that the experience I had this summer was an event well worth remembering.

I was a guest at the convention of Edison Illuminating Companies which, this year, was held at the Briarcliff Lodge, on the Hudson. It being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the convention, Mr. Edison himself attended. The meetings lasted about four days, the great man arriving on the afternoon of the third day.

The next morning I saw him sitting on the lawn alone; I said to myself: "Perhaps he does not want to be disturbed, but here is my chance."

So, approaching him, I introduced myself and he, after thinking a moment, said: "Let me see, you say you are from New Bedford? Why, that was the second electric-light plant we installed in Massachusetts. And Mr. Price is your father? Well, I'm glad to know you."

After this we had a little talk and then Mrs. Edison came up, and I was introduced to her. Most people are familiar with Mr. Edison's portrait, but there is something in his features that suggests kindness which does not always get into the ordinary magazine snapshots of him.

WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING  
MY VACATION

BY ADELINE MAC TIER (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE most interesting part of my vacation was seeing the King and Queen of England, in London.

Their Majesties were going to open the New In-Patient Department of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, in semi-state. We went to a place in The Mall, just a little way outside Buckingham Palace gates. First came two grooms of the King's household, then about thirty of the King's body-guard, looking very attractive with their helmets and pennants shining in the sun. They had red plumes in their helmets and red pennants. Then came the royal carriage with outriders who wore the King's livery:

white breeches, red coats, white wigs, and beaver hats. Their Majesties were looking our way, so we got a very good view of them. Princess Victoria was there, too. The King has a great deal of dignity for a short man, and I have never seen anybody as beautiful as the Queen; and Princess Victoria is very good-looking, too. Another carriage followed with the aide-de-camp, and then more soldiers. When everything had passed, we took a taxi and drove through the side streets, in the hope of getting to the hospital before the procession, and seeing them go in, but as the large streets were cleared of the traffic, the small ones were consequently very crowded, and we arrived just too late. So we waited for about twenty minutes beside a lot of children from an orphanage in Portland Place, and then



"A COPY." BY PHYLLIS M. HORTON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

the procession passed again. Their Majesties were looking the other way this time, but the children's sudden burst of cheer (though every one was cheering besides) made them look round, so that we saw them beautifully again. I was awfully sorry when it was all over, but I was perfectly delighted to have seen King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

WHAT MOST INTERESTED ME DURING  
MY VACATION

BY THEODORE H. SOULE (AGE 13)

I WAS in New Hampshire spending the summer, and I intended to cross the State border line and go into Maine. A party of people were going to Hollis, Maine, to spend the day at Kate Douglas Wiggin's summer home, and I decided to go, too.

The Dorcas Societies of Hollis, Salmon Falls, and Bar Mills, Maine, give a fair every year at "Quillcote," the summer home of Mrs. Riggs. We arrived at Bar Mills, the station for the three small towns, about eleven. There were only two ways to reach the grounds: either to walk



(I think it was about two miles) or to ride in a hayrick fitted up with seats for the occasion. We chose the latter mode of conveyance, but we had rather a bumpy ride because the hayrick had no springs and the road was a typical country road, both hilly and sandy.

We ate our lunch in a ravine near the grounds, which were very beautiful. After lunch the fair had opened and we went in. The house was open to all and books, written by Mrs. Riggs, were on sale in her den. She was there and dressed, as all the Dorcases were, in a light dress and a fancy cap. I had the pleasure of meeting both Mrs. Riggs and her sister, Mrs. Nora Archibald Smith. Mrs. Riggs offered to write her autograph in any of her books bought at the fair.

In the barn, every hour, a ten-minute concert was given. At the concert I went to a talented company of four took part: a pianist, two singers, and a reader. The reader read from Drummond's French Canadian poems with great effect. On the lawn, the Junior Dorcases gave old-fashioned dances, and ice-cream and pictorial post-cards were sold. In the next house was a loan exhibit which was very interesting. We expected to reach home in time for dinner, but there was a wreck on one of the lines and we did not get home until much later. But, altogether, I had an exceedingly pleasant trip.

### HOPE

BY WINIFRED WARD (AGE 15)

THE clouds o'ershade the light of day  
When early love is stole away.

What cruel theft!

In deep despair we yet can see  
Hope's candle burn uncertainly;

'T is all that 's left.

And when dark sin has weighed us down,  
The cruel world will scoff and frown.

How dark the way!

Yet in our prayers to be forgiven,  
Exists one living hope of heaven,  
Sweet rest for aye.

Pandora first gave Freedom's grace  
To virtues of the human race.

They journey'd swift.

But ere Hope found her wings for flight  
Pandora closed the lid in fright  
O'er one great gift.

### HOPE

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 11)

(Honor Member)

THE poet hopes, as he pens verse by verse,  
Like stringing pearls upon a golden chain,  
That he fair fame will win and call his own.  
But all too often are his hopes in vain.

The singer hopes, with every golden note,  
As pure and silv'ry as from nightingale,  
To win applause, and, therefore, win from all  
Forgetfulness of woe and sorrow's trail.

The mother hopes, as baby in her arms  
Wakes laughing, to rejoice in light of day,  
That she may keep her darling safe from harm,  
And that those feet may never go astray.

The poet hopes for fame and fortune's glory;  
The singer hopes to ease all hearts from pain;  
The mother's hope is greater far and sweeter.  
To every life Hope sings a glad refrain.



"A COPY." BY ALISON  
DOUGLAS, AGE 15.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

#### PROSE, 1

Thoda Cockroft  
Esther Helfrich  
Evelyn R. Burgess  
Edith M. Sprague  
Ida F. Parfitt  
Lorraine Ransom  
Dorothy Oak  
Helen Zagat  
Elizabeth Carter  
Frances M. Bradshaw  
Adelaide Nichols  
Dorothy Hardy  
Barbara Stimson  
C. Emerson Metzger  
Agnes Roudebush  
Edith Manwell  
Norah Culhane  
Fritz Korb  
Helen Arthur Davis  
Grace L. Winterbury  
A. G. Bush  
Landis Barton  
Charles J. Hobart  
Emily Blackham  
Helen Calder  
Robertson  
Virginia Marie Low  
Horace Irving  
Johnson, Jr.  
Elizabeth R. Hirsh  
Alice G. Peirce  
Edna Anderson  
Ethel M. Johnson  
Gayrite Garner  
Elizabeth Doane  
Anna B. Stearns  
Louisa Bancroft  
Louisa Mac Neal  
Nina Hansell  
Bernice Frankenhimer  
Margaret Cornell

Margaret Hirsh  
David Heenan  
Florence H. Rogers  
Ethel W. Kidder  
Russell A. Fox  
Mary Augusta  
Johnson

John C. Farrar  
Frances Wiles  
Rose Le Vino  
Frances Hyland  
Kathrine Park  
Rose Thorndike

#### DRAWINGS, 1

Jennie Hazlett  
Marie Luntz  
Louise E. Payson  
Hugo Greenbaum  
Elizabeth Crosman  
Margaret Wood  
D. Rutherford  
Collins  
Mary A. Hays  
Merrill de Maris  
Helen Silverstein  
William C. Grant  
Ralph E. Greene  
Alice D. Laughlin  
Yola Shaw Allen  
Jeanne Jacoby  
Sara Miel  
Christine N. Clark  
Mildred Moody  
Dorothy J. Carter  
Charlotte Cummings  
Aileen Napier  
Alfred Linnhauser  
Esther Curtis  
Arthur C. Brooks  
Constance Hennessy  
Eunice L. Hone  
Laurence E. Blair  
Dorothy Helen  
Yaeger

#### PROSE, 2

Gladys L. Carman  
Ruth Arnold  
Genevieve Torrey  
Mabel Green  
John William Roberts  
Geraldine Goodman  
Emma Q. Cerf  
Thomas Talbot  
Roy W. Benton  
Marie Wilson  
Carol T. Weiss  
Eleanor Drury  
Wyatt Rushton  
Dorothy Sichel  
Cynthia V. Cummins  
Agnes Margaretta  
Hayne  
Dorothy H. Brown  
Margaret M. Phillips  
Harry E. Rahming  
Ralph Perry

#### VERSE, 1

Flora McD. Cockrell  
Hattie Anundsen  
Marjorie Winrod  
May Bowers  
Marjorie F. May  
Sheelah S. Wood  
Katharine Balderston  
Alice M. Mac Rae  
Catharine H. Straker  
Marjorie S.  
Harrington  
Elizabeth Page  
James  
Constance Tyrrell  
Adelaide Fairbank  
Marion Casey  
Dorothy Kerr Floyd  
Paul Daniels  
Frances Ward  
Kay McFarlane  
Douglas R. Gray  
Helen Elise Mason  
James Boyd Hunter,  
Jr.  
Evelyn Kent  
Margaret Stone Cary  
Agnes Mackenzie  
Miall  
Mary Howerton  
Esther Vroman  
Peters  
Dorothy Emerson  
Mary de Lorme van  
Rossem  
Harriet L. Barstow  
Pauline Nichthauser  
Alice L. Packard  
Florence Fleming  
Constance Manchester  
Edna Wood  
Lavinia James  
Frances Grinnan  
Susanne Howe  
Isobel B. Simpson  
Dorothy McFarland  
R. Estelle King

Dorothy E. Vandwort  
Alan Nichols  
John Murry Wickard  
Beatrice H.  
Mackenzie  
Elizabeth K. Eyre  
Sarah Jameson  
Hilda McAvoy  
Marjory Homer  
Margaret Osborne  
Margaret E. Knight  
Cuthbert W. Haasis  
Gladys S. Bean  
Daryl Smith  
Harry W. Goodman  
Anna K. Stimson  
Gladys M. Douglas  
Theresa Jones  
Margaret Gale  
Marion L. Parker  
Marianne W. Biddle  
Dorothy Eaton  
Ruth Curtis  
Miriam Kreinick  
Georgine Tammen  
Phyllis Tomlinson  
Mary D. Loomis  
Ruth Streatfield  
Paula Leichter  
Edith Blandy Klemm  
Louise A. Bryant  
Lore Pandolfini  
Helen May Baker  
Ralph Rosenbaum  
Emily Whitney  
Isabella B. Howland  
Rebecca O. Wyse  
Louise Frances  
Dantzebecher  
Frances Ricks  
Osborne  
Jean C. Snyder  
Delia L. Ross  
Rachel Dyas  
Bodil Hornemann  
Audrey Merry  
Eleanor Hine  
Louise Ritscher  
Betram Kost  
Elsie D. Klindworth

#### VERSE, 2

Louis Tanner  
Elizabeth D.  
Crawford  
Louis Mueller  
Eloise Liddon  
Lillian Grant

Faith Brooke  
Theresa R. Robbins  
Lina H. Fergusson  
Dorothy Louise  
Dade  
Maria Stockton  
Bullitt  
Helen Moore Sewell

## DRAWINGS, 2

Mildred Moseley  
Helen Dirks  
Katharine Newell  
Margaret Caldwell  
Helen Belda  
George Guinzburg  
Marie Kahn  
Emil Belansky  
Helen B. Keen  
Mabel Robinson  
John Allen  
Daniel B. Blau  
Beatrice B. Flood  
Molly W. Hand  
Harold Turner  
Louise Davis  
Helen J. McFarland  
Dorothy Hanson  
Pauline Hopkins  
Abby W. Cresson  
Alexander Nussbaum  
Dorothy Taylor  
Seward Weddell  
Fanny Fleuret  
Veronica Frazier  
Frances G. Hunter  
Priscilla H. Fowle  
Charlotte J. Tongas  
John A. Leiper  
Lucy Hanscom  
Margaret Jacobus

Theron Slocum  
Fanny Tomlin  
Marburg  
Gladys Smiley  
Jeannette McClellan  
Minna H. Besser  
Irene Keyes

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Clarence Oppen  
Donald Blanke  
Muriel S. Falk  
Louise Wigenhorn  
Helen H. Townsley  
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.  
George Mitcheson  
Marjorie O. Calkin  
Charles Baconby  
Warren M. Perry  
Eliot Grant Fitch  
Madeleine Wolf  
Edwin S. Gernant  
Marion Cook  
Hope Edwin Reum  
Mary Comstock  
Alexander Standish  
Charles S. Mauzy  
Lucile Quarry  
William Zimmermann  
Remsen Wisner  
Holbert  
Ruby M. Palmer  
Marjorie Corbett  
Gorden Mason  
Florence A. Williams

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Roger Brooks  
Henry Wood Wiley  
Eleanor Wills

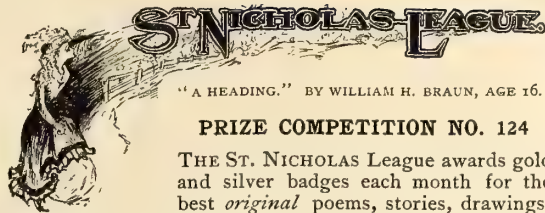
Moritz Loeb  
Mary Katherine  
Rhoades  
Ruth Wile  
Helen Frickstad  
Roger Warren  
Whitman  
Walter Spriggs  
Constance Ayer  
Cornelia B. Sargent  
Catharine Luhn

## PUZZLES, 1

Arnold F. Muhlig  
Flora Hollingsworth  
Oscar Lindow  
Judith Ames  
Mariland  
Margaret L. Free  
Ruth W. Weeks  
Florence Weinstein  
Marjorie A. Calvert  
Harriet Henry  
Dora Iddings  
Edna Meyle  
Fanny L. Des Jardins  
Jennie Lowenhaupt  
Stephen Benét  
Constance Wilcox  
Eva M. Willingham  
George M. Enos  
Mary L. Eaton  
Grace Lowenhaupt

## PUZZLES, 2

Barbara Wellington  
Eliza D. Davis  
Irene Myers  
Josephine Shaw  
Dorothy Burton



"A HEADING." BY WILLIAM H. BRAUN, AGE 16.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 124

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 124 will close **Feb. 10** (for foreign members **Feb. 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Looking Forward."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "The Book I Like Best of All."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Comrades." The photograph must have been taken by the contestant, but need not necessarily have been developed and printed by him or her.

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready" or "Getting Ready." Heading or Tail-piece for **June**. Drawings to reproduce well should be larger than they are intended to appear, but League drawings should not be made on paper or card larger than nine by thirteen inches.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the *contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.

WHILE the rules limit the length of the prose contributions to three hundred and fifty words, it is well to bear in mind that often the value of the story or sketch may be enhanced by making it even shorter than that limit.

## TWO LEAGUE LETTERS IN VERSE

DEAR EDITOR:

My thanks to you,  
I think I ought to say, are due!  
I ne'er had dreamt you'd honor me  
With a gold badge's dignity!  
My ambitions are great, 't is true—  
I made them not—they only grew!  
One error told me by my folk  
Is this: my home is not Queen's Oak.  
I wrote it badly, such is fate,  
For my address is 8, Queen's Gate!  
So pardon me for slip thus caused;  
It ne'er had happened, had I paused,  
Now must I stop, the sun 's long down.  
Sincerest thanks!

Yours, KITTY BROWN (age 17).



"A COPY." BY  
MARGARET  
FOSTER, AGE 15.

## HOPE

BY EDNA VON DER HEIDE (AGE 18—alas!)

THE gray dawn breaks within the eastern sky;  
The pallid moon wanes slowly in the west;  
The morning steals upon a world at rest;  
And I, must say "Good-by."

The pearly dew still to the grasses clings,  
Where brilliant beams of rose and amethyst  
Unroll through cold, damp, thicknesses of mist  
The hope of brighter things.



# THE LION TAMER'S LITTLE BOY

BY R. F. BUNNER



THE Lion Tamer's Little Boy  
He knows no fear at all,  
Chasing the King of Beasts with joy  
As kittens chase a ball.

He knows the tricks of Daddy's trade,  
He scares the tiger lean,  
Or makes the elephant afraid—  
(And *that* is rather mean!)

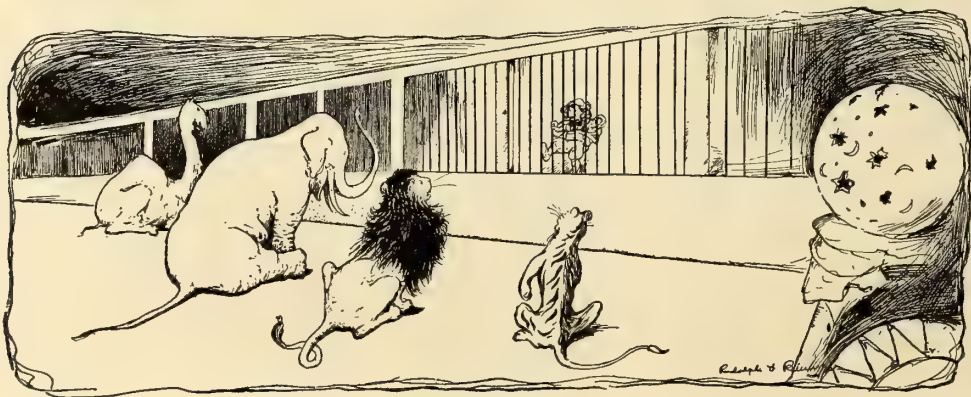
And often when the show is done,  
When animals should rest,  
The Lion Tamer's Little Son  
Will act as if possessed.

He tires them out with silly stunts  
Until it seems a sin,  
But while the timid beasts he hunts  
His Daddy happens in—

And says: "Now I 'll give *you* a chance  
To do the self-same thing  
That you have asked of them. Now dance  
And leap and twist and swing!

"Five minutes, now, I 'll cage *you* fast,  
Your teasing tricks must cease—  
These beasts of mine shall have at last  
A little rest and peace."

And when he 's locked in by Papa,  
The animals grow gay,  
And could they speak would say, "Ha! Ha!  
It 's now *our* turn to play."



# THE LETTER-BOX

FORT WILLIAM MCKINLEY, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four months now and like you very much.

I am in the Philippine Islands and I do not have many friends, so I read a great deal.

I have crossed the Pacific seven times and I have spent a very long time in the Philippines.

There is nothing that gives me more pleasure than reading you, and I look forward to your coming every month.

I hope this letter is not too long.

Very truly,

MARY JANE WELLS (age 11).

NORFIELD, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often started to write you a letter, but have never done so.

We have taken you for about a year and a half and are beginning to think we could not do without you.

I always read the children's letters in the ST. NICHOLAS, but have never seen any from Mississippi. I live here way down in the "sunny South," in a little saw-mill town owned largely by Father and Grandfather.

The other day we were out in our auto when it stopped in the sand. As the chauffeur could not start the machine, we all hopped out and began to pick and eat the luscious blackberries growing so plentifully along the road. We enjoyed them thoroughly though they were wild, and did not at all regret the lost time.

The home of Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, is on the coast not very far from my home. It is called "Beauvoir," and is a very interesting place. It has been made into a soldiers' home recently, and many old, old men may be seen silently walking about the grounds. There is a chair, trunk, and other things that belonged to the great Southerner. There is a small grave on the lawn where he is said to have buried a pet dog of his. I don't expect many of your readers have been to Beauvoir, because so many are Northern children.

There is a little river near my home named by the Indians and we often find arrow-heads out there. I have one which my father found at the foot of the hill on which we live.

Wishing you every success, I am

Your devoted reader,

FRANCES BUTTERFIELD (age 13).

NELSON, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you for the first time. I was born here, but two or three years ago we went to Blairmore, Alberta, for a time, but we came back in the spring of 1908. On one side of Blairmore there is a big mountain called Turtle Mountain, and on the other side it has slid and killed a lot of people.

Best wishes for a long life to ST. NICHOLAS.

From your friend,

DOROTHY MCFARLAND.

ROSSINIÈRES, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I thought you might like to hear about where I'm staying. It is the biggest chalet in Switzerland, way up in the mountains at Rossinières. We have Gambetta's room; it is quite historic. There is a lady at the end of the passage who has the Victor Hugo room. This chalet is more than one hundred and fifty years old.

There is a house here with a table made in 1620. Descendants of the original family still live in it.

There are the ruins of a little château here on a hill and there is supposed to be an underground passage to Gruyère under there. Noah's Ark is a house on Mont Cray, a mile above us, where people live all the year around.

I am learning French, but I never studied English.

Your interested reader,

MARGARET MCCLURE (age 8).

PEKING, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years now and I can't tell you how we have enjoyed you. I have a sister nine years old and a brother six years old. My sister and I have you given to us every year as a Christmas present from Papa. He used to take ST. NICHOLAS when he was a boy; he had the first number ever printed. ST. NICHOLAS is certainly getting better and better every year. I do not see how it could get very much better than the new stories for this coming year. I like the serials by Ralph Henry Barbour.

We live in Peking, the capital of China. It is a very nice place to live in, though, of course, it does not come up to "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." It has a great many trees in it, which makes it look much cleaner than it would without. The principal streets are all paved and are much wider than a great many streets at home. I have a bicycle on which I enjoy riding. Just outside the city wall there is a moat all the way around the city on which we often go skating. There are also a couple of small lakes very near our compound on which we sometimes skate, too.

From the tower of our church practically the whole of the Tatar City can be seen, and although the wall cannot be clearly distinguished all the way around, the gate and corner towers may be seen quite easily.

China's present political situation is rather shaky, with a boy as emperor and no influential person at hand to help him. The Revolutionist party have been waiting for such a time as this, though I do not suppose they expected the emperor, empress, and empress dowager to all die at the same time, and Yuan Shih Kai, the governor of Chihli Province, to go crazy, as reported at present. An edict has been issued to the effect that all shops must change their red signboards to blue (imperial mourning), and all policemen have a white (also mourning) strip around their left sleeve. Everything seems quiet as yet, in fact much too quiet for such an occasion. The new emperor's name is Pu Yi (poo yee), but we do not know what his Imperial name will be yet.

I think I had better close now or my letter will be too long to print, so good-by,

Your admiring reader,

HENRY C. FENN (age 14).

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for a number of years. I like you more and more every year. My mother reads you aloud to us.

We have a beautiful home in Westernville, where we spend our summers, next to a house over one hundred years old, which is where my great-great-grandfather lived, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

I have never been abroad as some of your readers have, but hope to be able to go some day. I remain,

Your loving reader,

ADELIA FLOYD (age 12).



NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about the trip I took on the "Seeing-New-York Automobile." For although I have lived in New York since I was about two years old, like all New Yorkers we have put off sight-seeing until we are now ready to leave New York for a year, at least, to go to Memphis, Tennessee, where I was born. So we decided that the best way to see New York was to take the sight-seeing automobile.

We left Twenty-third Street, by the "Flat-iron Building" and went up Fourth Avenue and stopped in front of the "Metropolitan Life," where our picture was taken. Then up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-ninth Street, where we turned west and passed "The Little Church Around the Corner," to Fifth Avenue; up Fifth Avenue, where we passed St. Thomas's Church, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York Library, through "Millionaires' Row," to Ninetieth Street. Then we went through Central Park and came out at One Hundred and Tenth Street, which is where the highest portion of the "Elevated" is; up "Cathedral Parkway," past the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and St. Luke's Hospital; as far up as One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, where we again turned west, and sped past Columbia and Barnard Colleges. Then up to Grant's Tomb, where we stopped for twenty minutes, which was plenty of time to see both the exterior and interior of that beautiful monument; though I know it is a place that one can see many times. After leaving there we simply flew down Riverside Drive, going at such a rate that it was all we could do to get a glimpse of the Sailors and Soldiers' Monument, and finally turning into Broadway through the theater district, and where it made your heart leap into your mouth, for you *knew* that an automobile that size could n't possibly squeeze through a space that it surprises you in doing. And at last back to the "Flat-iron Building."

I have really given only an outline of that very delightful trip, but I have been so afraid of making it tiresome by writing too long a letter; so I must close as,

A very loving reader of our dear ST. NICHOLAS.

ELOISE C. MCDOWELL (age 15).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading you very much, and especially the Letter-Box, so I thought I would write about my pony, Midget. She is a very gentle little pony and I do not believe she would hurt you for the world. Last Christmas my father gave me a flexible flyer sled that I could harness to Midget. It was really more fun than having a sleigh because other girls could fasten their sleds to mine. One afternoon I asked three girls to bring their sleds and some lunch so that if we got hungry we would have something to eat, and I took some sugar for my pony because she dearly loves it. We went up a little way in the woods and I tied Midget to a telegraph pole. We played around a little while and then ate our lunch sitting on some boards in the snow. So you see we had a picnic in the snow.

Your interested reader,

CHARLENE BAGLEY (age 10).

WEST MANSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got a bicycle about two weeks ago, long before I expected it. When Papa got home from work, we all sat down to supper. When we had finished our supper Papa said: "I wouldn't be surprised if it rained to-night. Hazel, run out and put my bicycle in the barn." I went out and there, right over by it, was my bicycle. I knew it was mine because Papa had said it was a blue frame (and so it was). I did n't stop

to put his in the barn. I ran in the house. Papa was waiting for me to come in. When I got in the house Papa said: "What's the matter with you?" I said: "My bicycle is out there." He laughed and told me to bring it in.

The day I got it was Friday. The next day about all I did was to ride my wheel.

The verses about "Courage" I sent in to the League have done very well so far, I think. My school-teacher's niece is learning them to speak at some entertainment.

Well, ST. NICHOLAS, I will say good-by, fearing my letter is getting too long. I remain,

Your loving reader,

HAZEL PIERCE (age 12).

MANY of our young readers know something of "The Consumers' League," an organization which was formed some years ago to better the condition of working-women and shop-girls and other employees in shops, stores, and workrooms. This is a charity that affects deeply the lives of thousands of poor children and their mothers, and it should have a special claim upon the help and sympathies of children and parents among the well-to-do; and so we gladly print this little rhyme written by a girl-reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whose mother had told her of the good accomplished by The Consumers' League.

#### IF I HAD HAD TO WORK—NOT PLAY

My mother buys my clothes and toys

Just at the stores where men  
Are kind to little girls who run  
On errands there for them.

Because my mother says if I  
Had had to work — not play,  
I might have been a little girl  
Who worked like that all day.

SIDNEY BALDWIN.

OTHER interesting letters which, from lack of space, we are unable to print, have been received from Annie M. L. Macfarlane, Frances Waffs, Harriet O'Neill, Helen M. Hamilton, Esther Lounsbury, Dorothy Stabler, Jane Evans, Helen M. James, Laura M. Thomas, Isabel M. Retlaw, Frances Hepburn, Christine Mackey, Rebecca E. Meaker, Dorothy J. Frost, Katherine McConnell, Frances Bechley, Helen E. Adams, Alice Latham, Marjorie Dunn, Harry Eichhorn, Margaret A. White, Mabel Wood, Elton T. Bulwer, Willard M. Holm, Helen M. Northrop, Helen L. Bingham, Catherine Watkins, Rose M. Davis, Dorothy Coultu, Pauline Brilliant, Frances G. Ward, Dorothy Stabler, Louise Patterson, Gilbert Northey, Marion Freyear, Elma Evans, Hylda W. Wilde, Mary Elsas, Alison L. Philp, Elizabeth McLellan, Maisie B. L. Allan, Marion Dinsmore, Elizabeth Schmidt, Helen Graham, Dorothy McDonald, Marion J. Benedict, Ruth P. Walker, Ada Flanagan, Hilda F. Gaunt, Kathryn Hughes, Marjorie Lyon, Ella Moore, Rose Newmeyer, Edith M. Patterson, Marguerite Shumaker, Elmer Volland, Bernice Holmes, Ira Allen, Elinor Hudson, Gladys Heacock, Marie Fletcher, Winnie Braithwaite, Irma Summa, Eva P. Laurence, E. Gertrude Close, Eugenia Thayer, Dorothy M. Moore, Marian Darrow, Robert H. Elliott, Henry Stubblefield, Isabel Adami, Paul Green Kendall, Marion Richards, Frederick E. Holmes, Edith Hibbard, Frank V. McKinless, Mildred L. Moore, Alice Moore, Louise Seaman, Grace Hardy, Jane Evans, George D. Young, Ethel W. Poole, Ruth Cushman, Dorothy Robe, Katherine McCabe, Ethel R. van Steenberg, Edwin Brewster, Josephine Middletown, Frances Ingham, Robert Williams.





**DIAGONAL**

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Relatives. 2. Cushions. 3. Pieces of money. 4. A small town. 5. To lean. 6. One of the United States. 7. Cleansing.

SYLVIA P. BENSON (League Member).

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC**

My primals and finals each name a famous play.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To encounter. 2. Competent. 3. Quiet. 4. To jar. 5. Comfort. 6. Parts of the body. 7. A deer.

MARY L. EATON (League Member).

**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA**



IN this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-eight letters, is a quotation from Bulwer Lytton.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC**

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, every alternate letter in the first and third rows will spell the name of an essayist and poet, and also three characters in his poems. The four names have eight letters each.

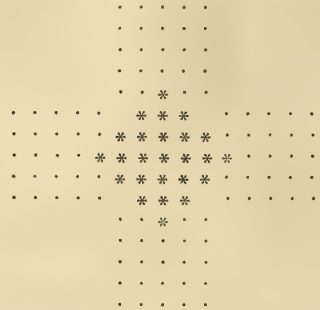
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Small rodents. 2. To possess. 3. Capable. 4. A Norse god. 5. A useful black substance. 6. Unusual. 7. An astringent substance. 8. A ship famous in Greek mythology. 9. To unfasten. 10. A word sometimes coupled with "that." 11. Deposited.

12. A holy island of the Inner Hebrides. 13. A chill. 14. A single number. 15. One half of the name of the most famous valley in the United States. 16. To break at once.

JEANNETTE MUNRO.

**SQUARES CONNECTED BY A DIAMOND**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To go in. 2. Courage. 3. An experiment. 4. To elude. 5. To let again.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Wandered. 2. The emblem of peace. 3. Living. 4. A town in Osceola County, Michigan. 5. A Greek letter.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In lease. 2. Nourished. 3. To burn unsteadily. 4. Lightens. 5. Fear. 6. Finish. 7. In lease.

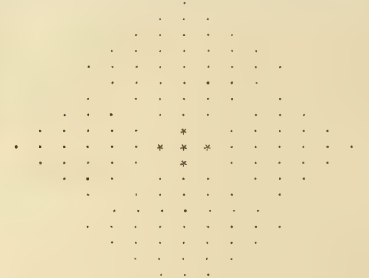
IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Parts of teapots. 2. Frequently. 3. A shop. 4. Weird. 5. To scoff.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A rope with a running noose. 2. Shun. 3. To fathom. 4. After. 5. More odd.

SAMUEL BRENNER.

**CONNECTED DIAMONDS**

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In jars. 2. A precious stone. 3. Danger. 4. An army officer. 5. One who serenades. 6. A wonder. 7. A small dipper. 8. A sheltered place. 9. In jars.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In jars. 2. To hasten. 3. Quick. 4. A planet. 5. Saltpeter. 6. A river of England. 7. In jars.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In pond. 2. The end. 3. A triple crown. 4. A precious stone. 5. Vain. 6. A conjunction. 7. In pond.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In pond. 2. Because. 3. Parts of apples that are thrown away. 4. Instruments used by dentists. 5. A beautiful kind of earthenware. 6. To elect again. 7. Room. 8. To be seated. 9. In pond. Three central letters, across, to drive away; up and down, a tear.

JOHN J. REGENOLD.



If 'twould snow, and snow,  
Toasted Corn Flakes  
'stead of snow you know,  
I'd choose to be an  
Eskimo

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

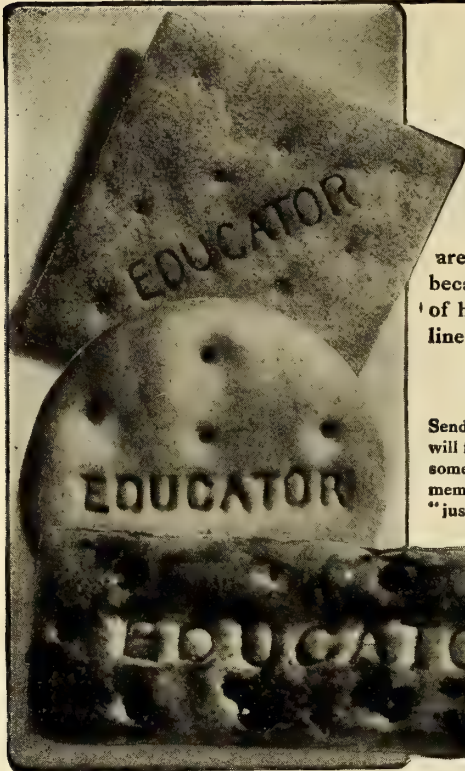
*W. K. Kellogg*

In cold weather serve with hot milk



THE KIND WITH THE FLAVOR—MADE OF THE BEST WHITE CORN.





We Want You to Know that

# EDUCATOR CRACKERS

are more delicious and healthful than any other cracker, because the ingredients are absolutely pure and our methods of handling, baking and packing insure their perfect cleanliness, and we want you to try them at our expense by our

## Assorted Box Sent Free

Send us your name and address, and your grocer's name—if you please; we will forward the day we receive it, the box of Educator Crackers containing some of the best liked kinds. In this way we can prove to you and every member of your family, the difference between Educator Crackers and "just ordinary crackers" after "you all" have tried them.

*The Name EDUCATOR is  
on Every Educator Cracker*

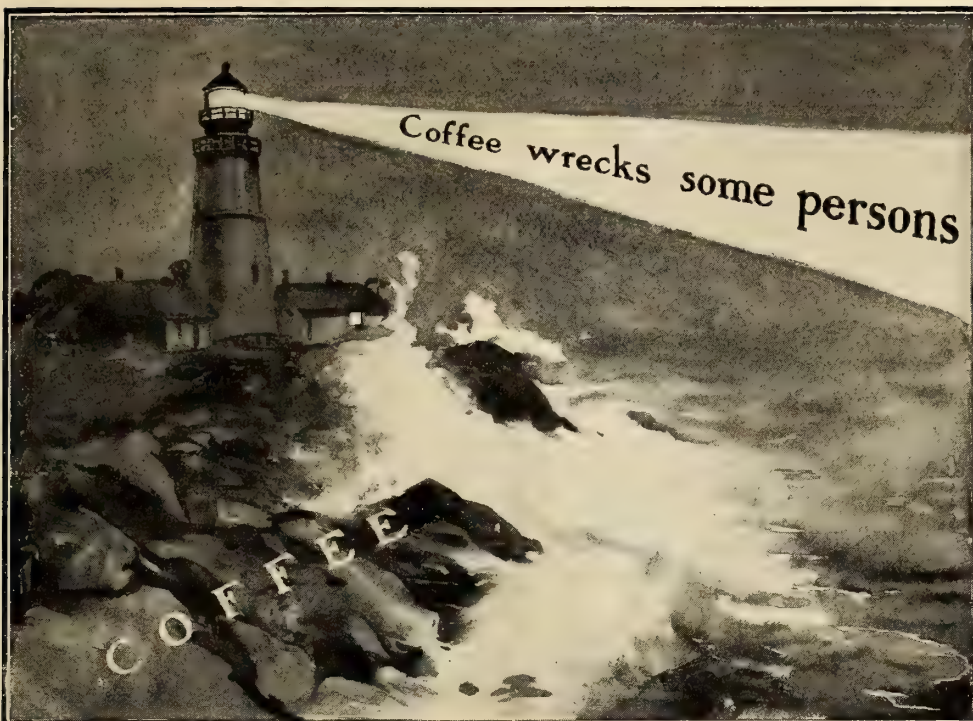
The package we'll send you free will help you in selecting the kinds you prefer. Leading grocers everywhere keep Educator Crackers. If yours doesn't and won't get them for you, order from us direct.

**JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY**  
233 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A dainty little fairy story, "Dorothy and Polly," illustrated in colors, sent on receipt of FOUR TWO-CENT stamps.

# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

**2<sup>lb</sup> and 5<sup>lb</sup> Boxes!** *Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!* **By Grocers Everywhere!**



If you are steering for good, sound health and ability to  
“do things”—change from coffee to

# POSTUM

Remember directions on package—to boil 15 minutes after  
boiling commences—then, you will not only get the full food  
value, but a dark rich beverage that changes to golden brown  
when cream is added, with a delicious flavour similar to mild,  
high-grade coffee.

**“There’s a Reason” for Postum**

---

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.





*The  
Pure Food  
Drink  
of Value*

The most appetizing, nourishing, and easily digested of all food drinks;—quickly and easily made. For invalids and children it is unequalled.

At All Leading Grocers

*Maillard's*  
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street  
**CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES**  
*The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular resort for ladies—afternoon tea 3 to 6.*

## A NEW YEAR NOVELTY

**Which Will Spare Your  
Purse While Pleasing  
Your Friends** ❖ ❖



*A Miniature Monkey Wrench  
of Perfect Design and Work-  
manship. Price 25 cents  
each, postpaid* ❖ ❖

*Do not send coin. It is liable to loss in the  
mails. Send stamps, postal note or check*

**MINIATURE NOVELTY CO.**  
**130 East 20th Street New York**

A New Edition of  
That Housekeeper's Delight

# THE CENTURY COOK BOOK

By MARY RONALD

**T**he original edition seemed as complete and satisfying as a cook book could be; but now there have been added **ONE HUNDRED NEW RECEIPTS OF ESPECIAL EXCELLENCE** contributed from many sources, tried favorites every one—soups, salads, sandwiches, breads, egg dishes, desserts, etc., including many foreign dishes, some old-fashioned dishes—all just what they purport to be “of especial excellence.”


“It is simply perfect.”—*Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.*

*New Edition; Richly illustrated; 635 pages, \$2.00 postpaid.*

**THE CENTURY CO.**

**UNION SQUARE**

**NEW YORK**



**HOLDS WITHOUT HOLES**  
**THE ONLY SAFE CLASP FOR CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS**


THE *Velvety Grip*

**HOSE CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON SUPPORTER**

**WORN ALLOVER THE WORLD OF ANY DEALER ANYWHERE**  
 Or Sample Pair, any Children's Size (give age) 16 cents. Mailed on receipt of price

MANUFACTURED BY  
**GEORGE FROST COMPANY**  
 BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

ALL GENUINE HAVE THE MOULDED RUBBER BUTTON AND THE NAME STAMPED ON THE LOOP.



**MENNEN'S**  
**BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER**

is the original—the first—talcum powder. It is the best by test, and is preferred by the discriminating because of its **uniformity and purity.**

Other Talcum powders are sold because of fancy boxes. Mennen's is sold on its merits as a toilet preparation



Look for Mennen's head on every box you buy—it is the sign of the genuine. Put up in the "Box that Lox."

Sample box for 2c stamp  
 Guaranteed by Gerhard Mennen Chem. Co., under the Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1642.  
 Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.




**THE 1847 GIRL**

Silver plate renowned since 1847 for beauty and durability bears the popular trade mark

**1847**  
**ROGERS BROS.**  
**X S**  
**TRIPLE**

—the guarantee of the *heaviest* triple plate, assuring even longer service and greater satisfaction than ever before.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

Sold by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue "P-5," showing designs.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,**  
 (International Silver Co., Successor.)  
**MERIDEN, CONN.**  
 NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO





*St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 98.**Time to hand in answers is up February 10. Prizes awarded in April number.*

Remember, there is no age limit.

## ANOTHER "LIMERICK" CONTEST.

Now, "Talented young Friends," make us Advertising Limericks! *This* is a plain Limerick—

There was once a lady named Binn,  
Who was so exceedingly thin;  
That when she essayed  
To drink lemonade  
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

Now write at least four *Advertising* Limericks about advertised articles in this number of ST. NICHOLAS—each one about *one* article; and make them as sprightly as you can.

Here is one for an example:

There is a young fellow named "Skeeters,"  
Who is one of the greatest of eaters;  
But what he likes best  
To put under his vest  
Is delicious and rich "Gala Peter's."

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.  
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.  
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.  
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00.

1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (98). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$  inches.

3. Submit answers by February 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 98, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.

## PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 96

1st	Prize.	Katharine More, Ark., 11 years, 164 articles.
2d	"	Mary R. Clifford, W. Va., 15 years, 74 articles.
2d	"	Cassius M. Clay, Jr., Kentucky, 14 years, 114 articles.
3d	"	Maria Brooke, R. I., 6 years, 70 articles.
3d	"	Margaret K. Gatzweiler, Mo., 13 years, 81 articles.
3d	"	Fay Scotten, Mont., 53 articles.
4th	"	Helen K. McHarg, N. Y., 9 yrs., 42 articles.
4th	"	Norma Haller, Iowa, 14 years, 57 articles.
4th	"	Dorothy Buckley, Mich., 15 years, 81 articles.
4th	"	Helen B. Keen, Wash., 15 years, 55 articles.
4th	"	Louise A. Bateman, Mass., 15 years, 60 articles.
4th	"	C. E. Ames, Mass., 14 years, 46 articles.
4th	"	Fanny T. Marburg, Pa., 15 yrs., 80 articles.
4th	"	Theresa R. Abell, N. Y., 14 years, 56 articles.
4th	"	Louise L. Metcalfe, Miss., 8 years.
4th	"	Elizabeth M. Tykle, Ind., 11 years, 36 articles.

## HONORABLE MENTION

Frank F. Sleeper	Flora E. Hottes
Natalie Kneeland	Deane W. Malott
Margaret Turnsworth	Janet J. Davenport
Mary W. Falconer	Ethel K. Caster
Henry Hoover	Jennie Steindorf
Kathryn Blackent—no illustration received	
Leonora E. Parker	Kenneth Sater
Lucile M. Showalter	Helen Barrett
Norma H. Plumb	Lorraine Purdy
Josephine. Mathein	Madeline Enners
Mineta J. Henning	Muriel S. Falk
Lester C. Porter	Henrietta S. Purnell
Geraldine deC. O'Grady	Marjory Horner
Irma Seeman	Wm. Wright
Dorothy M. Crane	Tommy Evans
Alice Zimmermann	Elizabeth Custer
Burton Macye	Louise L. Hunt
Margaret E. Beakes	Grace L. Schaffler
George O. Lines	Fanny O. Donovan
B. F. B. Hammett	Elizabeth F. Lightner
Kathleen S. Rutter	Helen Hodgman
Russell Crothers	Josselyn D. Hayes
Dorothy Yaeger	Helen Graver
W. Norton Nash	Doris E. Warfield
Victor W. Firth	Ward Olmstead
Helen Wood	Katherine A. Royce
Mary Canode	



Cassius M. Clay, Jr., age 14, 2d prize, 114 articles.

(See also pages 16, 17, and 18.)



## GETTING READY FOR A DIAMOND DYE DAY

Every one is thinking of something new for Spring. Now is a good time to go over your last year's clothing and pick out the garments that will bear another season's wear. Then get some Diamond Dyes and make them look like new.

You have no idea the pretty changes you can have in your wardrobe—how up-to-date you can dress—if you remember what Diamond Dyes will do.

Don't think that you need to buy new materials every time you want a new dress.

The materials in clothes you have laid aside are as good as they ever were. And you'll be surprised at the new beauty Diamond Dyes will give the goods. You can have pretty new dresses with no more trouble than washing a handkerchief.

## DIAMOND DYES

### IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT GOODS TO BE DYED

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk or other *animal* fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool shouldn't be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or other Mixed Goods, as they are especially adapted for

Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly. Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

### DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL—FREE

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes), and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

**WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT**

AT ALL RELIABLE DEALERS—INSIST UPON THE GENUINE

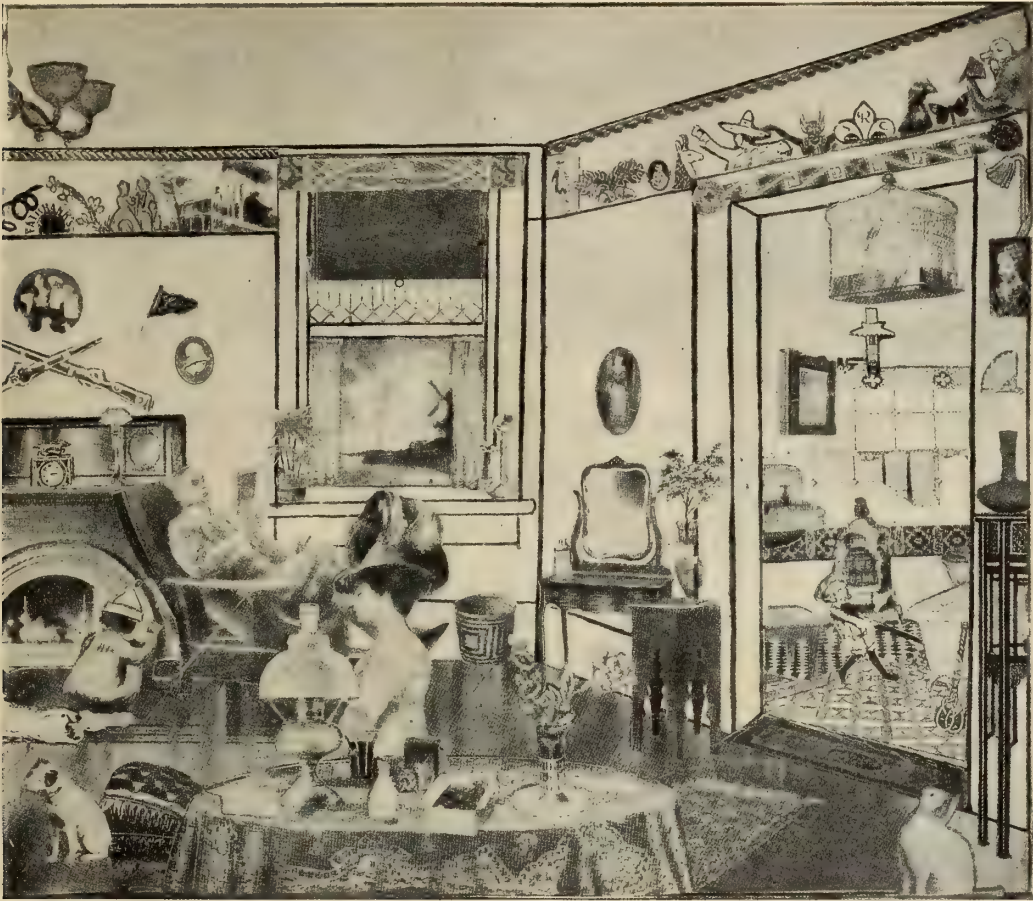




## A "MODEL BEDROOM"

Competition 96 is Number Two in the series of the "Model House" Advertising Competitions—the first being announced last October. This picture was made by a ST. NICHOLAS girl, Katharine More, 11 years of age, who won the first prize by it. The illustrations are cut from magazines and pasted on cardboard. There will be other rooms given the ST. NICHOLAS readers to paste together during the year. There is no age limit placed on the competitors: the whole family may make these pictures and send their names as "workers-together" for the prize. On another page you will find the list of articles and the names of the firms represented in the above picture.

(See also pages 14, 17, and 18.)



## MADE FROM ADVERTISEMENTS

The "Model Bedroom" Competition has brought many answers—hundreds of them; all showing care and most of them showing remarkable cleverness. But (here's a little scolding!) find out what your package weighs and put on enough postage: the rate is two cents an ounce. ST. NICHOLAS had to pay twenty dollars excess postage this month for your neglect.

After a certain number of articles have been pasted into a room you know that each extra one takes a lot of trouble and ingenuity to place properly, so that the prizes have been awarded on the basis of a clever arrangement plus the number of articles employed.

The first prize winner has well earned her prize, for she has one hundred and sixty-four articles—and you can see how well she has treated them. The second prize winner de-

serves much credit, as do, in fact, all those whose rooms took prizes. See page 14 for list of prize winners.

In the case of every prize winner you must appreciate the fact that there was some special cleverness or "real-ness" about the work which was rewarded. Can you imagine two big tables piled high—and from the mass of letters, papers, and attached lists, how the winners had to be found? Then you can appreciate what an honor it is to be any of those whose names are mentioned in any way. The Judge gives space to reproductions of the two best rooms. See page 14 for other room.

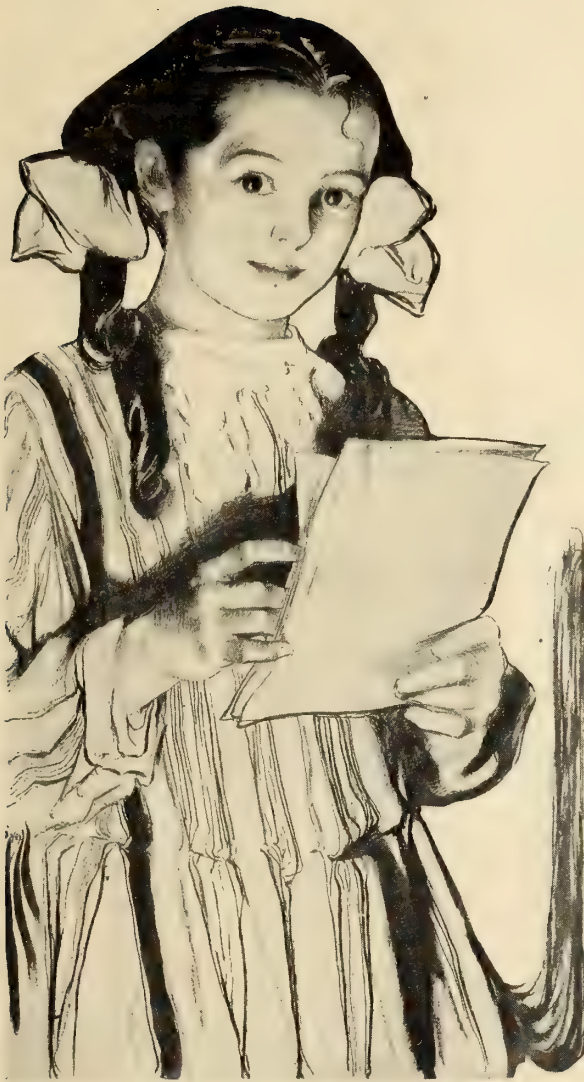
WILLIAM P. TUTTLE, Jr.,  
Advertising Editor.



## Here is Miss More's list just as she gave it:

164 ARTICLES (see previous page for picture.)

- Stand. Alabastine Co.  
 Feathers. Albrecht & Son.  
 Soft hat. Adler Brothers & Co.  
 Visiting Lady. Aeolian Co.  
 Boy with sled. S. L. Allen & Co.  
 Ship. Allen Higgins Wall Paper Co.  
 Bow on Lady. American Lady Corset Co.  
 Radiator. American Radiator Co.  
 Domino (hanging). American Sugar Refining Co.  
 Telephone. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
 Windmill. Atlas Cement Co.  
 Bottle. American Thermos Bottle Co.  
 Small house & tree. Andrew Heating Co.  
 Ladies hat in Closet. Armour & Co.  
 Chain. Baird North & Co.  
 Shoe in Closet. Best & Co., N. Y.  
 Small light. Best Light Co.  
 Floor with rug. Berry Brothers, Limited.  
 Man on horse. Bishop & Co., Los Ang.  
 Woman sewing. Bissell Motor Co.  
 Sweeper. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.  
 Animal head. Black Horn Leather Co.  
 Picture. Bradley Knitting Co.  
 Shade. Chas. W. Breneman & Co.  
 Mission seat. Brookes Mfg. Co.  
 Bottle on dresser. Buffalo Specialty Co.  
 Boy in bath R. Buster Brown Hosiery Mills.  
 Tabourette. Walter Baker & Co.  
 Chicken head. Bon Ami.  
 Reindeer head. The Coloric Glove Co.  
 Candle & shade. Joseph Campbell Co.  
 Birds head. Canfield Rubber Co.  
 Ostrich. Cawston Ostrich Farm.  
 "Prosknit" on baby. Chalmers Knitting Co.  
 Coat hanging. Chicago Form Co.  
 Rope. Carter White Lead Co.  
 Fur rug. Chickering & Sons.  
 Glass of—. Coco-Cola.  
 Shaving Cabinet. Colegate & Co.  
 Picture. A. M. Collins Co.  
 Small stork. Cowels Bros., Stationers.  
 Checker paper in B. R. Cox Gelatine Co.  
 Linoleum in Closet. Cooks Linoleum.  
 Satchel. Crowell Publishing Co.  
 Bird Cage. Cream of Wheat Co.  
 Dutch Girl. Cudahy Packing Co.  
 Picture. Curtis Publishing Co.  
 Calendar. Cuticura Soap.  
 Picture. Curtis Brothers Co.  
 Paper hat. Daisy Mfg. Co.  
 Flags. Dennison Mfg. Co.  
 Child. Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills.  
 Stove. Detroit Stove Co.  
 Clock. Du Pont De Nemours Powder Co.  
 Kodak on table. Eastman Kodak Co.  
 Writing-paper on table. Eaton Hulbert Paper Co.  
 Cat—looking at bird. Egg-O-See Cereal Co.  
 Arch in frieze. N. K. Fairbank Co.  
 Shoes in Closet. Robert H. Foerdere, Inc.  
 Fleur de lis border. B. R. Franco-American Food Co.  
 Border in B. room. Fries Harley Co.  
 Butterfly. Funk Wagnalls Co.  
 Vase. Gates Potteries.  
 Group of people—frieze. Genesee Pure Food Co.  
 Picture of baby in frieze. Gehard Minnen Chemical Co.  
 Floor. Glidden Varnish Co.  
 Curtains. Globe Vernick Co.  
 Dressing table. Grace Furniture Co.  
 Form in Closet. Hall, Barchert Dress Form Co.  
 Picture. Hamilton Brown Shoes Co.  
 Palm tree—Frieze. Hawaiian Pine-apple Growers.  
 Trade Mark. T. G. Hawkes & Co.  
 Derby Hat. Hart, Schaffner & Marx.  
 Bolster. H. D. Paper Co.  
 Group of trees—frieze. H. O. Co.  
 Wall Covering. B. R. Hoosier Mfg. Co.  
 Lady standing. Hoosier Suction Sweeper Co.  
 Heather in frieze. A. G. Hyde & Sons.  
 Clothes. Innovation Trunk Co.  
 Part of piano over mantel. Ivers & Pond Piano Co.  
 Bathtub. B. J. Johnston—"Palmolive" soap.  
 Oil Cloth. P. O. Judson & Co.  
 Lounge. S. Karpen & Bro.  
 Poppy on wall. Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes Co.  
 Eagle. T. Kingsford & Son.  
 Jap rose. James S. Kirk & Co.  
 Silk hat. Knox Hat Co.  
 Small tree in vase. Kokomo Fence Machine Co.  
 Small cross. Krohn Fechheimer Co.  
 Fairies in frieze. Lamont Corless Co.—X Ray.  
 Chiffonier. Larkin Co.  
 Banner on wall. Libby, McNeill & Libby.  
 Basket. Francis E. Lester Co., N. M.  
 Hat on Lady. Liebsladler Millinery Co., Kansas City.  
 Tree & Cupid—frieze. Lee & Perrins.  
 Rope border. Liver Brothers Co.  
 Cupid in frieze. George Lorenze Co.  
 Potted Palm. Lord & Taylor.  
 Seat under woman. C. P. Lambert Co.  
 Silver Vase. Daniel Low & Co.  
 Chocolates. Walter M. Lowney Co.  
 Guns. Lunstorm Mfg., Co.  
 Low seat in B. R. Lyons & Healy.  
 Chimney. Macbeth.  
 Counterpane. Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co.  
 Oak leaves. Meriden Britannia Co.  
 Ducks head. Merrimack Mfg. Co.  
 Mans head—frieze. Merrill Soule.  
 Small boy skating. Mohawk Valley Cap Factory.  
 Border over window. Moss Rose Mfg. Co.  
 Two figures in frieze. National Biscuit Co.  
 Neck tie on bolster. National Cloak & Suit Co.  
 Boy in frieze. National Lead Co.  
 Stockings on mantle. National Phonograph Co.  
 Stork—frieze. H. Nestle Co.  
 Umbrella. New York Mackintosh Co.  
 Wing in frieze. Omo Mfg., Co.  
 Fan on wall. Pacific Mills.  
 Ornament over window. Peerless Motor Co.  
 View from window. Perry Picture Co.  
 Mantel. Phila. & Boston Face Brick Co.  
 Table. Philadelphia Tapestry Mills.  
 Boy in frieze. Pickanenny Stocking Co.  
 Ornament in frieze. Pickard Studios.  
 Lavatory. Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg., Co.  
 Vase holding tree. Pillsbury Washburn Flour Mills.  
 Picture. Pompeian Mfg. Co.  
 Motto—"Get Busy." Postum Cereal Co.  
 Towels. Potteries Selling Co.  
 Gas lamp. Proctor & Gamble Co.  
 Child with blocks. Prudential Insurance Co.  
 Picture in frieze. Quaker Oats Co.  
 Keys as ornament on bed. Remington Typewriter Co.  
 Bust on Mantel. Reznor Mfg. Co.  
 Man in Chair. Royal Chair Co.  
 Hair on woman sewing. Sahlin Co.  
 Stork. The Stork Co.  
 Fleur de lis, in frieze. Seamless Rubber Co.  
 Windmill—Colored. Shaw Stocking Co.  
 Cross over door. Sanitarian, Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Carpet beater in B. R. Sherwin Williams.  
 Santa Claus—frieze. Siegel Cooper Co.  
 Indian head—frieze. Skinner Mfg., Co.  
 Hair ribbon on girl. Smith & Kaufmann.  
 Lamp. Standard Oil Co.  
 Closet. Standard Sanitary Mfg., Co.  
 Leaded glass. Stearns & Foster Co.  
 Picture. Stewart Baby Shop.  
 Bed. C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.  
 Candlestick. Swift & Co.  
 Ornament on chiffonier. Thayer & Chandler.  
 Shoe in closet. Tone Brothers.  
 Chandelier. Union Carbide Sales Co.  
 Devil, in frieze. Wm. Underwood Co.  
 Girls head, in frieze. Van Camp Packing Co.  
 Dog. Victor Talking Machine Co.  
 Vine—frieze. Vineland Grape Juice Co.  
 Vine—frieze. Welch's Grape Juice Co.  
 Border over door. Weingartner Bros. "W. B." Corsets.  
 Flowers. R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co.  
 Turkey head. Washburn Crosby Co.  
 Ladies vest in closet. Wells Richardson Co.  
 Baby under bed. Whitelaw Paper Co.  
 "Ideal" ball over window. Waterman Co.



## Friday Afternoon.

Strong and self-reliant, Nan reads her essay without tremor or quake, while Dorothy, in another room, barely gets through her part without breaking down.

It is n't because they were "born that way." It is a matter of nourishment. We all know that food even makes character, and that good food and good digestion will generally supply

strength and confidence for emergencies much greater than those of Friday afternoon.

# JELL-O

is a part of the ideal diet that can be relied upon to sustain any one, child or man, when perfect control of the faculties is required.

It is all that any "health-food" can be, and is perfectly delicious besides.

JELL-O desserts do not have to be cooked and can be made in a minute. There are seven flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Peach, Cherry, Chocolate. 10c. at all grocers.

The famous new Recipe Book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," in ten colors and gold, will be sent for four cents in stamps.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.



## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

THERE has been some discussion recently over the question whether the stamps produced at the present time are really an improvement upon those of former years, or whether the tendency of the times is toward a uniformity and similarity of design and execution which stand in the way of the highest achievement in the production of stamp issues. Attention is called to the fact that in the engraving and printing of early stamps the work was done in the locality where they were to be used. This resulted in issues each of which possessed a distinctive character. The early stamps of the Philippine Islands, for instance, are not like those of any other country, even Spain, in their workmanship. The first Japanese stamps were made in Japan, and it is pointed out that it is the very fact of native talent being employed in their manufacture which gives to them their great interest. To-day Japanese stamps are made in London, where are also produced a very large proportion of all the stamps that are used throughout the world. The Bank Note Houses of London and New York indeed manufacture practically all the stamps now used. The natural result of this is just what we find, a bit of history, or native scene, or a building treated according to the ideas of expert artists and engravers. Such stamps may be very beautiful and they may carry with them much instruction in matters relating to national history and customs, but they do not possess an intrinsic interest at all comparable to that attaching to the work of a native artist whose perhaps crude design is committed to paper by a printer scarcely his superior in ability. Any stamp collector who wants a specialty toward which to turn his attention with the result of securing a particularly valuable collection, no matter what its extent may be, cannot do better, before it is too late, than to secure for himself specimens of all examples of native art in stamp printing and engraving. An examination of the catalogue will show that a large number of countries issuing stamps before 1900 have among their issues stamps of native workmanship. Many of these are still to be found among the comparatively inexpensive varieties.

### OLD STAMP "FINDS"

ONE naturally thinks, from all the efforts that have been put forth, that lost specimens of old and valuable issues of stamps are no longer to be found. Still, every once in a while there is a find like one which has recently been made in Basle, Switzerland. It appears that when an old office which had been used to store papers was cleaned out recently, there was found behind some old wall-paper a sheet of fifteen stamps. The variety was the stamp known as the "doves of Basle." This is the stamp issued in this canton in 1845. The value of this perfect sheet can hardly be estimated, but as single stamps the fifteen are worth one hundred dollars each. When one remembers what a large number of the valuable St. Louis stamps was found a few years ago in Kentucky, one may believe that it is even now worth while to look into any opportunity which may arise.

### HUDSON-FULTON IMPERFORATES

IN spite of the fact that it was announced on the best of authority that the Hudson-Fulton stamp would not be issued imperforate, it nevertheless appeared in

this condition. The Government having decided to accommodate the makers of stamp-vending machines in this particular, there seems to be no reason why any stamp which they care to sell should not come imperforate.

Two of the principal department stores of Brooklyn put these stamps on sale in vending machines during the Hudson-Fulton celebration. The public were invited by large advertisements in the daily papers to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure this interesting stamp, and the fact that these concerns had secured a large supply was made the inducement to pay a visit to their stores.

### THE NEW STANDARD CATALOGUE

THE new Standard catalogue recently published contains the usual additions in the way of late issues, and also makes numerous changes in prices which have come about through changing conditions. The older issues are constantly becoming scarcer, as a rule, and the current stamps fall in price as their use increases. Special occurrences, like the sale of a large number of remainders of an old issue, have also an effect on prices. All these things must be taken into account in making up a catalogue, and in this respect this work has always maintained the foremost position in this country.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Ⓐ GOOD way to make a beginning in collecting is to send for a catalogue, album, and packet of stamps and sufficient stamp hinges, buying them from any one of the advertisers in ST. NICHOLAS. An album costing about a dollar is the best for a beginner and it is also best to get one that does not have spaces marked for all varieties of stamps. When a collection is commenced and contains only a few hundred stamps, they appear too scattered in the complete album. The proper book is one that contains room enough for all the stamps one is likely to secure in the first few years of collecting. If stamps are mounted, as they always should be, with hinges, they can be easily transferred to a new album whenever the owner wishes. The packet to buy is the one that fits your pocket-book. Spend what you can afford and if you want to collect all kinds of stamps buy the largest packet, as you will get the most for your money and will have less chance of duplicating stamps in your later purchases. Avoid buying duplicates as much as possible, as you will find it difficult to make profitable exchanges unless your stamps are rare. When sending money through the mails always use money-order or registered letter, as these are the safest ways of doing business. ST. NICHOLAS cannot undertake to see to the placing of your orders, but those who advertise with us are believed in all cases to be reliable. Ⓒ The letters H M S with the word "On" prefixed on various issues of British Colonial Stamps mean on his or her majesty's service according to whether issued before or since the death of Queen Victoria. The stamps thus surcharged are known as "Officials," being for use in government offices. Ⓓ It is not best to remove the gum from stamps to prevent unused stamps from curling in dry weather. Use more than one hinge if necessary as in this way you can hold down any part of the stamp that is troublesome.

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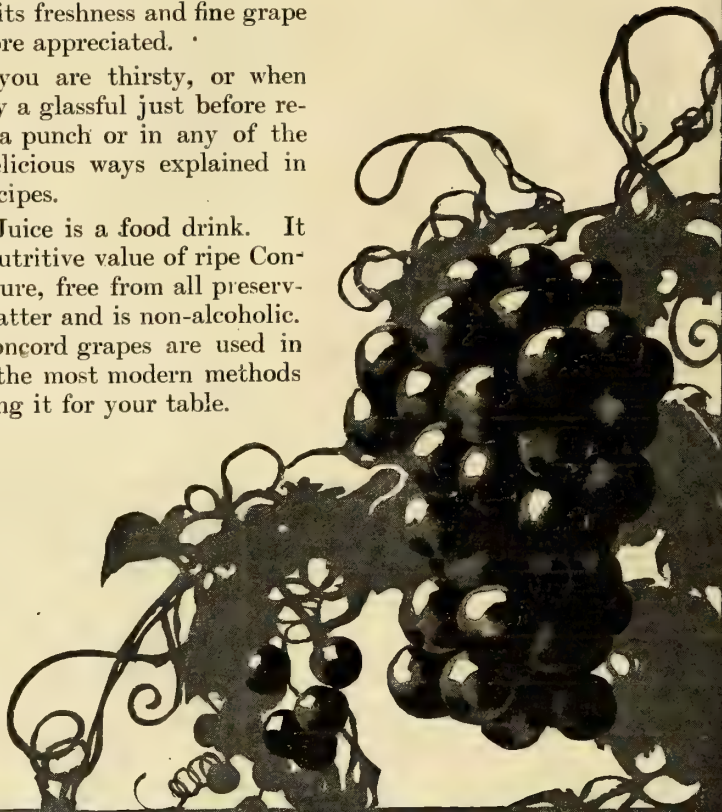
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“IVAN DASHED AWAY BEFORE THE OTHER BIRDS COULD  
RESCUE THE CAPTIVE.” (SEE PAGE 390.)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

MARCH, 1910

No. 5



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

ONCE upon a time, in a country far over the seas, there lived a rich peasant who had three sons, Daniel, Gabriel, and Ivan. Daniel and Gabriel were tall, handsome young men, of whom their father was very proud indeed; but Ivan was an awkward, freckled boy, so quiet and shy that he was regarded as little more than half-witted. His brothers made him the butt of all their jokes, and even his father seemed to be quite ashamed of him.

One summer when the great fields of waving grain gave promise of an unusually rich harvest, old Peter was troubled to find that some thief had begun to visit them. Night after night the grain disappeared, until it seemed that there would be none left for the sickle. No trace of the spoiler could be found, and at last Peter called his sons together and advised with them as to what were best to be done.

"Unless these thefts are stopped soon," he said, "there will not be enough grain left to pay our taxes. Where then will our winter supplies come

from? To-night you boys must keep watch and see if you cannot manage to catch the thief. You, Daniel, go to the east field, from which the most grain has been stolen, and you, Gabriel, to the west one. I don't suppose that it is of much use to send you, Ivan, but at least it will do no harm. So you go to the south field, and see how long you can keep awake, and report to me in the morning what happens."

When the three brothers went to mount guard at twilight, Daniel and Gabriel were grumbling disgustedly at the idea of spending the night out of doors in the heavy dew, but Ivan walked to the south field as cheerily as if on his way to some pleasure excursion.

Soon stars began to twinkle overhead, then there came a soft light on the eastern horizon, and the moon rose slowly into view. But not for long did she cast her silvery light on the quiet fields. Black clouds came scurrying across the sky, thunder rumbled and rolled like the sound of battle, and soon the only light that illumined



the darkness came from the brilliant flashes of lightning; and before long the rain came down in perfect torrents.

Daniel was afraid of thunder and lightning, so he slunk away to one of his father's barns, where he spent the night in the haymow. Gabriel was determined not to get wet to the skin, so he went to the nearest neighbor's, and obtained there a comfortable night's lodging.

Ivan, however, was true to his trust, patrolling the field in the drenching rain, and straining his eyes at each flash of lightning to see if there was anybody near him that by chance might be one of the grain thieves.

Suddenly he discovered a milk-white mare, nibbling the grain as unconcernedly as if in her own home pasture. Creeping stealthily up behind her, Ivan caught hold of her flowing mane, and with one bound was on her back before she had time to run away.

Snorting with indignation, trembling with rage, the white mare went dashing about the fields, trying in every way that she could think of to rid herself of her unwelcome rider. Ivan, however, kept his seat, and at last she acknowledged herself conquered, and ceased her plunging and springing.

"Let me go!" she pleaded; "let me go! I was reared in freedom, and could never live a day in captivity. I have three colts who are anxious to see the world, and have been begging me to let them go out into it. I will send them to you in my place. The two older ones are strong and handsome enough to send to the Czar himself. But although the youngest is a weak little humpback, guard him as the apple of your eye. If you are only kind to him, he will one day make your fortune, and you will never regret having let his mother go free."

Ivan agreed to this proposal, and the white mare disappeared, after promising that he should find her three colts in his father's stable next morning. Then, in his heavy, drenched clothes Ivan started to return to his father's house, half fearing that the white mare would not keep her promise.

Just before dawn old Peter arose, to greet his sons on their return from the fields. Soon Daniel and Gabriel made their appearance, and Peter eagerly asked what they had seen.

"It was too dark to see anything," Daniel answered sulkily, not wishing to confess how he had spent the night. "The blackest night that I was ever out in."

"I caught a bad cold," grumbled his brother, "but that was the only thing I had a chance to catch through the whole time."

Peter was much disappointed, but he praised his sons for their faithful work, and had just sent them away to rest and sleep when Ivan made his appearance, tired and chilled through, but with a bright, cheerful face.

"So you stayed out, too," was his father's greeting. "Was n't it a pretty rough night to sleep in?"

"It was good enough for all the sleep that I wanted," Ivan answered quietly, "though I feel like taking more this morning."

"What on earth could ever keep you awake?" his father asked, in astonishment, not expecting that Ivan had wit enough to have an adventure.

Ivan told him all that had happened in the night, while old Peter gazed at his youngest son as if fearing that he had taken final leave of his senses.

"The three young horses are here already," Ivan concluded. "Come on out to the stable and see them."

So out to the stable went father and son, where, to Peter's amazement, he saw the two handsomest horses that he had ever set eyes on in all his life.

"They certainly are beauties, my boy," he said heartily, "and more than worth all the grain we have lost. And what is this?" he added, suddenly catching sight of the little humpback that stood in the smallest stall in the corner.

"The best one of all," Ivan hastened to explain. "I shall keep him for myself, whatever may become of the others."

At this his father burst into scornful laughter.

"I was beginning to hope that you had some sense after all!" he exclaimed, "but I see now that I was quite mistaken. However, you have done better than I expected, and should go now and get some rest, and hang your clothes before the fire to dry."

Wearied with his night's vigil, Ivan slept until noon, when, rising hastily, he hurried out to see his horses again. To his grief and amazement, the two handsome ones had disappeared, leaving only the little humpback, who neighed pitifully for his companions.

"Do not mourn for my brothers!" the little horse exclaimed, at sight of his master's grief-stricken face. "They have not run away, but were stolen by your brothers, who planned to sell them while you were asleep. Jump on my back, and we will soon overtake them, no matter how fast they go."

So down the road galloped the little humpback with Ivan on his back, in pursuit of the fleeing brothers. As he had promised, they soon over-

took them, much to the confusion of Daniel and Gabriel, who at once began to make excuses.

"We thought that you were going to sleep all day," said Daniel, "and that the horses ought to be exercised."

"Anyway, you could n't ride all three," added Gabriel, "and Father said that you preferred the little one."

"So I do," Ivan answered heartily, "and I was thinking of selling the other two. Since you have ridden so far, we may as well go on to the city, and see what kind of an offer we can get for them."

So the three brothers entered the city side by side. They soon met the Czar returning from a hunting trip, followed by the nobles of his court. The Czar at once noticed the beautiful horses, and sent to inquire as to their owner.

"They were mine this morning," Ivan answered respectfully, "but since they have had the honor to please his Majesty, they belong in the imperial stables."

This reply so pleased the Czar that he gave Ivan a great purse full of gold, and promised to grant any request that he might make. Ivan asked only to be made a groom in the imperial stables, and having given the purse of gold to his brothers and bidden them farewell, he went to assume his new duties.

For some time he and his little horse lived quite happily, until one day when they were out hunting. Ivan caught sight of something gleaming on the grass, and hurried over to where it lay. It proved to be a golden feather, so bright that it illumined the woods all about it.

"Don't touch it," advised the little horse. "It is a feather of the wonderful Firebird, and will surely get you into trouble if you take it."

Ivan refused to heed this advice, and put the feather carefully into his pocket. No sooner had he done so than he began to feel uneasy, but was too proud to acknowledge the fact. Hardly had he returned home when he had a quarrel with one of the other grooms, and when, soon afterward, the feather fell from his pocket, his enemy saw an opportunity to get revenge. Picking it up at once, he rushed to the Czar.

"Only look, your Majesty!" he cried. "See what a wonderful thing Ivan has had in his possession, and kept hidden all this time!"

The Czar at once sent for Ivan, and questioned him closely in regard to the feather. Ivan told how he had found it in the forest, and the Czar ordered him to immediately go in search of the bird to which it had formerly belonged.

"Don't dare to return without it!" he added warningly, "or you will be imprisoned for life."

Bitterly regretting that he had not taken the



FADINE LEWIS, BRIGHT

"SHE STOPPED IN SHEER AMAZEMENT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



advice of his horse, Ivan returned to the stable. The little humpback noticed his master's dejection, and anxiously inquired the cause of it.

"It is all because I did n't take your advice and leave that golden feather alone," said Ivan, sadly. "Now I have got to bring the Firebird to the Czar, or he will have me imprisoned for life."

"That is too bad," said the little horse, gravely, "but perhaps I can help you catch the Firebird. Go and ask the head groom for a big measure of the finest grain."

Ivan soon returned with a sack full of grain, loaded it onto the little horse's back, sprang up behind it, and away they went, so fast that it seemed to Ivan that they were flying. At last they reached a lovely meadow, through which a little brook was flowing. In the distance stood a stately castle, its towers gleaming white in the sunlight.

"That is the home of the Moon's daughter," said the little humpback, when Ivan questioned him about the castle. "She is the most beautiful princess in all the world. But we must not waste time talking about her now. Dip the sack of grain into the brook, until it is so heavy and wet that it won't blow away. Then scatter it all about on the ground."

Ivan did as he was told. Then he and his little horse concealed themselves in a thicket near by, and waited to see what would happen.

Soon a bird came and began pecking at the grain; then another and another, until a great flock had arrived. Last of all came their king, the Firebird, his plumage gleaming like molten gold.

"Now is your chance!" whispered the little horse, eagerly. "Steal up behind him, and put him into the sack!"

Creeping cautiously up to where the birds were feeding, Ivan caught their unsuspecting king, and thrust him into the sack. Then, springing onto his horse, he dashed away before the other birds could rescue the captive.

The Czar was impatiently awaiting Ivan's return, and at once ordered him into his presence. The windows and doors were all closed, so without a word Ivan opened the sack. Out flew the Firebird, dazzling the whole court with his splendor. The Czar was so delighted that he gave Ivan a great purse full of silver, and made him head groom in his stables.

This made the other grooms very jealous indeed, and one of them told the Czar how Ivan had bragged about seeing the castle of the Moon's daughter, the most beautiful princess in all the world. The Czar hastily sent for Ivan, who had

gone to rest after his journey, and ordered him to bring the Moon's daughter to the palace at once.

"I have long wished to find myself a bride," he said, "and can think of no other so worthy as she, who is the most beautiful princess in all the world. You must bring her to me without delay, or—you know what will happen."

Poor Ivan was quite downcast at this new command, and went to consult his little horse.

"Don't I wish that I had taken your advice about that feather!" he exclaimed. "Now I have got to bring the Moon's daughter to the Czar, or say good-by to you all."

"Worse and worse!" the little humpback responded. "But I will do what I can to help you. Ask the chief steward for a service of the finest silver, with some of the daintiest viands served on the Czar's table."

The Czar had given orders that Ivan was to have anything he desired, so he soon returned with a beautiful silver service and the most delicate confections imaginable. Soon everything was loaded onto the little humpback, Ivan sprang up behind, and away they went, faster than ever before.

This time they stopped in a lovely little grove, quite close to the castle walls. A flat stone served for a table, and covering it with a cloth of the finest damask, Ivan spread it with such a dainty repast as might tempt even the Moon's daughter to eat.

Soon she came strolling through the grove, singing happily to herself. Catching sight of the little feast, she stopped suddenly in sheer amazement.

"One of my ladies must have had it spread for me," she thought. "What fun it will be to eat out here all by myself!"

She was so lost in enjoyment of the dainties spread before her that she did not hear Ivan stealing softly up to where she sat. Catching her about the waist, he swung her lightly onto his horse's back, then sprang up behind her, and away they went, so fast that it took their breath away.

At first the Princess was both frightened and angry, but Ivan explained gently why he was taking her away, and told such marvelous tales of the splendors of the Czar's palace and the beauties of his country, that she forgot everything else in curiosity to see the wonders of which he told.

She found the country as beautiful as Ivan had described it, the palace even more magnificent than her own castle, but the Czar himself did not please her at all. When he, enchanted by her

beauty and charm, begged her to set a day for their wedding, she declared that it would be impossible to marry him without the consent of her father, the Moon.

"Then, too, my wedding-ring must be found," she added thoughtfully. "It lies in a jeweled casket at the bottom of the sea, where it was thrown by my fairy godmother. She declared that no other ring must be used at my marriage, and that the man who brought it to me would be my husband."

"Both these conditions shall be fulfilled," said the Czar, sending at once for Ivan.

Ivan was in despair when he received these new commissions, and went to confide his troubles to the little humpback.

"They will prove no harder than the other tasks," said the faithful creature, cheerily. "Jump on my back, and let us be off!"

Away they went, so fast that it seemed to Ivan that the whole earth was moving. Soon they found themselves on the shore of the great ocean. Near by lay a curiously shaped little island, that at once attracted Ivan's attention.

"It is not a real island at all," the little horse explained, "but the bewitched King of the Sea, who was the largest whale in all the world. Many years ago he offended the Moon, who turned him into the island that you see, and has made him lie there by the shore ever since. If you speak to him and tell him where we are going, he will beg you to persuade the Moon to pardon him. If you can manage to do that, we shall have no trouble in getting the jeweled casket with the Princess's wedding-ring."

Riding up quite close to the whale's head, Ivan greeted him cheerily, and everything happened as the little horse had said. Having promised the whale to do all that he could to help him, Ivan turned away, and soon found himself riding in the sky. The little humpback flew along, as if that was the one way he could travel, and before Ivan realized where they were, they had reached the castle of the Moon.

The Moon sat by one of the open windows, his round, fat face fairly beaming with happiness. On hearing the mission that had brought Ivan to his castle, he beamed more cordially than ever.

"I am glad to hear that my daughter is satisfied at last," he said, with a long sigh of contentment. "Congratulate the bridegroom for me, and give the bride my love and best wishes. I shall send them a wedding gift as soon as possible. In the meantime, how shall I reward you for having brought such good tidings?"

Ivan at once thought of the poor whale, and earnestly besought the Moon to pardon him.

"I wish that you had asked for something else," said the Moon, regretfully, "but I cannot refuse your petition. Sprinkle the contents of this vial over the head of the whale, and he will be able to go wherever he wishes."

Having thanked the Moon gratefully, Ivan hurried away, and soon he and the little humpback were again on the seashore. Hardly had Ivan emptied the vial on the head of the King of the Sea when, with a joyous flap of his tail, he prepared to dive into the ocean. Then, as if arrested by a sudden thought, he turned quickly back to Ivan.

"In my delight at regaining my freedom, I quite forgot my manners," he exclaimed. "What can I do to show my gratitude for the great service that you have done me?"

Ivan told him about the jeweled casket containing the wedding-ring of the beautiful Princess.

"It lies somewhere at the bottom of the sea," he said. "If you could possibly have it brought to me, I should be more grateful than I can say."

"With pleasure!" exclaimed the whale, sending up a great shower of spray as he dived to the bottom of the sea.

He at once sent messengers to summon his subjects to council, and was soon surrounded by fish of every size and variety, all glad to welcome back their sovereign. He told them the story of his rescue, and his promise to find the jeweled casket for Ivan.

"I know where it is!" exclaimed a mackerel, swimming swiftly away, and he soon returned with the long-lost casket.

The whale at once carried it to Ivan, who went galloping home on his little horse, feeling that at last his troubles were ended. The Czar was delighted with the success of his mission, and promised to make him a nobleman. Then, having given the Princess the casket and told her of her father's consent, he felt that there was now no bar to their marriage.

The Princess, however, still objected.

"You are much too old for me," she said. "Should autumn wed with spring?"

"But how can I make myself younger?" said the Czar. "Who knows how to make Time fly backward?"

"I will tell you what to do," said the Princess, slowly. "Early to-morrow morning have three great kettles placed in front of the palace, one filled with boiling milk, one with boiling water, and the third with ice-cold water. Drop this red powder into the boiling milk, and the blue one into the boiling water. Then, without any hesitation, spring into the kettle of boiling milk, and



from that into the other kettles. You will emerge from the ice-cold water a handsome young Prince, whom I shall be proud to claim as my husband. But be sure that none of your courtiers follow your example. The charm will work only once, and it would be death for any one to go after you."

The Czar was far from pleased with this plan, but he was bent on winning the beautiful Princess, and saw that there was no other way to do it. So early the next morning he had three great kettles placed in front of the palace, filled as the Princess had directed. She herself was there to witness the result of the trial, as were Ivan and his little horse.

The Czar tossed the red powder into the boiling milk, and the blue one into the boiling water. As he saw them bubble up, his courage quite failed, and he turned helplessly to Ivan.

"Since it is through your efforts that the beautiful Princess is with us, it is but fair that you should have an opportunity to try her charm. Jump in quickly, and let us see what will happen."

Ivan glanced first at the beautiful Princess, who smiled encouragingly, then at his faithful little horse.

"I will go with you," whispered the little humpback, so together they plunged into the boiling milk.

Great clouds of steam hid them from the spectators' sight, but soon from out of the ice-cold water sprang a young man as handsome as the

Princess was beautiful. He was accompanied by a noble steed, that seemed a fitting mount for even him.

A great shout of admiration went up from the spectators, and the Czar, wild with envy, quite forgot the Princess's warning. Before any one could stop him, he sprang into the seething caldron, from which he never came out alive.

When the people realized that they had lost their ruler, they turned expectantly to the beautiful Princess.

"Your Czar is lost," she said very gravely, "but it is through no one's fault but his own. I told him expressly that the charm would work only once, and that it would be death for any one to follow him. He has left no lawful heir, but I am his affianced bride, a princess in my own right, daughter of the Moon himself. If it be your will, I will reign over you, and take Ivan for my husband. It was he who brought me the ring from the bottom of the sea, where my fairy god-mother threw it long ago. You all know how well he has proved his faithfulness and courage in his service to his late master."

At this the people sent up a great shout, proclaiming Ivan and the beautiful Princess as their rulers. They were married soon after, with such pomp and splendor as the world had never before seen. Long and happily they reigned over their fair country, loving and beloved. Hardly less happy than they themselves was the no-longer-humpbacked horse.



MAGNET WRIGHT ENRIGHT



THIS is the way the Dutch windmill goes round:    Arms spreading wide in the soft autumn breeze,  
 High, then low; high, then low;    High, then low; high, then low;  
 Kissing the sky and the air and the ground,    Fanning the flowers and grasses and trees,  
 Ho, oho! Ho, oho!    Ho, oho! Ho, oho!

## B ORED



I knew a woman once who thought that children were a bore,  
 And  
 I  
 do  
 hope  
 she'll  
 never  
 come  
 to  
 see  
 us  
 any  
 more.





# HOW HISHIGAWA PAINTED TOO WELL

(A Legend of Japan)

BY ETHEL MORSE



HERE was once a famous artist in the empire of Japan,  
A much-respected person and a very clever man,  
With the tripping appellation Hishigawa Kichibei;  
And to the town of Nara, in the pleasant month of May,  
He came to make some studies of the people of the place,  
Who were picturesque examples of his interesting race.  
"Place my mats," said Hishigawa to the mistress of the inn,  
"On the westerly veranda, near the market's busy din,  
For I wish to paint the people as they are in daily life."  
Upon the mat behind him knelt his helpful little wife,  
Who with exquisite politeness, most attentive to his wishes,  
Mixed the pretty water-colors in the shallow, lacquered dishes,  
And deftly drew the brushes across her dainty lips  
To put the finest points on their attenuated tips.

With his wonted skill in drawing, Hishigawa Kichibei  
Drew the populace of Nara as it passed from day to day;  
Drew the merchants of the markets with their many-colored wares,  
From the vegetable-venders to the writers of the prayers;  
Drew the men with singing crickets, and the lads who sold the toys  
To the gentle Nara housewives for their little girls and boys;  
Drew the brawny rickshaw runners, and the farmers clad in blue,  
With their shining rice-straw rain-coats; and with vision clear and true  
Hishigawa drew the ladies so exactly like great dolls  
Who were strolling down to market under flowered parasols.

Kneeling there behind her husband, Fuji-ko was quite excited  
By the pictures, and, in accents that were happy and delighted,  
"Were there ever," cried O-Fuji, as she gazed upon the board,  
"Greater than the august paintings of my honorable lord?"  
Highly pleased by her approval, Hishigawa turned to say,  
"Have you noticed, Fuji-ko, a charming group across the way?  
There stands in quiet costume, her spaniel by her side,  
Wistaria blossoms in her hand, a little country bride;  
Apparently her husband, accompanied by his brother,  
Has brought her into town to pay a visit to her mother.  
The family is attended by an agèd serving-man,  
Who is deep in conversation with the singer Uchi-San.  
What delightful animation! Fuji-ko, I pray you spread  
A fresh white piece of paper, and mix some flaming red."  
Across that fair, fresh paper then flew Hishigawa's brush,  
In his eyes creative fire, on each cheek a burning flush.  
Twisting, turning, tracing lightly, or else painting very black,  
Hishigawa's brush went down the fair white paper and came back,  
Flamed in scarlet, shone in yellow, smiled in blue, or frowned in brown  
(So it seemed to Fuji-ko, who knelt there breathless, looking down),  
And at last appeared the semblance of the lady dressed in gray,  
Her husband, and the others of the group across the way.

Suddenly the Elder Brother drawn by Hishigawa's hand  
Stood upright upon the paper, and behold at his command

The faithful, aged Serving-man then scrambled quickly out;  
 Then came the Younger Brother, with a merry, boyish shout,  
 And slowly and demurely the pretty little Bride,  
 The wistaria in her fingers, and the spaniel by her side.  
 Even Uchi-San the singer crawled up and off the board;  
 "Be honorably pleased to wait for me," he loudly roared.  
 One by one these lively people crossed the wide veranda sill,  
 And, talking very blithely, took the road around the hill.  
 "Why, my dear, the kakemono came to life and ran away,  
 And there is n't any picture, for the figures would n't stay!"



"EVEN UCHI-SAN THE SINGER CRAWLED UP AND OFF THE BOARD."

Cried Kichibei, amazedly, still crouched upon the mat.  
 "Well, I never should have thought that I could paint as well as that!  
 Our fortune's made, my Fuji, for in all the emperor's land  
 There never lived a painter with so marvelous a hand!"

But, bending forward, Fuji pressed her forehead to the floor:  
 "Condescend, sir, to consider, and don't paint so any more.  
 Should you spend the precious moments of the honorable day  
 And your skill upon a picture that gets up and runs away!  
 If there is no kakemono to hang upon the wall,  
 Who will give his silver for it? This will never do at all,  
 For if I have no silver I can buy my lord no rice,  
 And when my lord is hungry he will think of my advice!"



"There is no need to wait till then; the matter 's very plain,  
You are right, and I must never, *never* paint so well again.  
I 'll restrain my wondrous talent, and endeavor to return  
To my former simple manner that I took such pains to learn!"

Slowly, sadly Hishigawa filled his brush with India ink  
And drew the market fountain with a sparrow on the brink.  
The result was not inspiring, and O-Fuji looked dismayed,  
Almost wished she had n't spoken. But at least that picture *stayed*,  
And Hishigawa sold it to buy rice that very day.—  
But they never found the picture that arose and ran away!

## WHEN PATTY SAVED THE TABLEAUX

BY EMMA C. DOWD

THERE were to be tableaux in the parish-house parlors, next door to the church, and little Patty Graham was to be in a good many of them. The young people had been practising for weeks, and everybody who had been allowed to see the tableaux said that they were "beautiful," and that Patty Graham was "just as sweet as she could be." The reason that Patty was in so many of these living pictures was because, whenever a little girl of about her size was needed, the folks would say, "Oh, let 's have Patty! She fits in everywhere, and does just as you tell her to do, and she 's such a darling!" And not one of the other little girls thought of being jealous of her, because she was so modest and dear and lovely.

"Don't you dare to catch cold, Patty Graham!" one of the young ladies laughingly said to her, patting her pink cheeks. "And don't you come down with mumps or measles! If you should, the tableaux would be lost,—hopelessly lost!"

Patty laughed, and shook her yellow curls, and said she would n't, and danced away on her tip-toes.

The evening came, and Patty was brimful of happiness. She was to be in the first tableau, with Robert, her big brother, and Mabel, her middle sister, and a half-dozen people besides.

All was ready for the curtain to go up, Patty was in her place, still as a mouse, when, without a twinge of warning—her ear began to ache! If you have ever had the earache, you know what a dreadful pain it can be. Patty had had it, and she knew. It began so sharply that she almost screwed up her little face—not quite, for was n't she in a tableau!

The curtain went up, and the people looked at

Patty, as a little Scotch lassie, and said, "How sweet she is!" for the dear child set her teeth hard, and never flinched.

As soon as the tableau was over, Patty longed to run away to her mother; but one of the young ladies came to make her into a little Dutch maid, and it was the one who had said the tableaux would be lost if Patty could n't be in them. So she smiled as brightly as was possible, and nobody noticed that she was strangely still.

It was a dreadful evening for poor little Patty. A great many times she thought she must put her head in somebody's lap, and cry; but then they might send her home, and the beautiful tableaux would be lost! No, she must wait until all had been given, for she was to be an angel in the very last picture. So she never put her hand to her ear when anybody was looking, and did exactly as she was bidden, and even tried to smile.

When her pretty wings were being fastened on, two great tears did roll down her cheeks, and the girl who was dressing her said: "Why, deary! Are you too tired? Are you *ill*?"



"Oh, no!" she answered cheerfully. "My ear aches; that 's all."

"All!" echoed the girl, pityingly. "You poor darling!" But just then the tableau was called.

When the curtain dropped for the third time on "The Guardian Angel," the rector took Patty in his arms. "You are a dear little angel!" he whispered, and then the "little angel" put her head right down on the fatherly shoulder, and cried!

Then how they all petted and cuddled her—wings and all! A doctor coaxed away the pain, and everybody said that Patty Graham was the bravest little girl they ever saw.



**W**hen her pretty wings   
were being fastened on 



# CLOCK-TALK.

BY KATHARINE DE FORD DAVIS



**T**he old, tall clock upon the stair  
**L**ooks solemn, kind and wise  
**M**y papa said it looked just so  
**W**hen he used to be my size  
**A**nd always it repeats this rhyme:  
**E**ight — is bed — time, eight — is bed — time."



**T**he clock that's in the library  
**H**as a clever, busy way,  
**A**nd keeps the time exactly right,  
**S**o I heard mama say.  
**I**t says these words all through the day:  
**F**irst — work — then — play; first — work — then — play."



**M**y chubby little nursery clock  
**H**as a bright and jolly face ;  
**I**t ticks so loud and fast and gay  
**Y**ou'd think it ran a race .  
**A**nd all its chatter seems to be :  
**"Y**ou-can't-catch-me; you can't-  
catch-me."

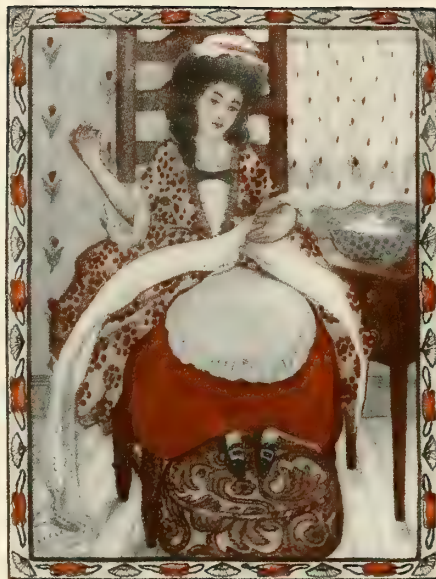


**B**ut mama's cunning little watch  
**I** hold close to my ear  
**A**s **I** snugly cuddle in her arms  
**W**hen sleepy time is near.  
**A**nd then it whispers happily:  
**"M**ama-loves-me; **M**ama-loves-me."



George **V**arian-





## ONCE ON A TIME LONG YEARS AGO

ONCE on a time, when little girls lived years and years ago,  
 AND made such pretty samplers, they had long seams to sew,  
 AND learned to sing, to play the harp, and practised the spinnet,  
 THEY had to mind their manners and dance the minuet.

## THE IRON STUMP

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

No one knows the precise age of the Austrian city of Vienna, although there are plenty of patriotic Viennese who will tell you that the first foundations of their beloved town on the beautiful blue Danube were laid, immediately after the deluge, by one Abraham, a near descendant of the patriarch Noah; and few will admit that its earliest walls are any younger than those of Rome. At all events, it is undoubtedly a very old city, treasuring many old and curious things; and, though far from the oldest, one of the quaintest of its "antiquities" is the mysterious "Stock-im-Eisen," or "Iron Stump," about which are told tales enough to while away many an evening in a long winter.

Sometime about the year 830 A.D., so runs one legend, the Emperor Louis the Pious, son of

Charlemagne, decreed that a hunting-lodge should be built for his use in the Wiener Wald—the old Forest of Vienna. Among those employed in this work was Friedrich Mux, a restless young apprentice, who, growing impatient of the harshness of the master locksmith whom he served, ran away one summer evening to seek his fortune, like many other young apprentices before and since. But the luckless youth soon lost his way in the thick night of the deep old forest, wandering round and round until at last he fell exhausted at the foot of a great larch-tree, where he slept till daybreak awoke him. He opened his eyes and found, to his dismay, that he was within a few hundred yards of the very point from which he had started. Then he opened his traveler's scrip to make a hasty breakfast, and found,

to his horror, that he had taken with him a costly and beautifully wrought nail specially designed by his master to hold the great lock of the imperial lodge.

Poor Friedrich was now in a quandary. There was no way in which he could with safety to himself return his unwelcome prize. If he brought it back he would be punished as a runaway. If he did not do so he would certainly be proclaimed a thief. At last, in desperation, he drove the unlucky treasure to the head into the trunk of the tree under which he had slept. "There," he said, "old larch, be thou a witness for me when I return!" And he went his way.

Five years later Friedrich came again to his native city, a skilled master locksmith of great reputation. Envious fellow-craftsmen brought against him charges of the theft of the precious nail; but the old larch-tree, faithful to its trust, proved his innocence, the missing nail being still in its sturdy keeping. So Friedrich Mux made his peace with his former master and lived and died a respected burgher of Vienna.

After this story became known it grew a custom of the city that every locksmith's apprentice as he departed on his *Wanderjahr*—the year of travel as a journeyman that must precede his admission to the gild as a master workman—should drive into the tree a nail bearing on its head his initials or private mark, in imitation and memory of Friedrich Mux. Thus year after year new journeymen locksmiths drove their memorial nails, until the stump of the old tree became as it remains to-day, a mass of iron, so filled with nails is every inch of it. And year by year the city extended far into the Wiener Wald, until at last, of all the ancient wood, the iron stump of the old larch-tree stood alone, the center of a public square.

Now in the year 1573 it came to pass that the good burghers of Vienna resolved to protect their famous Stock-im-Eisen with an encircling iron band, which band, they further resolved, should be fastened with the finest and most intricate lock that could be procured. Every master locksmith in the imperial city competed for the honor of furnishing this masterpiece, and many wonderful contrivances were produced; but finally a tall, dark stranger, hailing from nowhere in particular, submitted a lock of such surpassing ingenuity and beauty that it was at once chosen by unanimous vote of the council. But when the stranger was asked to name the price of the lock, he named so great a sum that the burgomaster, old Heinrich Pfalz, simply laughed in his face. Whereupon the stranger stamped his foot in a terrible rage, snapped the lock shut on the staple of the iron band, tossed the key so high into the air that to

this day it has never come down, and finally, while the open-mouthed citizens were watching the flight of the key, that mysterious stranger vanished from Vienna, never to be seen again!

A great reward was offered to him who could devise a new key to open the curious lock.



STOCK-IM-EISEN (THE IRON STUMP), VIENNA.

After many trials by the most skilled workmen in the kingdom, the successful competitor proved to be a young locksmith's apprentice, who, in the end, like all industrious apprentices of the old stories, is said to have "married his master's daughter."

The historic Stock-im-Eisen was finally placed on a pedestal at a street corner in Vienna, as shown in the photograph.



# A RACE THROUGH THE FLAMES

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

"So that 's the old cabin!" exclaimed Jack.

Jack and Alex had just emerged into the clearing in the woods near Bixton, where Alex had had an exciting experience with some foreign trackmen a few months before.

"Would n't it be too bad if the forest fire up the line worked down here and burned the old cabin?" Jack continued.

"Oh, it won't," said Alex, confidently, as they went forward. "The wind is blowing steadily the other way."

But a few minutes after the boys entered and began an exploration of the old house they became suddenly conscious of the odor of burning leaves. With a cry of alarm they rushed to the door.

Rolling from the trees at the southern border of the clearing was a white bank of smoke. The woods were on fire!

"Which way?" cried Jack, as they sprang forth. "The river?"

Alex darted to the corner of the house and glanced about. "No! The wind has swung to the southwest! We 'd never make it! North, for the brick-yard! Come on!

"If we are cornered there, we can swim the river," he explained as they ran. "The fire is n't likely to cross the water."

They reached the trees, and immediately found themselves in a madly frightened procession. At their feet scurried rabbits, squirrels, chipmunks; a fox flashed by within a yard of them; overhead, birds screamed and called in terror.

On they dashed, and presently a ghostly yellow light began to envelop them. "The smoke overhead," said Alex. "It will soon be down here, too."

"I smell it," panted Jack a moment later; and soon they began to feel it in their eyes.

Presently Jack began to lag. "How much farther, Alex?" he gasped.

"Only a bit. Yes, here we are," exclaimed Alex, as brighter light appeared ahead of them; and a moment after they burst into the clearing.

Alex at once headed for the old semaphore. "To see just how we stand," he said. Almost exhausted, they reached it, and Alex clambered aloft. Drawing himself quickly up onto the platform, he turned to look across the river, a hundred yards distant. A cry broke from him.

"We 're cut off! The fire has crossed the river!"

Jack scrambled up beside him, and above the

tree-tops over the river beheld a gray-white cloud.

The boys gazed at one another with paling faces. "What shall we do?" said Jack.

Alex shook his head. "We might swim the river, and try a dash of it. It 's two miles out of the woods, but there might be a chance."

"We could n't do it. We 're too exhausted," said Jack. "But why not stay right in the river? I 've heard of people doing that."

"It 's too deep here, and it 's awfully cold. We would chill in no time.

"No; I tell you," said Alex, suddenly. "We 'll run across the yard and try one of the old tile-ovens. Perhaps we could box ourselves up in one of them."

There was no time to lose, for the clearing was now black with smoke, and climbing quickly to the ground, they hastened toward the group of round-topped ovens immediately across the yard.

A glance showed that the hope was futile. All about the furnaces were thickets of dead weeds, and a short distance away, and directly to windward, were huge piles of brushwood.

Alex promptly turned back. "We 'd be smothered or roasted in five minutes," he said. "It 's the river or nothing. Perhaps we can work it by floating on a log."

As they approached the river, the boys crossed the old yard siding. Stumbling over the rails, partly blinded with the now stinging smoke, both suddenly ran into something, and were brought to a jarring halt.

It proved to be one of the old dump-cars.

Alex uttered a sharp cry. "Jack! Why not make a dash down the spur with this old car—pushing it? And, look here—why could n't we lift it onto the main line, and run all the way home?"

But Jack hesitated. "Look there," he said, pointing to the wall of smoke into which the track disappeared a hundred yards distant. "And would n't there be burned-down trees across the rails?"

"No, not yet, for the fire has n't been burning long enough. And as to the smoke, it 'll soon be just as bad on the river," declared Alex.

"All right. Let 's risk it. But, first of all, let us jump in the river and soak our clothes," suggested Jack.

"Good idea! Come on! Or, wait!" exclaimed Alex. "Another idea! There's an old rubbish-pile over here, and a lot of cans. Let us get some, and fill them with water—to keep our handkerchiefs wet, to breathe through!"

They turned aside, quickly secured several cans each, and dashed on; reached the water, and dropping the cans on the bank, plunged in bodily.

As Alex had said, the water was intensely cold, and, despite the relief from the smoke, they clambered out again immediately, hastily filled the cans, and only pausing to tie their dripping

ing. "Jump in, Jack," cried Alex. Jack sprang over the tail-board and threw himself flat, and the next instant with a rush they dashed into the wall of smoke.

Rumbling and screeching, the car bounded forward, and rapidly the heat increased. Then suddenly it swept over them like a blast from a furnace, and there came a mighty roar.

They were in the midst of the flames!

"Are you all right, Alex?" cried Jack.

"Yes," called Alex. But a moment later he, too, sprang in, as he did so tearing off his hand-



"THE NEXT INSTANT WITH A RUSH THEY DASHED INTO THE WALL OF SMOKE."

handkerchiefs over their mouths, headed back for the siding.

"Now you help me start her, Jack," said Alex, as they placed the cans of water in the forward end of the car, "and when we reach the edge of the woods, jump in. I'll run it the first spell, then you can relieve me. That way we can keep going at a good clip.

"All ready? Let her go!" With bowed heads they threw themselves against the little car, rapidly gained headway, and soon were on the run.

Quickly they neared the border of the clear-

kerchief and stuffing it into one of the cans. "I could n't have held on another minute," he gasped. "I believe the handkerchief was burning.

"But the car will run some distance by itself. There's a down grade here."

"Is n't it awful?" said Jack. "My eyes are paining as though they would burst."

On rushed the car down the tunnel of flames, groaning and screeching like a mad thing, while the boys lay silent, cowering below the sides. Presently, gathering further speed, the car began



dangerously rocking. "She 'll be off the track!" cried Jack at last.

"Lie farther over!" shouted Alex above the roar, himself moving in the opposite direction. The rearrangement steadied the car slightly, but still it rocked and plunged so that at times the boys' hearts leaped into their throats.

Meantime the heat had become terrific. The floor and sides of the car began to blister and crack.

"We can't stand it much longer! We 'll be cooked!" cried Jack.

"Empty one of the cans over your head," shouted Alex. "Keep up a few minutes longer, and we will be over the worst. It's the leaves and brush that are making the heat, and we 'll soon be where they have burned out.

"I think we are over the worst now," he announced a few moments later. "I can tell by my hand; and there 's not so much crackling."

Simultaneously the car began to leap less wildly, then quickly slowed up. At once Jack climbed out, and, with eyes tightly closed, rushed it on again. A hundred yards distant he clambered back, exhausted, gasping.

"It's awful," he choked.

Alex emptied one of the remaining cans of water over his face and head, then sprang out and took his place.

A moment after, they suddenly struck a slight up grade. Alex uttered a joyful shout. "Only a short run farther, Jack, and we're out of the woods!"

But immediately he followed this glad announcement with one of new alarm.

"The washout! I'd forgotten it! It's just ahead! The rails there almost hang in the air!"

In a panic Alex slowed up. Jack climbed out beside him. "Let us rush it," he suggested. "The rails may hold—like a bridge. We're not heavy. And we may as well take one more chance."

Alex debated. "All right! Come on!" he cried, "and jump in quick when I say. I think I can tell when we near it." And together they once more drove the car forward at top speed.

"Here we come!" exclaimed Alex, warningly. "Now!"

With a bound Jack was back in the car. Alex made a final rush, and sprang after.

The next instant the car suddenly dipped forward and sideways, a breathless moment seemed to hang in mid-air, then righted and shot upward and forward. The boys uttered a hoarse shout, scrambled out, and rushed the car on again, and a moment later gave a second and louder cry. Into their faces blew the cooler air of a clearing.

"But I can't see a thing," exclaimed Jack.

"We 'll soon fix that. Give me your hand. There 's a path here down to the water," said Alex. Feeling with one hand, he found it, and pulling Jack after, hastened down, and in another moment both were on their stomachs on the river-bank, their faces deep in the cooling water.

Ten minutes later, greatly revived, but with faces and hands intensely smarting from their burns, the boys replenished the cans of water—for they still had a two miles' run through the smother of smoke—and lifted the car onto the main-line rails.

As they did so, from far to the west came a whistle.

"A train! Can't we stop her?" exclaimed Jack.

"They'd never see us in the smoke," said Alex.

"Then, say, let us throw the old car across the tracks, so they 'll strike it. They would probably stop to see what it was," Jack suggested.

"It might derail her. No. I've got it," cried Alex, excitedly. "Come on and get the car started so she will cross the bridge, and I 'll explain."

Throwing their weight against it, they ran it ahead, gaining speed rapidly, and at the edge of the bridge they sprang into it.

"Now," said Jack, expectantly.

"You remember the steep grade just over the bridge? Well, we 'll stop about fifty yards this side, wait till the train whistles the last crossing, then hit it up for all we are worth, and—"

"And let the train catch us?" cried Jack. "But, gracious! won't that be taking an awful risk?"

"No, for she won't be going very fast, on account of the curve at the bottom, and we 'll be going like a house afire," declared Alex, confidently. "And when she bunts us, we 'll jump for her cow-catcher, and five minutes later we 'll be out in the glorious fresh air again."

"Well, all right. If you are willing to take the risk, I am," said Jack.

They reached the spot designated by Alex, and brought the car to a stand.

Again came the whistle of the train. "Ready!" cried Alex. "The next time!"

It came. Like sprinters they threw themselves at the car, and in a moment were racing down the rails at the top of their speed; reached the head of the grade, and sprang over the tail-board just as the train rumbled onto the bridge.

Downward they shot, gaining speed at every turn of the wheels.

"Whe-ew! But we're taking an awful chance," said Jack, nervously.

"No. Listen to her brakes," said Alex.



"CLOSER CAME THE ROARING MONSTER."



Despite his assurance, when, a moment later, the great engine suddenly appeared out of the smoke and came thundering down upon them, Alex faltered, and, with Jack, nervously clutched the sides of the little car. But dashing on unrestrained, they yet further increased their mad speed, and for a few seconds seemed even to be holding their own with the mighty mogul.

Then the great engine began eating up the distance between them, and the boys gathered themselves together for the supreme moment.

Closer came the roaring monster. "Now, don't jump," cautioned Alex, who had regained his nerve. "Wait until she is just going to hit us, then fall forward and grab the brace—that rod there.

"Here she comes! Ready! Now!"

With a jolt the engine hit the car, and in an

instant the boys fell forward, grasped a smoke-box brace, and in another moment had scrambled to the top of the cow-catcher.

And they were safe!

When, ten minutes later, the train came to a standstill at Bixton, the engineer suddenly felt his hair rising on end as two wildly unkempt and blackened figures appeared, slowly dismounting from the front of his engine, and stumbled across the station platform. But the shout of joy which greeted them told they were no ghosts.

"Although I think we were n't far from it, were we, Jack?" said Alex, at home a few minutes after, when his mother made a similar comparison.

"I hope I'll not be as near it again for a long time to come," said Jack, earnestly.

## THE JUNIOR CAPTAIN

BY J. ELDER



THE Junior Captain clumped noisily into the wide hall, trailing his hockey-stick. The house was very still in the soft dusk of the winter twilight; from the library shone the warm glow of an open fire. The Junior Captain sighed a comfortable sigh. Off came his toboggan and his wet mittens, and down he dropped into his favorite arm-chair beside his own desk in the corner. What luck to find no company except his

friendly dog to dispute the cozy warmth; no mother and the girls to send him up-stairs because his clothes were muddy and wet, or to exclaim with horror over the tiny pools of water that formed from the melting ice and snow on his boots. The Junior Captain stretched himself luxuriously, and reflected complacently that Mrs. Janvier's musicales were lengthy affairs.

It had been a glorious day. The hockey sea-

son was well on, and he had worked his team desperately hard that morning. The Junior Captain felt the responsibility of his newly acquired position, and his every aching muscle testified to his energetic zeal. What if some of the big boys had laughed, and said there was no need of those "young ones" practising as if the championship depended on them! Toby and George Blanchard and Allan Ellison would go to college next year, and the school would need "young ones" who could play a good game.

Allan Ellison! Was it possible that he had known Ellison only since the term began? There never was a school captain like him, so big and handsome, with such a hearty laugh, and such skill and dash in all games, and so much loyalty to the school! He looked after the little fellows, too! It was certainly kind of him to stop that morning and watch the junior game; if only the Junior Captain had not gotten rattled under the keen scrutiny of his hero and missed that easy shot for goal! And then to think that he had overlooked the awful blunder and sent word that he was short an "end," and asked the Junior Captain to play on the second team that afternoon! The joy of playing against "The Team!" of hearing Ellison's patronizing, "You 'll make a player some day, young 'un!" He lived it all over now in the cozy library: the mad rushes after the puck, the struggles to keep the heavier big boys from driving him back by sheer weight, that exciting moment when he slipped in and hauled out the disputed little disk of rubber from under four sticks of the enemy, the heartrending instant when Spruce Dickinson's long arm hooked around his shorter one and stole the precious possession.

The school had a fine team that year. They worked that difficult back pass beautifully, and it was all owing to Ellison. It was almost a privilege to be scolded by him. The Junior Captain surveyed lovingly an ugly cut on the back of his grimy right hand; he was proud of the fact that Ellison's hockey-stick had done that in a sharp scrimmage, and *more* proud that Ellison had had a foul called on himself for raising his stick high enough to do it. Ellison was so fair, so perfectly honest!

A LITTLE frown chased itself across the Junior Captain's forehead. Why did that thought need to push its way into his day of happiness? That question of the French examination was school work, and he always let his unlearned lessons and vexing school problems slide until Monday morning. Ellison had not started the scheme, anyhow—he knew that. It was annoying how

unpleasant things came into his head when he was too tired to keep them out. He *had* to decide it Monday morning; that would be time enough.

The Junior Captain's face grew very serious; he wriggled uneasily in his arm-chair, and tapped its top round reflectively with his steaming boot. The glow of excitement and vigorous exercise in the game was gone, and he shivered a little in spite of the warmth of the fire. He was not thinking of hockey now, but of a different and harder kind of battle. The fates were not kind to ask him to go against the very person whose favor he burned to win. Little did he know what difficulties he would have to meet through what he then thought was the happy chance of being sufficiently advanced to take French with the seniors, even with Allan Ellison, his great hero.

On Tuesday was to come the written review for the term in that subject, and the Junior Captain, along with the rest of the class, sighed at the thought of the neglected verbs and prose. He wondered where his wits were that he had not refused point-blank when Brent and some of the others had drawn him aside and told him in whispers of the luck they were in—how one of last year's French class had been asked to copy the examination-paper, and would coach them so that they could pass with credit, and would he join them? They were not to see the paper; but the coaching was to be with a knowledge of what the questions were to be. What had made Brent add so quickly, "All of us are going in for it; Ellison thinks it is a great scheme?" The Junior Captain flushed now in the half darkness, for at that he had stopped his indignant refusal, hesitated, and finally blurted out that he would tell them on Monday. And Monday was only some thirty hours away!

The whole plan passed through his brain, bald and ugly, stripped of Brent's light handling. The Junior Captain was used to calling things by their right names. It was cheating; it was not honest; it was not fair. He winced a little. Ellison unfair? After all, Ellison must know better about such things than he did. Perhaps it would be all right; it would take some pretty tough studying to get all that French into shape even for a passing mark, and a fellow could n't play hockey with a condition against him. Maybe it was as Brent said, they could not afford conditions; the honor of the school demanded that they pass, and this was the surest way.

Anyhow, what could he do? They would want to know why he refused, and he could n't stand up and say, "You fellows are cheating!" Think of how angry Ellison would be! He remembered





"HE RECALLED THAT EXCITING MOMENT WHEN HE SLIPPED IN AND HAULED OUT  
THE DISPUTED LITTLE DISK OF RUBBER."



vividly the sneer of disgust on Ellison's handsome face when young Halbert had informed Mr. West that "he never threw chalk; it was against the rules." Ellison had said: "Listen to Miss Nancy!" He hated people who preached, and this would be preaching with a vengeance! The Junior Captain grew cold all over at the mere thought of Ellison's calling him "Miss Nancy!" Why was it cheating? The fellow who was to coach them would not tell them what the questions were. Well, it was cheating just the same. The Junior Captain's way of thinking was sound as to the meanness of cheating, though the whys and wherefores of his creed were not very clear to him. Why not try it just this once? His face burned with a heat which did not come from the cheerfully crackling coals in the grate. In his ears suddenly sounded Ellison's unmistakable words, between the halves of a disastrous game: "Fellows, the coach on the other side is telling them to play foul or fair, any way to win. Mind you, none of that here! If we can't win fairly, we won't win at all!"

The speech surely had no uncertain ring. Yet Brent had said that Ellison had approved of what was really getting through the examination, "foul or fair, any way to win," for the "honor of the school." The Junior Captain could not see the difference somehow. Suppose—

A merry "Good night, girls," from the walk outside brought the Junior Captain to his feet with a bound. A hasty dive to collect his scattered possessions, a rush for the stairs, and by the time his sister had opened the front door, he was in his room, and the French examination slipped into the background under the immediate necessity of getting ready for dinner.

Monday morning the Junior Captain, slipping breathlessly into his seat as the last bell rang, caught a glimpse of Ellison's broad shoulders on the other side of the room, and over him came the disagreeable realization that to-day he must decide whether he would "play fair," and let Ellison think him a "Miss Nancy," or win on a foul, and keep his captain's hard-won favor. During the principal's opening remarks a sudden thought struck him. Perhaps Ellison did not know he had been asked; he would corner Brent alone and refuse without Ellison's knowing anything about it. He carried a light heart to classes. After all, he was only the "kid" in the class, and nobody would notice that he was not in the scheme.

Unfortunately for this excellent plan, the noon recess came before he had had even a sight of Brent; and, just as he saw the senior standing alone in the doorway, Mr. West called his name.

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"Boyer," he said, "will you please take this book to the senior room on your way out?"

The Junior Captain took the book and turned to the door, but the boy he wanted was gone. Intent on catching up with Brent before he left the grounds, he rushed down the stairway, along the hall, tore open the door of the senior room,—and bolted into the very midst of the fellows he least wanted to see, the whole French class, Ellison, Blanchard, and all! The Junior Captain stopped as if he had been shot. Half a dozen voices greeted him, and out of the confusion sounded clearly Brent's "We 'd pretty nearly given you up, Boyer, but I knew you 'd come around."

The Junior Captain grew cold to his very finger-tips. Details in the group around him stood out with startling distinctness: Toby Martin's brilliant red head, Brent's gleaming spectacles, and the careless pose of the hockey captain as he leaned easily against the blackboard, hands in his pockets, head thrown well back, eyes fixed with lazy interest on the new-comer. The Junior Captain's eyes fell.

Brent was speaking to him.

"You 'll join us, won't you, young 'un? We are all bound to get through, you know, for the honor of the school."

The phrase caught the Junior Captain's ear.

"I—I—you had better count me out of this, Brent," he blurted out desperately, and turned to leave the room.

"Hold on, there!" Brent's voice sounded sharply. "We 're not done with you yet!"

A strong pair of hands caught him by the shoulders and swung him around, facing his questioner.

"What s the matter with you, anyway, Boyer, that we are to count you out of this?" demanded Cramer from his seat on the table.

"Do you know so much about French that you don't need any coaching?" put in George Blanchard, sarcastically. "The faculty expect you to know a little French, if you do think hockey is the only thing."

The group in front of him had become a confused blur of hostile faces to the Junior Captain, but everything suddenly became clear.

"Just because I do play hockey, and play with fellows that win fairly or not at all, I can't win out in a French examination by a foul play, George Blanchard!" he blazed out.

The boys were struck dumb by the sudden change, and in the breathless silence the Junior Captain whirled around and went out, slamming the door behind him.

"Jupiter!" ejaculated George Blanchard, sink-



ing heavily back in his seat. There was an eloquent pause.

"Well, I guess we know all we need to about this business," said Ellison, straightening himself with a show of indifference. "I'm going to lunch. Come on, Blanchard!"

Ellison walked deliberately to the door, then he turned quickly, flushed to the roots of his hair, and announced bluntly: "Brent, the kid's right. You can count me out of it, too." And he left the room.

"Count me out, too," said Blanchard, following his chief.

"And me, too," said Martin.

Cramer slid off the table.

"Well, I'll have to stick to the rest of the team," he drawled; "you can drop my name, too."

THE Junior Captain talked and laughed boisterously as he swallowed his luncheon, and failed with perfect indifference in his afternoon classes. What need he care if he got zero marks when Ellison and the rest were down on him? He had never meant to say what he did, and his cheeks burned at the remembrance of his unfortunate speech. This desperate mood lasted until he went home to study for that ill-fated examination. He informed the family, with an air of grim determination, that he intended to put in the evening on French and must not be disturbed. Fortified with a goodly supply of apples, and the, to his mind, indispensable wet towel around his head, he ground out French until the clock struck twelve and his eyes refused to stay open any longer.

It was rather a silent French class that assembled for the examination. Brent was plainly nervous; Ellison drew geometrical figures on the edge of his blotter with gloomy precision; Blanchard whirled over the leaves of his grammar in a last effort to learn everything at once; the Junior Captain came in last, without looking at any one. He felt himself an outcast who had broken the unspoken but sacred law of his caste against "preaching," and despises himself accordingly.

The examination was a thoroughgoing one. Most of the boys wrote steadily and fluently, but the French he had studied the evening before was in a horrible tangle in the brain of the Junior Captain, and some of his translations lacked polish. When the time was two thirds up, he paused for a moment and discovered that

Toby Martin, Cramer, George Blanchard, Ellison, and himself were the only boys left in the room, and they all seemed to be having difficulties. He noticed they were all hockey-players, and hoped fervently that none of them were going to fail, in spite of the coaching. Ellison moved uneasily in his seat, and the Junior Captain sat up with a jerk and bent furiously over his paper. He did not want to think of Ellison. It went pretty hard to give up his firm faith in the perfect fairness of his captain and hero.

The five were still hard at work when the bell sounded and the papers were called for. The Junior Captain clipped by the group of seniors and made for the stairs. As he reached the first landing, he heard Ellison's voice.

"Hey, there, Boyer," he called; "what's your hurry? Wait a second."

Involuntarily his junior obeyed.

"It was a right stiff exam, was n't it?" went on Ellison. "We five hockey-players won't make as high a mark as the other fellows who had that coaching, but I think we'll pull through."

The Junior Captain's eyes were as big as saucers.

"I'd give a good deal to have a picture of Brent's face when you backed out yesterday, Ellison," drawled Cramer.

The truth dawned slowly on the Junior Captain. He stopped short in the middle of the path, and stared at Ellison. "I say, fellows," he began eagerly.

A burst of laughter from the four interrupted him.

"Run along, Boyer," said Ellison, "or we'll be late at hockey practice." And the Junior Captain obeyed with a shrill whoop of joy.

His elation was so great that it was not cooled even by the announcement next day that "Cramer, Ellison, Blanchard, Martin, and Boyer had barely scraped through the examination, their papers being decidedly inferior to the very creditable work of the rest of the class. Which proves, boys," concluded the instructor, "that one cannot be absorbed in athletics to the neglect of school work, and expect to attain to any proficiency in one's studies."

"Are n't you ashamed to be classed with such blockheads, Boyer?" whispered Ellison, as they filed out.

The Junior Captain smiled proudly. "Not when the blockheads are the best and fairest hockey-players in the school," he answered loyally.

# THE PALACE OF TIME

(More "Betty" Stories)\*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

"I THINK the club ought to be for something that will improve our minds," said Constance Harper.

"Well, I don't!" declared Lena Carey; "we get our minds improved in school. I cram improvement every day, until my mind is fairly bursting with it. I think the club ought to be just for fun."

"I think so, too," agreed Betty. "At least, I don't vote for the improvement part. My mind needs improvement, goodness knows! But I don't believe we 'd ever get much out of a club of our own."

"But I do think it ought to be for something besides just fun," went on Betty.

"What do you mean?" demanded Lena. "If you don't study or have papers, what can you do but have fun?"

"Why, it might be for charity," suggested Jeanette Porter.

"Yes," said Betty; "that 's what I mean. We can have lots of fun getting up things for charity, and do good besides."

"I 'd like that, I think," Constance said; "you can have lovely fairs and garden-parties and all sorts of things for charity."

"We won't have a garden-party just yet," said Lena, as she drew closer to the blazing fire.

"No," returned Constance, a little shortly; "I did n't mean to. But I suppose the club will last through the summer."

"Of course it will," said Betty, who always interrupted when Lena and Constance began their sharp little speeches. "And before summer comes we 'll have an entertainment in the house."

It was now the first week in March, and, as the weather was raw and disagreeable, the girls were glad to gather in Betty's cozy library, and nestle in soft, cushioned chairs drawn up to the big fireplace, with its crackling logs.

The four girls had come over for the express purpose of forming a club of some sort, though the details of the plan were not yet thought out. Of course, Jack had been promptly excluded from the conference, as it was to be a girls' club.

"All right," he said, as he went unwillingly away; "we boys will get up a rival club, and it 'll be so jolly you 'll want to disband yours and join ours."

"All right; when that happens, we 'll do it," sang out Lena, as the door closed behind the reluctant Jack.

But after it was decided to have the club a charitable one, no one could think of just the right form that it should take. "Mother went to a concert last night for the aid of the Orphan Asylum," suggested Constance, and Lena promptly responded:

"Then they don't need our help. Let 's think of something else."

"How about the Fresh Air Fund?" said Jeanette.

"Just the thing!" cried Dorothy. "I 'd rather work for little children than anybody else."

"All right, then; our object is settled," said Constance; "now what shall we name the club?"

"Oh, wait," said Lena; "first we must elect officers and all that."

"First," said Betty, "we must decide on our members. We five, of course, and I 'd like to ask Martha Taylor, too."

"Then you can leave me out," said Constance, promptly.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Betty. "You 're perfectly silly, Constance. I don't see why you don't like Martha. And she 'd feel slighted to be left out of a thing like this."

"Nobody likes Martha Taylor," observed Jeanette. "I don't think we need ask her, Betty."

"Well, I do! And if you don't, you may leave me out, too!"

"Oh, Betty! Betty! Of course we would n't leave you out! Why, there could n't be a club without you."

"All right, then. It 's Martha Taylor, too."

It was not often that Betty asserted herself so strongly, but when she did the others generally yielded the point. Martha Taylor was not a favorite; although a member of the girls' class,

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

\* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.



none of them liked her, and she had no chum and almost no friend. There was no especial reason for this, for Martha was not ill-natured or disagreeable; but she was heavy and uninteresting, and never seemed to understand the others' jokes and fun.

But Betty felt sorry for her, and, seeing she was neglected by the other girls, she stood up for her and insisted on having her for a member of the club.

"Well, you 'll have to look after her," said Lena. "I never know what to say to her. She only says 'Yes,' or 'No,' or 'I don't care,' when you ask her anything."

"Well, she won't make any trouble in the club, anyhow," observed Jeanette. "I don't see why Betty wants her, but if we have to have her, we have to, I suppose."

"Yes, we have to," said Betty; "and I'm going to telephone her now, and ask her if she wants to come."

Whatever they may have thought, no one objected outwardly, and Betty called up Martha on the telephone and invited her over.

Needless to say, the invitation was accepted, and soon Martha appeared, looking greatly pleased.

"Hello, Martha," said Betty, most cordially, and made a place for the new-comer by her side.

The others spoke pleasantly enough, but without enthusiasm, and then the business meeting was begun.

After some discussion Betty was made president and Dorothy vice-president, Lena Carey was treasurer, and Constance was recording secretary, with Jeanette for corresponding secretary.

This gave each an office with the exception of Martha, and as soon as Betty saw how things were going, she calmly created an office for her friend.

"I nominate Martha Taylor for auditor," she said, in her most decided way.

"What's that?" asked Lena.

Now Betty was n't quite sure herself what an auditor was, or whether it was a usual office in a club, but she did n't care. It made an official title for Martha, and so kept her from feeling slighted.

"An auditor?" responded Betty, airily. "Oh, that's the one who looks over the books and accounts of all of us, to see if we've added up right, and all that."

This was n't a specially pleasing idea to the treasurer and the two secretaries, but they understood Betty's determined expression, and they submitted with good grace.

So matters went on pleasantly, and Martha was greatly elated at being chosen to fill what she considered a most important office.

"But I don't always add right myself," she said conscientiously.

"Never mind; I 'll help you," said Betty, smiling at her. "Now, girls, for a name. I don't like a high-sounding name. Let's have something plain and straightforward."

"The Fresh Air Fund Club," suggested Lena.

"The Fresh Air Club is shorter," said Constance.

"The Fresh Club is shorter yet," said Dorothy, laughing, "and the boys will call us that, anyhow, when they hear about it."

They decided on "The Fresh Air Club," and then, all business matters being settled, they proceeded to plan their first entertainment.

"Let's have something really nice," said Martha. "We can get Hetherton's Hall to hold it in, without paying anything. My uncle is one of the managers, and I know he'd let us have it for a charity."

This was a most advantageous offer, and, had it come from any one else, it would have been hailed with enthusiasm. As it was, nobody said much, except Betty, who exclaimed:

"Why, Martha, that will be fine! If we don't have to pay for the hall, we can make a lot of money, for that's generally the biggest item."

"Yes," agreed Constance; "all the things to sell will be given to us, or we'll make them ourselves. You mean a sort of fair, don't you, Betty?"

"Yes; only a special kind, you know—a bazaar, or something like that."

"What is a bazaar?" asked Martha, with such an air of blank ignorance that Constance frowned at her.

"A bazaar," began Lena, "why, a bazaar is—it's just a bazaar. Anybody knows what a bazaar is."

"Oh," said Martha, not much enlightened, but realizing that she was supposed to be.

"Lena did n't explain it very clearly," said Betty, laughing. "I'm not sure I know the difference myself between a bazaar and a fair."

"Neither do I," said Constance; "I think they're about the same, only bazaar is the new-fashioned name."

"And a bazaar is bigger," said Dorothy, "more elaborate, you know, with booths and flags and things like that."

"And you dress up in costumes at a bazaar," added Jeanette.

"Good!" cried Betty. "I love dressing up in fancy costumes. What sort do they wear?"

"Oh, sometimes all sorts of costumes, and sometimes just flower-girl dresses and things like that."

"If you mean that sort of a fair, I read about one not very long ago that might be very nice, I think," suggested Martha, a little timidly.

"What was it?" asked Betty, as no one else expressed any desire to know.

"Well, it was a bazaar of the months. Only you have to have boys in it—six girls and six boys, and each one has a table and sells things belonging to that month. Flowers for May, you know, and fans for August, and all sorts of things for Christmas, the December one."

"It sounds lovely," said Dorothy, kindly; "but it would be funny to sell Christmas things and valentines and fans in March."

"Not at all," said Betty. "People could buy their valentines and Christmas presents, and hide them away till next year. I think it's a fine idea. Then each one of us could dress up in a costume to fit the month, such as the Queen of May or the April Fool."

"Yes," said Martha, "but you have to have boys for Fourth of July and April Fool and Santa Claus."

"Well, we will," declared Betty. "We'll ask six boys to be honorary members of the club and help us with the bazaar. Let's call Jack in now."

They all agreed to this, and Jack came in, much pleased to help with the great project.

As the young people talked it over, it seemed to assume grand proportions, and Betty proposed that they lay the whole plan before her mother before they should proceed further. Mrs. McGuire listened with great interest as the purpose of the Fresh Air Club was explained to her.

"Excellent!" she said at last. "I'm sure it will be a lovely bazaar, there's room for such pretty decorations and costumes. Have you chosen your parts?"

They had n't, but, with Mrs. McGuire's assistance, they undertook the matter at once.

Everybody agreed that golden-haired Constance must be the May Queen. She was just right for it, with her blue eyes and fair, pretty face.

"Do I have a booth?" she said. "What shall I sell?"

"Not exactly a booth for you," said Mrs. McGuire, "but a bower, a real May Queen's bower. And you must sell flowers, of course—not only nosegays, but potted plants and ferns and things like that."

"And wild flowers and pond-lilies! Oh, Constance, your booth will be the prettiest of all!" cried Dorothy, a little enviously.

"You won't find many wild flowers or pond-lilies in March," said Mrs. McGuire, smiling; "but the florist will help us out with many blossoms, and we may have to use paper flowers for the bower. Dorothy, you are just the one to be the Summer Girl; that's the one for August, you know."

"Oh, I will! And I know just how I'll fix my booth! I've just thought of it. I say, girls, suppose we don't tell all about our booths, but surprise each other! Just choose our parts, you know."

"All right!" said Betty, "choose away. Jeanette, what month do you want?"

"I'll take June," said Jeanette, who already had a pretty plan in her wise little head.

"I want October," declared Lena, her eyes twinkling as she thought of Hallowe'en possibilities.

"September was represented by Diana in the bazaar I heard about," said Martha; "I think Betty ought to be that. She'd make a lovely Diana."

"So you would, Betty!" said Constance. "Do take that."

"Very well," agreed Betty. "What do I sell?"

"Grapes," said Lena; "but as you can't get grapes in March, you'll have to sell grape jelly!"

"I can get hothouse grapes," said Betty. "But this leaves only November for Martha. What can you be, Martha—a turkey?"

"November is n't much of anything," said Martha. "It's sort of uninteresting."

"Well," said Constance, tossing her head; "it's the only one left."

Betty's eyes flashed at this, but she only said:

"All right, Martha, you take November. I've a good idea for it; I'll tell you afterward. Now let's fix up the boys. What month do you want, Jack?"

"Well, since you ask me, I'll take January. I'm great on January."

"All right; and we'll ask the other boys and let them choose. Oh, I hope they'll all do it! Won't it be fun?"

It was fun, but it also proved to be a great deal of work. Indeed, if the grown-ups had n't helped them out, the young people could scarcely have carried the affair through. Grandpa Irving took a great interest in it from the beginning, and planned so many improvements and additions that the bazaar soon became a really large enterprise.

It was called "The Palace of Time," and Mr. Irving agreed to assume the character of old Father Time and preside at the bazaar.

His principal aids were four ladies who represented the four seasons, and who were to wear appropriate costumes to designate Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Each of these ladies presided over the three booths which belonged to her season, and thus the success of the young people's booths was made more sure.

The other boys had proved quite as pleased as Jack to take part in the affair, and all of those



who were to take part, as well as many of their friends, worked hard during the few weeks of preparation.

One thing Betty resolved, and that was that Martha must have an attractive booth and one that should somehow prove to be among the most popular. After she told her grandfather how the other girls felt toward Martha, Mr. Irving also declared that he, too, would look out for her.

"Never you mind, Betty," said her grandfather; "we'll just fix it so that Martha's booth will be crowded with people all the evening."

And so, though nobody knew exactly what Martha was going to do, it was soon known that hers would be the supper booth.

Lemonade was to be served by July; ice-cream by August; flowers, of course, would be sold by May; and candy would be found in the February booth.

But November being the month of Thanksgiving and plenty, it was deemed appropriate to have the more substantial refreshments on sale there.

Martha was delighted with the plan Mr. Irving proposed, and, with the help of Miss Connington, the young lady who took the part of Autumn, she made ready for her November booth.

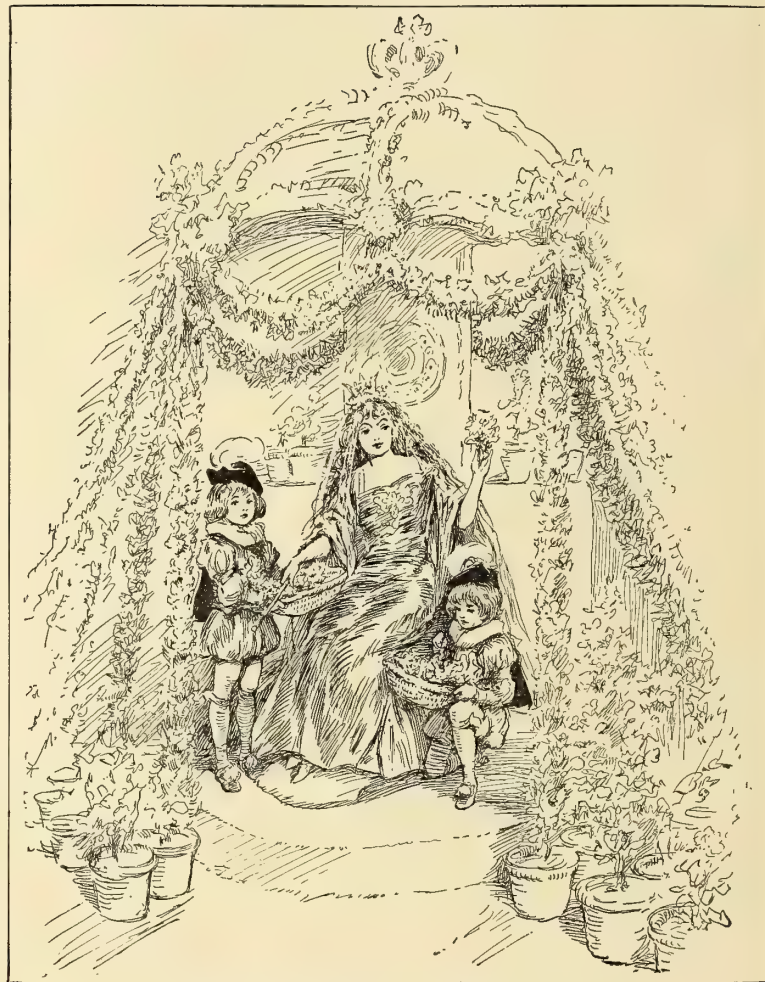
When the night of the bazaar came, everything was in readiness, and hundreds of people were waiting for the entrance-doors to open.

And when at last they were admitted, the beautiful scene was greeted with great applause.

At the end of the room was the throne of Father Time. This was on a raised platform, behind which was a large sheet painted with the figures of the zodiac.

Time himself, who was, of course, Mr. Irving, was robed in long white garments, which fell in classic folds about his tall and stalwart frame. A white beard and "forelock" added to the effect, and he carried a scythe and hour-glass.

But his genial smile and cordial words of greeting were not much like the grim old gentleman who is represented as going about and cutting down all, both great and small. Not wishing to shirk his part of the real work of the evening, Mr. Irving had some small articles for sale on his "throne." There were hour-glasses and smaller



CONSTANCE IN THE MAY QUEEN'S BOWER.

sand-glasses; clocks and watches; diaries and calendars; and even a metronome, which, he said, he was particularly anxious to dispose of, because it beat Time! As all these articles had been donated, and as they were quickly bought from the entertaining old gentleman, the funds of the Fresh Air Club were considerably added to, that night, by Father Time.

The young ladies who represented the four seasons were dressed as if they were models for the pretty modern picture calendars. They did not

sell things, but hovered round the booths that were under their supervision, and took care that everything went right.

The booths themselves were marvels of elaborate ingenuity.

January was what looked like a snow palace. It was really a little mosque-shaped house, built of a light framework covered with cotton-wool. This was sprinkled with diamond-dust, and scattered bits of tinsel frosting, and glass icicles. It was electric-lighted, and a more fairy-like palace could not be imagined. Jack presided over it in the guise of Jack Frost. His suit was white Canton flannel sprinkled with tinsel frost, and his peaked cap and roundabout jacket were trimmed with ermine—or what looked like it.

He had on sale anything and everything that had to do with January—skates, sleds, sleigh-bells, warm caps and mittens, New Year's cards, year-books, and even soapstones and foot-warmers for sleighs. His booth was a gay and cheery place, with a bright fire of gas-logs blazing, and red-shaded lamps all about.

Mrs. McGuire had assisted, and many visitors thought Jack's booth the finest of all.

Harry Harper, as St. Valentine, presided over the February booth. He was dressed like the pictures of the old saint, and in his booth were many cupids and doves.

The decorations were garlands of paper roses tied with blue ribbons, and red hearts and gold darts of all sizes. He had a real little post-office established, and did a thriving business with the tender missives he had in stock. He also had the candies, as they were "sweets," and then Harry, with a view to making more money, had declared that he was entitled to use all the holidays that belonged to his month, so he added a small tableful of souvenirs appropriate to Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday. There were little hatchets, and bunches of cherries, and portraits of both Presidents, and these favors sold as well as his valentines.

The next booth was March, and this was a funny one. It represented a lion's den, and was a sort of cave which was built partly of real rocks, and partly of huge boulders made of wood and covered with brown muslin and moss.

Bob Carey was the Lion, and as he had procured a lion's "make-up" from a theatrical costumer's, he was a fine animal. He said that, as March, he had to be either a lion or a lamb, and he preferred the lion's part. It was not easy to find articles for sale appropriate to March, but he had succeeded in getting donations from the shopkeepers of garden implements, such as rakes and spades and hoes, which are useful in that

month; also packets of flower and vegetable seeds, and (which made every one smile) a huge pile of sheet music, consisting only of popular *marches*. He had, too, funny little souvenirs for St. Patrick's Day, and so humorous was Bob himself, in his character of the Cozy Lion, that he had many visitors.

April was in charge of Elmer Ellis, and he was an "April Fool." His costume was that of a court jester, and the bells on his cap and on his bauble jingled merrily as he played pranks on all who came his way. He had no booth, but was under a huge umbrella, as, he explained, it might rain at any minute in April. He sold umbrellas, rubbers, rain-coats, sprinkling-cans, garden hose, and also he had a stock of what were known as "April Fool candies." These he sold readily, for they are harmless fun and cause great merriment. Also he sold bundles carefully tied up with contents unknown, which "fooled" the buyers.

Constance Harper was the May Queen and held court under a beautiful arbor of vines and flowers. She wore a white frock with flower garlands, and a long white veil crowned with flowers.

She held a gilded scepter, and pages stood at either side to wait on her Royal Highness. Her little slippered feet rested on a satin cushion, and pretty Constance certainly was the most attractive picture in the hall that night.

She sold flowers of all sorts—lovely growing plants and ferns, and dainty baskets of blossoms, as well as tiny nosegays and boutonnières. Altogether, it was probably the most beautiful booth of all, and it received great admiration.

June was Jeanette Porter. She had not taken the idea of the "month of roses," but chose to represent a "Sweet Girl Graduate."

Over her white frock she wore a black silk gown, and on her head a "mortar-board."

She looked like a fair, sweet Portia, and her wares were all books. She did a fine trade, for Jeanette was a general favorite, and the books found a ready sale.

July was in charge of Fred Brown, and he represented "Young America."

Although a big boy, he dressed himself in the garb of a little one, and blew his tin trumpet and waved his flag with all the boisterousness of a child of ten on Independence Day.

His booth was a mass of flags and bunting and fireworks, and he sold anything he could find that was patriotic, from copies of the Declaration of Independence to a package of torpedoes.

He also had the lemonade for sale, as that seemed to him to be a Fourth of July beverage. He had persuaded a few men, the best speakers



he knew, to deliver occasional short orations, so, with these attractive novelties, it was no wonder that his booth was well attended all the time.

August was left to Dorothy Bates. She was one of the prettiest of all, though one of the simplest in her costume and manners.

She was a Summer Girl; and dressed in a white duck outing-suit, her sailor-like blouse turned in at the throat and turned back at the wrist, she was a charming picture.

She had no booth, but sat in a hammock beneath a cleverly contrived shade-tree. About her, on what represented grass and sand, were camp-stools, and her visitors were served with ice-cream and little cakes. Also, she sold fans and parasols, and so gay and winsome was pretty Dorothy that the camp-stools were always occupied, while others stood waiting their turn.

September was Betty's month. She had had a beautiful Diana hunting-costume made for her, and in the dark-green cloth, with its black braid and gilt buttons, Betty's slim, straight young figure looked very picturesque. Her booth was a sort of tent, with the flap turned back, and she sold sporting goods of all sorts.

Some kind shopkeepers had donated fishing-rods and reels, trout flies, game-bags, bows and arrows, and many such wares. Betty was happy and gay, and her dark curls clustered round her merry, rosy face as she wheedled her patrons into making further purchases of all sorts of wares.

October was Lena Carey's choice. She used all the traditional features of Hallowe'en, and in a semi-darkened tent she told fortunes to gullible victims. Dressed as a witch in a red robe, a black cape, and a red peaked hat, she fondled her own pet black cat, though old Tabby would not look weird and mysterious.

The interior of Lena's tent was scarefully decorated with bats and strange devices, and was adorned with lighted Jack-o'-lanterns.

Lena was clever at fortune-telling, and, as her clients were not exacting as to methods, she managed to satisfy them all with most pleasant, even if most improbable, promises for the future.



BOB CAREY, AS THE LION IN "MARCH," SELLING MARCHES.

Next came November, which was Martha's. At first it had not seemed easy to think of a character for Martha appropriate to November. But as Betty looked at the round, stolid face, full of wholesome good nature, but not piquant or fascinating, she exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Martha! You're just like your grandmother. Do chirk up and giggle sometimes!"

Then her own speech gave her an idea.

"Martha," she cried, "that 's just it! You shall be your own grandmother! November is the Thanksgiving month, and the very spirit of the Thanksgiving feast is the Grandmother."

So chubby-faced Martha was transformed into the dearest old lady you ever saw—white hair, cap, and spectacles; plain gray gown, with kerchief crossed on her bosom, and knitting work beside her; everything of old-fashioned style, even her reticule and black silk mitts.

Mr. Irving, true to his word, assisted with Martha's booth. It was indeed a realistic old-fashioned New England kitchen, with its settings represented as faithfully as possible. And the homely old New England supper viands that were served there were so good and delectable that Martha's booth was crammed with people from opening to closing time.

December, as you 'd doubtless guess, was a Christmas tree.

Although it was really March, so splendid was the great tree, decorated and lighted elaborately, and so jolly was Ralph Burnett, who stood by as Santa Claus, that it was difficult not to think it was Christmas eve.

On the tree everything was for sale. The wares

first, and, when they were gone, the decorations, and even the electric lights and candles were sold.

Indeed, everything in the whole place was sold. As the evening wore on, all the supplies gave out, and the frantic "months" ran around to each other's booths trying to beg or borrow something to sell. The cash-boxes were full of jingling coins, yet the buyers were unsatisfied. The Fresh Air Club had not expected such a large and generous audience, and they stood in their dismantled booths, resolved to have even a larger and finer bazaar, next winter.

"And, you see, Grandpa," said Betty to Mr. Irving, "Martha did have a successful part as November, and her full share of custom. Why, Martha's kitchen was full of people all the time. Constance was perfectly lovely, sitting in state on her throne, but, now and then, there were n't many people around her booth."

"Well, Betty, sometimes people would rather eat than buy flowers."

"Yes; that 's why I felt sure Martha's booth would be a success. But, of course, I sha'n't say anything to Constance about it."

And Constance never mentioned the subject, but Martha was never slighted by the girls again.

## WINTER SPORTS IN THE ALPS

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY

AWAY up in a part of the famous Engadine Alps, which cross the eastern end of Switzerland, are several noted centers of winter sports. Here the slope of the hillsides is sufficiently steep yet broken to afford routes for coasting which are perhaps the best in the world, and as winter lasts for week after week without a thaw sufficient to soften the smooth, hard surface, which is more ice than snow, thousands daily indulge in what we in America in plain terms would call "sliding." Among these resorts St. Moritz and Davos are rivals in popularity. Situated only about thirty miles apart on the slopes of the Engadines, each has its coasting clubs, its courses kept in the pink of condition, while daily issue from the hotels bands of adventurers on skees, who seek to vie with the hardy Norsemen in their skill with this strange aid to the winter walker.

Here may be seen every method that has been designed for sliding downhill. Besides the bob-

sleigh—familiar to Americans under the name of double-runner—in St. Moritz are no less than four other kinds of machines. The original Swiss toboggan—the "looge"—consists of a light wooden frame upon high wooden runners. On this the rider sits with his legs waving in the air, and he propels himself by means of two sticks tipped with a flat-headed steel nail or stud. The looge has the advantage of being exceedingly light, so that it can be carried uphill without much effort. On the other hand, it will hardly run on anything less solid than the beaten surface of a road. It certainly is a poor racer. Next in order of slowness comes what is locally termed the American toboggan—a flat board nailed on two solid wooden runners, shod with sheet-iron. This also runs badly except on a road, is a cumbersome thing to drag uphill, and is also apt to jar a rider if the road is jolty and he is lying face down. The Canadian toboggan, so well known, is largely used by coasting





THE BEGINNING OF THE SLIDE AT DAVOS.



A CURVE IN THE SLIDE AT ST. MORITZ.

Photographs by Paul Thompson.



A "DOUBLE-TRACK" SLIDE.



DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

Photographs by Paul Thompson.





BOBBING OVER A TOBOGGAN RUN ON THE OBERALP.

parties toward the end of the season, when the ice runs may begin to melt. The frosty nights, following days when the growing power of the sun has moistened the surface snows on the lower-pass mountains, leave a crust upon the deep drifts which is strong enough to bear the weight of three or four persons seated on this long wooden machine with its curved front. The St. Moritz bob is built of iron with tempered steel runners, of various lengths to take four, five, or

thus is able to move the front of the two runners on which the frame is mounted.

Bob races are the popular afternoon occupation of the majority of those who are young enough to take the risks, while the older ones turn out to watch. Each crew has a name and wears its emblem embroidered on its sweaters—men and women alike—and the intense rivalry between the crews has made the practice of running a bob very scientific. Every bob is furnished with a pair of handles manipulated by the last rider, and the big "six-crew" bobs have sometimes a second brake in the center. These handles act by levers on very large steel-toothed rakes. The steerer is the main man, like the cockswain of a college eight. The brakes are manipulated in accordance with his stentorian cries, and the crew has also to "lean" simultaneously toward the inside curve in taking a corner. If for any reason the machine has lost way, the crew "rocks" in unison to the steerer's shouts, the action helping to force the pace. Thus the sport affords plenty of exercise as well as fresh air, for the longest course is over a mile, and a steep climb has to be made between successive runs. A horse in attendance usually drags the unwieldy machines back to the top of the hill. The races are started by flag—a sort of improvised "block signal"—and no crew race is allowed to start un-



BOB-SLEIGHING IN ENGLEBERG. ROUNDING A SHARP CURVE.

six riders. For racing purposes ballast is carried in the form of heavy pieces of sheet-lead screwed to the under side of the frame. The front rider steers by means of two cords and a pulley, and

til the previous machine is signaled as safe at the bottom.

Davos boasts a run or course formed entirely of ice, and there are smaller ones here and there

in Switzerland—the Village Run at St. Moritz among them. The great run is, however, the Cresta at St. Moritz, so called since it leads down from the village of Cresta into the valley below. This run is about four thousand feet long, with a total fall of nearly four hundred feet from top to bottom. At its swiftest portions, speeds have been timed which averaged over sixty-eight miles an hour. Eighty seconds for a certain fourteen hundred yards of the course is no record. There have been races where the winner has actually gone from end to end of the long, slippery course in a minute—and the speed literally takes your breath away. Steering is done by balance, with steel toe-rakes, and by holding the body back so that the weight is all on the rear bow of the runners. A strong pull on the front of the runners will then “swing” the machine, by causing the grooves to “bite” the ice track, which alone insures safety. Occasionally a woman dares the ride, and sometimes she outdistances the men.

The skeeing clubs form one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in the Alps in winter. With their bright-colored blanket suits, tasseled caps or tam-o'-shanters, and huge white mitts, they go through the snow-covered woodlands across the white mountain slopes usually in single file, perhaps fifty sidling along after the leader in true Norwegian fashion. Indeed, it is a variety of the old game of “follow your leader,” for what he does, the others are expected to do. So if he comes to a ledge and jumps off, all are supposed to leap. But jumping with the skees is not so easy as it looks, and the end is often burial in the snow-bank, for, unless one is very sure of his footing, the long, narrow, wooden slats will twist or turn without warning, and—over you go. With the skee one can go over hard snow at a very rapid rate, but when he strikes a patch of the newly fallen snow, it is a case of slow to be sure, for any minute the bottom may sink away with him. But it is healthful as well as invigorating, and the women have found that they need not look awkward even in this form of outdoor dress, with a ribbon here and a tassel there, and some even adorning their skees.

The Alpine lakes, around which are so many of the resorts, are ideal ponds for the steel runner, and, kept clear of snow, maintain their hard, smooth surface for weeks in this winter climate. So it is that many hotels formerly open only in summer now have the latch-string out in winter to welcome the tourists who would enjoy this invigorating sport.

In connection with skating, ice hockey must not be overlooked at St. Moritz. Ice hockey is

conducted by a special club with its own rink, on which there are usually two games a day—one for both sexes in the morning and another for men in the afternoon. St. Moritz calls the game “bandy,” and pursues it with vigor. One of the great events of an Engadine winter is the annual competition between St. Moritz and Davos for the possession of the hockey championship cup. The local matches between men and women frequently require much ingenuity to devise a fair handicap, since, however active the girls, the men's freedom from skirts gives them a decided advantage on skates. An amusing game is sometimes played when the men wear skirts, and in addition decorate themselves with spoils taken from the theatrical room of the hotel, in consequence of which the match is played with many unique toilets.

In the beautiful valleys formed by the Bernese Alps around Grindelwald and Interlaken is another great winter playground for the sport-lover. Here they take to the snow-shoes as well as skees, and the native guides lead parties of adventurers high up on the Jungfrau and the Rothhorn. Often the snow has drifted so deeply that it may bury a chalet to the roof edge. One of the “stunts” of a skee party is to walk up to the roof on the treacherous surface of the drift, then jump off the other side. As an expert can readily leap thirty or forty feet, it is not a dangerous feat, but one is apt to turn a somersault in mid-air unless he exercises due caution.

To the lover of the outdoors as arranged by Nature in the winter months the Alps are indeed attractive. Nowhere do you see the snow of a purer whiteness. Nowhere does it assume so many artistic forms, whether seen on the mountain bush or in great masses on the edge of a cliff, from which it may fall a thousand feet in an avalanche that sounds like a battery of great guns, such is its force and weight. The ice, both blue and white, glitters like steel as it reflects the sun's rays, whether on the glaciers of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn, ten thousand feet above the sea, or in the ice made by the coming of winter in the lower valleys. And it would be hard to find a spot elsewhere on the earth with the sunshine so bright and so constant. In fact, the days are brilliant with illumination, while the air, touched with the frost and laden with ozone, not only stimulates, but exhilarates. Not strange is it that Nature calls every one who is able to come into the open, and it is a call that few can resist, even if one merely desires to stand or stroll about and content himself with the superb picture that is ever to be seen when the Frost King has the Alps in his control.



# THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

## CHAPTER III

### THE MESSAGE TO THE SULTAN

"AND how is your patient to-day, Doctor?" asked Ted Leslie, as he entered the ward of the garrison hospital. He spoke cheerily and confidently, because already Achmed was well on the road to recovery, was sitting up several hours each day, and was allowed to eat whatever he wished. Ted had left his bedside, during those first anxious days and nights, only for a quarter of an hour at a time, and not often at that; but now that his friend was entirely conscious and was much stronger, Ted knew that the convalescent could express his own needs and wishes to the nurses and doctors, and there was little danger of misunderstanding or neglect.

It was interesting to see Ted and Achmed together, and even more interesting to hear them converse, for each knew about the same amount of the other's native language; so that their conversation usually went on, at times in English—in which Achmed had made great progress—and at other times in Arabic. It seemed to depend on their moods and the topics they were discussing: if they spoke about Egypt it usually was in Arabic; and also, when the Bedouin was moved deeply, he usually expressed himself in the quaint, picturesque phrases of his childhood and his desert home.

When Ted Leslie told Achmed about Europe or about the United States, naturally he spoke in English. Achmed was much stirred by Ted's spirited narration of the famous fight at Lexington, Massachusetts, his own home town; and the young Bedouin fell into the natural mistake, when this thrilling story of brave men was told him, of supposing that England and the United States were still enemies. When Ted discovered this mistake, he laughed merrily. "Oh, Achmed, that warfare is all over; England and my country are very warm friends; they are like mother and daughter; why, it was the English blood in the veins of the Lexington heroes that made them protest against injustice and claim their freedom in America more than a hundred years ago."

So Achmed was set right in his ideas of history, and seemed relieved; for he was now, as always, a warm admirer of English courage and justice; and he was also, at that very moment, as Ted had guessed, in the service of his Majesty,

King Edward, through the mediation of Lord Cecil Seymour, the English governor of Egypt.

All this came out clearly when Achmed explained to Ted the mystery of the parchment girdle. Asking his friend for it one day, when they were alone in the ward, Achmed carefully unfolded it and said, with much weight: "This band holds a message, my brother, from Lord Seymour, with the approval of the Khedive, to Abdul Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, through Kaid Malcolm McKenzie, a Scotsman high in the court of the Sultan. The message is carried in two ways: on my mind, and on this strip of parchment; it is written on the parchment in mingled Arabic and English; with these eyes I saw it written—one word in Arabic, the next in English, the next in Arabic, and so to the end."

He now held up the delicate band—made from sheepskin and colored to the tint of his brown body—and allowed Ted to look at it.

The American lad stared hard along the entire length of the narrow band, but could not make out a single letter in any language. "Was Achmed deranged in mind? Or was he playing some trick on his American friend?" Ted looked once more, examining carefully every inch of space, but in vain.

Perplexed, he turned to look at Achmed; and he grew even more perplexed at seeing a quiet smile on the dark Bedouin face. Achmed rarely laughed heartily, as Ted often did; the most that his serious, even stern, nature ever relaxed into was mild amusement, expressed in a brief smile. That quiet and almost quizzical smile his face now wore; and Ted broke out, "Well, Achmed, tell me where the fun comes in! You said there was writing on the parchment. But I don't see it."

"Certainly not," was the Arab lad's response, deliberate and with conviction. "It is intended only for one pair of eyes. It was written in a fluid which was visible to my eyes at first, then it slowly disappeared; and it will reappear only when some other fluid is applied to it by one who knows. Lord Seymour, the Illustrious, the Arm of Power in my country, wrote it, and read it to me. Kaid McKenzie will know how to make it out."

As he spoke thus impressively, he carefully restored the band to its place, tightly drawn around his waist; and when in position, it was almost invisible, and quite so at a few yards' distance—an improvement on conspicuous white.

Ted Leslie was moved by this information. He stared hard at Achmed, who met his gaze calmly. "Well, I'll be—I'll be—hanged, or electrocuted; it matters little which," remarked Ted, and emitted a long, low whistle which expressed amazement mingled with reflection. Then he added: "Of course I would be glad to know more about the message; it must be something serious; yet you need not tell me more than you ought, Achmed. But may I ask how Lord Seymour happened to hit on you to be the bearer of this mysterious message?"

Achmed's expression changed slightly, and a look of modest reserve came over his face, as he said frankly, truthfully: "General Holbert told me that Lord Seymour wished me to undertake the mission; that is all I know."

"Well, that is n't all I know," burst out Ted, with delight on his countenance; and he grasped Achmed's hand and went on eagerly: "What I know is just this: that General Holbert was probably asked by Lord Cecil Seymour if he knew a man who could do a hard piece of work that needed judgment and courage and intelligence and patience and self-control and—well, about all the virtues, Christian and Mohammedan; and the general just put out his finger of authority and pointed at you. That is about the fact of the case, if I am a real Yankee and good at guessing. Oh, the general is a brick, that's what he is."

"A—a brick? General Holbert a brick? Made of clay?" inquired Achmed, whose knowledge of English had not yet penetrated to all the corners and crevices of that language, and certainly not to its slang. So Ted, laughing, relieved his Arab brother's bewilderment by explaining about the Spartans of the olden time, who were so vigorous and fearless that their city needed no wall of defense other than themselves; and each man was thus said to be a brick in that wall.

Ted was glad indeed that his dear friend had been so honored with Lord Seymour's confidence; but, as he sat beside him, generously rejoicing in his deserved dignity and honor, his brow began to cloud; and soon he spoke. "This is all very well, Achmed, a great honor and all that; but it is also a great peril. Do you happen to know that the entire country of Morocco is much disturbed, and there is talk of a rebellion against the present Sultan, Abdul Hafid?"

The reticent Bedouin youth returned the American lad's earnest gaze a moment or two, and replied firmly: "That is partly why I am sent."

His manner indicated that he could say more; but he ended there; and Ted at once exclaimed, in his impulsive way: "Achmed, I don't like to see you go out alone on that journey; I shall write

to my father at once, in London; and, if he will let me, I shall go with you."

The two friends sat in silence several minutes. Ted was the first to break the silence: "You spoke, Achmed, of your belief or your strong suspicion that the cask which was thrown over from the steamer was thrown with evil intent."

Achmed nodded slowly and with conviction. "That is my full belief," he said, in his concise way.

"When you spoke of it, the other day," continued Ted, "I did n't see how you could have got such an idea; but now, since you tell me about your important secret mission into Morocco, I can see some reason in your view."

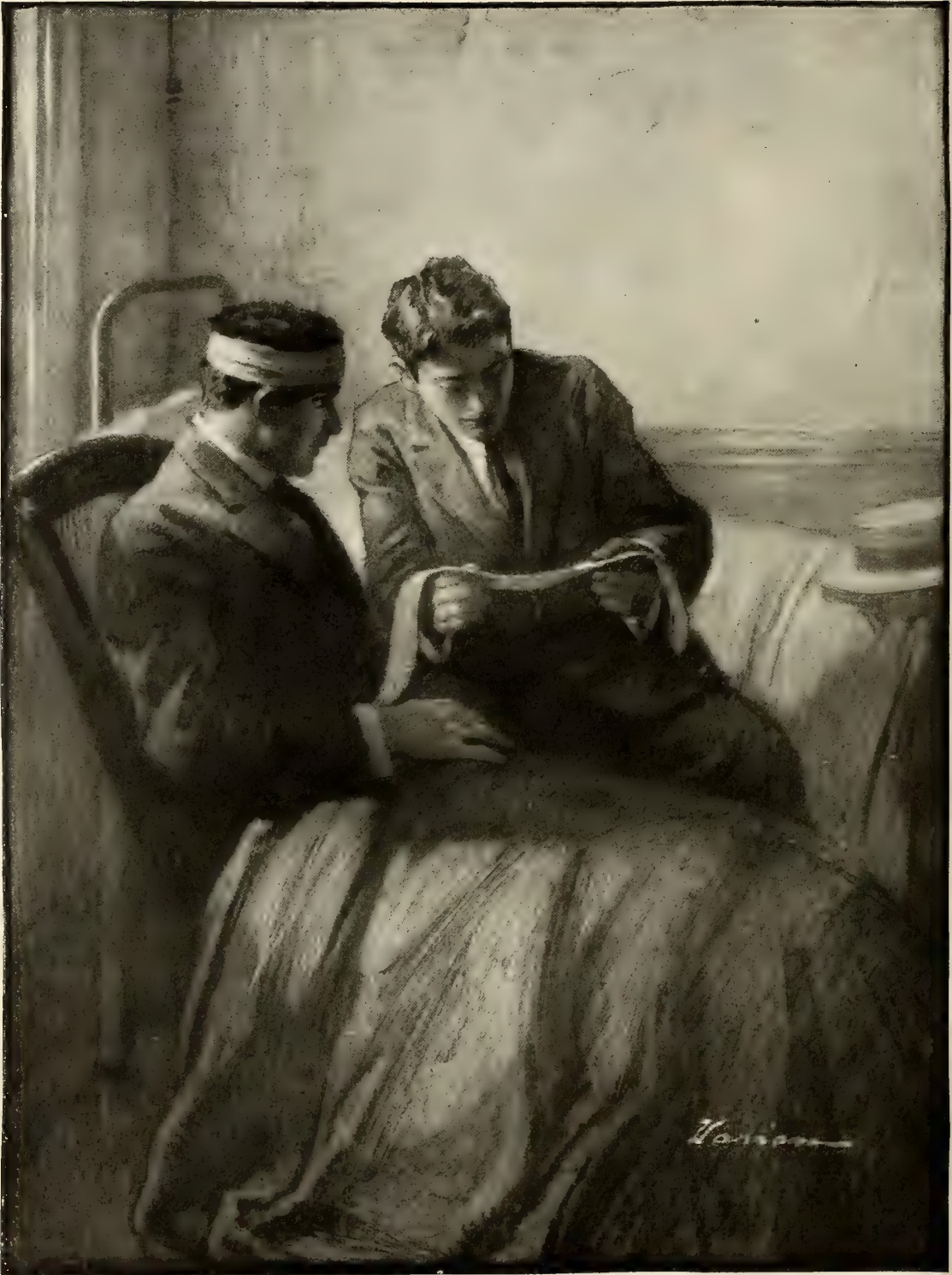
"Yes, I think it was an enemy who threw the cask upon me," mused Achmed, as if trying to look at the question anew without prejudice. "And, as I have been lying here, lame and weak, I have been recalling incidents of our voyage from Alexandria, which seemed to me, when they occurred, of little meaning; but, taken all together, now, after this injury from the cask, I feel sure that an enemy has been on my track."

"Of course all possible care was taken," remarked Ted, "in Cairo, to keep your mission a secret?"

"Certainly; but even with the greatest precautions, some slight opening might be left through which a spy might penetrate to the heart of the matter. Perhaps I ought to say to my brother that this message concerns Russia," continued Achmed. "And next I will relate that, when we stopped at Naples, I noticed, among the people who came on board, a short, stout man, with a low forehead, and eyebrows which reached across between his eyes, and with a heavy black beard and mustache. His ears, too, I noted—for the man seemed to me a Russian, and I knew that my message to the Sultan affected Russia—the man's ears were rounded at the top, and were set wide out from his head. That was his description; and he had a watchful, cunning look in his face. I found his eyes fastened on me often afterward; and once, at night, as I stood near the rail of the ship, looking out over the sea, I faced suddenly about and found this strange man close to me, and coming silently nearer. In a moment he turned and went off, saying nothing; but—but—brother, I had the feeling that if I had not faced about when I did, he would have pushed me overboard." Then a rapt expression on the speaker's finely cut face showed his devout nature coming to the surface, as he said simply and firmly: "But, praise to Allah, who is on the side of him who does what is right."

The two friends talked frequently about this





"THE AMERICAN LAD STARED HARD ALONG THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE NARROW BAND,  
BUT COULD NOT MAKE OUT A SINGLE LETTER IN ANY LANGUAGE."

suspicious person, when they were quite alone together, while Achmed was regaining his health and strength. They spoke at times, also, of the dear little monkey, Mr. Malloly, wondering sadly what had become of him.

It was quite like Ted Leslie, while visiting the hospital so much, to become well acquainted with the young assistant surgeons. He was a boy who could learn, not only from books, and lessons assigned by a teacher, but also from all sorts of persons and facts in daily life, wherever he might be. He had long been interested in medical affairs, and he now asked many questions about the drugs and surgical appliances of the hospital, and read one or two medical books which one of the young doctors loaned him.

Although Achmed was impatient to cross the Straits of Gibraltar and begin his important journey into Morocco, he knew that he must not venture into that wild country until he was soundly restored in health: no physicians were likely to be met in the half-civilized land of the Moors. So he restrained his impatience, and he and his young American friend took longer and longer walks, and the surgeon made regular examinations, and regularly pronounced him gaining strength.

The two, of course, took the usual walk up through the great interior gallery hewn inside the mighty bastion of rock, with its openings at intervals upon the face of the rock, and with black sullen cannon planted at each opening, and frowning down upon the strait. From this lofty point a far-reaching view could be obtained of the blue Mediterranean, and of the Riffian range which borders the African coast.

To all the beauty and grandeur of such a glorious scene the soul of the Arab youth was very responsive; he seemed to feel the power and care of mighty Allah in it all; and sometimes he sank into a reverie with a smile upon his lips, from which sympathetic Ted Leslie felt some delicacy in rousing him.

At other times when the two were together, high up on the lofty fortress, Ted pointed out to his companion the military importance of this great stronghold of the British Empire. "You see, Achmed, this narrow strait, only ten miles across, is the opening of the great Mediterranean Sea, which contains thousands and thousands of square miles of water, and on which several of the leading European nations have cities or harbors; and, since England controls the strait, she controls the coming and going of many hundreds of ships which belong to those nations; so her position here is one of great power."

They started, one day, with the plan of visiting

the open slope beyond the signal-station, where may be seen, in fair weather, a number of large monkeys, known as Barbary apes, said to be the only monkeys, in a wild state, to be found in Europe.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### THREE FRIENDS MEET AGAIN

TED and Achmed walked on, and soon could discern the signal-tower not far away, on the highest point of the mountainous rock of Gibraltar.

"It is a good day to see the apes," remarked Ted. "This clear, sunny weather will bring them out of their retreats in the ledges. There is a belief, I am told, among some people, that a deep underground tunnel runs from this side of the strait over to the other side, and that these Barbary apes use that passage for crossing from one continent to the other; but I doubt the truth of that. However, here is the signal-tower, and I must show my pass, or these officers will not let us stay up here."

Saying which, he held up the red pasteboard pass which he had secured through Captain Thornton; and the stern-looking sergeant, who was already inspecting them from the upper windows of the station, nodded his head, and said, "Very good"; and they walked by without stopping.

It was indeed a favorable day for seeing the apes—the "Barbary apes," or "tailless apes," as they are called. Directly the lads had passed the signal-tower and descended a bit among the ledges and cactus bushes, Achmed spied one of these amusing creatures. The ape was about the size of a large fox-terrier, and dark gray in color; he was seated on a sunny ledge of the Jurassic limestone, which is the chief material of the entire "Rock of Gibraltar," and was picking dried berries from a shrub and eating them.

"He looks as solemn as a professional tea-taster," chuckled Ted, who always saw the comical side of things. "And there are two others just beyond. Oh, we are in luck."

Then a sudden change came over the American lad; he stopped short, holding his breath, and staring intently at one of the apes, a hundred or more yards away, who was chasing a smaller one, a much smaller one, through the branches of a eucalyptus-tree. The smaller creature, being lighter in weight, could keep among the slenderer limbs and twigs, which would not bear his heavier pursuer.

Ted and Achmed were now both gazing intently at the chase, which seemed to show more of the signs of warfare than of sport; it had



struck them both that the smaller animal reminded them of their lost monkey friend, Mr. Malloly.

"Oh, Achmed," exclaimed Ted, under his breath, "can it be—is it possible—can that smaller one be—" And without finishing his broken questions, the lad set off excitedly, leaping down across the ledges at some risk of broken bones.

The tree was perhaps two hundred yards distant, and the two monkeys had not noticed the approach of the two human beings. But now a change was observable in the smaller monkey; he faced about, from his perch in the slender branches, and looked intently at the advancing lads.

On ran the two friends, each moment feeling their faint hope gaining in strength. The little creature certainly was not of the same species as the big one, who now sat on a stout limb near the trunk, looking up, at intervals, and showing his teeth.

Nearer and nearer sped the eager lads; and at last Ted saw the smaller monkey, evidently growing excited, make his way to the trunk of the tree, and keep his gaze fixed on the boys approaching.

In another moment they felt sure of their judgment; for the hunted little creature, seeing the familiar forms and faces, yet fearing the savage jaws of the sentry ape on guard near the trunk, cleverly dropped from branch to branch, and then to the ground, and now came racing like mad toward them, running—as Ted remembered him running at the convicts' camp in Egypt—sometimes on all fours, sometimes with three legs, and sometimes making extraordinary leaps on his hind legs only.

One second—two seconds—and little Mr. Malloly came flying up to them, and sprang, without hesitation, upon Ted's breast, threw his tiny arms about his friend's neck, and laid his head upon his shoulder; while Ted and Achmed—well, I will draw the veil of considerate silence over them, at this joyous and demonstrative moment of happy reunion.

## CHAPTER V

### FRIENDS STAND TOGETHER

THE three newly united friends now proceeded, without serious hindrance, down the ledges and among the cactus shrubs, and reached the highway below the rock-galleries. Thence down to Waterport Street, to the Hotel de Castilla. Many persons stopped and stared to see a young man of Ted's appearance walking unconcernedly along with a monkey in his arms; but our three friends

understood it, even if the curious spectators did not.

When the three found themselves alone together in Ted's room, in quiet and peace, they felt not a little relief. Mr. Malloly felt even more than this; he became even buoyant and frolicsome; and when Ted, examining him, found two or three fresh scars on his little body, he rightly surmised that the monkey had led a life of troubles and trials among the larger apes, who resented the coming of a stranger into their midst. "No wonder your spirits have risen, little man!" said Ted, petting him as in the old days; and the clever creature stopped his outcries and seemed to give heed. "I'll tell you how you happened to come here," continued Ted, holding him on his arm, and giving him a "make-believe" talk, as he used to do in Egypt. "This was the way of it."

Here the monkey put out one paw slowly and took hold of his young master's nose inquiringly, as if he had never seen it before. Ted, amused, as always, with the strange little chap's ways, continued, undisturbed: "You were perfectly comfortable there in the garden by the Nile, Mr. Malloly, with your trees to climb, and your sugarcane to chew; and you would have been glad to stay there, perhaps waiting for me. Then, one day, among the tourists who visited the garden, was a man who fed you with candy—'Turkish delight,' very likely—and wished to buy you."

Thereupon the impish little creature began to chatter vivaciously, making much noise. "Yes, as you say," continued Ted, laughing, "that is the way it was; but please let me go on. Very good. The man wished to buy you, and offered your master a sum of money, and it was refused. But the man was a wicked man; yes, even though he gave you Turkish delight, that lovely scented paste, he was wicked at heart; and one day, when you were eating some sweetmeats which he had given you, you found yourself seized and thrust into a bag, all in darkness; and after that you were carried to Cairo, and put into a basket which had air-holes in it. Yes, you need n't go to sleep, little rogue, as if you were tired of listening to me."

The monkey had yawned, and now sat with shut eyes, the picture of sleepiness, although one second's time was always enough, as Ted and Achmed knew, to transform him from such a passive state to the wildest activity.

"You stayed in that box, most of the time, for several days," continued Ted; "and the wicked man told people lies about you, when you cried and wished to be let out, and people heard you and asked about the cries. He said you were

a pet cat which he was taking to his wife and daughter in Gibraltar. So here you came, and one day, being left alone, you found the basket-lid loosely fastened, and you leaped out. The win-



"HE SPRANG UPON TED'S BREAST AND THREW HIS TINY ARMS ABOUT HIS FRIEND'S NECK."

dow was open, and then—then the rest was easy; and you scampered over the roofs and among the chimney-pots, for a day or two; then, one night, you made your way up the mountain, and finally thought you were safe and in good company when you discovered those apes."

Here Mr. Malloly opened one eye, and then opened his mouth, not making a sound; a sort of silent assent it was. Then he closed mouth and eye again, wearily.

"But you had a hard time with those bad, bad apes, my little one," continued Ted. "You found them stronger than you were, and I fear if Achmed and I had not come along as we did—"

At this moment a knock sounded upon the door. Achmed went to open it, and was met by the clerk of the hotel, a dull-looking, fishy-eyed individual, who, seeing Achmed, appeared a little ill at ease. "I—I wished to speak—to speak with Mr. Leslie—er—er—alone, please," said the clerk.

"Very good," was Ted's response. "My friend was about going up to the hospital for his clothing and other property, and will return soon, and will take a room here, as near mine as possible."

The clerk stood in silence; and Achmed said good-by to Ted, and went out. Mr. Malloly climbed up on a hat-tree, and then leaped lightly to the chandelier in the middle of the room.

"I—I was sent up by the proprietor," the clerk now began, with some awkwardness, "to say to you, sir, that we could not have—could not possibly have that monkey in one of our rooms."

"H—m!" said Ted, and his face darkened.

"No, we cannot," replied the clerk, nervously. "But we have a good stable just across—"

"Thanks!" was Ted's crisp reply. And he looked at Mr. Malloly, perched nonchalantly on the chandelier, and he recalled that long underground journey, that deadly peril in the winding tunnel of the Mokattam Hills, out of which the keen, clever little creature alone had guided them.

"So they wish to put you in the stable, Mall'y," he remarked, looking at his faithful little friend with an expression of blended humor and determination on his face. "Yes, little man, out in the stable with the horses and donkeys and cows and pigs." Then he laughed; he laughed in a way which made the dull clerk uneasy.

"Tell the proprietor," Ted Leslie said, now speaking sharply, and wheeling about as if on a pivot, "to have my bill ready in half an hour. I am leaving; yes, you understand; my little friend, here, and I are both leaving; we go to another hotel; the Fonda Española will take us in, I am sure; and my other friend who just went out—he will go with us." Then Ted turned impulsively toward the little chap on the chandelier, and exclaimed, with a warmth of affection which must have puzzled the dull clerk: "No, little man, you don't go into a stable; not unless I go with you. No, we stick together, at least for the present." And he beckoned with one finger, as he spoke, and Mr. Malloly executed a masterly leap to his shoulder, and sat there, making faces at the confused clerk in the doorway.

(To be continued.)



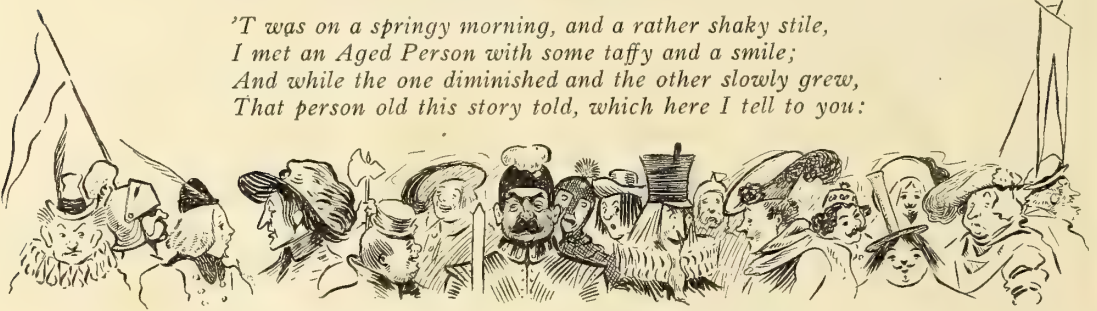
# THE PRINCE OF BANDERWHAG

A Nonsense Ballad  
of Athletics

By C. F. LESTER



*'T was on a springy morning, and a rather shaky stile,  
I met an Aged Person with some taffy and a smile;  
And while the one diminished and the other slowly grew,  
That person old this story told, which here I tell to you:*



Now, as I said before I spoke, the Prince of Banderwhag  
Was fond of all athletic sports (but tiddledywinks and tag),  
And so he held a tournament outside his castle wall,  
And forty knights within two weeks responded to his call.



When the day arrived, the gathering of spectators was immense,  
And (though the games were out of doors) the feeling was intense;  
The day was warm, and all about the glowing sunshine played,  
Till some folks had to shade their eyes, and many eyed the shade.



The tournament was opened with a game of blindman's-buff.  
(Of course the players took great pains to keep from being rough!)  
The judges all awarded to Sir Thingumbob first place,  
Because when he was *IT* he showed the most delightful grace.

The next event (a knitting-match) was won by Baron Snitch.  
Prince Trifle was ahead a foot, until he dropped a stitch;  
He was sadly disappointed, but bore up manfully;  
And he later broke the record at eating toast and tea!





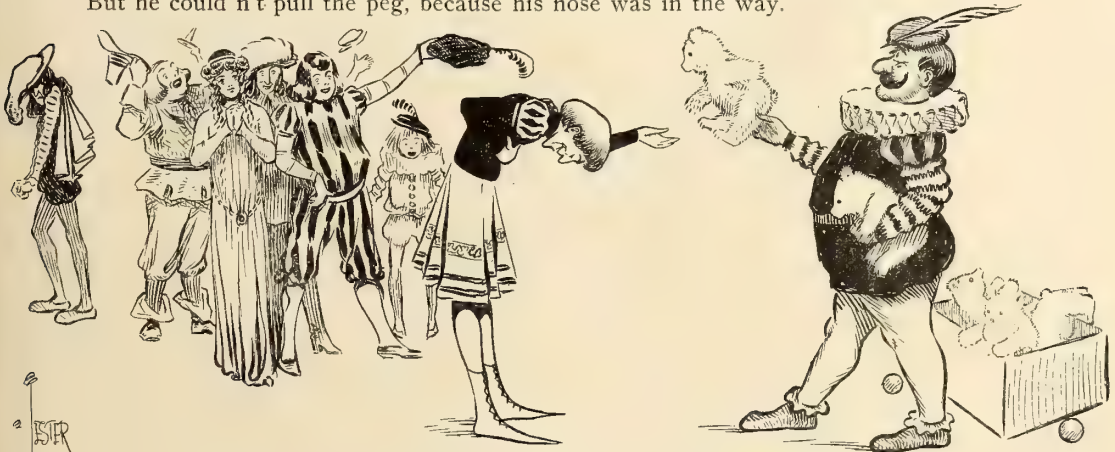
When in the jackstone contest her lover rose to play,  
The Countess Concertina simply fainted dead away!  
The doctors, to revive her, tried a single cup of tea,  
But found they could not bring her to until they 'd brought her three.



The hop-sotch contest then was called ('t was held on sandy ground),  
And Sir Wibble-Wobble won it, in the forty-second round.  
He was a striking blond (a fact that 's worthy of remark,  
Because my observation shows that knights are mostly dark).



Sir What's-his-name and Count Cutupp were tied in mumbly-peg,  
And the Count won in the play-off (though he had a wooden leg!).  
Sir What's-his-name admitted he was worsted in the fray,  
But he could n't pull the peg, because his nose was in the way.



When time was up, the sun was down, and so, upon the walls,  
The Prince gave out the prizes (Teddy bears and rubber balls);  
And you 'll agree, I think, with me, in justice to the Prince,  
That there never was a tournament like that, before or since!



*The Aged Person, having finished tale and taffy too,  
With one last smile slipped from the stile, and faded from my view.*





# KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

## CHAPTER V

### THE WARNING

"ENDS and backs this way!" called a voice, and Evan trotted down the field to where a lad wearing a tattered light-blue jersey was impatiently waiting.

Practice was neither hard nor long that first afternoon. Some thirty-odd candidates had reported, of whom twenty or so represented what remained of last year's first and second teams. The new candidates numbered scarcely more than a baker's dozen. Frank Hopkins, although in foot-ball attire, took no part in the drudgery of passing and falling on the ball, contenting himself with wandering about the field or talking with Prentiss on the side-line. The real work was in charge of three of the first-team members, Carter, Connor, and Ward. There was very little system in evidence, and the veterans shirked barefacedly. Toward the end of the hour there was a good deal of rather aimless punting across the field, and then the fellows were dismissed with instructions to report every afternoon at four o'clock.

Evan, a little tired and sore, for the day had been a very warm one and a lazy summer had put him rather out of condition, walked up to the gymnasium with Gus Devens and Jelly.

"How did you get on?" asked Devens.

"All right, I think. I told Prentiss I was out for quarter or half, but he said they did n't need those things and told me I'd better try for end. I've never played end, but I suppose I could learn."

"I dare say. How about you, Jelly?"

"I don't know. I saw Hop this noon and told him I wanted a fair show, and he said I'd get it. Maybe I will, and maybe I won't. All I want now is a shower."

"Here too," agreed Devens. "Anything doing to-night, Jelly?"

"A little something, I guess," replied Jelly, cautiously, with a quick glance at Evan. "I have n't heard much about it."

Evan looked at the others inquiringly, but asked no questions, and Devens changed the conversation.

"That 's a nice pair of trousers you 've got there, Jelly. They fit you to perfection, I must say. Why don't you take a turn in them around the bottoms so as to keep them out of the mud?"

"Thou art jesting," responded Jelly, good-humoredly. "I had to get them big so they 'd go around me. But I think I *will* ask Mrs. Crow to cut them off for me."

"I would. Maybe she can make you an overcoat of the trimmings. Got a locker yet, Kingsford?"

"Yes, thanks," Evan replied, as they climbed the gymnasium steps and pushed open the big oak door. "But I have n't any towels yet. Can you loan me one?"

"Sure thing—if I have any. I always forget to have 'em washed."

But investigation proved that he had three clean ones in his locker, and he handed one over to Evan.

"Toss it in the bottom here when you 're through with it, will you?" he asked. Evan promised and went off to get ready for his bath, encountering on the way Mr. George Washington Jell, who, hopping around on one foot, was pulling what appeared to be yards and yards of khaki trouser off the other leg.

"Excuse me," panted Jelly, as he bumped into Evan. "Oh, that you? These fool breeches—"

"Here, sit down," laughed Evan, "and I 'll pull them off. There you are. I really think I 'd have Mrs. Crow fix those. You 've got about a yard more than you need."

"Or ankled," growled Jelly, tossing the discarded trousers onto the bench. "Thanks, Kingsford. I 'll do as much for you."

"I hope you won't have to," Evan laughed.

A half-hour later he walked back alone up the hill to Holden, and as he went he reviewed his first day at Riverport. It had been pleasant enough, on the whole, he decided. Rob had awakened him at a quarter-past seven, and there had ensued a mad scramble into clothes and across to Academy Hall for morning prayers. Breakfast had been at eight, a jolly, leisurely meal, with the big windows open and the September sunlight flooding the tables. At nine he had gone to his first class, presided over by Mr. Alden, or Old Joe as the boys called him. This was his Latin class, and at eleven came Greek, with Old Joe again presiding. Previous to that there had been a half-hour of mathematics under Mr. McGill, and in the afternoon, at three, there was English from the principal, Dr. Farren. In all, aside from physical training, which, as long as

he was playing foot-ball, was not required of him, he had nineteen hours of recitations a week. This did n't sound much, but it was evident that the work was going to be pretty stiff, and the nineteen hours in class meant a good many other hours of hard preparation. Dr. Farren's English class looked formidable, and so did the Greek, which was unknown ground to Evan.

He had n't seen much of Rob save at meals, for, although they attended the same classes, their seats were in each case separated by the length of the room, since Evan, as a new-comer, was forced to accept whatever unclaimed space he could find. But he was sure that he and Rob were going to get on very well together, and was beginning to feel rather grateful to Frank Hopkins for bringing about the meeting which had resulted so fortunately. If Hopkins would let him on the team, thought Evan, he would be more than willing to cry quits.

It was still only a little after half-past five when he reached his room, and so, as Rob was not there and he had it quite to himself, he decided to write a letter home. He had finished two pages of his epistle when there was a knock on the door and Malcolm Warne entered.

"Hello! are you all alone?" he asked. "Where's Rob?"

"I don't know. I have n't seen him since English 3. Have you got moved?"

"Yes. I thought perhaps you'd like to come over and see my room."

"I should," said Evan, tucking his letter away.

"It is n't quite as nice as my other place," explained Malcolm, as they crossed the corridor together, "but it fixes up rather well, I think. And it's going to be glorious not having any one in with me."

"Well," exclaimed Evan, as he paused inside the door of 36 and looked about him, "I did n't see your other room, but if it beat this it must have been a wonder! Glory, but you've got a lot of dandy truck! Where did you get all the pictures? Is that couch yours? It looks good enough to sleep on."

"Sit down," invited Malcolm. "Try that wicker chair. Most of these things I brought up with me when I came, although I've fetched one or two things since then. Glad you like my pictures."

"I like everything," replied Evan, warmly. "It looks—it looks almost like home! I don't see how you ever got fixed up so quickly. Why did n't you let me help you?"

"Oh, it was n't any bother, and I liked doing it. Besides, I suppose you were pretty busy playing foot-ball, were n't you? There's Rob, I think, just coming up the hall. I'll call him in."

"Talk about your palatial mansions!" exclaimed Rob, as he surveyed the room. "I tell you what, Evan; we'll use this for our parlor and all sleep in 32."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Crow would n't stand for that," laughed Malcolm. "And then, too, you say this is cold."

"Cold! What of it? Who would care whether he was cold or warm when he could lie in the midst of such luxury?" Rob stretched himself on the leather couch and crushed innumerable pillows under his head. "We will now have soft music and light refreshments, Mal."

"I've got some crackers," said Malcolm, eagerly.

"Fetch them along. What do you think of all this, Evan? Is n't our little friend a—a—one of those things commencing with an S?"

"Cinch?" asked Evan, gravely.

"Cinch! That does n't begin— Oh, you run away and play! Syb—Sybarite! That's the word. What is a Sybarite, Mal?"

"Oh, a man fond of good things, I reckon. Actually the Sybarites were inhabitants of Sybaris, in southern Italy. Don't you remember that Seneca tells of a Sybarite who complained that he had n't slept well, and when they asked him why, he told them that he had found a rose-petal doubled under him and that it had hurt him?"

"Is n't he a wonder?" demanded Rob, admiringly, of Evan. "Do you marvel that he's a whole class ahead of us stupid? Frankly, though, Mal, I don't recall that story of Mr. Seneca's, but he said a whole lot of things I've forgotten—or never heard of. Anyway, that's what you are, Mal, a Sybarite, a blooming Sybarite."

Malcolm passed the crackers around, and they tried their best to spoil their appetites for dinner. Luckily the supply of crackers gave out before their end was accomplished. Rob, who, stretched luxuriously on the couch, had been too busy eating to talk, suddenly began to moan and grimace and roll around.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Malcolm.

"I—I think," muttered Rob, speaking thickly because his mouth was full, "I think there must be a crumpled rose-petal under me."

Investigation, however, proved the rose-petal to be nothing more romantic than a block of wood in Rob's pocket, a block which, so he declared, was to be fashioned into the model of his greatest invention as soon as he could borrow somebody's knife, his own having all blades broken.

They went over to supper together, and as they parted from Malcolm at the dining-room door the



latter brushed against Evan and thrust a bit of paper into his hand. Puzzled but discreet, Evan dropped it into his pocket and promptly forgot all about it until supper was almost over. Then, remembering it because Malcolm's name was mentioned, he drew it out cautiously and read it under the protection of his napkin. The message, written in a tiny neat hand on hardly more than a square inch of paper, was short:

Hazing to-night [it ran]. Bunk in with me, and they won't find you. Destroy this and don't tell.

## CHAPTER VI

### EVAN AFFORDS AMUSEMENT

EVAN tore the note into tiny bits and scattered them under the table, something undoubtedly in defiance of the rules. After supper, at which the foot-ball practice was the main subject of discussion, Evan and Rob, accompanied by Jelly, went back to Holden. Malcolm Warne had not returned, but that did not prevent Rob from taking possession of 36 and doing the honors. Jelly was properly impressed with so much magnificence and declared that next year he was going to make his folks furnish his room just like Malcolm's. In a lull of the conversation Evan introduced the subject which since the receipt of Malcolm's mysterious warning had occupied not a little of his thoughts.

"Do they haze here, Rob?" he asked.

There was a quick interchange of glances between Rob and Jelly. Then Rob smiled carelessly and shrugged his shoulders.

"You might call it that," he said. "The new ones have to go through a few stunts, but they don't amount to much. Faculty bars real hazing, which it ought. You'll probably be requested to sing a song or do a dance some night, but you need not be worried about it."

"I'm not at all worried," answered Evan, quietly. "I only wanted to know what to expect."

"They made me recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night,'" said Jelly, smiling foolishly at the recollection.

"It was funny, too," laughed Rob. "Just picture Jelly in his little white nightie declaiming that with inappropriate gestures!"

"I would not have minded if it had not been for the gestures," said Jelly, with a grin. "They made me do all sorts of fool things, like pulling the bell-rope and clasp my hands."

"Yes, and when it came to the last they made him swing by his hands from the transom. I can see him yet, kicking his legs back and forth and

gurgling 'Curfew shall *not* ring to-night!' Say what you please, but it *was* funny!"

"Well, I hope they don't ask me for poetry," said Evan, "for I don't know any."

"Better get Malcolm to coach you," Jelly suggested. "He knows every line of poetry that was ever written, I guess. And I *have* thought"—dropping his voice to a hoarse whisper—"that he even writes it!"

"Of course he does," said Rob. "Every Southerner reads poetry and writes it. Southerners are romantic—whatever that is."

Presently Malcolm returned, and Jelly took his departure, declaring that he supposed he would have to study, although he had quite forgotten how. At Rob's suggestion, Malcolm brought his books into 32, and the three found places about the old green-topped table and prepared their lessons. It was hard going, though, and there were many interruptions, and after a while Malcolm gathered up his books and declared that he would have to go back to his own room if he was to do any work.

"Sorry, Mal," said Rob. "It's my fault. I can't seem to get my mind on lessons to-night. I've thought of a way to make that foot-scraper a lot better. Supposing that instead of having the brush—"

"Never mind," laughed Malcolm. "You tell me about it to-morrow. Good night."

"Are not you coming back after study?"

"No, I'm going to bed." He shot a questioning look at Evan. Evan smiled and shook his head slightly.

"What are you idiots signaling about?" asked Rob. "What's up? Or is not it any of my business?"

"It is not," answered Malcolm. "You'd better change your mind, though, Evan."

"No, I guess not. I'm much obliged, though."

"Well, if you do—" Malcolm left the sentence unfinished. "Good night, fellows."

"Good night," they echoed. Rob was already busy with the problem of the improvement of the foot-scraper, drawing strange lines on a fly-leaf. Evan went back to his algebra. After a while the bell in the tower of Academy Hall struck nine, and he closed his book with a sigh and gathered his papers together. Rob was still drawing, his unruly hair straggling down over his puckered forehead. Evan watched amusedly for a minute. Then,

"Got your lessons, Rob?" he asked gravely.

"Eh? What?" Rob looked up with a startled frown. "What time is it?"

"Just struck nine."

"Jingo! I've got to get busy. Look at this,

though, Evan. I've got it dead to rights now. I'm sure it will work finely." So for the next five minutes Evan listened to an explanation of the drawings and a eulogy of the invention. Then Rob resolutely turned his mind to the Anabasis, remarking sadly that it was all Greek to him, and Evan finished his letter. They went to bed at ten, and Rob fell promptly to sleep. Evan, however, with Malcolm's warning in mind, pre-

to wait until I find the combination of this plaguy thing."

Then the latch slipped back and the door swung inward. In the hall were some twenty boys variously attired.

"What's wanted?" asked Evan, innocently.

Frank Hopkins, who was apparently master of ceremonies, replied grimly:

"You are. Come on."



"TALK ABOUT YOUR PALATIAL MANSIONS!" EXCLAIMED ROB."

ferred to stay awake and await developments. The dormitory was very quiet, and when fully a half-hour had gone by, Evan began to think that Malcolm had mistaken the date. He closed his eyes at last, for he was really very sleepy, and was afloat in that delicious state between slumber and waking when there sounded a quiet but peremptory knock on the door. Rob did n't hear it, but Evan was wide awake on the instant. He slid out of bed, stumbled across the room, and fumbled at Rob's patent latch.

"Open!" commanded a voice outside.

"All right," answered Evan, "but you'll have

"What for?" asked Evan.

"Never you mind. Just come along."

"Hello! What's doing?" Rob appeared behind Evan, blinking. "Oh, yes—I see. Buck up, Evan; it's soon over. I'll join the mob and see the fun."

So Evan was marched off in custody, feeling somewhat ridiculous in his night attire. However, there were plenty of others who boasted no more elaborate costumes than his, for pajamas appeared to be the proper dress. There was nothing solemn in the occasion. Every one whispered or laughed under his breath, and a handful of



more cheerful spirits joined arms and did a snake-dance down the hall. Evan was conducted to a room at the far end of the corridor, a room which, because it was larger than most, was regularly used on such occasions. Here, standing dejectedly about, were six other new boys, one of them, a youth of not over twelve years, looking at once pathetic and ridiculous in a long nightgown several sizes too large for him. Evidently Evan was the last of the victims, for after he had entered with his captors the door was closed and bolted. The room was crowded to its full capacity, and there was a general scramble for posts of vantage. The two beds served as grand stands, all those who could securing seats on the edge and more standing up behind them. The others formed a circle about the center of the room, the study-table having been pushed aside. Evan wondered if Malcolm was there, but failed to see him.

If Frank Hopkins was master of ceremonies, Edgar Prentiss was undoubtedly his first lieutenant and a most able one. Hopkins looked over the initiates disgustedly.

"A mighty small crop this year," he said, "and a pretty poor one, too. Who's first, Ed?"

"Let's have Little Nemo," said Prentiss, pointing to the boy in the nightgown. "Come out here, Little Nemo. Step forward and make a nice bow to the company."

The youth obeyed, trying very hard to smile.

"What's your name, kid?" demanded Hopkins.

"George Winship."

"Say 'sir' when addressing the Honorable Court," Prentiss commanded. "What are you doing here?"

"I don't know—sir."

"You don't know? What did you come here for? Don't you really know why you are here?"

"To learn, sir. I came here to learn, sir."

"Good. Can you sing?"

"N-no, sir."

"All right. Then go ahead and sing."

"I can't."

"You've got to."

The boy looked distressedly around the circle



"EVAN WENT THROUGH THE MOTIONS OF KICKING THE BALL."

of amused faces. "What—what shall I sing?" he asked. "What would you like best, sir?"

"Anything," answered Hopkins. "Only get at it."

"Do you know 'Rock-a-bye, Baby'?" asked Prentiss, scoring a laugh from the audience.

The boy shook his head.

"All I know is 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' I guess," he said, "and I don't believe I know that."

"Let 's hear that, then," said Prentiss. But there was a murmur of disapproval, and Rob growled:

"No, no, no, Prentiss, that 's a hymn. Leave that out and let the kid go."

"Hello, Lanky Rob, you here?" returned Prentiss. "Don't give advice. Can you recite anything, Little Nemo?"

The boy shook his head again.

"Sure?" demanded Hopkins, suspiciously.

"Yes—sir."

"What can you do, then? Have n't you any parlor tricks?"

The boy considered a moment, painfully willing to oblige, but at a loss what to say. Then, his face lighting up,

"I can dance the Highland fling!" he announced eagerly.

A howl of amused approval went up.

"Go ahead, kid!"

"Fling away!"

"I thought all along he was a Scotchman!"

"I—I usually have music," said the boy, doubtfully.

"Sorry, but the bagpipes have just left," said Hopkins. "Let 's have it without music, kid."

So young Winship danced the Highland fling for them, his face very serious and his long nightgown flopping and writhing about him with ludicrous effect. Some of the fellows began to hum, and after that the boy did rather well, for he knew the dance thoroughly and was light and graceful. But it was terribly funny, and even Evan had to laugh with the others. Winship ended amid a howl of approval and much clapping.

"You 're all right, kid," they assured him, and Hopkins let him go to find a place among the audience. The next youth was all ready with a song, but he was much too anxious, and so Hopkins refused to allow him to sing and made him recite instead. And so it went for almost an hour. A stout youth was made to stand on his head in his pajamas—a feat which he only accomplished after innumerable failures. There was more dancing, and a pale-faced, red-haired boy recited "Casey at the Bat" and won liberal applause. Evan's turn came at last, and Hopkins told him to step out.

"What 's your name, little boy?"

"Evan Kingsford."

"'Sir'!"

"Sir."

"Kingsford, eh? Not—not Kingsford the great quarter-back, of course?"

"No—that is, no, sir," answered Evan, flushing a little in spite of his determination not to let them worry him, however they might tease him.

"Then you don't play foot-ball?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What position?"

"Quarter-back," answered Evan, good-naturedly.

"Ah! What did I tell you, Ed? It is—it really is the famous Mr. Kingsford of whom we have all heard. There 's no use trying to deceive us, Mr. Kingsford. All is discovered. We know you. You were quarter-back on the All-America Girls' Preparatory School team last year!"

Every one laughed at that, Evan as quickly as any.

"Now, Mr. Kingsford," went on Hopkins, very much pleased by his wit, "we will ask you to give us a few lessons in the rudiments of foot-ball. A little more room, please. Ed, produce the pigskin."

Prentiss pulled a foot-ball from under the bed. A strong cord was attached to the lacings, and Evan viewed it with misgivings. Hopkins placed the ball on the floor, retaining the end of the cord.

"Now, Mr. Kingsford, kindly show us how to kick. Aim the ball toward the wall, please, so as not to break a window."

Evan knew well enough what to expect, but he went through the motions of kicking from placement. Of course the ball was n't there when his foot swung at it, and of course the audience was vastly amused. This performance was gone through with several times, Prentiss at each attempt shading his eyes with his hand and announcing the distance made, as:

"Fine work, Kingsford! Forty-five yards and excellent direction!" "Fifty-odd that time, but a little too low. Try again." "Better, much better! Sixty yards at least and a beautiful cork-screw! Wonderful! Marvelous!"

Evan was almost as much amused as the others, and Hopkins did n't like that. So,

"Now, Mr. Kingsford, if you please, we will have a little falling on the ball."

A chorus of delighted laughter greeted this announcement. Falling on the ball was n't quite as funny as kicking at it, to Evan at least, although every one else enjoyed it hugely. The floor was very, very hard, and of course the ball was never there when he dropped, never save once, when he was too quick for Hopkins and managed to snuggle the pigskin under his arm before the captain could yank it away. This feat won applause from the spectators and a scowl from Hopkins.

"Put more ginger into it, Mr. Kingsford," commanded the latter. "You 're not half trying. That 's better!" Evan's elbow and hip bumped against the floor rather heavily, and the foot-ball once more bounded out of his reach.



"Now try a dive, Mr. Kingsford. Stand off there about six feet and let us see what you can do with a moving ball."

But Evan was feeling pretty sore and lame by this time, and he rebelled.

"I guess I've done enough," he said good-humoredly. "This floor is n't quite as soft as the turf."

"Enough?" said Prentiss. "Why, we can never see enough of such clever work, Mr. Kingsford!"

"Well, I've had enough, if you have n't," replied Evan, doggedly.

"You'll do as we tell you," said Hopkins. "We're managing this show. Now just get over there and—"

"I won't, I tell you. I'm not going to break my bones for you. I've done as much as any of the others already."

"That's right, Hop," said Rob, and some of the others agreed. But Hopkins was n't ready to let go.

"Now look here, Rob!" he snarled, "you have n't got anything to say about this. You have n't any business in here anyhow; you're a junior. This is upper class, and so you keep still."

"You can make me, I guess—not," drawled Rob.

"There are plenty of us here to run you out of the room," answered Hopkins, angrily.

"All right, come try it. Let's have a little try at it, Hop," replied Rob, smilingly. But there was an expression about his eyes and mouth that Hopkins did n't just like, and while he was hesitating some of the others broke in:

"Go ahead with the show, Hop!"

Hopkins glared angrily at Rob and then turned his attention again to Evan.

"Come on, fresh kid," he commanded. "Do as we tell you."

"I'm through," said Evan, quietly.

"Then we'll make you! Put him over there, Prentiss."

"Better not try it," said Evan, as the tall Prentiss came toward him. He was smiling, but the smile was rather set, and his eyes were fixed very steadily on Prentiss. Also, he stepped back and clenched his fists in a very businesslike way. But Prentiss was no coward, and, besides, he was much bigger than Evan. There might have been real trouble in another moment had not the light suddenly gone out, plunging the room into com-

plete darkness. A howl of laughter went up, and good-natured frolics began as all the fellows swarmed from their places. Some one found the foot-ball, and it went banging about in the darkness regardless of heads.

"Light! Let there be light!"

"I want to go home!"

"Look out for the table, fellows!"

And above the pandemonium could be heard Hopkins angrily demanding that some one turn the light on again. Evan, in the thick of the swaying, laughing throng, felt a hand on his arm.

"This you, Evan?" whispered Rob's voice.

"Yes."

"This way, then, quietly. Make for the door."

Evan followed, and in another moment they were in the dimly lighted hall, running for their room. Once inside, Rob bolted the door and closed the transom. Then, much pleased with his strategy, he sat down on his bed and chuckled. From the other end of the hall came the sound of stampeding youths, and from the floor below Mr. McGill's deep voice:

"Fellows, be quiet up there! Go to your rooms!"

By the end of the first week of the term Evan had settled down into his appointed groove and school routine was in full swing. At lessons Evan was neither a dullard nor a wonder; just an average student. He soon found that if he gave a fair amount of time to study he got on very well in class, and that if he did n't he met with trouble. Having a good fund of common sense, he decided to keep out of trouble. At first it was n't easy to buckle down in the evenings to study, for Rob had a fashion of spending the study hour in working on his marvelous inventions and then burning the "midnight juice," as he called the electric light, until all hours. But after a while Evan got used to Rob's interruptions and accustomed to going asleep with the light shining in his face. At present Rob was very busy with a combined comb and brush for the use of travelers, the comb working on a pivot at the end of the brush handle and snapping back along the top of the brush when not in use. Rob was convinced that the invention was destined to a great future. He had discarded the foot-scraper, having discovered that its cost would prohibit its use to all save millionaires.

*(To be continued.)*



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"THE SECRET."

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## THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

### CHAPTER IX

#### RAMSEY HEIGHT

It was the following week that John Constable and Anthony planned an expedition into no-man's-land—the marsh country to the east of Judas Gap, where the smugglers, running from Antwerp and Rotterdam, were wont to land their freight. They had no other object in view than to sail the length of the creek, and down the estuary of the Stour to the junction of the Orwell, and, perhaps, if there was time, indulge in some fishing at the river's mouth.

They rose at four o'clock in the morning, which, in itself, was a masterful thing to do in the depth of winter. Their boat was moored in Dedham mill-pond. At Flatford they picked up Lott, with a frost-bitten nose and blowing upon his hands to keep them warm; and by sunrise they were alongside Judas Gap. Here it was necessary to land their cargo, such as it was—provisions for the day and fishing-tackle enough to deplete the German Ocean of fish. They carried the boat over the Gap, and launched her, safe and sound, in Judas Pool, where they set up the mast and sailed down to Manningtree.



Lott, who had grumbled considerably at starting, was now delighted that he had come. It was a clear and frosty morning. Aided by the river current and the outgoing tide, they sent their boat skimming down the estuary like a swallow on the wing.

John Constable sat silent in the bows, noting every change and effect of color in sea and sky and cloud. He loved the valley best in summer-time; but the cold, desolate beauty of the winter marshland, the dripping willows, and the flooded meadows was not lost upon the boy who was destined, in after years, to become one of the master landscape-painters of the world. He was all the time, howbeit unconsciously, receiving those impressions that were to make the name of Constable immortal.

They passed Harwich on the right, and anchored in midstream by Landguard Fort. They fished without success, and consoled themselves with a most prodigious meal.

They were about to weigh their anchor, when they saw, coming down-river, a wherry, with a brown sail and a lamp swinging at her peak. She was bearing straight upon them, and threatened to run them down. There seemed to be only one man on board, and he was looking back through a telescope in the direction of Ramsey Height.

Anthony gave out a loud "Ahoy!" and the man turned, putting his helm to port in the nick of time. The wherry passed within six feet of the boat.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" demanded Anthony Packe.

The man on the wherry never deigned a reply, though he gave out a snort like that of a pig. He looked at them for an instant, in something of surprise, and then, turning his back upon them, fixed his glass once more upon the crest of Ramsey Height.

But they had seen enough. Both Anthony and Constable knew him at a glance. It was the same man that, two years since, they had tracked from the Sun Inn to Judas Gap, upon the night the Vicomte landed, and whose name, they distinctly remembered, was Gipsy Yates.

They watched the wherry in silence, as she headed due east for the open sea. And then Anthony came out with a hearty laugh.

"Well," said he, "I thought I knew a fishing-wherry when I saw one; but it seems, with Mr. Yates on board, she's a smuggling craft, and nothing else."

"See," said Constable, pointing in the direction of the wherry, "she's turned a point to larboard; she's making straight for the Hook."

"Did you notice her headlight?" asked Lott.

"What about it?"

"Why, it was as big as a street lamp, and had green glass to it, as if it was meant for the starboard side."

"For signals," Anthony sagely observed. "She shows a light at sea, and they signal back whether the coast is clear."

"Sure enough," said Lott; "and they have a man on Ramsey Height; that was where he's looking, through his glass."

"Let's run into Harwich," said Constable, "and warn the custom-house."

But Anthony Packe gave a sniff of royal disdain. "And where's the fun in that?" he asked. "Not a bit of it," he went on. "We'll put back up-river. We'll land at Wrabness Wharf, climb up to Ramsey, and see for ourselves."

"It's a dangerous game," reflected Constable.

"And what about bed?" said Lott. "It means we'll have to spend the night at Manningtree."

"And I'll be the only one that will have to suffer for that," said Anthony; and he thought of his father's anger.

The thought seemed to weaken his resolution. For some moments he sat in the boat in silence, watching Yates's wherry out at sea. However, in the end the spirit of adventure was too strong for him. He decided the game was worth the candle, and, without a word, hauled up the anchor there and then.

Anthony's impetuosity was frequently most alarming. But this was an unusually daring scheme. "I shan't go," said Lott, who had never forgotten the night at Judas Gap.

"All right," said Anthony; "then you can stay at Wrabness, if you like; but, whether you come or not, I'm going up to Ramsey Height. The free-traders have now a signaling-station there; and I warrant the customs people know nothing at all about it."

"Then why not tell them?" Lott almost pleaded. "Why not tell them now?"

"And fine fools we would look," responded Anthony, "if there's nobody there at all. No, Willie; I'm going to make sure for myself."

There was no keeping him back, and they knew it. They hoisted the sail, and tacked up the wide estuary of the Orwell and the Stour, passing the shipping clustered in Harwich port.

The afternoon was already far advanced; and, fortunately for them, the tide had turned at two o'clock, else they had taken hours to reach Wrabness. As it was, the sun was setting by the time they had made fast the boat in a narrow creek.

Lott was still unwilling to accompany Anthony upon what he deemed a most foolhardy and senseless expedition. Constable, however, who could not let his younger friend go on alone, offered to

to move. And all the time the creaking noise went on, with short, irregular pauses that came at unexpected moments. The sharp click of a pistol lock, or even a shot itself, would, at last, have been welcome; for there is something awe-inspiring in that which we are at a loss to understand.

The fancy that there were no smugglers there at all, but that it was something supernatural, took strong hold upon them both.

There was no moon. They were still among the trees. It was so dark that they could not even see each other.

"We must go back," said Constable.

Anthony never answered. He, too, wished to be away, and owned it to himself, though something of shame possessed him, and he vowed that he would stand no ridicule from Willie Lott. For all that, he acquiesced.

Together they turned back. They had had enough of the darkness, and they made for the edge of the wood. The night was frosty and clear. When they came into the starlight, it was as if they stepped into the open light of day. It gave them courage at a bound. They each took a long breath; and then a sigh of relief escaped their lips. They could see the lights of Harwich, dotted at the river mouth, and all above them the stars, that spread a sheen upon the ocean at their feet. The creaking noise went on and on, but already they feared it less.

"Look there!" cried Constable, under his breath, clutching at Anthony's arm.

He pointed out to sea. Anthony Packe looked up. And there, far away in the night, upon the dark horizon, was a big green light that blinked like a sleepy cat.

"Yates!" said Anthony. "That 's Yates's wherry. We were right."

At that, he went down on hands and knees, and crawled toward the creaking sound. He had guessed already what it was, and was wondering why he had not thought of it at first.

He crept forward stealthily, across dead leaves and banks of moss, and presently came to a place where there was a glade upon the skirting of the wood.

The spot was admirably chosen; for trees surrounded it on every side, save that which faced the sea. Also, it lay some little distance back from the crest-line of the hill, so that neither the lights of the harbor, nor those of the shipping at anchor in the roads, were visible.

Anthony lay hidden in the darkness upon the edge of the glade, and peered boldly forward.

He saw a vertical wooden post, to which was attached a long crosspiece, resembling a pair of arms. The center of the crosspiece was but

loosely fixed to the head of the post, for at one end a man worked it, like the handle of a pump. At the other end was suspended a lighted lantern, that threw a bright green light upon the dead leaves on the ground.

The explanation was simplicity itself. When the man pumped with the crosspiece—which, of course, had all the time been responsible for the creaking sound—the lantern rose and fell. No doubt there was some manner of code between them; for the green light at sea seemed to answer him. Nor was this all; for the man, whose figure was silhouetted against the broad rays of light, was none other than Louis des Ormeaux, sometime a vicomte in France.

## CHAPTER X

### THE MAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

FOR some seconds Anthony Packe was too astounded to move. The thing was entirely absurd! The cultured and polished Louis des Ormeaux in league with common smugglers! He could not believe his eyes. And yet there was the man as large as life, with the ruffles about his wrists and the buckles upon his shoes.

Anthony drew away without a sound. But he had not gone fifteen paces than his eagerness, to tell John Constable of what he had seen, got the better of his wisdom, and he advanced more rapidly than was discreet. He trod on a twig that snapped; and then the creaking noise on a sudden ceased, and Anthony's heart stood still.

Constable must also have heard him; for, a moment afterward, he appeared at his comrade's side.

"What was it?" he asked.

"*Hist!*" whispered Anthony. And they waited with straining ears, scarcely daring to breathe.

There was a silence that seemed interminable; and then, much to their relief, the noise of the signaling began afresh. Doubtless the Vicomte had heard the sound of the breaking twig, but now put it down to a fox or a weasel, or some other nocturnal denizen of the wood.

A few minutes later, the boys, stealing through the wood toward the south, came out upon the main Harwich road. Thence they set off at a run, Anthony leading, and Constable at his heels, plying him with questions that he would not stop to answer.

It was then that a full moon rose in the south-east, and showed the highway as white as plaster on a wall.

They came, hot and panting, to the cross-roads where the ways branch off to Oakley and to Wrabness Wharf. And there they heard the clat-



ter of a horse's hoofs coming toward them on the London road.

Past a doubt their ears had been deafened by the sound of their own feet and heavy breathing, or they had heard the rider approaching long before they did. As it was, the man cantered up to the sign-post, where he reigned in, at the very moment that the two boys arrived at the same identical place. The horseman came from the direction of London, that is, from the west; in consequence, the moon was full in his face, and the boys had a clear view of the fellow, and retained for many years afterward a very distinct remembrance of the sight.

He was riding a gray thoroughbred, with a long mane and tail, that must have been nearly seventeen hands—though, as to this, there may very likely be a mistake, since the horse stood on the grass sward around the sign-post, that was several inches above the level of the road. In any case, it was a splendid animal, well bred and highly wrought; for it champed the bit and tossed its head and pawed upon the ground, and they could see the hot breath pumping from its nostrils. But it was the rider, more than the horse, that held their eyes. He sat upright in the saddle, as straight as a dart, with the reins in his left hand, and the other arm akimbo at his side. A long cloak, that looked black, but might very well have been green, had been thrown back from his right shoulder, disclosing a youthful figure, as slim and graceful as a girl's. When he cocked his head to look at the sign-board, the light of the moon fell full upon his face. And they saw that his features, saving the mouth and chin, were hidden behind a black mask, with little slits for eyes.

John Constable and Anthony Packe looked once, and then—questioned not the order of their going: they took to their heels and ran.

A hearty laugh sped after them, whereat they ran the faster. Smugglers were one thing, but they had never bargained to encounter a "gentleman of the road."

To their utmost alarm, the man started in pursuit; they heard the horse spring off upon the Wrabness road. They were about to break through the hedge and gain the shelter of the wood, when the highwayman drew up abreast of them, seizing Anthony by the collar of his coat.

John could not desert his comrade, but, with all his lung power, let out, "Mercy, sir! We'll give you all we've got!" and fumbling in his pockets, produced fourpence in cash, a lampblack crayon, and a broken knife.

The highwayman inspected this valuable booty by the light of the moon, and then, giving the

crayon and the knife back to Constable, pocketed the fourpence on the spot.

"Thankee for nothing," said he, and, turning to Anthony, "Maybe you can do a trifle better than that?"

Anthony had two shillings, which the highwayman took.

"But I'd never gallop my horse twenty yards for the sake of two and fourpence," said he; "though, to be sure, these hard times, I'd not turn up my nose at even that. What I want, of one or the other of you, is information. The sign-post tells me naught but Harwich—London, and Oakley—Wrabness Wharf, whereas I'm overdue on Ramsey Height. To be quite precise," he added, "and of course in perfect confidence, I'm engaged to meet with a very particular friend."

Anthony Packe on a sudden lost his breath. This thing was going from bad to worse. It was more than a mystery now. So Monsieur des Ormeaux, whose illustrious father had stepped the floors of the Tuileries in the days of the Grand Monarque, was consorting with smugglers and highwaymen in the land to which he had fled for his life.

Anthony, who naturally did not enlighten the highwayman that he knew who this particular friend happened to be, put the man upon the road.

"Thankee kindly," said he, as he turned his horse's head. "Good night t' ye; and you're in luck that good fortune never put it into my power to lighten your pockets of more." Then he changed the tone of his voice. "And mind," he growled, "not a word! Keep still about me, both of you, or, if ever we meet again, I'll—"

He produced from under his cloak a heavy horse-pistol, that he held by the muzzle and shook.

"So now ye know," he warned them. And at that, clapping spurs to the gray horse, he went cantering down the road, whistling like a link-boy, with the pistol still in his hand.

"Well," said Anthony, when the man had turned off upon the Harwich road, "wonders will never cease!"

Constable, misunderstanding his meaning, vowed that it was indeed a most eventful night.

"Do you know who this friend is?" cried Anthony. "Do you know what I saw on Ramsey Height?"

"I've asked you a hundred times already," said Constable. "Perhaps you'll tell me now?"

"Why, this rogue's 'particular friend' is none other than the Frenchman who lives with us." And thereupon Anthony told his friend of everything he had seen.

As they alternately walked and ran to Wrabness Wharf, they discussed the question in every possible light, but nohow could they explain the matter at all. Neither had Willie Lott any suggestion to proffer. It seemed inexplicable to them that such a man as des Ormeaux should stoop to smuggling and open robbery for gold. Yet, certain it was that, when the Vicomte landed in England, he had, upon his own assertion, only one louis d'or, three francs, and twenty-five centimes; and now he had money enough and to spare. It was true he had a ready explanation that the funds had come from France, but this might very well be false. Anthony no longer trusted him. The man was a villain, from his braided hat to his shoes. Anthony, now, had not the faintest doubt.

None the less, what business had brought him to Ramsey Height in the darkness, to signal to a smuggler out at sea, was as great a mystery as before; and the fact that a highwayman, masked and armed, was to meet him there took them no step nearer to the solving of the riddle.

They talked it over, again and again, until they were come to Mannintree, where they left the boat, and set off toward Dedham across the fields. Lott left them at the lane that leads down to Flatford Bridge; and before they parted company they were all agreed to keep secret the little they knew. Anthony suggested that they should keep close watch upon the Vicomte, in the hope that further evidence might come to hand; and to this, also, his companions agreed.

They now entered upon a period of vigilance. During the weeks that followed, Anthony Packe and Monsieur des Ormeaux watched each other with growing suspicion. In courage there was not a pin to choose between them. But the Vicomte was as sly as a mole, and before long he felt perfectly convinced in his own mind that the boy knew something of his affairs. He was, however, outwardly most polite.

As for Anthony, he was still determined to keep an eye on the Vicomte and find out something more. Upon three separate occasions, when my lord had gone abroad, in rainy weather when the roads were deep in mire, Anthony had followed the track of his horse's hoofs along the Suffolk side; and each time des Ormeaux had taken the Freston road.

Upon the last of these, in the vicinity of East Bergholt, Anthony was diligently pursuing the hoof-prints of the horse that the Vicomte had got from the Squire, when the man himself suddenly came forth of the door of a roadside inn, and caught the boy red-handed at his work.

Anthony was too taken aback to speak a word. He turned white, and then red, and finally laughed, without a cause.

Monsieur des Ormeaux was perfectly self-possessed.

"A strange coincidence," said he; "a strange coincidence, indeed!"

"Very," answered Anthony, which was about the best he could do.

"I think no such thing," sings out the Vicomte. "You know very well that you are not here by chance." Then, for the first time, Anthony saw him angered. His eyes flashed fire, and he rapped his boot with his cane. "Let me tell you this," he cried; "you are very incautious to meddle in my affairs. Let me see no more of it! I warn you, you are already on dangerous ground."

By now, Anthony had gained something of his presence of mind. He was willing enough, if there was need, to come to blows with the man. He spoke very calmly, with discretion beyond his years.

"Sir," said he, "I know not what affairs you can have in this country that you must hold secret from my father and myself—"

But here the Vicomte took him up.

"Nor have you right to know," he snarled, showing how easily a crafty man may display his weakness before the frankness of a boy.

"On the contrary," said Anthony, quite calmly, "seeing that you have come to our land for protection, and that you are dependent upon my father's hospitality and the goodness of his heart, I think that we have every right to know."

The Vicomte thought for a moment. He saw that he must keep his temper; he recognized the necessity for restraint. He indulged in a pinch of snuff, but said never a word.

At that, they parted, Anthony leaving the Vicomte standing without the inn.

And if Master Anthony's thoughts were impolite, those of Monsieur des Ormeaux were black indeed. He looked after the boy with a mouth screwed sideways.

"Ah, my little friend," he whispered, "you warn me that the time has come to act. Very well. Within a week the blow shall fall: I'll bring the house about your ears."

At that, he whipped round upon his heel, entered the stable-yard of the inn, and paying the hostler royally, mounted the chestnut horse.

Once more upon the road, he broke into a headlong gallop. Nor did he draw rein until he was over Freston Hill, and had come to the cottage of Gipsy Yates, where he rapped on the gate with his cane.

*(To be continued.)*



# THE BROWNIES' ICE-HARVEST

BY PALMER COX



"WHEN BROWNIES REACHED THEIR MEETING-GROUND."

WHEN Brownies reached their meeting-ground,  
One thus remarked to those around:  
"Attention give! All signs have told  
That, though the winter may be cold,  
It will be short, so we should try  
And early get our ice supply.  
Though now you 're cold, and maybe think  
You 'll never want a cooling drink,  
You 'll surely sing another note  
Next summer with a parching throat!"

Another said: "At work we 'll go  
Upon the river here below.  
At cutting bread and cake and cheese,  
Or cutting shines, we hold the keys,  
And we 'll not take the second place  
To creatures called the human race  
At cutting ice, as will appear  
When we get down to business here."  
The way they cut, and scored and sawed,  
And pried the blocks, both long and broad,

Would make one wonder who was late  
To hear about their mystic trait,  
Or learn that every touch will tell  
With Brownies, if we know them well.

Some pieces drifted, as they will  
When they are counted safe and still;  
And then it was no pleasant play  
To drag them landward in dismay —  
A group that well might laughter wake,  
Were not the lives of all at stake.

At times they slipped, as folk will do  
However well they plant the shoe,  
For ice, since first it spanned a stream,  
Could cheat the eyes, and bring the scream,  
And prove itself, from end to end  
Through frosty lands, the doctor's friend.

The job was cold, but inward heat  
Kept them aglow from head to feet,

And no great sympathy we need  
To waste upon the elfin breed,  
But save it for our own poor brood,  
Whose supernatural traits are crude.

Some seemed to be below as much  
As on the surface, through the touch  
Of sad mishaps that rudely shoved  
Them from positions which they loved,

It was no shallow river small,  
But one great stream a mouth for all,  
Where fish that haunt the ocean bed  
Were in great plenty spawned and fed,  
And had a certain way to hide  
Whatever left the upper side.

But haply friends were near at hand  
With ropes and poles to meet demand,



"THE WAY THEY CUT, AND SCORED AND SAWED."

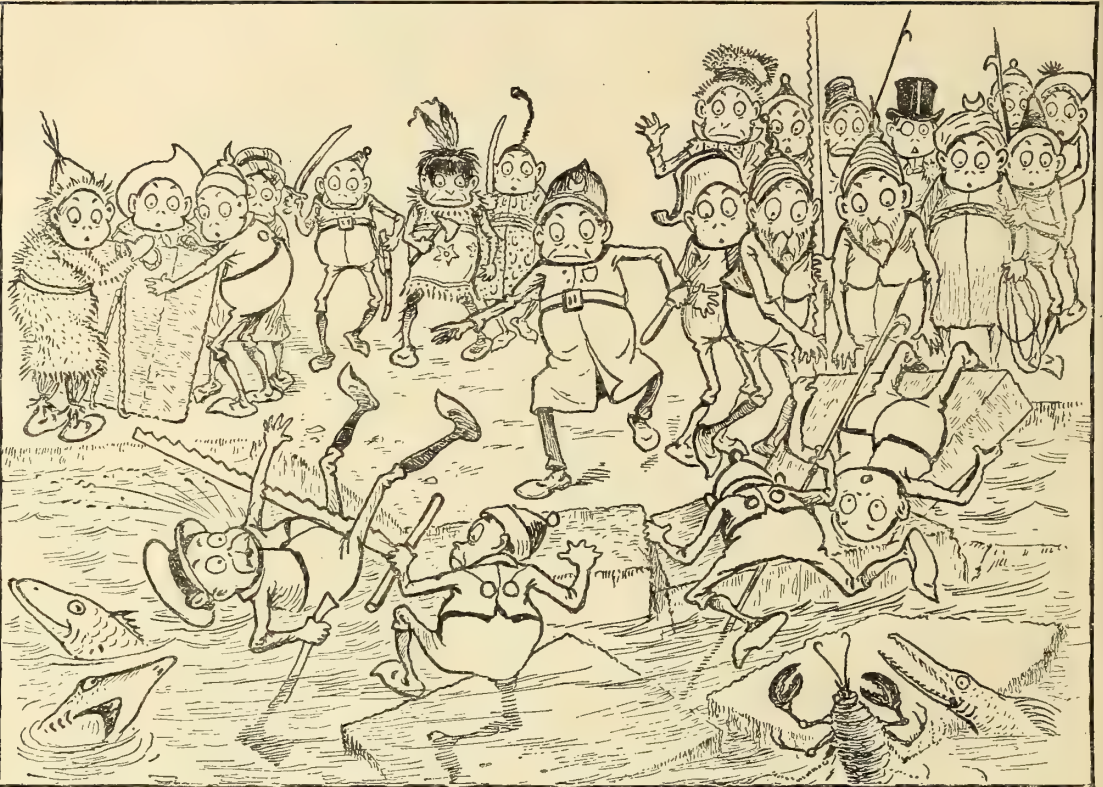
Till with a splash and scream of fright  
They woke the echoes of the night.

Then what cared they in such a phase  
For cooling drinks or sultry days?  
And for the time in every mind  
All other thoughts were left behind.

And scaly rogues that thought, at least,  
To get a snack, if not a feast,  
Were disappointed in their aim,  
And had the active friends to blame.

A Brownie cried: "In summer's heat  
We knew that fish were keen to eat,





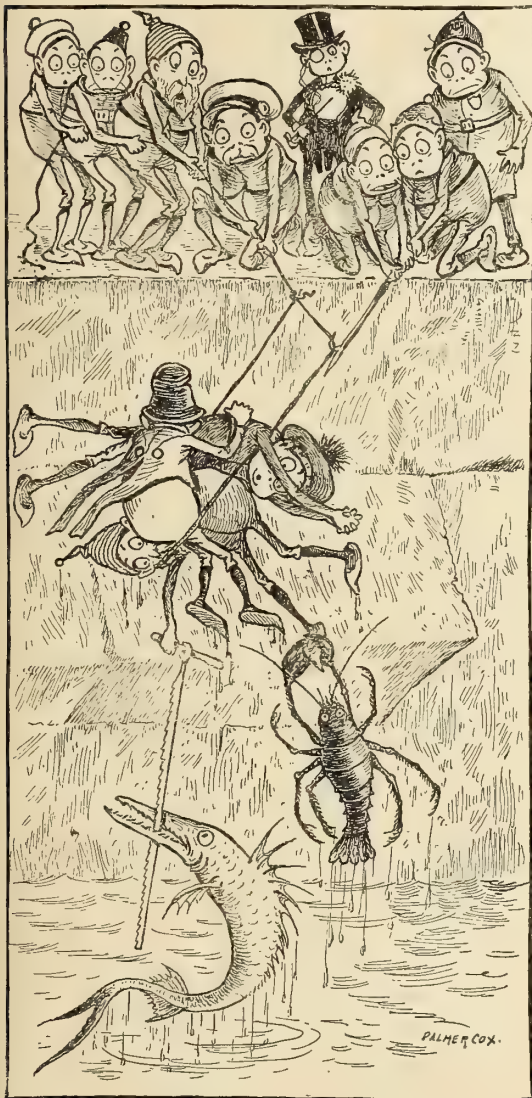
"AT TIMES THEY SLIPPED, AS FOLK WILL DO."



PALMER COX.

"AND THEN IT WAS NO PLEASANT PLAY TO DRAG THEM LANDWARD IN DISMAY."

But when the snow hid stream and moor,  
 'T was said their appetite was poor.  
 But one should not give too much ear  
 To silly rumors floating near,  
 Yet here we find beyond a doubt  
 They 're on the watch the year about."



"BUT HAPLY FRIENDS WERE NEAR AT HAND  
 WITH ROPES AND POLES TO MEET DEMAND."

In time their work began to tell,  
 And teams were found that answered well  
 To bit and rein, without a blow,  
 And at a haul were nothing slow.  
 But ice proved an uncertain load,  
 And there was trouble on the road.  
 For those who had the topmost seat  
 Were almost sure distress to meet,

And, without any skates supplied,  
 They found excitement in a slide.



"FOR THOSE WHO HAD THE TOPMOST SEAT  
 WERE ALMOST SURE DISTRESS TO MEET."

"We have abundance for our need,"  
 Said one; "so let us banish greed,



"WE 'LL LEAVE A CAKE AT EVERY DOOR."

And, all along, a mile or more,  
 Let 's leave a cake at every door,  
 And to the husband and the wife  
 'T will be a wonder all their life."



## TAKING CAREFUL AIM

MANY a boy misses becoming a great man, many a girl misses becoming a great woman, by failing to take good aim. It's important to find out as early as we can just what we can do, what our special talent is, and then direct our utmost energies at that one target.

The men of single, concentrated purpose are the ones who accomplish the hard things of the world. Years ago a number of school-boys, members of a Philadelphia school, were taken by their teachers to Washington to see President Lincoln in the White House.

When the ceremonies were over, Mr. Lincoln turned to the boys.

"Boys," he said, a kindly smile playing about his features, "do the teachers in your school teach you how to *load, take aim, and fire?* Do they teach you the importance of hitting the target every time?

"I've known some people," the President went on, "who had fine-looking guns, but they just went out and blazed away without much aim, and they did n't amount to much. It's a great thing to have good guns. But any kind of a gun that *hits the mark* is better than any other kind that does n't. An insignificant mustard-shot that *hits the target*, boys, is better than a United States army shell that goes whizzing away in space and aimlessly explodes."

In these words Mr. Lincoln was emphasizing, in language the boys could understand, the need of concentrated purpose for any one who expected really to accomplish something in the world. Concentrated purpose is taking careful aim.

And he was himself an excellent illustration of the lesson that he was trying to teach.

Whatever he did he did with all his might. He attended faithfully to the object in hand and did nothing by halves. He kept his wits so intensely directed to what he was doing, and worked so efficiently and well, that he was in the *habit* of accomplishing what he set out to do.

A person may have a whole series of bewildering talents, but if they are scattered and ill directed, nothing will be accomplished. Concentration is the key.

We all know how it is with scattered clouds of steam as they rise, gracefully and harmlessly, in the atmosphere. But if those same clouds of steam were confined under pressure in a boiler and in connection with an engine, they would have the power to lift us or speed us across the continents and oceans.

A boy is fond of reading. But his reading is objectless. Now, if he would only properly direct his efforts along this line, concentrate them on a particular branch of study, he would obtain results that would astonish himself. And his objectless reading would soon be transformed into actual mastery of a literature or science.

It's the same with artists and housekeepers and students, and business men and women, and budding lawyers and doctors and farmers. Whatever line of endeavor we may be engaged in, the principle must hold good.

That is what the President meant. The key to mastery in any and every department of life is concentrated purpose.

Stephen Innes.

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## MELITTA

DEAR little lass from far away,  
You're called Melitta, so they say,  
And out beyond the ocean's foam  
In fair Vienna is your home.  
But here a welcome waits for you,  
With flowing curls and eyes of blue;  
You need not speak to make a friend,  
Just smile on us and gain your end.  
We should not understand a word  
Of German—is n't that absurd,  
When you can chatter all day long  
In nothing else? The very song

That woos your drowsy eyes to close  
Has words each German mother knows.

But Russian, French, or Austrian,  
Or born in Persia or Japan,  
It matters not.  
The magic spell  
Of babyhood we know so well  
Is yours, and with its sorcery  
You win all hearts, where'er they be.  
The witch by whom the world's beguiled—  
A sunny-hearted little child.

F. W. M.



By permission of V. A. Heck, Vienna.

"MELITTA."

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# THE METHODS OF MAGICIANS

BY HENRY HATTON AND

ADRIAN PLATE

## THE COFFEE TRICK

A TRICK always popular with the professional conjurer is that known as the "Coffee Trick," though some "highfalutin" title, as, for instance, "Marabout Mocha," is better for a program. It has the advantage, too, of not conveying any idea of what the trick is to be. The trick is as suitable for the drawing-room as for the stage, and the amateur, with a little practice, may do it easily. Remember, *with a little practice*, for, like everything in conjuring, not only a little but sometimes a great deal of practice is necessary if the performer desires to do his tricks with ease and skill and so as to bewilder his audience.

When about to present this trick the performer has on a table three wooden boxes, a large goblet-shaped glass jar, and two German silver "shakers" or cups, such as are used in mixing the lemon-juice, ice, etc., for a glass of lemonade. In one of the boxes is a quantity of bran, in another some pieces of chopped-up white paper, and in the third a similar lot of blue paper. These, with two pieces of black velvet, each about nine inches square, and a paper cylinder, are all that *appear* to be used in the trick. Picking up one shaker, the performer fills it with white paper, and immediately pours it back into the box. Again he dips the shaker into the box, and, with a shoveling motion, fills it and stands it on a table so that every one may see it. The other shaker he fills in the same way, but with the blue paper. Finally, the glass jar is filled with bran and stood on a table by itself. Over one shaker is spread one of the velvet squares and on top of it is placed a small, round, metal plate. The other shaker is covered with the second velvet square, but without any metal plate.

"Remember," says the performer, "this cup is



THE COFFEE TRICK.

filled with white paper, and that one with blue"; and pulling the velvet piece off one cup he pours from it into a small pitcher about a pint of milk. "The milk of human kindness, as extracted from the daily press." Removing the metal plate and the velvet from the second cup, he pours from it into the first cup "steaming mocha coffee. No grounds for complaint." Picking up the paper cylinder, he drops it over the upper part of the glass jar, and lifting it up almost immediately, it is found that the bran is gone and the jar is filled with lump sugar.

It is a showy trick which is generally followed by applause, that sweetest of music to a performer.

In each box of paper is a duplicate shaker, one filled with milk, the other with coffee. Fitted into the mouth of each shaker is a shallow metal saucer, the edges flaring out so as to rest on the mouth of the cup. At one point on the edge of each saucer is soldered a semicircle of stiff wire about the size of a dime, so that the performer may easily grasp it. On each saucer is glued some bits of the paper with which the shaker is supposed to be filled. These shakers stand upright

in the box, in such position that the wire piece of the saucer will be toward the performer when he is ready to remove the velvet cover. As he shovels the paper into the shaker he leaves that one in the box, grasps the other filled with milk or coffee, and brings it out, some of the loose bits of paper clinging round the top. These he brushes off carelessly, and in doing so, when necessary, adjusts the shaker so that the wire finger-piece will be in the proper position. In covering the shakers the performer takes hold of the velvet covers so that the thumb and the third and fourth fingers are under the cover, and with these he catches hold of the projecting finger-piece, lifts up the saucers and draws them off, dropping them instantly into a padded box or a bag fastened at the back of the table.

As the glass jar is transparent it follows that a mere saucer of bran in its mouth would not do, so resort is had to another device. A hollow shape of tin, slightly tapering, that fits loosely in the jar is used. The larger end, which is the top, is closed while the bottom is open. From the top is a fine stiff wire passing from one side to the other. It describes a small bow that serves as a handle to lift out the shape. Bran is glued over the outside of the shape and some loose bran is spread over the top. The shape is filled with lump sugar, placed inside a second jar and stood inside the box of bran. When the first jar is put into the box, ostensibly to be filled, the performer exchanges it for the second. This he takes out and shows it apparently filled with bran. It is covered with the paper cylinder, which goes on loosely, and in removing this the performer slips one finger under the wire handle, lifts out the shape, and the sugar falls into the jar. As the shape is taken out, the performer's hand passes carelessly over the box of bran, into which the shape is dropped. At almost the same moment the paper is crumpled up, and tossed into the audience. The trick is so neatly done, and is, withal, so simple, that he must be a bungler, indeed, who cannot deceive even a clever audience.

As a pretty wind-up for the trick let me suggest the following: Have a large cup, in the shape of a coffee-cup, made of tin and painted white so as to resemble china. The inside of the cup is divided in two by a partition. At one side of this partition, in the bottom of the cup, is cut a small hole. The other side of the partition is filled with paper "snow," that is, tiny bits of white paper.

Set the cup in a *very deep* saucer. After the performer has produced the coffee, he pours out some for himself, using the trick cup. Of course, the coffee is poured into that side of the cup that has the hole in the bottom. The result is, the coffee runs out into the saucer, but the audience cannot see this. When the cup is apparently full, the performer walks down to the footlights, cup in hand, indulges in a little pantomime to convey the idea that he is about to drink the health of the audience, and then, suddenly, and to their astonishment, blowing into the cup, throws the contents of the cup toward them—and instead of coffee it is only a little cloud of bits of white



"HE SUDDENLY THROWS THE CONTENTS OF THE CUP TOWARD THEM."

paper. It is amusing to see the startled look on the faces nearest the performer; and the trick, as we have said, makes a pretty ending to the evening's performance.



# PIETRO

BY MARY K. MAULE

"Jus' li'le way more, Pietro; see, good boy, jus' li'le way more! Then maybe we get good supper and ni-ise warm bed, eh?"

Jerking persuasively at the chain, and patting the rough coat of the weary, foot-sore little brown bear that followed him, the Italian bent his head to shield his face from the cutting wind, and pulled the collar of his thin, ragged coat more closely about his throat.

"It is ver' far, eh, Pietro?" he continued. "Ver' long way to walk on our own feet, eh, li'le good boy? But we must come to the city, Pietro, to the big place where there is mucha mon'. We see mucha bad times lately, and Tony and Pietro ver' tired and ver' cold and ver' hungry, eh?"

The little brown bear came closer, and rubbed his nose against his master's leg with a low, whining growl, as if in assent to his statements.

"This ver' hard country on you an' me, Pietro," the shivering little man went on, digging his blue hands deep into his pockets and jerking his coat-collar up to his ears; "not like our country, far away home, where the sun all time shine, and no snow come to make men and bears go hungry. Wish we back there now, Pietro. This bad time. All children she stay in house all day, and when we play and dance nobody come to give us money. Yesterday no money, day before no money, to-day no money—an' you an' me no eat for two, t'ree day."

The light snow blew in eddying flurries about their heads, the daylight waned and faded, and a sharp, bitter night began to descend over the snow-sprinkled fields, as man and beast trudged wearily on, hoping to reach the streets of the city before dark.

Tony kept a sharp lookout for lights, as they went along, hoping to find some outlying residence or road-house where they might earn a few pennies to pay for their night's lodging. But no such place came in sight.

It grew much colder as the darkness fell, and the man and the bear staggered as they walked.

Tony was too weak and depressed even to talk; but grimly, and in silence, they plodded on for many miles. Suddenly he stumbled and fell, and sank back upon the snow with a weary moan.

"Tony all use' up, Pietro," he groaned; "Tony can't go any more to-night. Come, li'le boy, we got make some kind o' bed here."

Hunting about he found a little copse, and burrowing far back among the leaves under the

bushes, he scooped a place free from snow, and lay down upon the ground.

Pietro, who appeared exceedingly displeased with this arrangement, growled and whined and tugged at his chain, looking off down the road and protesting to the best of his ability against this rash practice of going supperless to bed.

When he became satisfied at last that his master did not intend to go farther, he crawled into the hole beside him, and with a low whine lay down, nestling his shaggy head upon Tony's breast, and gazing into his face with a world of brutish devotion in his beady little black eyes.

"Li'le good boy, li'le good boy," murmured Tony, wrapping his arms about the bear's neck, and resting his pale, pinched face upon them.

It was not very cold in the sheltered hollow, and, hungry as he was, Pietro soon slept.

But Tony could not sleep.

With his arms still about the neck of the little brown bear, and his body screened from the cold wind by the shaggy coat of his friend, he lay long looking out under the bushes, the cravings of hunger, the smarting of despair, the pangs of utter discouragement tugging at his heart.

He coughed continually as he lay on the cold ground, a racking, hacking cough, which boded ill for the future.

When daylight came, they crawled from their nest, and hurried away to where, low on the horizon, a heavy cloud of black smoke indicated the location of the great city.

But the city was a long way off, and as it was cold and early, they did not meet a single soul for whom Pietro could perform his tricks to earn them a little breakfast.

It was noon when they reached the city, so cold, so weak, so famishing, that they could scarcely drag their stiffened limbs through the streets.

At the door of a cheap hotel, where a small crowd of men were gathered, Tony unslung his hand-organ and began to play, and, weak though he was, poor Pietro rose up on his hind legs, and, bringing his staff to a "present arms," began waltzing dizzily around in a weak imitation of his usual sprightly dance. The men roared.

"Ho! do you call that dancing?" asked one.

"Egscuse, gentlemen," said Tony, hat in hand; "Pietro he not well. We have not had anything to eat for two, t'ree days, Pietro and me."

"You have n't?" shouted the hotel-keeper. "Then you shall now. Come on, bring in your

bear; he 's a gentleman, and he shall have a good meal with us. Here, Jim, set 'em up to this man and his bear, the best you 've got. The treat is on the house." There was a kindliness in the invitation that outweighed the somewhat coarse language in which it was expressed.

When a hearty meal, a genial fire, and a good rest had somewhat restored the wayfarers, Tony called to Pietro that he must do his best to entertain his host and benefactors, and Pietro, after rubbing his nose against his master's face, danced,

shaken hands all round, Tony left them, saying that the day was short, and he had to get to work to earn a bed that night.

Then, although it was still bitterly cold, and the sharp wind made Tony's teeth chatter and his chest wheeze, they started out into the more fashionable portion of the city, and up one street and down another they went, Tony playing his most enticing airs, while Pietro marched beside him with his plumed hat cocked rakishly upon the side of his head. But no pennies fell from upper



"PIETRO CAPERED GRAVELY, TO THE INTENSE DELIGHT OF AN EVER-INCREASING CROWD OF SMALL BOYS, NURSES, AND LITTLE GIRLS."

and wrestled, and marched, and drilled, as he had never done before.

"Bravo!" shouted the men, laughing and clapping. "He 's the best I ever saw," said the hotel-keeper; "you ought to sell him to a circus."

Absorbed as they were in Pietro's tricks, they did not observe the Italian's face, nor see that, time and again, he had to play with one hand, while he drew the other across his eyes in a weak and weary way.

When Pietro had danced, and wrestled, and climbed, and drilled, when he had marched with a pipe in his mouth and his master's hat upon his head, and when he had made a bow and politely

windows, no nickels and dimes came from the tightly closed doors.

"The season is over, Pietro," said Tony, sadly, strapping his organ on his back and starting on; "it is no use. Come, li'le good boy; you, at leas', shall not suffer."

It was growing dusk in the park and the nurses were beginning to take their charges home, when a thin, gaunt, hollow-eyed Italian, leading a shaggy little brown bear, appeared at the gates.

"Salute the little ladies, Pietro," he said sadly; and then added, as if speaking to himself—"for the last time, li'le good boy; for the last time!"



Then turning to the bear, he commanded him to stand up, and, unslinging his hand-organ, began a lively air, to which Pietro capered gravely, to the intense delight of an ever-increasing crowd of small boys, nurses, and little girls.

When the bear had gone through his whole repertoire, Tony touched his ragged cap, strapped his organ on his back, and moved away, his eyes too dim to see if a shower of pennies was following him.



"CAP IN HAND, TONY APPROACHED THE MANAGER OF THE PARK ZOO."

Leading the bear behind him, he passed through the park gates, and when a wrathful policeman bore down upon him, asked meekly where he could find the "animal man."

"Who? Professor Barthold? What do you want with him? Here he comes now."

Cap in hand, Tony approached the manager of the park Zoo, and said: "Egscuse, sir, that I stop you, but I would ask do you not want a little bear?"

"A bear? Not that little mangy critter, surely."

"But he is ver' fine bear, sir; he not look good now, because he has had ver' hard times. Me and Pietro have been ver' poor, and often have had nothing to eat for many days. But Pietro he is ver' good li'le bear. He can dance, and march, and do many funny trick' to make the children laugh. I—I would not part with Pietro—he is like my li'le child—only—"

The tremulous voice broke, and the manager of the Zoo looked in surprise at the thin brown face that quivered piteously, and at the tears that streamed down the haggard cheeks.

"Once we make much money, Pietro and me," he went on; "I grind my li'le organ and Pietro he dance; and the ladies and li'le children they throw mucha money down in the street. But bimeby I got sick; I got ver' bad cough. I—I think I die pretty soon, and I want Pietro be happy. So I bring him here. I know he get lots good food here, and keep warm, and not have to suffer—not have to starve."

"But, my good fellow," said the manager, "of course I would do anything I could for Pietro and you, but, you see, he is only a very common little bear, and I could not buy—"

"I no aska you to buy," cried Tony, a red flush springing up into his hollow cheeks; "I no want money for my Pietro; I giva heem—I present my Pietro to the city."

The air of mournful dignity with which the words were spoken aroused the manager's sympathy.

"By George!" he exclaimed, reaching out and patting Pietro's forehead warmly, "I see your point. That 's mighty square of you. I can appreciate what it would mean to you to part with your little bear.

I am an animal lover myself, and I know, after living with this little chap so long and teaching and training him, what it would be to you to give him up."

"Yes," cried Tony, the tears slowly chasing one another down his cheeks, and the bright, hectic color flaming in his pale face, "you know? Ah, yes, I have my Pietro since he was li'le cub. He sleep with me at night, he follow me around all day. I have no wife, no babies, no sister, no brother—all in old country—Pietro he all I have."

"And yet you would give him up rather than have him go through what you have to endure yourself! Well, that 's what I call love. Now, my good fellow, I will tell you what I will do. I 'll take Pietro, but not as a gift, merely as a loan. I 'll keep him and take care of him for you this winter, and you shall have him back as lively as a cricket in the spring. How will that do?"

Tony's face was a queer mixture of joy, grief, amazement, woe, and relief.

"We-ell," he answered weakly, "you are ver' kind man, and I thank you ver' much. I—yes, it is best for Pietro; he will be warm here, and—"

"Well, bring him in, then, and we will find a nice little house for him."

Reluctantly Tony gathered up the chain and followed the keeper into the animal house, a homesick anguish tugging at his heart.

When a comfortable cage had been selected, he led Pietro up to it, dropped to his knees beside him, and clasped his arms about the bear's neck.

"Good-by, Pietro," he sobbed; "good-by, my li'l good boy; maybe Tony not never see you again. Don't forget me, Pietro, 'cause you got good warm house and plenty food, don't forget that when Tony cold and hungry he glad you here. Maybe Tony he die pretty soon, then he glad his Pietro in good place!"

"Oh, come now," broke in the "animal man" huskily, "you must n't talk like that! You 're

not going to die, man! Listen now! I 've been looking for a good man to help around the Zoo, a good, all-around fellow that likes animals and knows that they have feelings. I have n't been able to find the kind of a man that I have wanted, but I believe you are just the chap. Now what would you say to giving up that notion of dying and coming out here to work for me?"

For a moment Tony looked at him, speechless. Then a flush rose up in his sallow face, his eyes brightened, and he said eagerly: "What you mean? Work here in park? Take care of—of all animals—and—and—see Pietro every day?"

The "animal man" nodded. "That 's what I mean."

Tony's face was radiant. "Then I say all ri', that good enough for me. I guess I no die—I get well and take care of Pietro. I come back to-morrow. I guess—" with a shrug and a grin—"I guess I present Tony to city park, too."



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

#### MAKE-BELIEVE

ON this snowy, slushy day I like to think of that other world that lies so close to this one, and yet that is also so far away that some people, in all the years of their life in one, have never so much as dreamed of the other. This other, elusive world is, of course, the world of make-believe, the world where things happen differently; the world you see through

Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in fairy-lands;

the world where immense adventures happen as easily as flowers grow, where wreaths of smoke turn into men, and men into wreaths of smoke;

where pirates still shout fiercely from their quarter-decks, and galleons sink grandly in a purple sea; where strange islands guard stranger secrets, and lie conveniently in the path of castaways, who immediately fashion most wonderful things for themselves with only a clasp-knife, luckily saved, and live gaily and sufficiently on mollusks. (For a long while I imagined mollusks to be a special, remarkable food found only on desert islands in tales of adventure.)

Oh, lovely world, where every open door may give upon a mystery, where a pot of gold may hide beneath any stone, or any sandy beach show the footprint of a "man Friday!" There are people who will tell you that this wonderful world does



not exist at all, and would n't be worth while if it did. Don't you believe them, boys and girls. They are like those other people who are color-blind and who will insist that there is no such color as red. There is n't, as far as they are concerned; but that is no reason why, for you, the geranium should not flame among its leaves.

#### OPEN SESAME!

THERE are many gates that lead into this charming world, but the key to all of them lies in you. You yourself own that golden key, and unless you thrust it into the lock you can never go through into the world beyond them. Once inside, you need no help. A cold and sullen day like this changes at once into an enchanted palace. Perhaps a stream of clear water is flowing through the arched doorway, on which floats a golden shallop. You step aboard, and away you go, drifting from one miraculous happening to another. The whispering waters tell you wonderful things, the vaulted palace roof reaches up into vague spaces of splendor, and on you go, "through caverns measureless to man," on one of those voyages of the fancy that are more beautiful than words can say.

#### "AND SCHEHERAZADE BEGAN . . ."

MANY of the gates into this world are in books. Here, for instance, is a mighty one, all turreted and carved, with gold and ivory fretwork, with little odd windows behind which you catch a gleam of dark eyes and the embroidered glitter of a jeweled veil. Beneath the great arch flows a stream of splendid and fantastic creatures—laden camels from whose head-dresses hang scarlet tassels, led along by wild-eyed Arabs or negroes gorgeous in blue and gold; white horses on which ride slender, active men wearing turbans and armor all damascened in intricate patterns; ladies in palanquins, beggars, slaves, magicians in flowing robes—a multitude of persons moving through a dust of diamond powder. Through the gate comes also the murmur of strange words and stranger music, and a fragrance of attar of roses and incense. See, a huge camel is kneeling at your feet! Up with you, and into the Arabian Nights beside Scheherazade. How many thousands, yes millions, have gone through that gate before you! Far back in the olden days the dark-skinned Arabs began the building of this gate, as they sat in a silent circle around one of their number, who spoke to them, standing in the center, making soft and graceful gestures, leading them along the wonderful path of adventures. All the curious life and belief of

the Orient went into its making. And gradually all the world has learned the way to it, has studied the strange inscriptions which decorate it, has sat at the feet of the Arab story-teller, or ridden beside the Persian caravans, listening to the wonderful tales they tell. Possibly no other collection of stories has had so world-wide an audience. For until quite recently many things came out of the mysterious East—carpets and jewels and perfumes and embroideries and stories—but very little went into it. So the little Turkish boy and girl are quite as familiar with the adventures of Sindbad or the astonishing occurrences that befell the three Calendars as you can possibly be; but they have never heard of Grimm's stories, or the "Wonder Book," or the fables of La Fontaine.

#### "MANY A WESTERING ISLAND"

ANOTHER splendid gate into this delectable world is called "Treasure Island" and was built by Robert Louis Stevenson. We all know that one of the greatest joys of life is the search for buried treasure. We are most of us at it in one way or another, for the matter of that, but few of us get the chance to seek for it in the only real way, that, namely, of sailing away in a ship with an almost undecipherable chart in our locker and a wild crew in the forecabin. So we have to do the next best thing, and read how more fortunate folk managed the business—folk to whom gorgeous adventures happen so commonly that they take them as easily as you do your breakfast.

Stevenson lived a large part of his life in the world of which we have been speaking. He got well into it when he was a child, and he liked it so much that he never went very far from it. Of course he was running up against all sorts of adventures all the time; luckily he understood better than most how to tell of these to the rest of us, and "Treasure Island" is one of these splendid accounts.

It is full of real pirate doings, and it makes you fearfully scared any number of times, just as any real pirate story should. There is a parrot in it who is a most remarkable bird, and the boy to whom the adventures happen gets into some terribly tight places and has the most hairbreadth escapes. The treasure is a splendid treasure, consisting as it does of quantities of "pieces of eight," which are old coins from Portugal of the heaviest gold, and of jewels by the handful. The wicked old pirates have a terrible song they sing, which you simply can't read without shouting, it shouts so well—try—

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

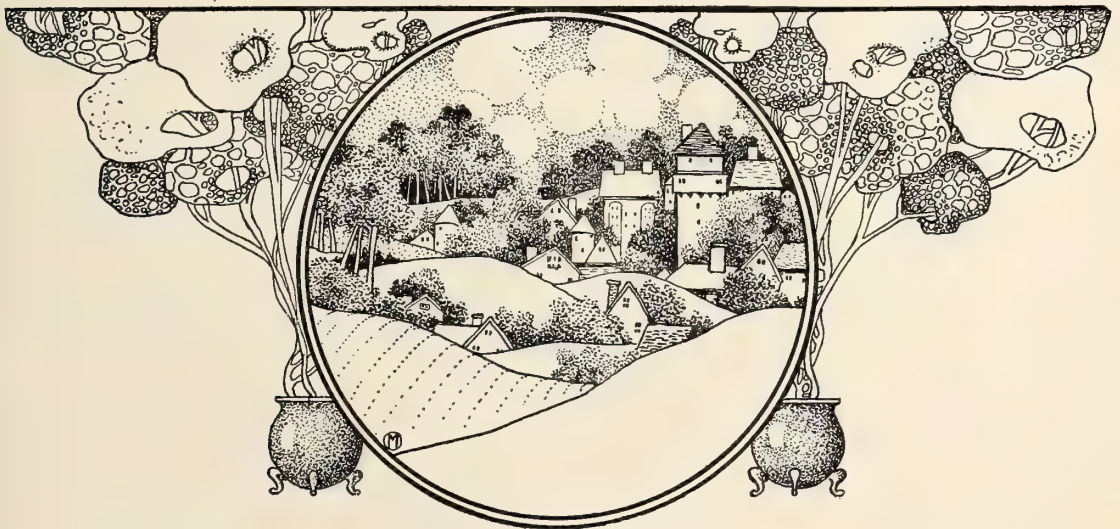
You see? Even if you whisper you really shout it. And then you can well imagine how *they* roared it out.

The chest was not the man's own chest that he breathes with, but a long, iron-bound, oaken box full of valuable and exciting things.

You had better wait till you are at least fourteen or fifteen before reading this book for the first time. As for the last time, I should n't care to say. Perhaps when you are a hundred or so you will feel that you have finished with it—though I know *I* sha'n't. Just think, on a day like this, which, as I have already told, is horrid, with a sky so gray and messy that it has spilled down on everything in sight, what it means to be able to board the old ship, with its dangerous crew of treasure-seekers, and to put off across blue seas to tropical islands jam-full of pieces of eight and glowing jewels! to range yourself with the young hero, to struggle on his side, to try to tell him when you see he's running a bad risk, and to cheer madly when he makes a lucky strike or gets the best of the bad old seaman with the wooden leg! What do you care how hard the sleet falls in the outside world, or how the wind wrestles with the windows? It only sounds like the rush of water past the ship's side and the rattle of the halyards, and through it all the parrot croaks, "Pieces of eight, pieces of eight!" and snaps his crooked beak.

So be sure, young folk, never to shut any of the doors that open into this world of make-believe,

romance, and adventure. The key to them is the true magician's wand at whose touch everything changes, and by whose help one may pass invisible through all the high adventures, all the undiscovered countries, all the fairy mountains man has ever dreamed of. So long as we keep that wand in our possession, we, too, may live in fairy-land. The genie will be our slave, ready at our command, just as he was for Aladdin, to build exquisite palaces in the twinkle of an eye or to transport us hither and yon through the air to any and all parts of the world, or to create marvelous gardens where the fruit growing on the trees is of rubies, emeralds, and pearl—to be-have, in fact, in the most unexpected and delightful manner. So long, too, as you have the wand in your hands, you will never grow really old. For it is in that land that Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth bubbles up through the golden sands, and you are free to drink of it as you choose. As I told you, Stevenson lived in this lovely world, and though he suffered all his days from illness and from other troubles, his life was a happy one, and every one loved him. He never let go the fairy hand that had been stretched out to him when he was a little child, nor did he fear to follow where it led. In return, whenever he was sick or sorry, he would find a magic gate open to him, and would wander through it and away, ready for anything that should turn up—and when you are ready, things always turn up.

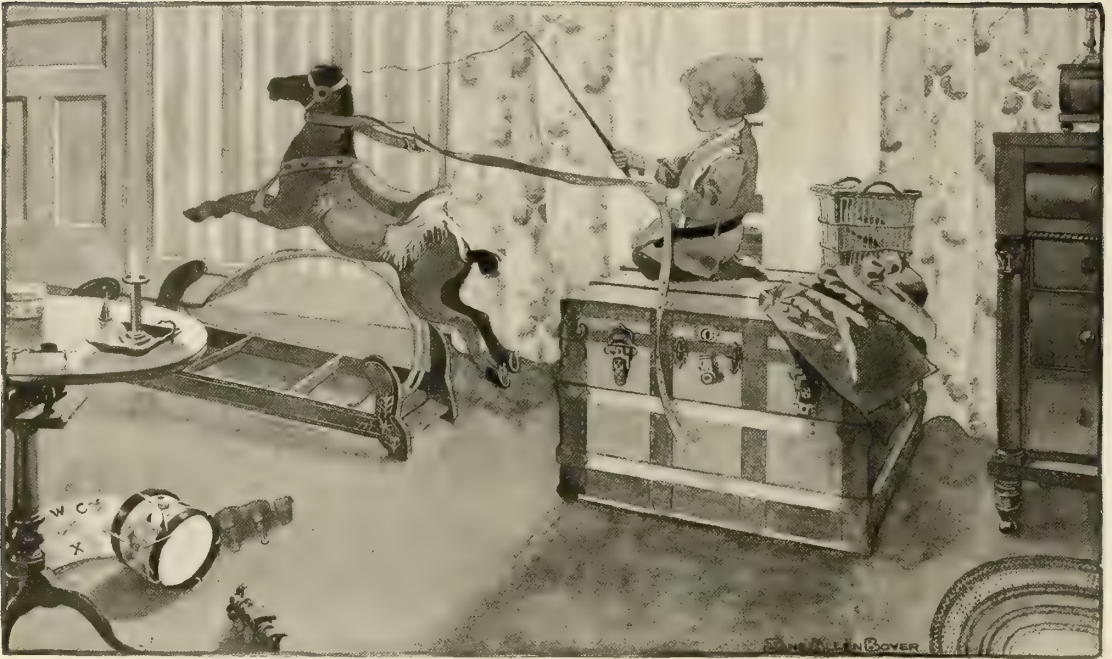




# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## A TRUNK-LINE

BY JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN



WHEN Edith had the whooping-cough  
We did n't dare to play  
With all the little boys and girls  
That live across the way.

So Mother let me hitch my horse  
And on her trunk I sat,  
And then we raced for miles and miles,—  
What *do* you think of that?

And when my daddy saw me ride,  
He called: "Whoa, there! I say!  
*Where are you bound*, my little man?  
That horse will run away!"

I called to him: "I can't look round  
For fear I'll tumble off—  
But Mother says *she's* sure we're bound  
To catch the Whooping-cough!"

## PHILIP'S HORSE



PHILIP IN HIS "ROUGH-RIDER" SUIT.

LITTLE PHILIP was very fond of horses, and as he was too old to sit on a chair or box or trunk and make believe a rocking-horse was pulling it along his bedroom floor, his father bought him a horse all spotted brown and white, with a beautiful white mane; and Philip loved to get up on his back.

In winter he would go out in his sleigh, even when the snow was deep. It was jolly fun to be in the sleigh all wrapped up cozy and warm in furry robes. He would crack his long whip and make it sound almost as loud as a fire-cracker. He used to carry a make-believe pistol when he dressed up in his "Rough-Rider" suit and went horseback-riding. But all the neighbors thought it was funny that Philip would always leave the saddle on his horse when he went out in his sleigh.

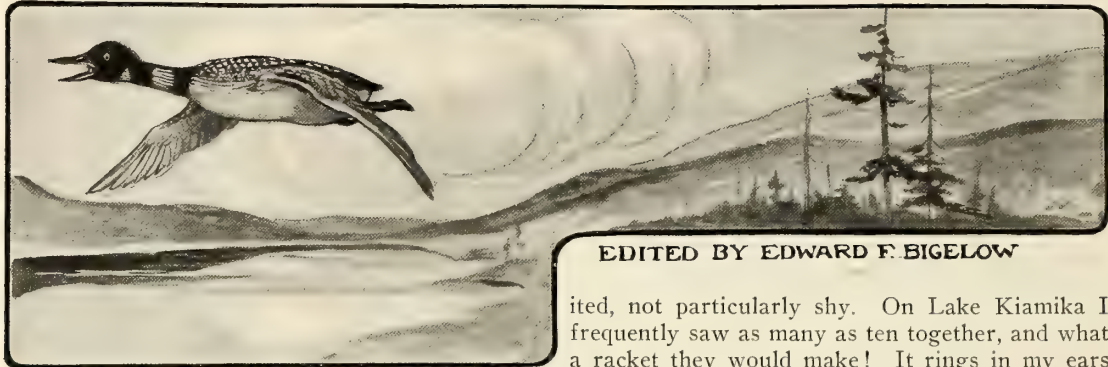
But you won't think it is funny when I tell you a secret—maybe you have guessed it already—Philip could n't get the saddle off, because, don't you see, his horse was only a make-believe, hobby-horse.



PHILIP IN HIS SLEIGH.



# NATURE <sup>AND</sup> SCIENCE <sup>FOR</sup> YOUNG FOLKS



EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

The loon that laughs and flies  
Down to those reflected skies.

*Longfellow.*

## THE GREAT NORTHERN LOON

ONE often hears the expression, "As crazy as a loon," and yet I wonder how many realize, even when using it, how peculiarly fitting it sometimes is. Of all the birds and animals that have come under my observation, I know of none that in any degree approaches the loon for sheer craziness or weirdness. Last summer while in Canada I had many opportunities of studying these

ited, not particularly shy. On Lake Kiamika I frequently saw as many as ten together, and what a racket they would make! It rings in my ears even now!

Evening seems to be the loons' favorite time for their peculiar behavior. They collect in the middle of a lake, and when they have summoned all of their kind within hearing, the "ball" commences. They raise their bodies half out of water by furiously flapping their wings, at the same time making a most terrific splashing. They then propel themselves backward and forward, half swimming, half flying, all the while screaming at the top of their voices. They keep this up from ten to fifteen minutes, and seem to get a great deal of satisfaction out of it. Talk about the welkin ringing; why, in the calm of a summer evening, and aided a bit by the echoes, a half-dozen loons can make a college cheering section hang their heads for shame!

The loon is not only crazy-acting, but at times is very aggravating. Perhaps, for instance, after a hard day you are sitting by the camp-fire, quietly smoking and at peace with the whole world; suddenly there breaks upon your ears the most blood-curdling scream, followed by heart-rending cries. Your first thought is that there is a child being murdered or a woman in distress, and you start to your feet. Then you realize that it is only a loon. Or perhaps, having "turned in," you are sleeping the sleep that comes only in the pine-scented North. Again you start and wake as you hear a long, mournful cry echoing through the forest, and involuntarily exclaim, "Wolves!" There is a grunt, and the sleepy voice of your guide comes from the depth of his blankets, "Non, m'sieu'; loon."

In the morning a hunter arises bent on vengeance for his broken repose, and resolves to destroy the fiend as he sits mirrored in the lake. Although the modern cartridge rifle gives no warning of the shot as did the old-fashioned flintlock with its "flash in the pan," nevertheless, the loon nearly every time seems to know when



"AS HE SITS MIRRORED IN THE LAKE."

strange birds in their native haunts. They were very numerous and, as the country was uninhab-

the bullet is coming and dives just in time to escape. Immediately after the discharge of the rifle, the loon is serenely up again, his mocking laughter being but an added irritation. On the whole, he seems rather to enjoy the performance.

As a diver the loon excels, and naturally, for it is his sole means of livelihood. Not only is he marvelously quick, but he can remain under water for a seemingly endless time. In swimming under water he uses both wings and feet, and can go for several hundred yards in this fashion. The loon, like many other water-fowls, sleeps on the water with his head tucked under his wing.

Speaking of sleeping loons, some few summers ago a friend of mine, while camped on Lake Ki-

a hideous outcry and kept it up so persistently that before morning he had earned his freedom.



"HE TETHERED THE LOON TO A STAKE."

I tell this story with some fear that I may be accused of "nature faking," but if any one doubts me I can readily prove it to be true. I have been told that the loon is very curious and can be attracted by any unusual moving object, such as a rag waving on the end of a stick, especially a red rag. I have tried this scheme, but without success, although I may not have kept it up for a sufficient length of time.

Possibly those who are acquainted with the loon will, upon reading this description, consider themselves lucky and indulge in self-congratulation. Yet I would not have it so, nor is it my desire to detract from the loon's fair fame, for with all his faults he is both quaint and amusing, and one learns to love and admire him. He is a happy-go-lucky fellow, and without him the lakes would be lonely and desolate.

S. EDWIN MEGARGEE, JR.



"HE ACTUALLY SUCCEEDED IN PADDLING UP AND CAPTURING HIM."

amika, was out for an early morning paddle. It was just after dawn and very still. Out on the lake he espied a sleeping loon, and by dint of careful paddling he actually succeeded in approaching and capturing him. Proud of his capture, he took the loon ashore and tethered him to a stake. The loon struggled at first, but after a while seemed to become reconciled. All went well until nightfall. Then the loon set up such



"THEY RAISE THEIR BODIES HALF OUT OF WATER BY FURIOUSLY FLAPPING THEIR WINGS."



**TELEGRAPHING 1000 WORDS A MINUTE**

THE communicating or transmission of language to a distance is of very remote origin. The word "telegraphy," strictly defined, means "writing



FIG. 1. A TYPIST PREPARING A MESSAGE ON THE TELEPOST MACHINE.

afar off." As practised to-day, however, it has a wider and broader meaning, signifying the sending of messages to a distance by any means excepting speech.

The method of transmitting messages by sight signals is perhaps one of the earliest known. The sending up of columns of smoke from the top of high hills and mountains was one method

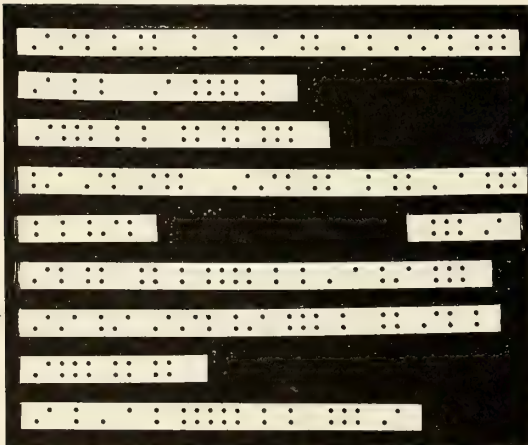


FIG. 2. A MESSAGE TO "ST. NICHOLAS" READERS.

The perforated strip, for convenience of illustrating here, is cut in pieces and photographed on a black card. This is the message of the holes: "Greetings to the boys and girls of St. NICHOLAS Magazine."

used by the Indians of this country for many years; and flag and torch signaling, or "wigwag-

ging," as it is called, is still used by the army and navy to a certain extent.

Signaling by sound, such as blowing a whistle and ringing of bells, is used generally throughout the world; while the electric telegraph, an invention of comparatively recent years, is the most important and most used of all. An interesting and instructive article could be written upon each



FIG. 3. THE MESSAGE BEING RECEIVED ON CHEMICALLY PREPARED TAPE AT THE RECEIVING STATION.

of these different methods. But in the present article we shall confine ourselves to the electrical method.

There were various methods of electric signaling used to a limited extent up to the time of the wonderful invention of Morse and the practical working of his system. A good deal of credit was due to Joseph Henry, who, as the inventor of the practical electromagnet, made the invention of Professor Morse possible and practical.

The Morse system, which in one form or another has been in use from the time it was originally devised down to the present day, was

invented about 1837, and in its earlier form consisted of a key, relay, and register, the message being recorded in dots and dashes, "dinting" a paper tape as it passed the register—the reading by sound not coming into general use until about 1855 to 1860, after which the "sounder" was used in place of the register.

From the time when reading by sound instead of by register tape was adopted generally, until the present day, there has been very little im-

worker in the field of telegraphy, Mr. Patrick B. Delany.

A new telegraph company, the Telepost, about a year ago introduced this Delany rapid system, by which from 1000 to 2000 words per minute are being transmitted over one wire every day commercially, with perfect ease and accuracy.



FIG. 4. AN OPERATOR RUNNING THE PERFORATED PAPER STRIP THROUGH THE TELEPOST TRANSMITTER AND SENDING THE WORDS AT THE RATE OF ONE THOUSAND A MINUTE.

provement in method or speed that has been put to practical use in this country, with the exception of the "quadruplex."

It has long been recognized by experts and scientists that a practical system of machine telegraphy was necessary to meet the increased demand for rapid telegraphy. After many years of patient study and arduous labor this has been accomplished by the veteran inventor and

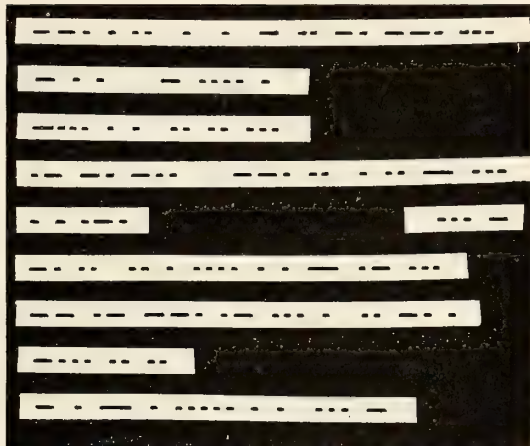


FIG. 5. THE MESSAGE (SEE THE BOTTOM OF THE FIRST COLUMN ON THE PRECEDING PAGE) RECEIVED BY CHEMICALLY MADE DOTS AND DASHES ON WHITE PAPER TAPE. IN REALITY THE TAPE IS IN ONE LONG STRIP.

This system may be properly called "machine telegraphy," as most of its operations are either electromechanical or electrochemical or both.

In the ordinary system of telegraphy the speed of transmission is governed by the ability of the operator to manipulate the key, while in the



FIG. 6. PUTTING THE MESSAGE OF DASHES, ON THE STRIP, INTO WORDS BY A SPECIAL TYPE-WRITER.

Telepost system the limit so far has never been reached, although a speed of 8000 words per



minute over an experimental line has been accomplished.

The readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have, no doubt, seen a telegraph operator sitting at his instrument, sending messages by hand, ticking off dots and dashes over the wire, to be received by sound by another operator at the other end. The average number of words thus commercially transmitted is said to be about fifteen words a minute. One can, therefore, readily see the enormous progress which has now been made by the introduction of the Telepost system of sending telegrams mechanically.

By this system a message is first prepared on a paper tape by an operator on a perforating-machine, which has a keyboard similar to that of an ordinary type-writer (Fig. 1). Perforations are made mechanically in the tape which correspond to the telegraphic characters representing the letters on the keys touched (Fig. 2). The operation of this machine is a simple one, as any one who can operate a type-writer keyboard can prepare the messages. It should be mentioned that the perforated tape as it issues from the perforating-machine is automatically reeled upon a removable reel, which, when full, is passed to the operator of the mechanical transmitter (Fig. 4), through which it is passed, sending electrical impulses over the line to appear in the telegraphic dot-and-dash code at the receiving end on a slip of mechanically prepared tape (Figs. 3 and 5). The messages are thus sent and received at the high speed of from 1000 to 2000 words per minute.

When received, this chemically prepared tape is then handed to a typist, who translates it into ordinary type-writing (Fig. 6).

By another form of this system any number of newspapers along the line may receive "drop" copies of a press despatch at one and the same time. By this method copies are taken off in perforations or electrochemically at a speed of from 100 to 150 words per minute.

Our readers no doubt have often heard of the great delay caused by interrupted telegraphic communication such as took place on account of the storm during the inauguration of President Taft, when all wires were, for the time being, put "out of business." With a system such as the Telepost, messages could have been all prepared and ready to be shot over the first wire connected at the speed of not less than 1000 words per minute, instead of having to wait for the connecting up of many wires to get the same amount of matter through, as is required by the old method.

It may be well here that we should mention to the readers of this magazine that Mr. Delany, the inventor of this rapid system, believes that at

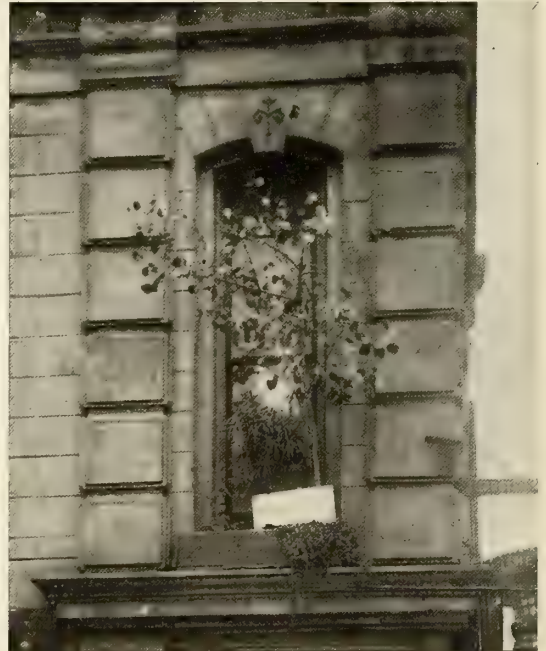
no distant date a very large volume of business communications will frequently be sent by wire instead of being carried by train. Indeed, such a service is already in operation.

Where it is not necessary to have a message delivered by messenger boy, the telegraphed letter, as we may call it, is type-written, put in an envelop, and mailed in the town where it is received. So, when the system has been extended from Boston to San Francisco, one will be able to send, at a small cost, a letter of 50 or 100 words by wire between these points, and will have it delivered within an hour or two. Thus does the genius of man spring up to meet the ever-increasing demand for progress!

WILLARD M. MINER, E.E.

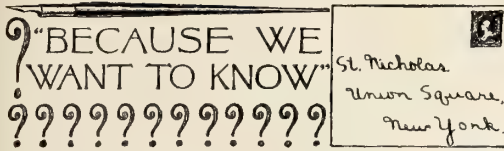
### A TREE GROWING IN A WINDOW

ON the sill of a second-story window of the office of Dr. J. J. Austermell, Kansas City, Missouri, is a sycamore-tree growing from the earth in a wooden box which is tied and nailed firmly to the woodwork. The tree is nearly ten feet tall, and its trunk is three inches in diameter near the roots. The tree trunk is tied and strapped to the sides of the window. Dr. Austermell says it



THE TREE GROWING IN A WINDOW-BOX.

is interesting to note that the roots absorb water very rapidly, necessitating frequent wetting of the earth in the box.



#### CHANGE OF COLOR ON FISHES

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have three aquariums and have lots of fish. Among them are goldfish, darters, bass, mud-minnows, suckers, shiners, and one stickleback. We cannot keep him with the others because he kills them.

Could you tell me what makes the little black spots on the shiners and what they are? They come on for a while, then some of them disappear.

Yours truly,  
JEAN I. HUTT.

Many fishes assume markings in the spring. All these small fishes are variable as to markings. Most fishes have control of their color cells and are brilliant, mottled, or dull according to their surroundings, or condition, or condition of excitement.—C. H. T.

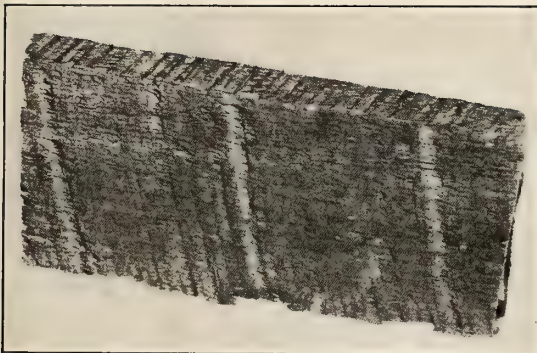
#### SHOWING WHAT ONE REVOLUTION OF THE SAW CUT

KENILWORTH, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day, while working in my workshop, I picked up a piece of lumber. On examining it closely I noticed that you could distinctly see little rims, as you see on the board, and then about every twentieth one there is a large one. How did this happen?

Your interested reader,  
FREEBORN JEWETT.

An expert in wood-sawing machinery carefully examined the piece of wood you sent, and stated



THE PIECE OF WOOD WITH THE "LITTLE RIMS."

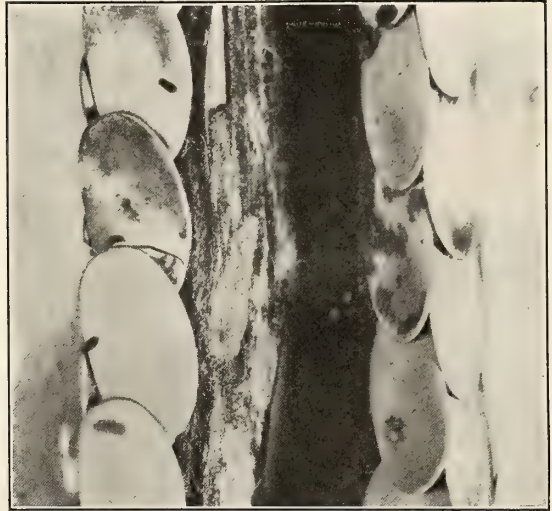
that the larger mark was made by a defective tooth or one not "set" in perfect alinement with the others. If there was only one tooth thus differing from the others, as is probable, the amount cut by one revolution of the saw is thus shown by the distance between what you describe as "little rims." The light "stripes" are arcs of a circle.

VOL. XXXVII.—59.

#### EGGS OF KATYDIDS

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a little twig from one of our apple-trees, and I want to know what those funny



THE EGGS (MAGNIFIED) OF A KATYDID ON A TWIG.

little laps are. I have two little brothers and one little sister. We all like ST. NICHOLAS.

ELLEN BURKHALTER.

These are well described as "funny little laps," and are, perhaps, the most interesting in form and arrangement of all insects' eggs. You may be surprised when I tell you that they are the eggs of the katydid. Of course they are here pictured as seen under a little pocket-microscope.

#### RACE (?) BETWEEN THE HUB AND THE TIRE!

PADUCAH, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was asked this question: "Which goes the faster, the tire or the hub of a wheel?" The person who asked the question claims the outside goes the faster because it covers more surface in the same given time.

As I cannot see how one part of a solid body can be said to go faster than another part and make the same number of revolutions, I am going to ask you to give me a correct and scientific answer.

I am an interested reader of your magazine. It was one of my Christmas presents, and one of the most appreciated.

Yours truly,  
EMMA GREAR.

The rim of the wheel and the hub of the wheel have two motions each—a motion of rotation (turning around) and a motion of translation (moving from place to place). In the matter of rotary motion, the speed of any point on the rim is greater than the speed of a point on the hub; if the circumference of the rim is ten times as great as the circumference of the hub, the rotary



motion of the former will be ten times as great as the revolving motion of the latter.

The motion of translation, that is, "along the street," is a very different thing. If the rim rests on the pavement, as is usual, the rotary motion of the rim determines and equals the translatory motion, of the wheel, hub and all, that is to say, the motion of the wagon to which the wheel is attached. For instance, if the wheel has a circumference of ten feet and turns around once a second, the vehicle moves along its path at the rate of ten feet a second; of course, the hub must have the same *rate* of translatory motion in order to keep up with the rest of the vehicle.

ELROY M. AVERY.

#### CAN A FLY BE DROWNED?

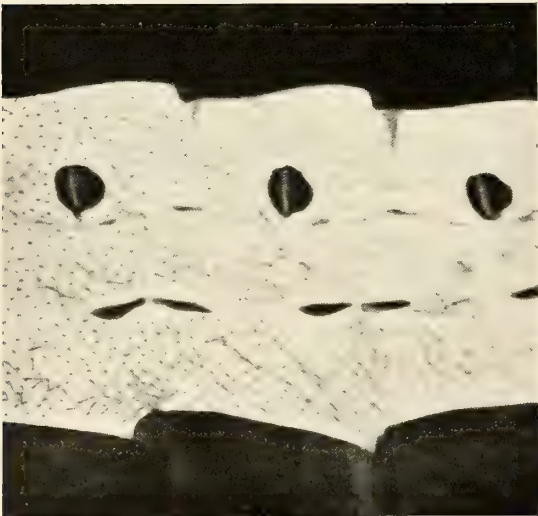
CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is it possible to drown a fly? I ask because when I was rowing in my bathing-suit a big fly troubled me a lot. I caught him, but did not like to step on him in my bare feet, and so held him under water while I counted one hundred. When I took him out, he crawled along my hand, apparently uninjured.

Yours truly,

DONALD STREET (age 10).

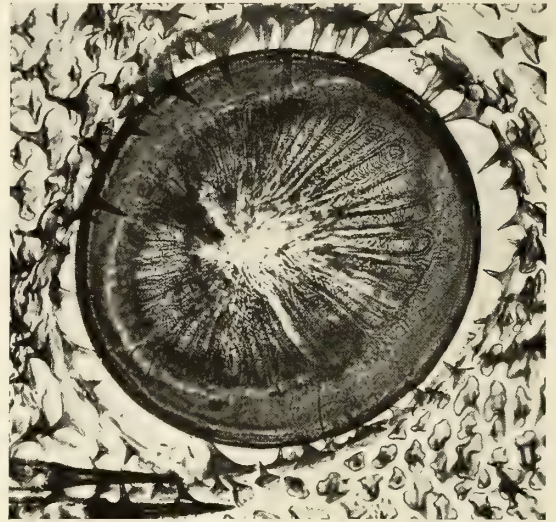
It is possible to drown any insect, but insects can live longer without air than the higher animals. Instead of having lungs, they have air-tubes that run through all parts of the body, and instead of having a nose through which to breathe, there are breathing openings along the sides of the body—a pair for each segment. These openings are protected in various ways,



THREE BREATHING OPENINGS (SPIRACLES) ON THE SIDE OF THE BODY OF A CRICKET. (MAGNIFIED.)

and with certain insects can practically be closed against the entrance of water. Of course there

are many insects which live in the water, and these breathe differently—rather more as fishes



A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE SPIRACLE OF A SILKWORM.

do, by means of gills, but with this difference, that the blood of fishes flows through the gills, whereas with water-insects the air circulates through the gills and is purified by the entrance of oxygen from the water through the delicate membrane of the gill.—DR. LELAND O. HOWARD.

#### DO FEATHERS BECOME WHITE WITH AGE?

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do birds get white feathers when they grow old? My bird is eight years old, and this year when he molted he got two white feathers on top of his head. He never had them there before, and I wondered if he was growing old or not.

With love from

HOPE SATTERTHWAITE (age 10).

The occurrence of white feathers in a bird's plumage is very common. It is, of course, due to lack of coloring-matter, and is liable to appear in both young and old birds. I have known of several old birds to exhibit this peculiarity (mostly in the wing-feathers, however), and it may be due to imperfect nutrition and circulation as the bird ages. I have also noticed it in young birds in a number of instances. The phenomenon, thus, cannot be said to occur simply as a result of old age, but is rather one of those slight changes in the bird's system, the causes of which we do not fully know. There is this much more to be said, however: when a young bird starts out with a few white feathers, they are usually retained throughout life, molting each time in a similar manner. Old birds may exhibit this loss of coloring at any time.—CHARLES W. MILLER.

## THE VITALITY OF INSECTS

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if wasps have more than one life? The other night a wasp annoyed me, and I gave him a whack, and he fell down dead, as I thought. In about five minutes he was flying about the room. This happened four times. At last I gave him a knock and placed him on the outside ledge of the window. I watched him. In a few minutes he revived and flew away. This was remarkable. So I thought I would write and ask you if they have more than one life.

Very sincerely yours,

DOLORES F. CRAWFORD.

All animals have the power to recover from injury occasioned by shock—from being stunned. Insects are in no sense an exception to this, and most of them possess what has been called tenacity of life to a remarkable degree. A butterfly will sail away with a pin through its body, an ant will go floundering around after being cut in two, and all insects will quickly recover from a blow, even if such may dent or break their external coverings. In such cases, the inside parts are mostly out of use for a short time, somewhat similar to the case of your arm when you have struck the "funny bone," or to your foot when it is "asleep." But after a few moments' rest, the wasp can again resume its actions.

A wasp is well armored; its exterior covering is hard and almost unyielding. When it is struck a severe blow, the soft, delicate inner parts yield to the impact; the nerves and muscular tissues cannot operate in unison, and the insect may be said to have been rendered unconscious as well as incapable, for the "mind" actions depend upon its entire nervous system.

But there is no such thing as an animal's having more than one life. When crushed, dismembered, poisoned, or smothered beyond recovery;

And this may result from the wearing out of its active vital organism, which may be called old



THE JAR FROM A HARD "WHACK" HAS DISPLACED THE MUSCLES AND ORGANS, AND RENDERED THE INSECT INACTIVE AND UNCONSCIOUS.

age, after sometimes only a few days or weeks of life. Its one life has then been terminated beyond any doubt.

S. F. AARON.

## ACROSS THE SUN

ORMOND, FLA.

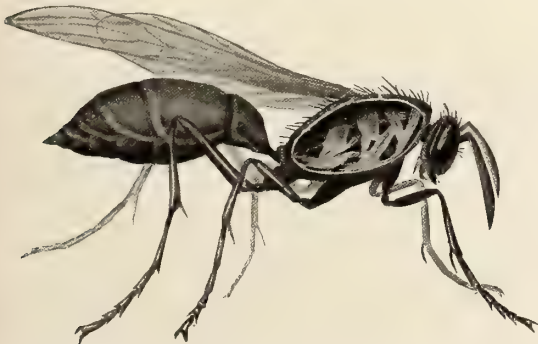
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day I was riding along on my bicycle with my friend Tom Kimball. I happened to look up at the sun, and just as I looked I noticed a dark object slowly cross the sun. Tom noticed it also. The object was round and traveled at a good speed. I thought it was a meteor. But I was not sure, so I write to you to see if you can tell me.

Yours truly,

BURWELL THORNTON (age 11).

That dark round spot moving slowly across the disk of the sun may easily have been a meteor or shooting-star, but there may also be a far more probable explanation.

Meteors move very rapidly, i.e., from twenty to forty miles per second, and only when one is far away could they appear to move slowly. An object one foot in diameter placed one hundred feet away from the eye would just about cover the sun, just as the moon does in a total eclipse of the sun; but if it were three thousand feet away it would appear like a very small round dot on the sun. So also would an object two feet in diameter but six thousand feet away. Now those dimensions correspond very nearly to those of a large migratory bird. Such birds have been seen flying a mile away between us and the sun. We can see the motion of the wings if we have a good spy-glass. I think it most likely that you and your friend saw some such migratory bird—either a robin near by or a wild duck far away. By keeping watch of the sun disk one may sometimes see flocks of birds or even swarms of distant insects flying past.—C. A.



A SECTION OF A WASP'S THORAX SHOWING THE MUSCLES AND DELICATE ORGANISMS IN PLACE.

when its vital organs are injured so that they cannot again resume their regular uses, an insect will die—not in appearance but really so.





LAST month the young artists of the League seemed to be slightly in the van of their fellow-workers; but this month the contributions in the Photography competition appear to set the standard for quality of merit. Indeed, so many excellent photographs were received that we are truly sorry we have not space to include at least a score of others that seemed almost, if not quite, as good as those that appear in the League pages. Several of the photographs, besides being admirable as pictures, have a delightful touch of humor,—for instance, the central one at the top of page 472. The two lads who are so intent upon their fishing *may be* "On the way to School," but we cannot help fearing that they will not arrive there—at least, before the bell rings!

It will be noticed that there are no gold badges this month in the Prose, Verse, Drawing, and Photography competi-

tions. This is not because several of the contributions did not merit those marks of honor, but because, after careful consideration, the Editor has decided that it is wiser, both for the members and for the interests of the League, to make the *first* award to each successful competitor a *silver* badge, thus leaving the *gold* badge as a further incentive to even better achievement. All winners of these silver badges will naturally be impelled to keep on striving to win the gold one, while the winner of a gold badge at a first attempt has not the same incentive. Indeed, the winning of a silver badge *after* a gold one seems, in a sense, a step backward. And we are sure that all our members will like this order of award, which is a natural progression from the silver badge onward and upward to the gold badge, the Honor Membership, and the Cash Prize.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 121

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Silver badges, **Edmund T. Price** (age 14), New Bedford, Mass.; **Theresa R. Robbins** (age 16), Brookline, Mass.; **Edward F. Weiskopf** (age 14), Mount Vernon, N. Y.; **Helen Evison** (age 13), Albany, N. Y.

**VERSE.** Silver badges, **Frances G. Ward** (age 17), Paris, France; **Katharine Norton** (age 17), Newton Center, Mass.; **Alice L. Packard** (age 14), Sharon, Mass.

**DRAWING.** Silver badges, **Marjorie Benson** (age 14), Flushing, L. I., N. Y.; **Edna Davidson** (age 14), New York City; **Gustrine Milner** (age 16), Birmingham, Ala.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Silver badges, **Constance Ayer** (age 16), Washington, D. C.; **Allan L. Langley** (age 17), Newport, R. I.; **Anna Halsted de Lancey** (age 6), Waterbury, Conn.; **Joseph Brotherton** (age 13), Detroit, Mich.; **Larissa Martin** (age 13), Denver, Colo.; **Madeleine Marie Carey** (age 12), Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "B" Prize, **Charles L. Blatchford**, Chicago, Ill.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Allan Cole** (age 15), Stanley Bridge, Can. Silver badge, **Fred Breitenfeld** (age 10), New York City.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Myers McClure** (age 17), Sedalia, Mo. Silver badge, **Marian Shaw** (age 14), Scarsdale, N. Y.



"ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL." BY CONSTANCE AYER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY ALLAN L. LANGLEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY IRENE CAHILL. (AGE 16.)

## AIR-SHIPS IN 1960

BY HELEN EVISON (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

HERE it is September and I have been back at boarding-school for two weeks. This is my second year, and Uncle Will brought me down in his air-ship. We reached Washington about three o'clock. Just imagine, it took us two whole hours to come from Chicago to Washington! It seemed as if we would never get here! When I look back to the time when the trains only went about sixty or seventy miles an hour, it almost smothers me. I don't see how people ever got anywhere! On the way down we were in the crowd of people going back to business between



"A PORTRAIT TAKEN INDOORS." BY ANNA HALSTED DE LANCEY, AGE 6. (SILVER BADGE.)

New York, Chicago, and Baltimore. You see the lunch hours are from one to three o'clock.

Father has got me a new air-ship of my own, and it is just fine. He likes me to take an airing before breakfast, so he got me an air-ship to encourage it. Yesterday I went over to Hampton Roads to see how the new Dreadnought air-ships were coming along. They are making fifty of them. I went up to New York the other day between classes, and I thought I would tumble out for laughing when I looked at those little fifty-story buildings. There was one with a hundred and fifty stories right near it, and the contrast was really quite humorous.

Next week a crowd of us girls are going to the north pole to get cooled off because we are having such scorching weather down here. We are n't going to the south pole again until next spring, as the trip requires a couple of weeks.

The other day we were talking about animals, and one of the girls said she had seen a horse — a horse! Well, none of us knew what that was, so she went to work and explained that it used to be used for pleasure riding (just imagine) and for pack-carrying. She only happened to see this when she was going through an old museum and came across the strange-looking creature. When finding what it was, she hurried back to tell us about it.



"A PORTRAIT TAKEN INDOORS." BY JOSEPH BROTHERTON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

BY E. ADELAIDE HAHN (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

A SWEET young mother and her toddling child  
Came down the stairs; the mother fondly smiled  
And said in tones affectionate and mild:

"Be careful, Daughter."

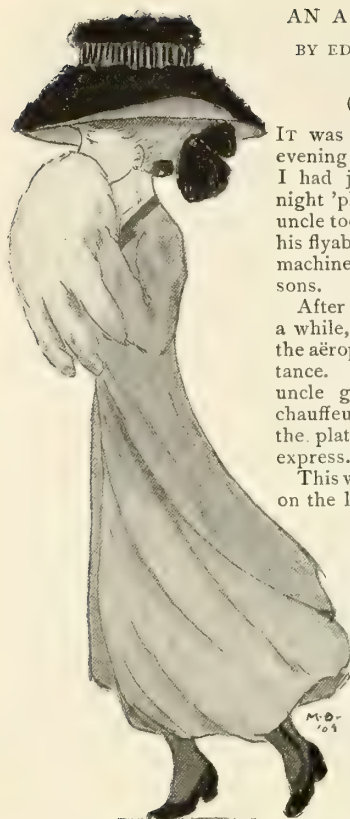
A sweet old mother and a maiden fair  
Came down the stairs — a truly loving pair.  
The daughter said, with love and tender air:

"Be careful, Mother."



"WILD EAGLE." BY CHARLES L. BLATCHFORD. (PRIZE, CLASS "B," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)





"MARCH HEADING." BY MARJORIE BENSON,  
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

## AN AÉROPLANE TRIP

BY EDWARD F. WEISKOPF  
(AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It was seven o'clock in the evening of September 4, 1950. I had just time to catch the night 'plane to Boston. My uncle took me to the station in his flyabout, which was a large machine, seating seven persons.

After we had gone along for a while, we saw the lights of the aéroplane tower in the distance. When he saw this, my uncle gave the word to his chauffeur and we landed on the platform, near the night express.

This was the largest machine on the line. It was over one thousand feet long, and would hold about five hundred people. I was not there a moment too soon, as it started right after I climbed on board. The engines started with a whirring sound that vibrated through the machine, but after we started there were no vibrations to be felt.

From the deck I saw the New York lights disappear, and also saw the great search-lights used to guide

aéroplanes out of the thick fog.

About this time a whistle was to be heard, and looking ahead I saw one of the 'planes of the same line with two signal-lights out. This meant, "Pass to the right," so our 'plane put out one light, which answered, "All right."

After this 'plane had passed, I went below and watched the engines move the great wings that lent us life; for if the wings should stop the aéroplane would drop.

Suddenly there was a crash, and on going forward I

found that we had collided with a tramp dirigible. As the dirigible was disabled, we put out our grappling-pins (a device just invented) and towed the machine along with us, after taking her passengers on board. Soon after this event I went to bed, and when I awoke we were in the slip tower, with all the baggage on the ground. We had arrived at one o'clock and the passengers were allowed to sleep on uninterruptedly till morning, when the aéroplane prepared for its return trip.

## MY MOTHER

BY FRANCES G. WARD  
(AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

I THINK I love my mother  
best  
When she comes every  
night  
To tuck me up, when I'm in  
bed,  
All dressed in shiny white.

She listens to me say my  
prayers,  
And then, when they are  
said,  
She tucks the bedclothes  
'round me  
And sits down on my bed.

She looks just like an angel,  
I think, as she sits there  
With the night-light faintly  
shining  
On the bright things in  
her hair.

And when she bends to  
kiss me,  
With love her eyes do  
shine.

— Oh, how I wish all children  
Had a mother just like mine!



"A PORTRAIT TAKEN INDOORS."  
BY ALEXANDER SCOTT, AGE 14.

In the future, competitors in the "Wild Creature Photography" contest will be required to add a few lines, accompanying their contribution, stating where the photograph was taken, and under what conditions.



"ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL." BY LARISSA MARTIN, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY JANE BARKLEY, AGE 13.



BY ALICE CARD, AGE 12.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE AIR-SHIP

BY EDMUND T. PRICE (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

"WHAT is the date of the centennial, Father?" I asked one day in the year 2008.

Well, I can't describe the centennial any better than by saying it was a great success. They had the Wright Brothers' original heavier-than-air biplane, and then side of it they had another, the most modern one, with all the improvements. But I can't tell all that was there, for they had models of all the monoplanes, biplanes, triplanes, and kites that have been invented during the past century.

That night the warplanes flew around about a half a mile above the earth and dropped confetti, and then huge search-lights followed the course of the paper to the earth.

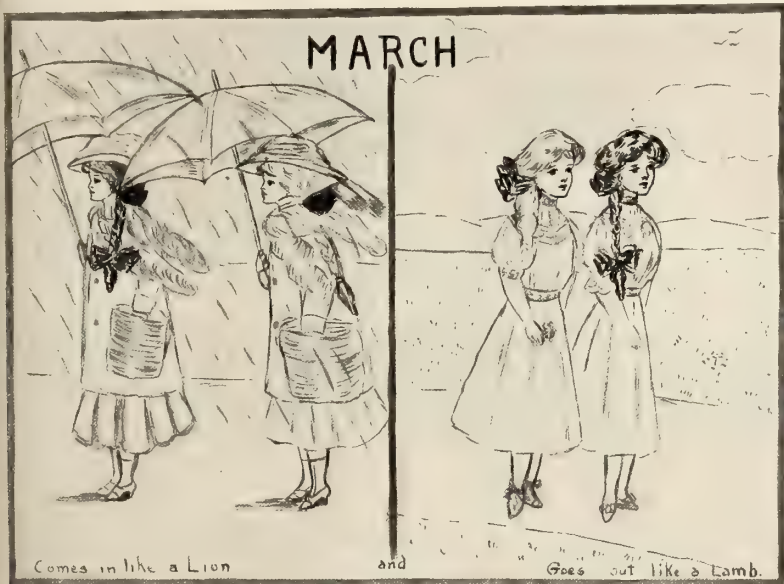
After this there was a beautiful display of fireworks.

The next day we had to go, although Father did not have to get back for a week more; but Mother wanted to tour around the Canadian Rockies and Alaska before we started for home.

## FATHER

BY KATHARINE WARDROPE  
(AGE 16)*(Honor Member)*

THE fire is bright and blazing,  
and the table 's set for tea;  
And Mother 's toasting muffins,  
with the baby on her knee;  
And around the big bow-window  
cluster Nell and Tom and Jack,  
Gazing out into the street to see  
if Father has come back.



"MARCH HEADING." BY EDNA DAVIDSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"August 10 to September 15," he replied. "Want to go?"

Of course I said yes, and that night we made plans for the fair at Dayton, Ohio.

We live in Washington, D. C., and there has always been some kind of an air-ship in the family ever since Grandfather can remember. At present, Father has a fine Zep-pelin, and I have a little, speedy Wright flyabout. But Father's is a fine one. It is fifteen hundred feet long, and it makes one quite tired to walk from one end to the other.

We started August 11 at about twelve o'clock, expecting to arrive at Dayton at three o'clock.

First we rose to a height of about two thousand feet, to avoid the smaller 'planes, and headed in the direction of north-northwest; our log showed seventy-five miles an hour, for Mother does n't like to go at very high speed.

The ship ran nicely and the weather was good, with little or no wind.

When we got to Dayton, we left the ship in the garage three miles above the earth, and descended in the public tender. I always like these tenders because the pilots are like the 'bus drivers in London that Grandfather remembers, when he was a boy: they are so genial and good-natured.

When we got to earth, Mother said she wanted to go shopping, and so Father and I went immediately to the fair grounds.

Oh, hear those awful growls from behind the nursery door!  
And what 's that dark form gliding along the nursery floor?  
And why are all the children running wildly here and there?  
Why, they're the Indian hunters, and Father, he 's the bear.



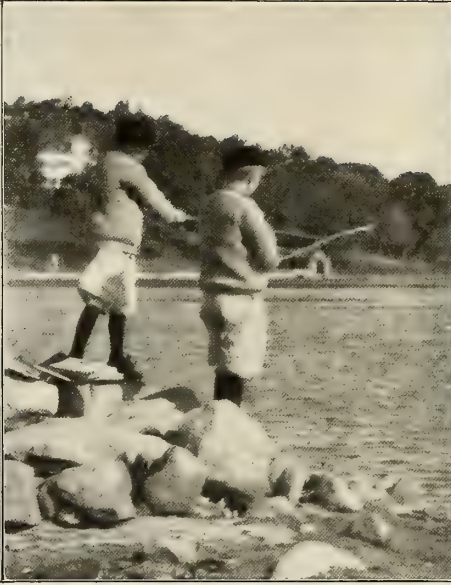
"MARCH TAIL-PIECE." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Then when the games are over and hushed the noise and din;  
When the little prayers are whispered and the sandman 's peeping in;  
When all are tucked up cozily and Mother takes the light,  
O'er each small cot Dad bends and bids the "Kiddies" all good night.





"A PORTRAIT TAKEN INDOORS."  
BY JOSEPH S. GUPPY, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL." BY MADELEINE MARIE CAREY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.) BY MARY L. PECK, AGE 13.



### IN THE DAYS OF THE AIR-SHIP

BY THERESA R. ROBBINS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ELSIE LEWIS peered out from among her furs at the great, bleak stretches of snow and ice over which the air-ship was speeding. She had long wanted and begged to go to the north pole, and now at last she was to have her wish.

"We shall be at the pole soon, deary," said her father, smiling. A few minutes later he called to the aéronaut: "Slow up, please, Carter! I think we are about there." He made his observations, then announced: "Yes, here we are!" and the air-ship dropped slowly to the ground.

Elsie, aglow with delight, jumped out and stood beside her father and Carter. She, a girl of fifteen, was actually at the top of the earth! They looked about at the desolate waste on all sides.

"Think of the men who made their way here with only sledges and dogs!" said Mr. Lewis. "What a length of time it took them! Why, we have come in a day!"

Just then there was a snap and creak behind them. They turned to find the air-ship floating off, the cable which bound it to the ground having been broken in the high wind. It was whirled rapidly away by the blast, dwindled to a speck, and was lost to sight.

They were thus absolutely deserted—without even a sledge such as the old-time explorers used.

"Our only hope is to wait here on the chance of an air-ship," said Mr. Lewis. "We must keep walking for fear of freezing."

So they walked about on the snow and ice in the piercing wind, hour after hour. Elsie, mechanically lifting one foot after the other, could not keep back the tears that froze on her cheeks.

At last, when she was almost worn out, Mr. Lewis pointed to the sky and cried: "An air-ship!"

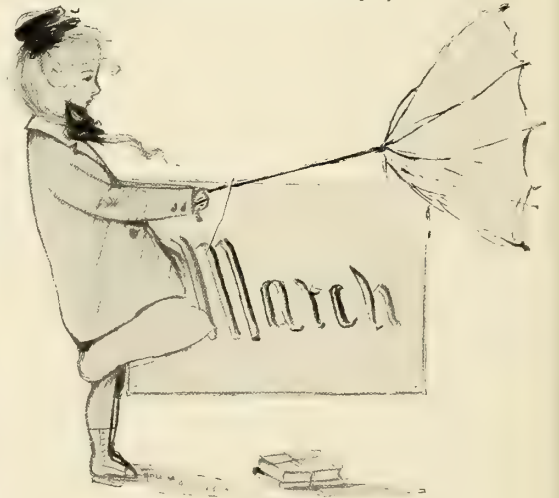
It was a large air-ship, making swiftly for the pole. When it arrived, the three were cordially welcomed by its occupants. Elsie, wrapped in fur rugs, was soon in a deep sleep, homeward bound.

### MOTHER

BY JULIA IRELAND RAMSEY (AGE 11)

ON winter evenings cold and bleak,  
The fire burns brightly on the hearth;  
Outside, the snowflakes, stacked in heaps,  
Are blown like leaves across the dark.

The little children linger still,  
"For only one more tale," they say;  
So Mother tells them all about  
The little games she used to play.



"MARCH HEADING." BY HELEN ALEXANDER, AGE 13.

"But now to bed you all must go,"  
She tells them in her kind, sweet way;  
"Now no more stories for to-night,  
Perhaps the rest another day."

## IN THE DAYS OF THE AIR-SHIP

BY GERTRUDE STOCKDER (AGE 15)

"I SAY, Betty!" cried Bob Forest, bursting into his sister's room, "want to take a sail in my new air-ship? She's just come, and she's a 'corker'!"

"Of course I do," exclaimed Betty, jumping up and rushing out into the yard, where the air-ship was anchored. As they were climbing in, Mrs. Forest called to know where they were going.

"Just out in the *Beat It*," replied Bob.

"Dear me!" said Betty; "what a name! Why did n't you call it something pretty?"

"That's just like a girl," said Bob. "You —" Here his mother interrupted, saying:

"If you see the grocer boy anywhere up there, tell him to hurry with our order. Nothing has come for lunch."

"Yes, Mother," called Bob as the *Beat It* began to rise.

When they had risen a short distance, Betty seized the glasses and began to scrutinize something in the street below. "Goodness!" she said. "Look at the Brewsters in their auto! Are n't they old-fashioned!" Turning the glasses in another direction, she exclaimed: "Here come the Pinkertons in their new air-ship. Steer closer, Bob, I want to get a good look at it."

"Whoop-ee!" said Bob, snatching the glasses. "Here comes Jack Humphries. We'll wait for him," and he proceeded to slow up.

As soon as Jack saw them he yelled: "Hey, Bob, I'll race you to that cloud over there!"

"All right," yelled back Bob, and off they started.

Bob was in the lead and probably would have won if, half-way to the goal, he had not come upon the grocer boy, who was drifting aimlessly about.

Remembering his mother's injunction, Bob approached and found that the boy's supply of gasoline had given out.

After taking the bundles containing the Forests' lunch aboard his own ship, Bob towed the boy to the store and then started home, still accompanied by Jack.

Bob was inconsolable over the loss of the race, and, although Jack and Betty assured him he would have won anyway, he reached home still confounding the grocer boy for interrupting the *Beat It's* first race.

## "FATHER"

BY KATHARINE NORTON (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

My father's just the queerest man!  
Why he can't do things Mother can.  
He's twice as big an' brave an' strong,  
An' yet he always does 'em wrong.  
They say my mother's gone away:  
It's been so lonesome all the day!  
The house was awful strange an' still;  
I kept real quiet, waiting till  
My daddy came. You see, he said  
He'd put his little boy to bed,  
Himself, to-night. I thought he'd know  
How Mother tucks me in just so,  
An' smooths my pillow, soft an' white,  
An' kisses me, an' says good night.  
But he forgot an' shut the door;  
My nightie's on hind side before.  
I wanted *both* my Teddy bears,  
An' oh, I should have said my prayers!  
But Father would n't laugh an' play:  
He told me Mother'd gone away.  
An' said he'd try to kiss me just  
The way she does. I think he must  
Have cried, too, 'cause my pillow's wet.  
Oh, has n't Mother come back yet?

## FATHER'S GREETING

BY ALICE L. PACKARD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

As I came home from work for the day,  
A gay little maiden ran right in my way.

"Oh, where are you going, my dear little maid?"  
"I'm going to meet Daddy," was all that she said.

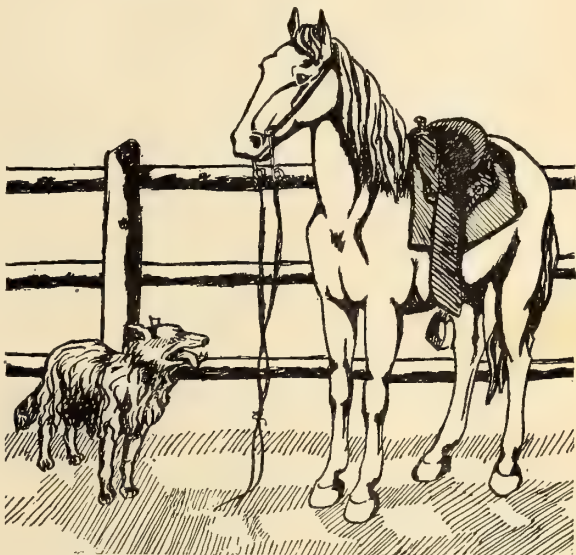
I watched her go hoppity skip down the street,  
So merry, so joyful, on swift, dancing feet,  
And saw her caught up in a welcome embrace,  
While Daddy was kissing her dear little face.

Then back up the street she came trudging along,  
Her hand in dear Daddy's, so big and so strong.  
And as she passed by me she cried with delight:  
"Oh, Daddy, there's so much to tell you to-night!"

"Now guess what has happened to wee baby Ruth!  
You can't? Then I'll tell you. She's cut a new  
tooth.

And Fido, poor doggie, his foot's very lame,  
So he could n't meet you to-night when you came.

"Mama has been having an afternoon tea,  
And Cook made some little cakes 'specially for me;  
They were so very good that I saved you a few,  
And I'm sure when you eat them you'll say they're  
nice, too."



"THE THING I PRIZE MOST." BY GUSTRINE MILNER (AGE 16).  
(SILVER BADGE.)

## IN THE DAYS OF THE AIR-SHIP

BY HARRIET R. TEDFORD (AGE 14)

ONE day I was called to the 'phone by my brother asking me if I would like to take a trip in the *Oriole*? I said I would, so I put on my things and in a few minutes was ready. I soon was at the top floor, fifty stories above the street. The *Oriole* was at the platform, and I got in.

We started off and were soon going at a clip of one hundred miles an hour. We started up the Hudson. We stopped at the "Roost," a very pretty aerial restaurant.

This place was a very popular resort for aëroplanists. It

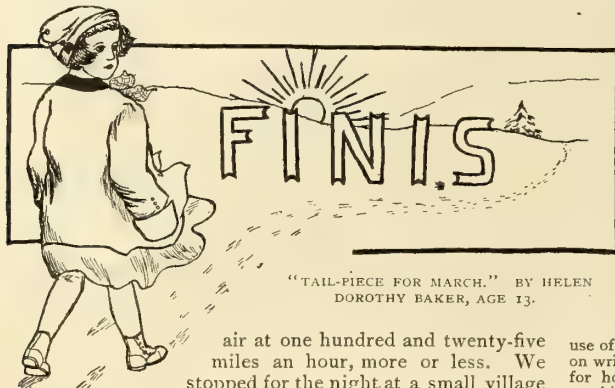


was built three hundred feet in the air on high posts of iron. There were trees, grass, and flowers growing there. A small lake was there, also. The air-ships are fastened around the edge to large posts placed there for that purpose.

We ordered tea and were waiting for it when a couple of our friends came up. We invited them to sit down with us. One of them, Miss Gayly, said that she and her fiancé were going to take a trip to the pole on their honeymoon.

"How would you like to go, Sis?" asked Bob, my brother.

I said I would like it very much. So the next morning Bob and I started about six o'clock. We were well wrapped in furs and leather. It was very cold, rushing through the



"TAIL-PIECE FOR MARCH." BY HELEN DOROTHY BAKER, AGE 13.

air at one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, more or less. We stopped for the night at a small village on the south coast of Greenland.

The next morning we started off about five o'clock. We reached the pole about eleven o'clock.

There were a great many tall buildings and large sheds for the air-ships there. We had very enjoyable times skating, tobogganning, and with various other sports.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE AIR-SHIP

BY MARGARET W. THAYER (AGE 13)

It was a crisp night. Thousands of stars twinkled in the sky. Though it was so late, a boy, scarcely fifteen, was walking alone in the darkness. He was strong and well-built. His blue eyes looked ahead into the black space before him. His cheeks were brightly colored by the autumn air. He walked on until, at last, he went up a flight of steps that led to a palace-like house. He hesitated to go in, and stood looking silently up the river. The sky was touched with a queer glow, and he thought that he saw flames darting upward. He rushed down the steps and ran fast, fast, along narrow by-streets, and broad, splendid roads, gaily lighted by electricity, until he came to a field close to the river. There he stopped, for above the water hung a blazing mass of fire. It seemed to cling to nothing, to be burning itself in a fury of frantic anger. There was a crowd watching the splendid, awful sight. The roaring of the flames was tremendous, and they leaped up into the air, in a frenzy going higher. There was no sign of man, dead or alive, on the wreck of that ship of the air. No Casabianca stood on the remaining plank, awaiting his father's word. There was no hero, no leader, no cry for help. Suddenly, amid the dreadful silence, there was a splash, a rain of water, and the glowing spectacle was gone, leaving only a few burning bits of wood, floating in the air. The bird of the sky, the invention of human hands, had ingloriously perished, and the night, the peaceful night, was filled with the awe of an unseen power.

SEND for a Leaflet giving the particulars about joining the League. There are no fees to pay.

## A LEAGUE LETTER

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You can't imagine the state of ferment I've been in since I saw my name in the League department as winner of the gold badge. I happened to be in a public place when I saw it—a most uncomfortable place to be when you want to smile with apparently no reason (I mean to the lookers-on). However, I swallowed hard, and looked very impartially through the rest of the book. I was doing bravely—all but my heart, which was acting in the most absurd manner. I'm sure those near me must have heard it beating. I fairly flew home, and then there was a general rejoicing.

If it had been possible to sit still for five minutes at a time I certainly would have written before, but you can't expect too much of me. Why, just think of it, that gold badge which one spoke of in whispers and only heard of when some fortunate member of the League won it—that very badge is mine.

Four times I contributed (I am sure it is four). Each time I received honorable mention and finally it came to the time when I could only write for the League once more before I became eighteen. I tried to do my best because, you see, it was my last chance, and as yet I had not received the gold badge I wished to possess so much. I wrote—and then I waited. Four months did seem rather long, I confess, but at last it was over, and with it came the knowledge that at last I had reached the much-longed-for reward.

The pin itself is beautiful, and I shall be very proud to wear it—not only for its significance, but also for the beauty of the pin. I'm sure I thank you for it, and I consider each League member very fortunate in being able to try, by the merit of their work, to obtain the emblem of the society such as I am now wearing.

These few months in the League have been very helpful to me. The suggestions offered by the topics each month start a definite train of thought and make a clear poem or story out of a few confused ideas. I'm so sorry I can't continue as I have had such a short time with you. However, although I can't be an active member any longer, I still expect to make use of the suggestions offered in the League department and still keep on writing. I wish every member the greatest success. Do not aim for honorable mention, or even a silver badge. The highest is not too high for any League member to aim for. As some one said,

"Not failure, but low aim is crime."

Thanking you again for your careful consideration of my verses, and the beautiful gold badge, I remain,

Your still interested reader,

EDITH G. HULL.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		
Edith Sumner Sloan	Burton Ashley	E. M. Brownie
Ada B. Grimkie	Ethel Knowlson	Wells
Joseph F. Poland	Caster	Bruno Schwartz
Samuel H. Schaefer	Margaret Stanley	Ruth Jeffrey
Bruce T. Simonds	Brown	William McPride
Elizabeth G. Atherton		Irene Schoelkopf
Alan Rayner		Ida Margaret
Agnes Davidson		Robinson
Gladys Williams		Winifred Sackville
Pauline Nichthauser		Stoner
Gerard Baker		Dorothy Dawson
Marjorie Trotter		Helen Terry
Ralph Perry		Ethel van Steinbergh
Burwell Brown		Rachael Andrews
Robert S. Hillyer		Elizabeth Page
John L. Whitcomb		James
Marjory Collens		Gracia Moule
Ralph T. Catterall		Margaret E. Beakes
Howard Townsend		Ida Mae Swift
Catherine C. Robie		Mamie Urie
Katharine Goldring		Lorraine Ransom
Cyril V. N. Cansfield		Dorothy H. Hoskins
Anna J. Barthel		Gordon C. Rutherford
Catharine H. Straker		Kathleen C. Brough
Josephine McAllister		Nellie Miller
W. Martin Estrada		Dorothea B. Jones
Phyllis H. Perlman		Mary Tuthill
Jean Millar		Helen Katharine
Martha Noll		Smith
Jean Rogers		Lucy A. Dewey
Carl Berreitter		Lucile Chapman
Dora Iddings		Floyd P. Rice
Molly Thayer		James P. McQuaide
Genette E. Pixley		Emma Rutherford
Mary Mellon		Helen Howe
Prudence K.		Margaret D. Hoffman
Jameson		Henry M. Jourdain
		Hilda Beatrice Blake
		Dorothy Pillsbury
PROSE, 2		
Martin W. Diethelm		
Evelyn G. Husted		
Rose Newmeyer		
Ethel Roberta		
La May		
Edna Anderson		
Frank Howard		
Thusa M. Ream		
Marion G. Timm		
Cornelia M. Stabler		
Robert B. Lane		
Alice McNeal		
Thelma Williams		
Mildred Gray Hucker		
Morgan S. Campbell		
Dorothy Speare		
Gayrite Garner		
Charles Kimbell		
Hedwig Koenig		
Carrie Venturini		
Clarice Goff		
Pierson Underwood		
Grace Nies		
Charlotte R. Fisher		
Lincoln Wadsworth		
Bertha R. Titus		
Doris Knight		
David W. Gardener		
John William Hill		
H. Flood		
Edyth Picken		

Winona Jenkins  
Winthrop Case  
Russell F. Macdonald  
Emma Domick

## VERSE, 1

Anna B. Stearns  
Ruth Evans  
Lois Donovan  
Carol Thompson  
Doris F. Halman  
Doris Huestis  
Florence Fleming  
Alice M. Keary  
George M. Gonzalez  
Marjorie S.  
Harrington  
Dorothy C. Snyder  
Agnes Mackenzie  
Miall  
Dorothy Barnes  
Loye  
Helen Marie Mooney  
Dorothy Kerr Floyd  
Harold T. Bradley  
Banny McLean  
E. Vincent Millay  
Eleanor Johnson  
Frances Wiles  
Lillie Garmany  
Menary  
Elizabeth R. Hirsh  
Elizabeth F. Stix  
Mary Green Mack  
Thérèse H.  
McDonnell  
Bertha E. Walker  
Marjorie Paret  
Margaret Hoff  
Helen Thomas  
Marjorie Winrod  
Annie Radoff  
Ruth Livingston  
Annie S. Cameron

## VERSE, 2

Lenore Guinzburg  
Hazel Pierce  
William H. Stewart  
Grace E. Campbell  
Lillian Daus  
Anne Swam  
Esther Vroman Peters  
Ethel Anna Johnson  
Louise Whittredge  
Estelle Rosin  
May Bowers  
Helen Merchant  
William Smith  
Eleanor M. Sickels  
Dorothy Dawson  
Frances Arthur  
Josephine Gamble  
Katharine B. Nesmith  
Ethel Feuerlicht

## DRAWINGS, 1

Ralph H. Jellé  
Emilie A. Cohen  
Charlotte J. Tougas  
Lydia Gardner  
Ralph Linn  
George P. Lindberg  
Margaret K. Turnbull  
Margery R. Dawson  
Martha Mary Seeley  
Margaret Farnsworth  
John C. Farrar  
Margaret A. Foster  
Robert Maclean  
Helen Hendrie

## DRAWINGS, 2

Harry Henry  
Helen Dirks  
Hugh Taylor  
Alice A. Hirst  
Bodil Horneman  
Marjorie Gibbons  
Dale Wilson  
Mary D. Loomis  
Cecilia A. L. Kelly

Ilse Knauth  
Nellie Hagan  
Fanny Tomlin  
Marburg  
Dorothy Gurney  
Molly L. Hand  
Sybil Emerson  
Elizabeth C. Garrett  
Raymond M.  
Humphreys  
Marjorie E. Chase  
Helen Stevenson  
Ernest Hiser  
Edith Whitsitt  
Holton Hornbeck  
Esther C. Lanman  
Alison M. Kingsbury  
Ethel Entwistle  
Hymen Weiner  
Philip Franklin  
Louesa Bancroft  
Ruth S. Thorp  
Suzanne Bringer  
James Gore King, Jr.  
Merritt Giles  
Susan Frazier  
Virginia B. R. Harris  
Ruth Elizabeth  
Thompson  
Eleanor Ricasoli  
Josephine Witherspoon  
Marian Deats  
Louise Ritsler  
Lily K. Westervelt  
Abraham Zunsner  
Beryl Morse  
Mary G. Lloyd  
Laura Willis  
Eleanor Maury  
Elizabeth M. Stockton  
Jessie Samter  
Edgar Marburg, Jr.  
Stuart Cutler  
Elnor Clark  
Edgar Burts  
Willie Keating  
Doris L. Glover  
Kate Griffin  
Marie McSwigan  
Ed. Verdier  
Augusta L. Burke  
Evelyn Taggart  
Ruth Kinkead  
Helen Dudley  
Margaret F. Foster  
Alma Ruth Lavenson  
Russell Whitehead  
Marian Luce  
Margaret F. Weil  
Lee H. Clark  
Esther Curtis  
Frances Hale Burt  
Gladys Wright  
Gertrude Hall  
Katharine H. Seligman  
Jennaveve John  
Edith M. Tuttle  
Margaret Feurer  
Mona L. Mix  
William F. Baker  
Marie Maurer  
Constance Wilcox  
Mortimer Layowitz  
Robert Lewis, Jr.  
D. Rutherford Collins  
Frank Paulus  
Hilda Wilde  
Norman L. Hely  
Florence Barrett  
Helen de Froest  
Griffin  
Marion Graffin  
Flora Nelson  
Rachel Metcalf  
Ward Cheney  
Lucy Friend Rogers

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Blanche Penny  
Angus Nolan  
Herbert Pawson  
Matilda Delano  
Donald B. Vail  
Margaret R. Kennedy  
George T. Burton

Helen M. Dwight  
Frank M. Caughey, Jr.  
Julius S. Bixler  
Louise Fundenberg  
Arthur Blue  
Lois Taggart  
Louise Otis  
Felix Bolté  
Bertha Moore  
Lulu Bowmaker  
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.  
Gladys Liebman  
John L. Baxter  
Francis C. Lathrop  
Bertha Wardell  
Eliza Gordon  
Woodbury  
Mary D. Ruffin  
Margaret Phillips  
Oakleigh Repplier  
Margaret Mellen  
Marjorie Smellie  
Elenore C. Hughes  
Donald Blanke  
Harriet Anna  
de Lancy  
Louise S. May  
Harry A. Caswell  
Hortense Rodgers

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

William Kakilty  
George Abbott  
Brownell  
Eric Henry Marks  
Adele Lowinson  
Jarvis Shedd  
Myron Davy  
Lester G. Wells  
Elsie Porter Truit  
Robert Crittenden  
Mattes  
Emma Marcole  
Neva Davis  
Helen Nesbitt  
Sarah Estelle Elmer  
Fanny Juda  
Webster Wright  
Charles J. Hobart  
Helen Batchelder  
Carroll Center  
Blanche Deuel  
David Pernick  
Lillie Rehnstrom  
Irma Sarot  
Genevieve Brooke  
Louise Patterson  
Emilie E. Mackintosh  
Alice M. MacRae  
Fritz V. Hartman  
Mildred Winters  
Elizabeth Comstock  
Henry R. Hatch, Jr.  
Alice Richard  
Lawrence  
Remsen Wisner  
Holbert

## PUZZLES, 1.

Wallace L. Cassell  
Rose Edith Des Anges  
Jennie M. Lowenhaupt  
Elizabeth C. Zeller  
Stanley Daggett  
Marion McLeod  
Joseph Trombetti  
Duane R. Everson  
Glenn C. Smith  
Oscar Lindow  
Dale Warren

## PUZZLES, 2

Bessie Blocker  
Jean Jacoby  
Elizabeth Macallum  
Avis E. Edgerton  
William Rapp  
Jeannette E. Sholes  
William A. Rose, Jr.  
Charles F. Wilner  
Esther E. Waite  
Ruth K. Gaylord  
Alfred Swan

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

NO ADDRESS. Shirley May Bruce, Elizabeth Wilkinson, D. Simpson, David B. McDougal, Robert Shapiro, Samuel Greenberg.  
NO AGE. Sewall C. Strout, Albert P. Gates, Warren M. Perry, I. Donalowitz, Eleanor T. Horn, Winifred Ward, Edith Wetmore.  
NOT ENDORSED. George Siemens, Minnie Skud, Elizabeth McAllaster.

LATE. Phyllis Hawkin, Rita H. Prager, Thomas Lamb, John Carter, Kimberley Stuart, William Billingsheimer, Winifred V. Sides, Ruth Agnew, Alan B. Laskey, Dorothy Quick, Beryl M. Siebert, Dorothy Louise Dade, Pauline Kerkow, Margaret Dymont, Mary Nesmith, Jack Phillips, Theo. Field.

PENCIL. Marjorie R. Cowan, Edgar B. Blundell.  
WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES. Dorothy Vinton, Asa S. Bushnell.  
COLOR. Jacob Spwak, Dorothy Cert.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 125

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 125** will close **March 10** (for foreign members **March 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Waiting."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "My Choice—Going Visiting" or "Having Visitors."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Independence" or "Going It Alone."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Patriotic Subject" or a Heading or Tail-piece for July.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.





A REHEARSAL IN THE JUNGLE. CONDUCTOR: "NOW THEN, ALL TOGETHER!"



"BRE'R FOX GETS A VALENTINE."

DRAWN BY PAULINE JENKS.

# THE LETTER-BOX

HERE is a very interesting and unusual letter from a St. NICHOLAS reader who tells how Japanese customs seem to a girl who has spent most of her life in America, although her "parents are Japanese."

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: My mother brought my sister and me to this country, where we will stay a few years for our Japanese education. Six years ago I was here for several months visiting my grandmother, but my memory of this place and things here is so faint that everything is new to me again.

There are lots of things very interesting. My! everything is odd. I say "odd" because Mother does not allow me to say "funny." She says because I am ignorant of Japanese things, so they look to me "funny." She also wants me to learn until "funny things" will be "interesting things."

Nothing here seems as things in America. Well, I like some things quite well, yet, honestly, I like America lots better. The other day my grandmother invited some girls of my size; I never had such a solemn party in my life. I had a horrid time. Of course we sat on the tatami-floor, except my grandmother. She sat on a thick, purple crêpe cushion. That is because she is an old lady. Here children must not sit on a cushion when an aged person is in the same room.

Each one of us had the tiniest, prettiest, red lacquer table. Girls looked like big, well-dressed dolls. My mother purposely did not dress me in Japanese. You see, I cannot behave like other girls. All my life I am used to sit in chairs, so I cannot sit so still like others. My American dress is so strange any way, to other girls; it does not look so boyish if I wiggle some.

I cannot say I had a good time at my first party. Everybody looked as if listening to a funeral sermon, all the time bowing slowly to each other without any suggestion of party glee. I felt more as if I was in church instead of a party. I miss my friends in America. They can jump, dance, and talk.

My mother tells me that I will soon learn to enjoy this quiet way. She says every girl should be trained to love quietude as well as gaiety. She must be right, but it is very hard.

Things are so different here. I believe boys and girls in America would like to know how I look at things here. Though my parents are Japanese, I am just like an American girl in every way.

When I came to Japan two months ago I did not know a word of Japanese.

Tokio city is preparing for New Year celebration and I am looking forward to it.

Your very interested reader,

HANANO INAGAKI SUGIMOTO.

THUN, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my fine excursion. I spent part of last summer in Thun. One lovely morning we left the Hotel Beau-Rivage at 10:20 in our auto. After traveling one hour we came to Interlaken, the most beautiful town on the Thunersee. From there we went to Lauterbrünnen to see the falls. They are very wonderful and beautiful and I was delighted.

The little railroad going up the Jungfrau passes by. After admiring the falls we went on to Grindelwald, where we took lunch at the Alpenruhe Hotel. When lunch was finished, a carriage was waiting to take us to the foot of the glacier. Our party consisted of Father, Mother, myself,

and coachman. When we were half-way up the hill the horse showed signs of fatigue; then Father and the coachman got out and walked. In a little while the horse got so tired he could not pull us, so we had to get out and walk, too. In about five minutes a man came running after us calling, "Guide, guide, only three francs." Now the fun began. On reaching the foot of the glacier we were all tied together with ropes. First a guide and myself, then another guide with Father and Mother. The first guide had to cut steps in the ice with his ax. When we reached the top we went in an ice-cave. This ice-cave has to be cut three times in one summer as the air from without and the sun melt it. There is also a huge ice-cave which is original. In the back there is a huge crevice. The guide said there was an old man that lived in the crevice and he would call him out. So he called and the old man echoed back. The going up was nothing to the coming down, as we had to walk over rocks which were very shaky and had deep stony gorges at each side. The day was beautiful and I had a glorious time.

Your loving reader,

VIRGINIA ELLINGWOOD (age 10).

CANTON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have 'been given to me as a Christmas present for two years and, like all girls and boys who read you, I think you are the very best magazine published.

A year ago last spring my father put a wren-box in the apple-tree in front of our house. But to our disappointment it has been "for rent" ever since. About a week ago we noticed that a wren was going back and forth from the house. He seemed to be considering it for his residence, and soon began to carry twigs into it. Then he brought his mate and she looked all around, but did n't seem to care for it. They don't know whether they want to live there or not. We have a beautiful big cat who, besides being the most privileged member of the family, climbs all the trees in the neighborhood and sometimes even sits on top of the wren house. Of course it would be rather inconvenient for the wren family to have him for such a close neighbor, and I am afraid that "Kittie" will keep the birds away in spite of the fact that they like the arrangement and location of the house.

All of your stories are just fine, and I am very fond of the League part. I won a gold badge for prose last winter and I like it better than any of my other pins. I enjoy the Letter-Box, too, very much, but nothing very interesting seems to happen to me to write about.

My grandfather was in the Civil War. He got the first medal ever given by Congress for bravery. I am proud of my ancestors. My great-great-great-grandfather was in the Revolution. The soldiers' supplies were scarce and he took the leaden weights from his eight-day clock and made them into bullets. To take the place of weights he filled tin cans with sand. Though over a century old, that clock is still doing good service and is in the possession of the family. General Wesley Merritt, who distinguished himself in the battle of Manila in the Spanish-American War, is also a relative of mine.

Your interested reader and League member,

RUTH MERRITT ERDMAN (age 15).

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to my brother and me as a Christmas present, and I am always anxious for you to come.



Last summer we were camping, and were in a large crowd when the storm came. It was a gulf storm and the water rose very high. The bath-house and boating pier were washed away, also tents were blown down. We took shelter in a near-by house and we had to spend the night there as the storm was so bad. It lasted almost twenty-four hours. The day after the storm was pretty warm and we went in bathing. Just ten rooms of the bath-house were left; that was all. But we were proud to have those. I spent a very pleasant vacation. I have four pets, a canary bird, and four bantams, all of which are very tame.

Your true reader,

LILLIAN MAE FREEMAN (age 13).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps there is room in your Letter-Box for a little problem which may interest some of your other readers as it has me.

One day I happened to write the name Anna four times, thus:

A n n a

A n n a

A n n a

A n n a

Then I fell to wondering how many times the name Anna might be found in those sixteen letters by using the king's move in chess—that is, going from one letter to the next in any direction. I reckoned out, and decided that it might be found 220 times, incredible though it seems. Perhaps some other League members would like to see if their solution agrees with mine.

Thanking you for all the entertainment and instruction I derive from your pages, I am

Your constant reader,

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (age 16).

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I have had a chance to see and know of a great many peculiar incidents that not all children have.

Fargo, our most intelligent elephant, last winter, became greatly fascinated with our new elephant, Queen, who is fifty (Fargo is about sixty-five); and Hero, our largest elephant, did too. Hero is about one hundred and fifty.

Well, to continue my story, elephants love to have hay thrown up on their backs, and do you think Queen had to do this? Oh, no! not by any means, her two devoted admirers did all this for her. They also rolled up little bunches of hay and gave them to her, shoving the other one away as best they could and taking the hay that the other one had given her out of her mouth.

This state of affairs could not last long, so one day jealous Hero struck at Fargo and knocked him down, putting his stifle out of place, which is a great deal worse for an elephant than a broken leg.

Poor Fargo suffered great pain and when the veterinary was called Fargo broke everything to pieces that was in sight, so it was decided to let nature take its own course.

Fargo still suffers from this out at the winter quarters at Santa Cruz, California, and it is believed that he will never be able to stand travel again.

Your interested reader,

GLADYS WARNER (age 13).

NATAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think your magazine is lovely. Grandma took it for Mother when she was a little girl, and now we take it. We have about thirty bound volumes. We

live in the town of Pietermaritzburg, or, rather, just out of it. We keep three cows, two horses, one dog, and a cat.

I think South African life must be rather like American, from what I've read in ST. NICHOLAS. We have a large double story house with a veranda and balcony all round three sides, from which we have exquisite views. We have five acres of land altogether.

Pietermaritzburg is a beautiful place situated in the midst of a lot of high mountains, the Zwaartkop being one of them. Last winter (June to August is our winter) it was covered with snow, a very unusual thing in our climate.

I have two brothers and two sisters.

Your devoted reader and well-wisher,

NANCY LISTER (age 12).

—————  
PYENGYANG, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a missionary's boy out in Korea. Of course you all know where Korea is. We are going to have water in about a year, but now all the water is carried in petroleum tins. A board with a pole across it has a straw rope tied to the board across the shoulders; so the board rests on the back, and the rope keeps the board up and two of these tins are at each end of the pole. When winter comes and we slide on our sleds, we have a great time with these water men for they are always in the way, but they make up for it by spilling water on the slide which makes it like ice. The Koreans dress mostly in white. A common gentleman has on American shoes, a black or white gown reaching to his feet, and his head will be shaved, and on his head he will have a small cap.

Then the common countryman has baggy trousers, a short waist or coat; he has long hair which is done up in a topknot on the top of his head. He takes more care of his topknot than of his clothes. Over this they have a small cap of hair.

I guess it is time to stop now, so good-by!

Your loving reader,

SCOTT H. WELLS (age 12).

—————  
OTHER letters which lack of space prevents our printing have been received from Napier Edwards, Susie Parsons, Carrie Sommer, Lucile Laughlin, Tekla W. Fichtner, Gertrude Foote, Lillian B. Cheney, Alice Townsend, Mary Greenough, Arline M. Harrington, Dorothy Pierson, Hal Moss, Mary Helen Mannansa, Elizabeth E. Warren, Frances H. Fuller, Frederic E. Holmes, Alice M. M. Goodwin, Hazel Pierce, Ray Lee Horwood, Florence Marie Mueller, Ethel E. Haller, Grace Philip, Mary Barfield, Dorothy Don, Willie Lindley, Elнора Martindale, Alfred John Bush, Florence A. Hood, Abbie G. Neville, Mildred H. Kizer, Pauline P. Shortess, Carolyn C. Percy, Jean L. Wilson, Selma Schmidt, Judith M. Crawford, Elva Viola Sheffield, Russell S. Osborne, Napier Edward, Louise Kiersted, Madge M. Davies, Margaret Greenbaum, Effie C. Ross, Theda Kenyon, Margaret Barcaly Schalz, Jean Mumford, Beatrice Stokes, Mary L. Johnston, Ruth C. Soper, Iris Vining, Josephine Norton, Allison Kelsey, Everett S. Hatch, Dorothy Leach, Lucy T. Dawson, Lucile Zander, Dorothy Fuller, Ruth Allen, Viola Blaese, Julian Gallentine, Katherine C. Herring, Mae Tracey, Marian Toulmin, Harriet McNair Evans, Delphina L. Hammer, Mamie Love Burtis, Lily Feeley, Ella G. Johnson, Faye Thomas, Terese B. Lawe, Katie Crompton, Doris H. Somerset, Gisela von Unterrichter, Susie Tibbetts, Eleanor Warden, Elizabeth Burnham, Thoda S. Cockroft, Lydia M. Scott, Lucy Dewey, Hester Gunning, Grace Alice Barron, Constance A. Mosser, Andrena Clark, Mildred French, Wallace R. Bostwick, M. E. Sangster, Jr., Doris Creasy, Helen Adler.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

\* DOUBLE CURTAILINGS. 1. Unit-ed. 2. Nero-li. 3. Iron-ic. 4. Tons-il.

HATCHET PUZZLE. Stars, George Washington. Downward: 1. Argonaut. 2. Treasures. 3. Prominent. 4. Meridian. 5. Age. 6. Jet. 7. Awe. 8. Oar. 9. Ash. 10. She. 11. Lid. 12. Ant. 13. Ago. 14. Sty. 15. Loon. 16. In.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Yacht. 2. Abear. 3. Cease. 4. Haste. 5. Trees. II. 1. Welsh. 2. Elate. 3. Label. 4. Steam. 5. Helms. III. 1. Usher. 2. Share. 3. Hades. 4. Erect. 5. Rests.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday, Valentine's Day.

DIAGONAL. Kipling. 1. Kindred. 2. Pillows. 3. Coppers. 4. Village. 5. Incline. 6. Vermont. 7. Washing.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Macbeth; finals, Tempest. 1. Meet. 2. Able. 3. Calm. 4. Bump. 5. Ease. 6. Toes. 7. Hart.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "There is no wealth like the heart's wealth, which is content."

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10th from "Queenscourt"—"Marcapan"—Madelon Deschere—Morgan Platt Underwood—Edna Meyle—Helen M. Tyler—Barbara H. Caswell—Kate Wardrope—Frances McIver—J. R. Smith—Arnold F. Muhlig—Olive Harper—Daniel W. Hand, Jr.—Valerie Raas—Marian Shaw—Elizabeth Thompson—Neva C. Davis—Judith Ames Marsland—Myers McClure—"Benjo"—Agnes L. Thomson—Hamilton B. Bush.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 10th from R. Moshell, 3—"Wynken & Blinken," 2—J. C. Kunkel, 3—H. Prescott, 2—M. G. Bonner, 3—S. C. Ogilvie, 2—J. K. Plumer, 7—D. Blanke, 2—R. O. Ford, 6—C. S. Metcalf, 9—F. R. Kroener, 2—E. Korb, 9—D. Warren, 2—J. P. Stevens, Jr., 6—E. Macgregor, 6.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from C. C. Anthony—D. Ely—E. Marquand—R. S. Landauer—L. E. Perkins—H. W. Flint—M. L. Wall—E. Birmingham—E. M. Barker—M. W. Evans—L. Bolt—G. Jackson—P. Hawes—C. S. Winslow—E. Ewer—N. K. Downer—E. H. Marks—L. Wynne—L. D. Bacon—M. T. Bradley—M. Williams—D. G. Williams.

## RHYMED WORD-SQUARES

### I

1. ONCE Norway's good king, they all say;
2. To frighten one's senses away;
3. What the robins repeat;
4. An odor that 's sweet;
5. A supply used in work or in play.

### II

1. When we shrink from the blast blowing cold;
2. A color the welkin can hold;
3. Country hints, in a word;
4. A long-legged bird;
5. A beautiful woman of old.

ANNA M. PRATT.

## QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

BEHEAD five letters and curtail five letters from, 1. Absolutely necessary, and leave a writing instrument. 2. Places where goods are manufactured, and leave a deed. 3. Relatively, and leave a rodent. 4. A beautiful autumn flower, and leave an insect. 5. Placing in a lower rank, and leave a loud, confused noise. 6. Natives of Scandinavia, and leave a feminine name. 7. A killing by treacherous violence, and leave iniquity. 8. A sea south of Europe, and leave to go astray. 9. The act of consolidating, and leave a cover. 10. Something offered and burnt upon an altar as a sacrifice, and leave not on. 11. Relat-

ing to an ambassador, and leave dejected. 12. Modest, and leave a number.

When the foregoing words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of the chief epic in the English language.

ALLAN COLE.

## WORD-SQUARE

1. CAPABLE. 2. A vegetable. 3. To debark. 4. Brings to a conclusion.

JULIUS GOEPFINGER (League Member).

## A DOUBLE ZIGZAG

I . . . . 3  
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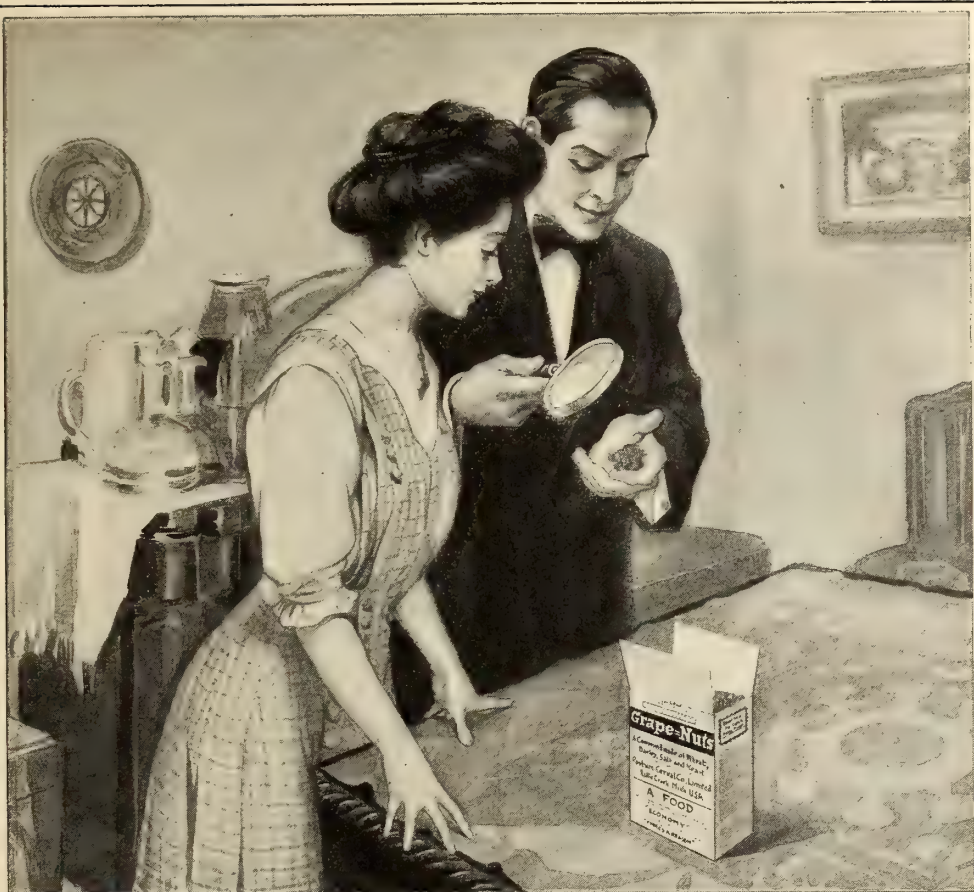
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A vegetable. 2. A small church. 3. Sagacity. 4. Burns. 5. To ignite. 6. To glue together. 7. Explanation. 8. A botanical term for stem. 9. Gives up.

Zigzags, from 1 to 2, a famous author; from 3 to 4, one of his books.

MARGARET L. FREE (League Member).







## Have a Look!

Through a magnifying glass, at

# Grape-Nuts

The glass brings out sharply an interesting sight. Upon every golden granule will be seen small, shining crystals of Grape-Sugar.

This isn't 'put there.'

In the process of making Grape-Nuts the starch of wheat and barley is changed into this sugar and the result is probably the most perfect and beneficial food known for providing the elements Nature uses for rebuilding the brain and nerve centres.

Trial proves.

**"There's a Reason"**

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Time to hand in answers is up March 10. Prizes awarded in May number.

COMPETITION No. 99.

When you see this number, "99," does n't it make you feel quite *old*? Ninety-nine competitions! Really, the Advertising Editor and all the Judges feel inclined to race each other around Union Square just to prove that we are really not as old as we ought to be with ninety-eight competitions behind us, and the ninety-ninth staring us in the face. Now, what shall we have for a competition which shall fittingly celebrate the era which passes as we cross the century mark? The Judges know what they are going to give you for *the* Century Contest, but that's another story.

Well, how do you like the idea of having your own choice, a kind of "catch-as-catch-can" competition, for the ninety-ninth? You know that just before the plunge over the brink of the falls, the water at times bubbles and seethes and foams and seems thoroughly mixed, and some that had before been at the bottom now rises to the top, bearing bubbles and froth on its surface. That's something like the way we intend to take the plunge.

You may adopt your own choice of the form of a competition from any of the ninety-eight which have gone before. Puzzles or rhymes or cut-out pictures.

You must first give the rules of the competition which you intend to follow, stating them plainly; then give the answers to your competition in regular form. At the bottom, tell what original competition you took the idea from, if possible.

In other words, this time you not only write your answers to a competition, but you write the competition itself, one that is your choice out of the ninety-eight that have gone before.

Here is the greeting of the Judges to you all.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.

Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.

Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.

Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (99).

3. Submit answers by March 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 99, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



## Dessert's Coming and it's JELL-O

How the joy of the little folks brings back the times when we used to see our favorite pudding or pie coming on! There was no Jell-O then and our dessert was not as good as Jell-O is or as good for us as Jell-O would have been. But, so far as we knew, it was the best in the world, and we were happy accordingly.

# JELL-O

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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## USED OR UNUSED STAMPS

THE question of how to make the best appearing collection often arises in the mind of the collector. One of the first thoughts along this line is: "Shall I make my collection of used or of unused stamps?"

There is no doubt that unused stamps make the finest looking collection. Cancellations are always blemishes, and the fact that almost all stamps that are canceled have to be wetted in order to remove them from the original covers, and thus they lose some of their freshness, makes the collection that is composed of fine uncanceled specimens especially desirable. The expense, however, of making such a collection is for most collectors prohibitive. Still there are a large number of unused stamps, particularly low values, remainders, and condemned issues, which are obtainable at small cost. Sometimes these are even less expensive than the same stamps canceled. The collector who makes a point of putting as many of these stamps into his collection as he can secure will, on the whole, have the best appearing collection. For the rest, select lightly canceled, well centered, bright-looking stamps, and you are sure to have a collection which every one will admire even if it does not contain high-priced stamps. It sometimes happens that an otherwise beautiful collection is spoiled in appearance by the inclusion in it of a heavily canceled or torn specimen of a rare stamp.

The collector says: "I will keep this one in my collection until I get a better copy." Such action is a great mistake for any one desiring an attractive album. The attention of every one looking at the page containing a damaged stamp is at once drawn to the defects in it. Such a stamp is never admired or desired by any one whose opinion is of consequence. Again, the very fact that one possesses a poor copy stands in the way of his securing a better. Many collectors in discussing the question of the purchase of a stamp, say: "I have a specimen of it, although it is not a very good one, I think I will buy one that I do not have instead of replacing this with a better specimen." Thus the collection is not improved, and, indeed, it is likely to grow worse through the continual addition of poor stamps.

The writer remembers a young collector who, many years ago, became so impressed with the idea that he ought to have nothing in his collection except good specimens that, on changing his stamps from one album to another, he discarded four hundred out of the one thousand stamps which he then had as being unfit for his album. His friends laughed at his foolishness, but some years later, when he had added some more good stamps, an advanced collector paid him five hundred dollars for his collection mainly because the scarce stamps it contained were exceptionally good specimens and could therefore be used to improve his own collection. That five hundred dollars was invested by the young man in a business which within ten years was paying him several thousand annually, with no further investment, but mainly because he carried into his business the same idea of having all goods of prime quality. Thus the making of a clean and handsome collection of stamps may exert a great influence for good in the after life of the collector.

## FOREIGN COLLECTORS

THE collectors of this country do not do as much to help philately as those of foreign countries. There are new exhibitions of stamps reported frequently from England and the continent, but in America we seldom have anything of the sort outside of the Government's exhibit at the great expositions. This was repeated last year at Seattle, and the stamps which the Government showed there were indeed very fine and will probably make many new collectors. It takes time to get up a really fine exhibition of stamps, and the fact that collecting is done in this country by business men and in foreign countries by the so-called leisure class, probably accounts for the greater number and excellence of the foreign shows of this kind.

## CHINESE COMMEMORATIVE ISSUES

THE Chinese Empire puts forth three stamps of the denominations of two, three, and seven cents. These come out first in a commemorative issue and it is believed that they will be added to the regular set later. The design is the famous temple of heaven at Peking and the central portion of each stamp is printed in a different color from the frame. We may expect to hear soon of "inverted centers."

## SOLOMON ISLAND STAMPS

AMONG the "curious stamps illustrating the usages of far-away people, the issues of the Solomon Islands are noteworthy. The group of natives in their canoe reveals a kind of navigation with which the western world is not familiar. Such stamps serve their purpose in revealing the conditions of life in the Pacific.

## BRITISH COLOR SCHEMES

THE adoption of a new color scheme for the British Colonies will cause a gradual withdrawal of all present issues and the substitution of stamps corresponding with the plan. It would seem as though it would be a good thing for every collector, interested in British Colonials, to complete his sets of present issues as rapidly as possible. It is announced that Barbados has adopted the new color scheme and that Trinidad and various other colonies will follow soon, not only with the new colors, but also with new plates of changed designs. It is said that the Turks Islands issue will give place to one much resembling the beautiful Falkland Island issues.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE differences between certain Austrian stamps of 1900 and 1904 issues which puzzle you are in the corner designs which contain the numerals. In one instance there is a background, and in the other not. In the first two issues of Hungary the groundwork of the circles bearing the figures of value and "kr." are composed of horizontal lines entirely in all values except the two kreuzers, where the outermost shading is spherical and the inner horizontal lines. But I do not recall ever having seen any explanation of this.

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  - 2d. Net Books by countries
  - 3d. 25 per cent. Approval Sheets
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- and, best of all, send for a **SPECIAL WANT LIST** blank and instructions how to use it.

**New England Stamp Co., 43 Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.****Stamps Free**40 different U. S. for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 1000 Mixed Foreign, 12c. 4 Congo Coins, 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, Ohio.****STAMPS FREE.** 15 all different Canadians, 10 India, and catalogue Free. Postage 2 cents, and, when possible, send us names, addresses of two stamp collectors. **Special Offers,** no two alike. 50 Spain 11c, 40 Japan 5c, 100 U. S. 20c, 50 Australia 9c, 10 Paraguay 7c, 10 Uruguay 7c, 10 Mexico 10c, 20 Turkey 7c, 7 Persia 4c. Agents Wanted 50% discount. 50 Page List Free. **MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. N., Toronto, Canada.****British Colonials**Largest and Finest Stock, Lowest Prices. Illustrated Catalog. 4 Nigeria, 10 cents; 9 Mauritius, 12 cents; 6 Gold Coast, 10 cents; 7 Hong Kong, 10 cents; 50 diff., 10 cents. **COLONIAL STAMP CO., 350 East 53d St., Chicago.****Stamp Album with 538 genuine Stamps,** incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., only 10c., 100 diff. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc. 5c. Agts. wtd. 50%. **Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free! We Buy Stamps. C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., Dep. I, St. Louis, Mo.**20 diff. U. S. stamps **FREE** with trial appr. sheets at 50% discount, or send the names of 2 honest collectors. I buy stamps. A. Craig, 3 E. Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.**STAMPS**100 varieties foreign, free. Postage 2c. **QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.****FREE**

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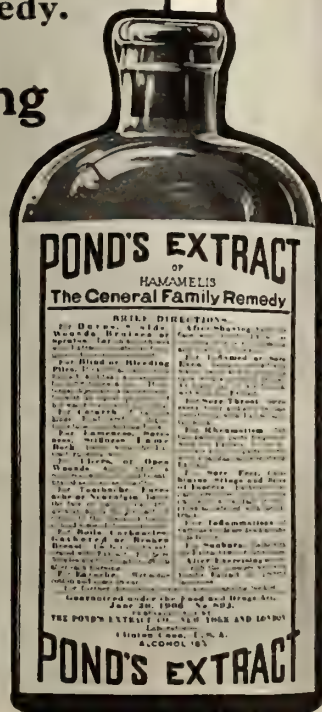
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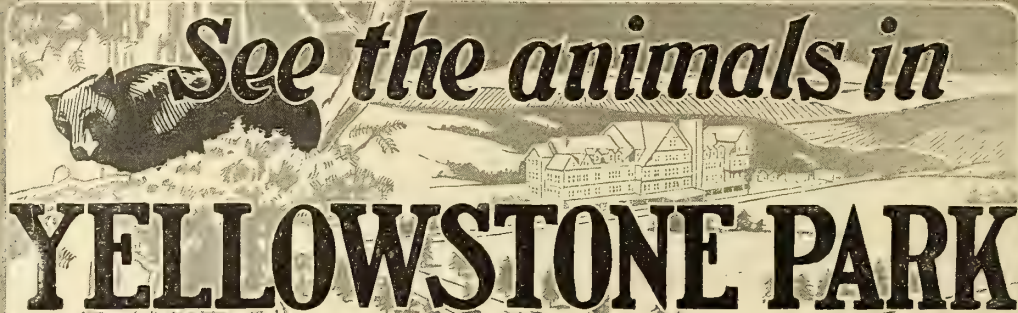
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“DON'T BE AFRAID!”

BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXVII

APRIL, 1910

No. 6

## THE POCKET COMPASS

BY MARY HOADLEY GRISWOLD

THE February sun was near its setting behind Long Island's shores; and out at the lonesome light-station preparations were going forward for the long vigil from sunset until sunrise.

Stuart Judson, the keeper's nephew, had fed the chickens, carried up the coal, and now was chopping kindlings at the woodpile on the beach of the tiny island. In the snug kitchen Aunt Amelia was preparing the supper which would be ready after the "light-up."

Captain Justin Judson, keeper, was toiling up the six flights of iron stairs on his way to the lamp which crowned the tall granite tower. He threw open the door of the costly glass lens, stepped inside, and turned on the oil so that the triple wick might become saturated and ready for the match. He then proceeded to take down and fold away the voluminous white linen curtain which, draped about the lens, had protected it from the harmful rays of the midday sun.

It was part of the daily round of his duties as keeper of the lonely light-station, and Captain Judson had gazed down from the tower for the space of fifteen years. Earlier in life he had been a sea-captain. When the *Jennie Van Wie* was wrecked outside Long Island in the fierce blizzard of March, 1888, he and his crew had escaped with their lives only after hours of exposure in the yawl-boat. Then Captain Judson yielded to the pleading of his wife and gave up coasting for lighthouse-keeping. "Anywhere,"

she had said at that time, "where we can live our lives together with solid earth under foot."

The little island was scarcely larger than a good-sized ship. No trace of earth or vegetation was there. The island was only a mound of small round stones rising a few feet above high-water mark and safeguarded by a stout breakwater from the fury of the gales to which it was exposed. Despite wind and sea, the lighthouse had stood there for a hundred years and was an important sea-mark for all craft entering or leaving Long Island Sound. Captain Judson, through his long marine glass, watched them passing daily, the ships he knew as a man knows his neighbors. Yet, because his wife was dear to him, he took his morning tramp across the lighthouse concrete floor instead of across a ship's deck.

When his brother John died, leaving a widow and four children with no provision but a life-insurance policy, Captain Judson at once sent for Stuart, a lad of sixteen, to come to the lighthouse for the winter, at least. Stuart came and found the routine there a daily joy. To him salt air was the breath of life, and a boat the creature of his will and skill.

Nor was the arrangement without benefit to Captain Judson. Though the lighthouse was but half a mile distant from a larger island, to which a steamer came twice daily, bringing mail and supplies to the fort there located, yet that half-



mile was often a difficult one to cover. And it frequently happened in winter that, for a week at a time, it was impossible to make the trip because of the heavy seas that broke upon the islands. When the way was open there were eddies and cross tides to be understood, the tides to be avoided, the set of the current and its strength to be estimated. Altogether, the row across in winter was work for two men, and Captain Judson, growing older each year, was glad to have Stuart accompany Harrison, the assistant keeper, and to remain at home himself.

Captain Judson, watch in hand, glanced through the window to note the exact moment of the sunset. His glance fell upon the nearest point of the other island. A soldier was standing there waving a flag, white with a red center. It was the signal that a submarine telephone message for the lighthouse had been received at the fort. The captain stepped out to the rail and called to Stuart, who was chopping wood, down below, to take the message, as he was familiar with army wigwag signals. The message proved to be for Stuart, telling him that his mother was ill of pneumonia.

At supper that evening Captain Judson said: "Stuart, the best thing you can do is to go over to the fort to-morrow morning and board the steamer. You will reach New London in time for the three-thirty train, and can be at home by five o'clock."

"You forget, Uncle Justin," replied Stuart, "that to-morrow is the first Tuesday in the month and inspection day for the steamer, which will not come here again until day after to-morrow."

"It is too bad," sympathized Aunt Amelia. "No chance to get ashore for forty-eight hours, and you frantic to get home this minute, I know."

"I could get home to-morrow, Uncle Justin, if you would consent to a plan I have."

"What is your scheme, my boy?"

The keeper's voice was sympathetic and invited confidence. He knew that Stuart was not given to speaking until he had thoroughly thought out his subject; also that the boy was in a desperate hurry to reach home.

"What time does the flood-tide make to-morrow morning?"

"At seven o'clock." The keeper made a point of knowing his almanac.

"What will the wind be?"

The keeper surveyed the stars of the sky and the lights of the sea before replying.

"Light southerly winds and a clear sky to-morrow, boy."

"You are an encouraging weather-prophet," said Stuart. "Now please encourage me a bit

further. Will you lend me the government boat in the morning for a few days?"

"Let me hear your plans," commanded the keeper, who carefully cherished all government property committed to his care.

"If you would trust me with the boat," explained Stuart, "I would take an early start in the morning, when wind and tide will be free. By saving the whole flood-tide I ought to reach Saybrook early in the afternoon. There I would leave the boat at the lighthouse and walk up to the railroad junction in time for the accommodation train, reaching home by dark. Will you lend me the boat?"

"There are some points to be considered first," said the keeper, slowly. "You know I am anxious you should reach home as quickly as possible. I would trust you with the boat before any other person, for your skill and judgment, boatwise, are beyond your years. But have you considered that the trip you propose in that sixteen-foot skiff is a risky one at this time of year? Going across would n't be so difficult, for you would have wind and tide in your favor, and, as the north shore is a hundred miles long, you are bound to strike it somewhere if you keep going. But coming back, that's another proposition. The weather might change after you had started, the wind breeze up or a fog drop down. You know how swift and strong the ebb-tide runs through the Race here. If you miscalculate and miss this little island, what happens? Out into the Atlantic you go, to be swamped or frozen or picked up. The chances would be about even."

"Last of all, but quite important, is this consideration: this station will undergo government inspection in ten days, and we are expected to have that boat here for inspection. A storm may prevent your return for many days. How could you be sure of bringing back the boat in time for inspection?"

Stuart's answer came promptly, decisively:

"Uncle, I have thought of all those things. The risk of personal safety weighs nothing against my mother's critical illness. She may be dying; I must go quickly to her. Let me take the boat, and I promise you I will bring it safely back within ten days. It is reasonable to expect a chance to return within that space of time. We are not likely to have bad weather for ten days in succession."

"That is true," assented the keeper, considering.

"May I take the boat?" The boy's voice was tense.

"You may," replied Captain Judson, emphatically.

cally. In the darkness he nodded his approval to the stars. This was a boy after his own heart.

Next morning they gathered on the dock to see him off, Captain Judson, Aunt Amelia, and Harrison, the assistant keeper. Aunt Amelia tucked into the boat a lunch, ample and appetizing, which she had thoughtfully prepared. Captain Judson put into his nephew's hand the pocket compass which he had carried through many years of voyaging. Stuart protested, knowing that it was his uncle's treasure.

"It would n't be wise to start on this voyage without it," insisted the keeper. "In case of thick weather it will show you the way back to the lighthouse."

Then the sail was hoisted, and the little boat slipped away upon the flood-tide until it was lost to sight, even through Captain Judson's marine glass.

Stuart's arrival at his home was a matter of rejoicing to his anxious sisters, to whom their thoughtful, resourceful brother was ever a tower of strength. He was allowed by the nurse to see his mother for a moment that night. Weak as she was, she smiled happily and whispered that she was glad he had come. Her few words more than repaid the boy for his hazardous journey, the very worst part of which was yet before him.

There followed days of keenest anxiety for brother and sisters while their mother was battling for her life. But the crisis passed, and the family physician told them she would recover, adding that the unexpected arrival of her son had seemed to give the patient needed impetus in

the right direction. Then, indeed, did Stuart feel that his journey was justified.

Throughout this period of anxiety and succeeding relief, the undercurrent of Stuart's



"HE CALLED TO STUART TO TAKE THE MESSAGE."

thoughts set ever toward the little lighthouse. His promise to his uncle, and the hazard involved in his return trip, were ever in his mind. His resolution to keep faith with his uncle in any event, his desire to select the best weather conditions possible for the return trip, and the swift passing of his allotted time, combined to harass



his mind, though he managed to conceal his mental state from the family. Of his voyage in the skiff he had told no one, and it was supposed he had come ashore on the steamer, as usual. He would have the family feel no useless anxiety about his return to the lighthouse.

Unnoticed, each day he watched the weather signs, each night he scanned the forecast in the evening paper. For a week the wind was contrary, blowing half a gale. So the days passed swiftly until the ninth of his absence came. Having promised to return to the light-station not later than the tenth day, he felt that he could wait no longer for the weather. Bidding his mother and sisters farewell, he again boarded a train for Saybrook.

When he reached Saybrook lighthouse he saw a leaden sky above water of the same hue, untroubled by a breath of wind. It was not the weather he would have liked, but it was something to have a smooth sea.

The Saybrook keeper ventured a protest as he helped to launch the boat.

"I *must* go," Stuart told him. "The ebb-tide is making, and I can drift across to the island if I can't sail."

The keeper looked skyward and shook his head dubiously, but said no more. Stuart put an oar over the stern and sculled the boat outside the breakwater. There he raised the sail to catch whatever breeze might spring up, then fell to sculling again. He could count upon six hours of ebb-tide and a "white ash" breeze, even if the sea were as smooth as glass, he thought jubilantly. It was a relief to have started on the voyage.

After sculling for about an hour, Stuart wearied of the wrist motion and settled himself on the thwart to row awhile. With the change of position he caught sight of a swirling gray cloud reaching from sea to sky far to the westward. It was fog, bearing down upon the little boat with the ebbing of the tide. Even as he looked, the fog-signal on Cornfield light-ship moaned its double note of warning.

To turn back was useless, even had Stuart been so inclined. He rose to his feet and looked off toward the island lighthouse, whose tower showed dimly twelve miles away. He must get his bearings before the fog-cloud closed in about him. He felt in his pocket for the compass Uncle Justin had urged upon him. It was not there. Then he remembered that, in his anxiety to keep it carefully, he had hung it on a nail in his room at home the night of his arrival. It hung there now!

Despairingly he settled once more to the oars.

The task which Stuart had set himself of reaching the light-station alone in a skiff on a February day was a perilous one, as he had known it would be. Now that vision was denied him, for the fog practically blindfolded him, he knew that his chance of finding so small an island before the tide swept him by was slender indeed.

But idle despair was not helping the situation. Stuart laid one oar in the bottom of the boat and prepared for a season of sculling, by which method, only, could he expect to keep the boat on a straight course.

Another half-hour of the vigorous exercise made him hungry, and then he realized that he had forgotten to bring food with him. His mind had been so occupied with getting started upon the voyage that all else had escaped his thought. It was clear that, until he reached his island goal and Aunt Amelia's table, he must cope with hunger as well as with fog.

A moment later hunger was forgotten, as a sound broke the stillness. Stuart ceased sculling to listen. The steady throb of a steamer's engines was rapidly approaching. There was no time for delay, and only instinct could tell him whether safety lay before or behind. With one quick turn of his practised wrist, the boat swung on its heel, as it were, and sped back along the course just traversed.

It was none too soon. Cutting her way through the fog-cloud, so close that, even in the fog, Stuart could read the name on the bow, a Sound steamer hurried by. There was no slackening of speed, no warning blast of the siren, as the great prow advanced. Ghostlike, silent, terrible, the steamer passed where, but a moment before, the little skiff had paused, and the fog closed in behind it. No one aboard saw the little boat so nearly run down, nor the white face of the boy who had so narrowly dodged death.

For a moment after his escape, Stuart's strength failed so that he could scarcely wield the oar. A sense of his own insignificance crushed him. What was his puny strength pitted against the great forces of nature and of man, which seemed in conspiracy against him?

Then reason regained its equilibrium. His determination to keep his promise to his uncle reasserted itself. His brain cleared, his arm was strong. Again he turned the boat and headed it once more for the island.

The steamer in passing had rendered Stuart an important service. It had left a well-defined wake. He knew the steamer, which regularly passed the lighthouse, and was familiar with its course. He was now able to accurately lay his



"GHOSTLIKE, SILENT, TERRIBLE, THE STEAMER PASSED."



own course for his uncle's light by the direction from which the steamer had come. This revived his courage in no small degree.

He proceeded, if possible, with more caution than before, so sharpened had been his faculties by the recent danger. He sculled on and on. The short winter afternoon drew to its close, and evening fell. Stuart had no indication of this beyond the darkening of the gray fog about him. The exertion of sculling began to seem intolerable, yet he dared not stop, lest he lose his course.

Then, faint and far away, he heard a familiar note. He listened intently, and made out two blasts in close sequence. Risking a deflection from his course, he crouched in the bottom of the boat, shielding in the hollow of his hand a lighted match while he timed the sounds by his watch. A three-second blast, a silent interval of twenty-seven seconds, another three-second blast, and he knew that the siren of the island lighthouse was calling to him.

There was need of caution now, never more need. He must stem the tide which was hurrying like a mill-race past each side of the little island. He must avoid the rocks, a menacing company, that rose above the surface of the sea all about the island. To miss the island now meant to be swept out into the Atlantic.

Stuart heard the siren only occasionally. By some strange law of acoustics, the sound traveled in curves, now striking the water, now rebounding into the air. Yet it reached his ears frequently enough to guide his course.

The strength of the tide slackened. Close above him blared out the siren's voice; a spot of

blurred brightness showed overhead where the tower rose, and the boat's keel grated on the beach of the little island.

In the engine-room of the light-station Captain Judson was standing watch, hovering with an oil-drip above flying cranks and clacking valves. Protruding from the seaward walls, the siren shrieked monotonously. In the tower above, the lamp was lighted, but its powerless rays were bent to the ground by the weight of the damp sea-fog. Small aid to navigation would be the lamp that night.

A figure darkened the doorway, and Captain Judson looked up. Above the roar of the machinery Stuart made himself heard.

"The boat is on the beach, Uncle Justin. Will you help me haul it up?"

Astonishment, pleasure, wonder, swept in turn across the keeper's face. He shouted in Stuart's ear:

"How did you get here a night like this?"

In reply Stuart held out his hands. They were blistered, bleeding from the friction of the oar. The answer sufficed.

"Sculled across sound in this fog!" ejaculated the keeper. "Then you get right into the house, where Aunt Amelia can take care of you. We'll lay up the skiff."

Captain Judson smiled quietly in the dark as he helped Harrison to haul the boat high on the beach. He was thinking:

"Kept his promise anyway. That's what he did. But he never could have found the island in this fog if he had n't had that compass in his pocket. It's lucky I made him take it."

## PORTRAITS

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

WHEN Thompson takes my photograph there's always such a fuss;  
My dress must be so stiff and clean, my curls I must not muss.  
And when we reach the gallery we stay a dreadful while!  
He puts a clamp against my head, and asks me please to smile.

He stands me up, and "poses" me, and tries this way and that;  
Then Mother says she'd like just one with muff and coat and hat;  
And then she starts to fix my hair in quite another way,  
And I get cross and crosser, 'cause I want to go and play.

But now an artist's painting me, and that's the worst of all;  
I'd rather have a tooth pulled out, or go to make a call!  
Why, even Thompson's gallery I should n't mind a bit;  
For here there's not a thing to do but sit—and sit—AND SIT!



"BUT NOW AN ARTIST'S PAINTING ME."





# A Youthful Martyr

by Pauline Frances Camp



I

For fibbing, many a lad, no doubt,  
Has felt the sting of hickory sprout.  
Eliphalet Pease, a pleasant youth,  
Was birched because he told the truth.

II

One day, from school Eliphalet came,  
And sought his mother, comely dame.  
"Oh, Mother, have you heard the news?  
As I was passing Parson True's,

III

"Down a long ladder, from the top,  
Full twenty feet, without a stop,  
Head over heels, did Parson go,  
And landed on the rocks below."



IV

"Alack a day!" the good housewife cried,  
And swiftly to her gossips hied.  
And soon throughout the village, all  
Had heard the tale of Parson's fall.

V

Men dropped their fishing-nets and creels;  
The women left their spinning-wheels;  
The broth was burned within the pot,  
By wives and maids alike forgot.

VI

The rumor grew, as swift it spread,  
And soon declared the parson dead.  
And many fainted from the shock;  
For he was loved by all his flock.



"MEN DROPPED THEIR FISHING-NETS AND CREELS;  
THE WOMEN LEFT THEIR SPINNING-WHEELS."

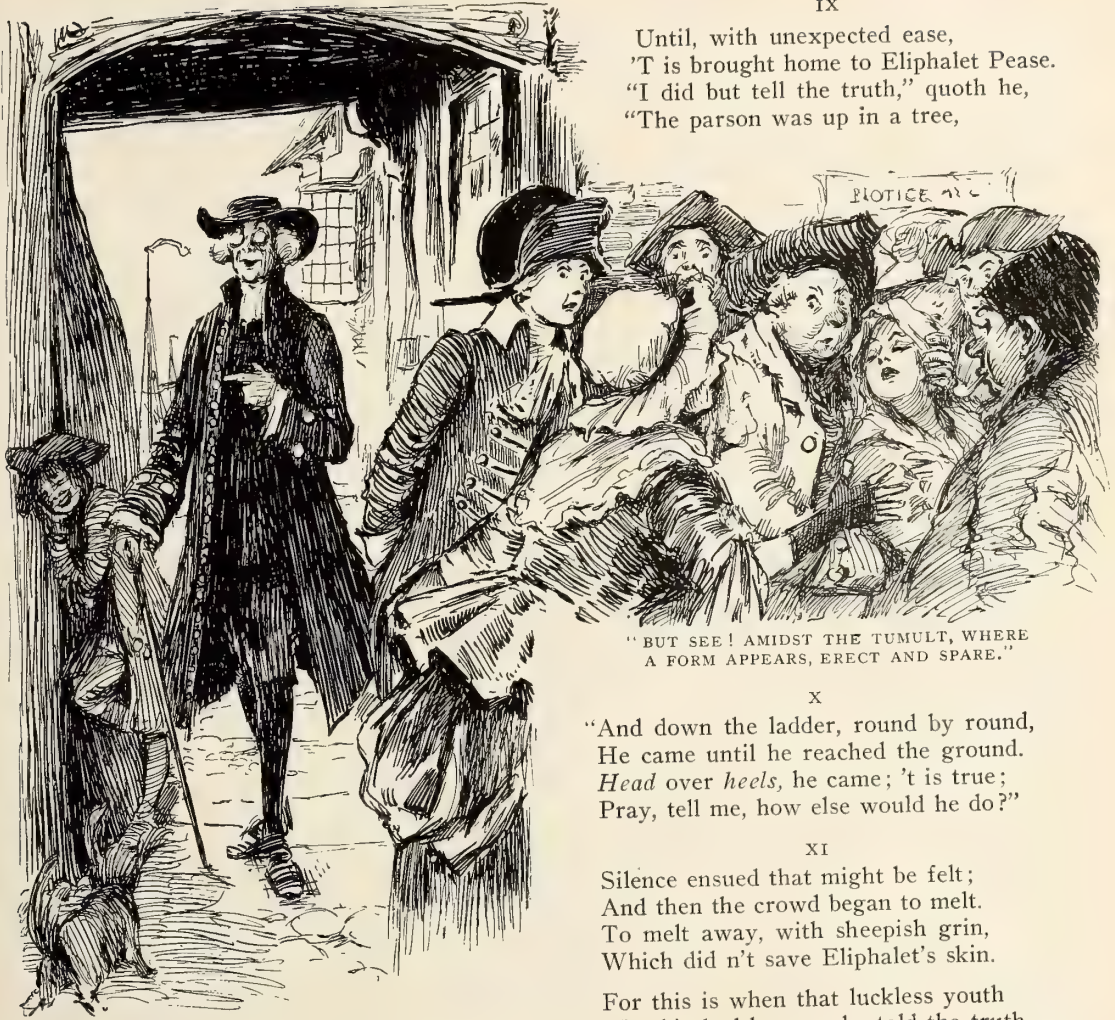
VII

But see! amidst the tumult, where  
A form appears, erect and spare.  
The parson's self, benignant, calm,  
And humming soft, a favorite psalm!



## IX

Until, with unexpected ease,  
'T is brought home to Eliphalet Pease.  
"I did but tell the truth," quoth he,  
"The parson was up in a tree,



"BUT SEE! AMIDST THE TUMULT, WHERE  
A FORM APPEARS, ERECT AND SPARE."

## X

"And down the ladder, round by round,  
He came until he reached the ground.  
*Head over heels*, he came; 't is true;  
Pray, tell me, how else would he do?"

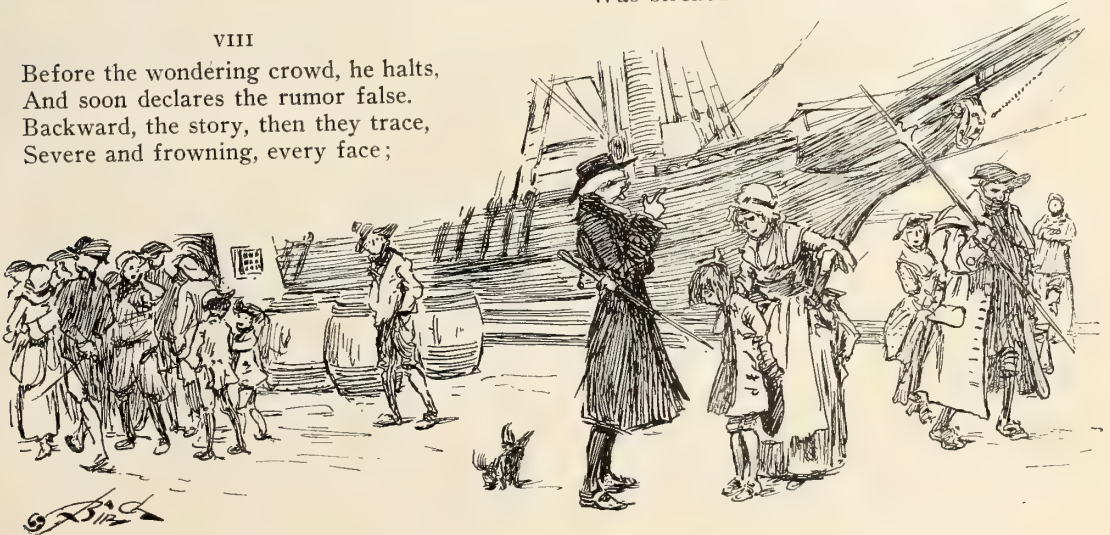
## XI

Silence ensued that might be felt;  
And then the crowd began to melt.  
To melt away, with sheepish grin,  
Which did n't save Eliphalet's skin.

For this is when that luckless youth  
Was birched because he told the truth.

## VIII

Before the wondering crowd, he halts,  
And soon declares the rumor false.  
Backward, the story, then they trace,  
Severe and frowning, every face;





# IN THE LITTLE OLD LEATHER TRUNK

BY CHARLES WISNER BARRELL

ALMOST every summer since she could remember, Ellen Penfield had spent her vacation days on her grandmother's little farm down in Bedminster County. For, although born and bred a city girl, Ellen reveled in the free outdoor life of the country, and, besides, she had always been her grandmother's favorite. The eldest girl in a family of six, Ellen had gone to work as a stenographer in a law office in the city the year before, a few weeks after her seventeenth birthday, to assist in the support of the hungry and growing household of which she was a part.

This year she had decided to spend the two weeks allowed her by the company for which she worked, on Grandmother Penfield's place, as usual. It would be rather a sad homestead to visit, for, since her son's death, the old lady had been obliged to have her farm work done by a hired man. To make matters worse, there was a mortgage for nine hundred dollars on the farm, which had been held by Squire Harding of Bedminster Center since Grandfather Penfield's death, and during the past year Mrs. Penfield had fallen behind on the interest, owing to the expenses entailed by her son's fatal illness. Ellen often lay awake at night, after a hard day over her type-writer, endeavoring to think of some method whereby she could raise the money to pay off the hateful mortgage, so that her grandmother could pass the remainder of her days in peace.

It was after six o'clock in the evening when Ellen found herself once more before the familiar and dearly loved old farm-house.

Grandmother Penfield was looking for her on the front porch in a new linen cap and a spotless but visibly worn tea-gown. Ellen bounded over the wheel and caught her grandmother in a bear-hug, which made Mrs. Penfield cry out in make-believe alarm.

A moment later, with arms about each other, they turned and passed into the cheery, white-curtained little dining-room, where Ellen had spent so many joyous hours in times past

It was Thursday afternoon of the last week of her visit. Grandmother Penfield and she were canning the last of the peaches, and Ellen was offering the last tightening twist to a stubborn two-quart jar, when she straightened up and said:

"Oh, Grandma! I just happened to think—what ever became of the deed to that section of

Texas land that Grandpa bought so many years ago—and that turned out to be worthless land. Won't you let me see the deed, please, if you still have it?"

Her grandmother smiled dubiously, but she said:

"Why, of course you can see it if you really want to. You 'll find it in the old leather trunk up under the rafters in the northeast corner of the attic."

A moment or two later Ellen had climbed the back stairs to the low-roofed attic, and after picking her way through the array of no longer used clothing and broken-down furniture which hung from the rafters and cluttered up the floor space, she found the little old leather trunk in the corner. Propping a decrepit chair against the wall, she placed the candlestick upon its seat and pulled the trunk out of the dim corner where it had reposed so long. A pale shaft of sun from the dormer-window behind her, together with the cheery beam of the candle, lighted up the scene, so that Ellen could readily see to unbuckle the heavy straps which bound the trunk and to insert the key in the lock. It turned with a complaining creak and snap, and as it did so Ellen tossed the lid back and peered within.

An odor of camphor greeted her. Remembering her grandmother's directions, she lifted out the tray and began to explore the inner recesses of the antique trunk. One by one she laid the articles upon a paper on the floor beside her. There were some rolls of homespun linen, and one or two old-style bodices of flowered satin, a fancy waistcoat in which her grandfather had once shone resplendent, an old daguerreotype which had become cracked and was now wrapped in a piece of watered silk, some scuffed-out baby shoes, a thick bundle of letters, yellowed and creased with time, a quaint old silver drinking-cup, the unfinished pattern of a fancy pillow-cover, a worn leather wallet, two or three yards of crinoline, and then, right at the bottom of the trunk, a packet of papers wrapped in a linen sampler and what appeared to be two small account-books tied together with stout white worsted. With the papers was a deed from "The Texas Land Improvement and Realty Company," the reassuringly official appearance of which was increased by the half-dozen revenue-stamps on its outer fold.

Ellen opened the document and began to read.

The law-book wording in which it was written was, though somewhat impressive, rather monotonous reading. But Ellen studied it out from start to finish with quickening pulse. Suppose this land really were valuable! She had heard of such things happening before—of swindlers who had sold better than they knew. Ellen's eyes burned hopefully as she laid the deed on the chair

out. In the uncertain light Ellen did not recognize what they were, but when she picked them up and held them nearer the candle she saw that they were old postage-stamps. And what queer-looking old things they were, too!

Ellen laid them carefully on top of the deed and began to untie the worsted that bound the books. Perhaps there were more of them inside,



"SHE LIFTED OUT THE TRAY AND BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE RECESSES OF THE ANTIQUE TRUNK."

beside the candle and began to wrap the other papers up once more in the sampler. She would take the deed to a good real-estate lawyer up in Lancaster in the morning and find out definitely whether there was any trace of a foundation under her air-castle. As she put the packet back in its proper corner, her glance fell casually upon the two old account-books bound together with the worsted string. A sudden impulse prompted her to have a look at them. So she lifted the books to her knee. But while they were in mid-air, the leaves of the under one spread apart a trifle, and several bits of colored paper fluttered

equally interesting. With this thought in her mind, the girl began to examine the contents of the book from which the fugitive stamps had fallen.

It proved to be a small day-ledger of about a hundred pages in thickness. Each page was ruled off into little squares, and within many of these postage-stamps were neatly tipped. On the red line at the top of each page was written, in a round boyish hand, a brief description of the stamps pasted below. Some pages were completely filled, but most of them bore only a half-dozen or more stamps. Ellen leafed the book



through slowly. It probably contained a trifle more than three hundred stamps, counting the loose ones in the back and those on the little bundle of envelopes which had caused the home-made album to bulge in the middle.

Grandmother Penfield had begun to put the jars of fruit away in the pantry when Ellen reached the kitchen again with the deed and the book of stamps under her arm. She set a chair near the window for Mrs. Penfield and got her spectacles from the mantelpiece in the dining-room. Then she handed the deed to the old lady and put the book in her lap. Mrs. Penfield unfolded the paper, looked it over carefully, and at length passed it back to the girl with a sigh.

"I know it is very high-sounding as it reads, dear," she said, "but it's only a heartless fraud. Your grandpa was cheated out of twelve hundred dollars by the men who got it up. There were a lot of other people around the country who were taken in by them, too. When your grandpa went to investigate the location of the land, he found that it was part of a swamp and under three or four feet of mud and water. He hired a lawyer to prosecute the rascals behind this company, but when it came to trial we could n't get a cent back. It was a wicked piece of business. However," she went on, "if you really want to satisfy yourself about the matter, you can go over to Lancaster to-morrow and see Judge Arthur S. Bentham, who has an office in the Post-office Building. He was the judge that tried the case. He won't charge you anything for his opinion, for he used to be a very close friend of your grandpa's, and I know he felt very much disappointed when he had to decide the case against us. He'll tell you all about the matter and explain how it was the members of this company were able to keep their ill-gotten gains."

Mrs. Penfield began stroking her granddaughter's hair as Ellen leaned down beside her to open the book of stamps on her lap.

"Why, where did this come from, Ellen?" she inquired, as her eyes lighted upon the battered ledger.

"I found it in the old trunk with the deed, and I brought it down to ask you about it. You see, there are a whole lot of postage-stamps in it, and old postage-stamps are sometimes worth money, they say. I know a girl who has a collection worth twenty-five dollars. If these are worth half as much as that, and you'll let me sell them for you, you'll have enough to buy yourself material for a nice new dress."

Mrs. Penfield was turning the pages of the old ledger reminiscently.

"Why, this is the stamp collection that your

uncle Paul made when he was a boy. I must have put it away in that trunk years and years ago, for I'd quite forgotten about it. I remember now how he used to have me save all the stamps that came on the letters and how he got your grandpa's friends to send him stamps from all over the country by exchanging with them. The poor boy died when he was just turned twenty-one."

EX-JUDGE BENTHAM'S law offices were on the third floor of the Lancaster Post-office Building. The judge was usually among the first occupants of his suite to arrive, but this Friday morning in late August he had hardly settled himself in his revolving chair, before his brief-strewn desk, when a visitor was announced.

It was Ellen, arrayed in her most becoming frock, with a square, thin package under her arm and a long legal envelop in her hand.

Judge Bentham was somewhat past middle life, but he had always been distinguished for his unfailing courtesies. As Ellen entered his office, at the direction of his stenographer, the old jurist arose and placed a chair for her. He smiled as he returned her bow, asking her meantime what service he could render her on such a beautiful summer morning.

With an impulsive gesture Ellen laid the envelop containing the deed on his desk, dropped the square, thin package into her lap, and, grasping the arms of her chair a trifle tightly, said:

"Judge Bentham, do you remember Mr. Eben Penfield of Bedminster County?"

The judge, ensconced in his chair once more, had begun to polish his eye-glasses with his handkerchief, and he looked up and smiled again cordially.

"Why, of course I knew Eben Penfield," he returned. "He was one of my first and best friends here in Bedminster County. Did you want to know anything about him? If so, I can direct you—"

"Oh, no, thank you," the girl replied. "You see, I'm his granddaughter—my name is Ellen Penfield—and I just dropped in to see whether you would be so kind as to tell me about some property that he bought down in Texas a good many years ago. I wanted to ask you whether you thought it was of any value—whether it was located anywhere near the new oil-fields down there."

The judge set his lips tighter, then he shook his head dubiously. He placed the deed on the desk before him and reached for the gazetteer in the revolving bookcase beside him. Before replying he opened to that section of the

volume devoted to the geography and history of Texas. He unfolded the large colored map of the State and turned the book so that Ellen could see it conveniently, and he soon made it clear that the oil-wells were many, many miles from her grandmother's land.

The judge was refolding the deed to return it to Ellen, and as the girl arose to go, she said:

"It's been ever so kind of you, sir, to explain this matter to me, though I must admit that I'm very much disappointed that I can't take better news home to Grandma. I *did* so hope that there would be something in it! But there was another, very much smaller, matter I'd like to ask you about. It has nothing to do with law, though.

As Judge Bentham listened to her, Ellen noted a new interest growing in his eyes. He laid the deed down again unsealed and motioned Ellen to be reseated.

"This sounds doubly interesting, Miss Penfield," he returned. "When you speak of stamps you touch me in a vital spot, for stamp-collecting has long been my favorite hobby. If you can let me see what you have unearthed, perhaps I myself can tell you what you want to know."

Thus encouraged, Ellen rapidly undid the covering of the impromptu album and handed the book to the judge. He opened it and began to scan the pages. His interest seemed to grow more pronounced as he proceeded.



"'WHERE DID YOU SAY THIS STAMP COLLECTION CAME FROM?' HE ASKED."

Yesterday when I was hunting for that deed up in Grandma's attic, I found an old book with several hundred postage-stamps in it which Grandma says her son Paul collected when he was a boy, over thirty years ago. Now I wonder if you could tell me where to go to find out whether they are worth anything? Could n't somebody in the post-office tell me?"

"Well, I declare," he vouchsafed at length, "this is most interesting!" And a moment later, "Most unusual! Where did you say this collection came from, Miss Penfield?"

Ellen related briefly the story of how she came to find the stamps and repeated the remarks which her grandmother had made about them. Judge Bentham listened attentively. When she



had finished, he turned again to the revolving bookcase and selected a thick, red-bound manual, which, Ellen observed, bore the title, "Complete Catalogue and Price-List of all Adhesive Stamps—Postage and Revenue."

"Miss Penfield," he said a few moments later, as he paused with the stamp-album open before him and one finger in the red-bound manual, "I don't want to startle you unnecessarily, but from a cursory examination of these stamps it strikes me that you have here one of the most valuable little collections that I have ever been fortunate enough to see. In fact, there are several specimens in this book that I have never seen duplicated outside of museums, they are so rare."

Ellen started forward with widening eyes, and a slight exclamation of mingled joy and amazement as the force of Judge Bentham's remarks broke upon her.

"And do you think they would be worth as much as twenty-five dollars?" Ellen asked, in a tone tinged with eagerness and a sense of incredulity.

The judge gave way to a peal of laughter. "Why, my dear young lady," he said, turning the stamp-album toward Ellen and pointing with his finger to an obscure triangular stamp engraved with the legend, "Cape of Good Hope—One Penny," "if that stamp there is genuine, which it has every appearance of being, it alone will sell for three hundred and fifty dollars or more at any philatelic auction. It belongs to the series of 1862 and is among the rarest stamps known to collectors. I have only seen two of that issue before, myself, and one of those is the particular gem of my own collection."

"Three hundred and fifty dollars!" Ellen repeated blankly. "Can it be possible that a little postage-stamp is worth as much as that?"

The judge had begun to study the stamps minutely again, and was too absorbed to reply at once. He turned the yellowed pages of the old ledger with the undivided interest of a connoisseur, only pausing now and again to consult the red-bound manual or examine a stamp with the magnifying-glass which he had taken from a drawer in his desk. As he continued to pore over the collection, he emitted queer judicial ejaculations of pleasure and surprise. At last he looked up over his glasses at Ellen again. "This is certainly a most unusual find, Miss Penfield," he said. "I don't know when I have come across anything that has interested me more. Besides that Cape of Good Hope rarity, you have here two specimens of the Spanish orange two-*real* issue of 1851, which will bring over a hundred and fifty dollars in any auction-room; an incom-

plete but highly valuable series of United States proprietary revenue-stamps that I dare say are worth fully sixty dollars; one of the very rarest specimens of the crude British Guiana issue of 1850, listed at seventy-five dollars; while these three-cent scarlet stamps, bearing the head of President Jackson, on the old envelopes here, are of the issue of 1862 and are worth at least a hundred dollars apiece. There are four of them, you see, and the fact that they have not been removed from the envelopes greatly enhances their value. I have n't looked over the commoner varieties, that make up the body of your collection, very carefully, but I should think that they might bring you at least an additional twenty or thirty dollars."

Ellen listened to Judge Bentham's words like one in a maze. Surely he must be joking with her! But when she looked squarely into his eyes, she knew that he was sincere in what he said. The only words that came to her lips were:

"What will Grandma say?"

The judge had pulled a scratch-pad toward him and begun to compute a little column of figures. As he finished, he looked up with a smile.

"Now that is something you will have to find out for yourself, Miss Penfield," he said. "But first, if you will take these precious stamps to a dealer in New York, whose address I will give you (I believe you said you lived there yourself), he will examine them carefully, and when he has satisfied himself that they are genuine, as I have no doubt he will, he will give you eleven hundred dollars cash for the lot, if you ask it, or maybe even twelve hundred, and that will be enough money to pay off the mortgage that you say has been worrying your grandmother so long, and also leave over two or three hundred dollars for emergencies. I can't imagine just *what* your grandmother will say then, but I have no doubt it will be something very nice."

Ellen's face was glowing with conflicting emotions, and she had to wink hard and suddenly to keep back the tears of joy and gratitude that were rising to her eyes.

"But, Judge Bentham," she exclaimed, "how can I ever repay you for this?"

The judge removed his glasses and began to wipe them vigorously again.

"My dear young lady," he replied, "I want you to know that it gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction to be of this slight service to you. Your grandfather was foreman of the jury that decided the first case I ever won in Bedminster County, when I was a struggling young attorney, and it was the winning of that case that gave me my start in life."

# MR. CAN'T AND MR. CAN

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS

OH, Mr. Can't from Mr. Can  
Is a very different sort of a man.

For Mr. Can he always tries,  
And Mr. Can't he always cries.  
Now Mr. Can gets many a blow,  
But he gets the best in the end, you know.

While Mr. Can't gets nothing at all—  
For he 's down too low to suffer a fall—  
Oh, Mr. Can gets up with a grin,  
And he says: "I 'm bound in the end to win."

But Mr. Can't is a pitiful sight,  
For he 's whipped before he 's begun to fight;  
And he says that it puzzles him quite a lot  
Why some can do it and some cannot.

Oh, poor Mr. Can't, for he never knew  
The secret I 'm going to whisper you:  
That you jolly well can if you only try,  
And you certainly can't if you only cry.

And that is the reason why Mr. Can  
From Mr. Can't is a different man.



SHOPKEEPER: "IT 'S VERY INTERESTING, SIR, 'LIFE OF DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT.'"

CAT CUSTOMER: "VERY WELL! I 'LL TAKE A VOLUME."

SHOPKEEPER: "BUT WON'T YOU HAVE A COMPLETE SET OF NINE VOLUMES—ONE FOR EACH LIFE, YOU KNOW?"



# THE SECRET TELEGRAM

"THE YOUNG RAILROADERS" SERIES. TALES OF ADVENTURE AND INGENUITY

BY F. LOVELL COOMBS

ALL day the people of Bixton had been in a state of excitement over the attempted robbery that morning of the State Bank at Zeisler, and the hot pursuit of the robbers by posses from all the neighboring towns, including Bixton; and when the night operator at the station asked Alex Ward to work for him that night, Alex agreed willingly.

"For I'll be right in line for the latest news of the chase, and to see them if they should be captured and brought through by train," he said, as he sat down at the instrument-table in the station office.

"Take care you don't get in line for any bullets," laughed the operator, as he left. "It's your weakness, you know, to get mixed up in any excitement that's going on."

To Alex's disappointment, however, hour after hour passed, and brought no further word, either of the pursued or the pursuers. Finally, just before midnight, hearing Zeisler "come in" on the wire to report the passing of a freight, Alex reached for the key, determined to inquire.

As he did so, footsteps suddenly sounded on the silent station platform, the door opened, and two strangers appeared.

"Hello, Youngster!" said the taller of the two, cordially, leaning forward over the ticket counter. "What's the news from the man-hunt?"

"I was just going to ask Zeisler as you came in," replied Alex, turning again to the key.

"Well, never mind, then. Just tell them they were captured here, instead."

"What! Captured here?" exclaimed Alex.

"That's it. About an hour ago, just north, by the Bloomsbury posse. Sheriff O'Brien sent us down with the news, so you could send word up and down the line and call in the other posses. No need of them plugging around all night."

But, instead of complying, Alex suddenly turned more fully toward the two men. "What posse did you say you were with?"

"Bloomsbury! Bloomsbury!" said the smaller man, impatiently.

"Bloomsbury! Don't you mean Bloomsburg?"

"Well, what thundering difference—" The taller man flashed a warning gesture, and in an instant Alex understood. *He was face to face with the bank robbers themselves!*

For a moment he stared from one to the other in consternation, then, sharply recovering him-

self, he turned quickly back to the key. But he was too late. He had betrayed his discovery.

Both men laughed. "Your surmise is correct, my young friend," said the taller man, lightly. "We are the gentlemen who were forced to leave Zeisler so hurriedly this morning.

"But don't let that make any difference," he continued, producing a revolver and placing it significantly on the counter before him. "Go right ahead with the message.

"Or wait; give me a blank, and I'll write it, so you will be sure to have it right."

"Oh, hold on," interposed his companion.

"Now that he knows who we are, how do you know he will send the message as you write it, and not just the other thing—give us away?"

The first speaker threw down his pen. "Well, I'm an idiot. That's so."

He thought a moment; then, turning toward Alex, eyed him sharply an instant, and said: "Youngster, I'll give you a dollar a word if you will give me your solemn promise to send this message just as I write it."

A bare instant Alex hesitated, while the tempter whispered that it would mean thirty or forty dollars for a few minutes' work, and that it would be thought he had been compelled to send it, anyway. Then abruptly he leaned back in his chair and shook his head. "I could n't do it," he said quietly but positively.

"Oh, you could n't, eh, Goody-goody?" exclaimed the smaller man, with a snarl, catching up the revolver and pointing it at Alex's head. "Now could you do it?"

The taller man caught his arm. "Don't be a fool, Jake. After all, we could n't be sure he was n't fooling us even if he took the money."

"Look here, I have a scheme."

They stepped back and spoke together in low tones for a moment; then the taller turned again to Alex, who meantime had remained quiet in his chair, futilely endeavoring to think of some means of spreading the alarm.

"I suppose you are not the only operator at this station, Kid?"

"No; there is a day and a night operator. I am only 'subbing' for the night man," said Alex, wondering.

"Where is he?"

"At a party."

"Where is the day man?" they demanded sharply.

"At his boarding-house. But you could n't get either of them to do it," said Alex, confidently, thinking he had caught the drift of their purpose.

"Never mind what we could or we could n't. Where does the day operator board? Is it far?"

Momentarily Alex had a mind to refuse to tell; then, on the thought that suspicion might be

it may seem, it was not entirely of chagrin, for the ingenuity of the plan appealed to his own genius for getting over difficulties.

"And then," continued the talkative safe-breaker, "we will tie you both in your chairs, cut the wires, then flag the night express, and depart for the East like respectable citizens; and by the



"'COME, NOW, SEND YOUR MESSAGE!' SAID THE MAN IN THE DOORWAY."

aroused if one of the robbers went to rout the day man out, he replied: "About a quarter of a mile," and described how the house could be reached.

Again the two men held a whispered consultation, and at its conclusion the smaller man hurriedly left.

"Now I suppose you are wondering what we propose doing with the day operator," said the tall man, with a grin, when they were alone. "Well, it's so good I think I'll tell you. One of the cleverest get-away schemes you ever heard of, and my own idea. Can you guess?"

Alex shook his head. "If it's not to send the message—and which I know he won't—I don't know."

The robber laughed. "You are going to send the message, and he is going to stand just outside the door here and tell us letter by letter just what you make the instruments say. See, Kid?"

Alex uttered an exclamation. And, strange as

time you have been found and the wires restored, we will be well out of danger.

"Now, I claim there is some class to that scheme. What?"

Despite himself, Alex could not forbear a smile, even while he at once saw that to defeat the plan would be almost an impossibility. But, as the bank robber turned his attention to a time-table, Alex determinedly addressed his wits to the problem.

Presently, as he sat looking at the telegraph instruments for an inspiration, he started. The last First of April, in order to play a joke on his father, he had fixed up a cut-out connection beneath the instrument-table, which he could work with his foot unseen while sitting in the chair, making the instruments click as though under control of some one in a distant office.

Could he not utilize that arrangement? For he had left the wires as they were, under the table.



He determined to see if the cut-off would still work. Fortunately he was sitting close to the table, his feet underneath. Making a move as though tired of his position, he crossed one foot over the other, and sank a little lower in the chair. Then, the change having brought no comment from the man at the counter, he carefully reached out the upper foot, found the two wires, and pressed them together. Immediately came a click from the instruments.

It was in working order! With hope Alex at once addressed himself to its possibilities, and soon a suggestion came. "Yes, I believe I could do it," he told himself with satisfaction. "So much for never giving up."

At the moment the footfalls of the returning robber and those of another sounded on the platform without. Both men were talking, and as they neared the door Alex heard the evidently still unsuspecting Jones say: "Funny, though. I never heard of the boy being sick before."

The next moment Jones's casual tones changed to a sharp cry of fright, and Alex knew that the robber had revealed himself. "Now you keep your tongue between your teeth, and do exactly what you are told, young man, or you get this! You understand?"

"Now turn about—your back toward the office door—so." The door was flung open, and the robber appeared standing sidewise, his gun in his hand, pointing at the day operator, who was just out of Alex's sight.

"Now what you are to do is to read off letter by letter what this young shaver in here sends on the wire. You are a tab on him. You understand?"

In a trembling voice Jones responded in the affirmative.

"And the first one of you who appears to do anything not straight and aboveboard gets daylight through his head," he added, raising his voice for Alex's benefit. Then, addressing his partner, he said: "Give the kid the message, Bill."

The tall man leaned over the counter and tossed the blank on the table before Alex.

"Where shall I send it first?" asked Alex.

"The sheriff, Watson Siding."

"All right. But first, you know, I have to call him," explained Alex, somewhat nervously, now that the critical moment had come. "His call is WS."

Therewith he began slowly calling, that Jones might read off each letter as he sent it, "WS, WS, WS, BS."

"WS, WS—"

"I, I," answered WS.

"WS answers," interpreted Jones.

Steadying himself with a deep breath, Alex proceeded to carry out his plan. Carefully reaching forth with his foot beneath the table, he pressed the two wires together, then loudly clicked his key. The instruments, thus "cut out," of course failed to respond.

"The wire appears to have opened," announced Jones. "Probably the man at WS has opened his key while getting a blank or a pen."

Again Alex clicked the key as though in a futile effort to send; then, leaving it open, thus holding the instruments on the table "dead," began ticking his foot against the impromptu key beneath the table.

And while the instruments at Bixton remained momentarily silent, the surprised operator at Watson Siding read in draggy but decipherable signals the words:

*"Read every other word."*

"Come, now, send your message!" said the man in the doorway, turning suspiciously. Immediately Alex withdrew his foot and closed the key, and at the resulting audible click Jones announced: "The wire has closed. He can send now."

"All right. Come ahead," said the short man, impatiently.

Then very deliberately, with a pause after each word, seemingly to enable Jones to interpret, but really to give himself time to send another word, unheard, beneath the table, Alex sent on the desk key the following message:

SHERIFF,

Watson Siding:

Safe-blowers have been captured near this station. Call in your posse.

(Signed)

O'BRIEN,

Sheriff Quigg County.

What the at first puzzled and then thunder-struck operator at Watson Siding read off his instrument ran very differently. It read:

Safe THEY blowers ARE have HOLDING been ME captured UP near HERE. this INTEND station. GOING Call OUT in BY your NIGHT posse. EXPRESS.

(Signed)

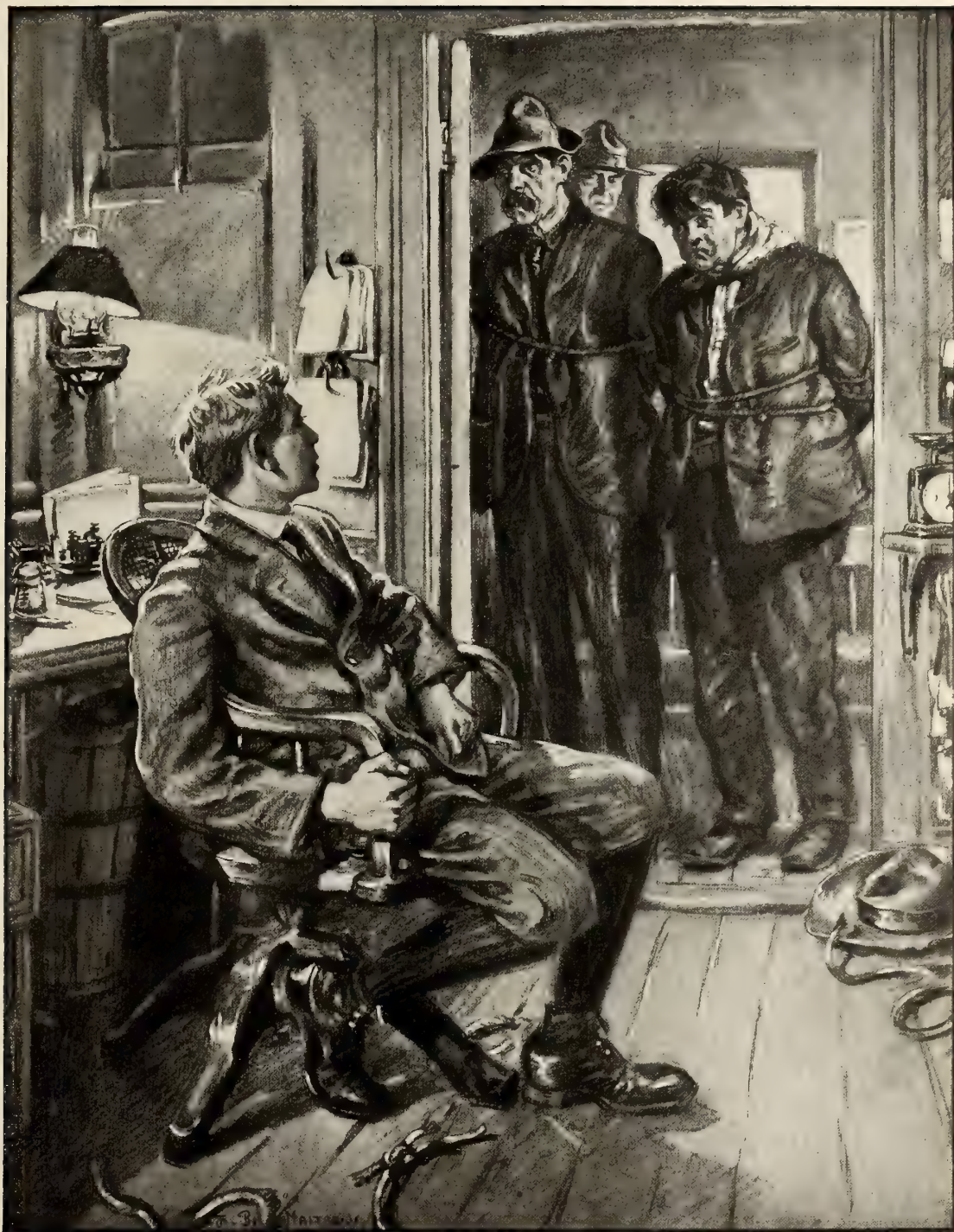
TELEPHONE O'Brien,

BACK Sheriff HERE Quigg QUICK County.

And a moment after giving his "OK" he was at the telephone calling for Bixton central.

Meantime, having thus sent the message to WS to the bank breakers' satisfaction, Alex proceeded to call and send it by turns to Zeisler, Oakton, and other stations on the line. Sending slowly, to make the most of his time, it was within fifteen minutes of the hour the express was due when Alex had sent the last of the messages.

"Now you can step in and see your friend,"



"'HOW DID YOU DO IT, SMARTY?'" ONE OF THEM ASKED."



said the man in the doorway, addressing Jones, who appeared, white and trembling, and coming behind the counter, dropped into a chair facing Alex. The speaker then again disappeared, and presently an opening click of the instruments told the nature of his errand. The wires had been cut.

He soon returned, and rummaging about, while the taller man stood guard over them, he found some ropes, and proceeded to bind Alex and the day operator tightly in their chairs.

Just as the task was completed there came a long-drawn whistle from the west. Both robbers promptly turned to the door. "Well, good night, gentlemen," said the smaller, grimly. "Much obliged for your kind services."

"And I would just pause to repeat," said the taller, jocosely, "that there is some class to this get-away scheme, should any one ask you. Good night."

But a surprise met them as they turned.

With a cry the two bank robbers staggered back from the door, and with a bound the deputy sheriff and a constable were upon them, bore

them to the floor, and after a brief but terrific struggle disarmed and handcuffed them.

"Yes," said the sheriff, rising, and with his knife quickly freeing Alex and the other operator, "your scheme was only a second-class one. Our young friend here takes first."

Both robbers turned to Alex with furiously flashing eyes. "How did you do it, Smarty?" snapped the shorter man.

Alex laughed, kicked one foot beneath the table, and the instrument responded with a click. "A little First of April trick. What do you think of it?"

Whatever the two renegades might have said through their gritting teeth, there was no doubt as to what the sheriff and the others thought. Nor the bank officials at Zeisler, when, a day later, there came to Alex a highly commendatory letter and a check for two hundred dollars.

But better even than this, in Alex's estimation, a few mornings after the chief despatcher called him to the wire and announced his appointment to the full charge of a station of his own.



## A CHALLENGE

To old King Cole, that merry old soul,  
And to his fiddlers three,  
A challenge we send and bid them attend,  
To show their minstrelsy.  
Though well they may bow we 'll beat them we know,  
For fiddlers rare are we.

H. L. M.



THE START OF A TOY AÉROPLANE RACE.

## BOYS AND THE AIR-SHIP

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

IN the boy's calendar nowadays the aéroplane season comes in with sledding and runs all through skating, marble, top, kite-flying, and bicycle time. The delights of all the old games seem to be found in this marvelous new toy. The fun in throwing a top cannot compare with that of launching an aéroplane, while kite-flying is a very poor substitute for the actual conquest of the air. To watch one of these fascinating little ships of the air, which you have fashioned and built with your own hands, actually rise from the earth and soar aloft with a swallow's swiftness, is perhaps the greatest boy's sport in the world. Certainly no new game or toy has ever taken such hold of the boy's imagination, and in so short a time enrolled such an army of enthusiasts.

Throughout the country to-day upward of ten thousand boy aviators are struggling with the problem of the air-ship. Among these junior aëronauts the record for height and that for distance in flying are matters of quite as lively interest as among the grown-ups. The great contests of aviators here and abroad are watched with intelligent interest. Let a new form of aéroplane,

a biplane or monoplane, appear, and it is quickly reproduced by scores of models and its virtues



BOYS COMPARING MODELS.

put to an actual test. If a new wing or new plan for insuring stability is invented, a new thought in the steering-device, or some new application of





ADJUSTING THE MODELS FOR FLIGHT.

power, it is instantly the subject of earnest discussion among the junior aeronauts the country over.

Nor are junior aeronauts merely imitators. The mystery of the problems of the air, the fascination of a new world of conquest, make a strong

there is certain to be real progress. Thousands of different models have been designed and put to actual test. This army of inventors, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years, some of whom will be the aviators of the future, cannot fail to do great service, as time goes on, in the actual conquest of the air.

Within a few months this army of inventors has become organized into clubs, and a regular program of tournaments has been arranged. The junior aero clubs are found in connection with many schools, both public and private; they are made features of the Young Men's Christian Association amusements, or they become identified with various neighborhoods. Tournaments are arranged between clubs of different cities or States, while an international tournament is soon to take place between the United States and Great Britain.

The junior aero world has its prizes, which are scarcely less coveted than the rewards for actual flight. Some fifty medals have been distributed this year among the members of the New York Junior Aero Club. Many elaborate trophies will be contended for during 1910 by the junior aeronauts of the country. A handsome silver cup of special design has been presented by Mr. A. Leo Stevens, and a second by Mr. Sidney Bowman, while similar trophies are offered by Commodore Marshall, O. Chanute, and others.

The toy aeroplane is not limited to any one season, as one's sled, kite, or skates. In the winter months the tests of flight may be carried out in any large room or hall. There is even an advantage in holding such a tournament in a large school-room, riding-academy, or armory, since there is no baffling wind to contend with. Already



WINDING UP THE RUBBER "MOTOR."

appeal to the American temperament. With thousands of bright boys working with might and main to build air-ships which will actually fly,

definite rules have been laid down for conducting these tests and for making official records of flights. It is possible, therefore, to compare the records made in different cities or countries with one another.

The junior aéro tournaments are likely to be the most thrilling experience in a boy's life. The feats which the world has watched with such breathless interest at aviation meets at Rheims, Pau, or Los Angeles are reproduced in miniature in these boys' contests without loss of enthusiasm. The weeks or months of preparation in scores of little workshops are now put to an actual test. The model air-ship, which has cost so many anxious and delightful hours in the building, is to spread its wings with scores of similar air-craft. The superiority of the monoplane or biplane forms is to be tested without fear or favor.

For the young inventors, even for the mere layman in such matters, the scene is extremely animated. On every hand one sees the inventors tuning up their air-craft for the final test. There are lively discussions in progress over the marvelous little toys. The layman hears a new language spoken with perfect confidence about him. The boys have already made the picturesque vocabulary of the world of aviation their own. The discussion ranges over monoplanes and biplanes, cellular types, and flexed planes, or of rigid and lateral braces. To hear a crowd of these enthusiasts shout their comments as the air-ships fly about is in itself an education in advanced aeronautics.

Directly the floor is cleared, the judges take their position, and the junior sky-pilot toes the mark, air-ship in hand. "One, two, three," shouts the starter, and with a whirl the graceful air-craft is launched. The flutter of the tiny propeller suggests the sudden rise of a covey of partridges.

The little craft, at once so graceful and frail, defies all the accepted laws of gravitation. It darts ahead in long, undulating curves as it floats over the invisible air-currents. As in the aéro-



READY FOR THE STARTING SIGNAL.

planes of larger size, the length of the flight is dependent almost wholly on the motive power. As the little engine slows down, the craft wavers, and then in a long curve, for it can do nothing ungraceful, it glides to rest, skidding along the floor like a bird reluctant to leave the sky.



INVESTIGATING THE CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.



STARTING FROM THE GROUND.



When the time comes for the races between the air-craft, enthusiasm runs high. Naturally these contests are the most popular features of the tour-



A YOUNG INVENTOR IN HIS WORKSHOP.

nement. A line of inventors, air-craft in hand, usually six at a time, take their positions at the starting-line. Each air-craft has been tuned to its highest powers. The labor of weeks, the study of air-craft problems, the elaboration of pet inventive schemes, are represented in the shining model. And the problem before the young inventors is most baffling. There are few models to work from, the science is still so young, and the inventor may well feel himself something of a Columbus in launching his frail craft upon this uncharted sea.

At the signal half a dozen propellers are instantly released, a whirring as of innumerable light wings fills the air. The curious flock of mechanical birds rises and falls, dipping in long,



SETTING UP A MODEL AÉROPLANE.

graceful curves as they struggle toward the goal. Some graceful little craft perfectly reproducing to the last detail the famous Wright machine

shoulders along beside a glistening monoplane which resembles a great hawk with wings outspread. The next craft is perhaps a complicated arrangement of planes of no registered type, while the craft made familiar by the photographs of the famous aviators are perfectly reproduced.

The thrill of an aéroplane race is a sensation peculiarly its own. It seems so astonishing that the graceful little craft should remain aloft at all, that they are a never-failing delight to the eye. The varying fortunes of the race, the temporary lead gained by one craft, to be lost the next moment to another, which a second later itself falls behind, and the final heat between the survivors in the race as they approach the goal, are enough to drive the average boy crazy with delight.

The rules for these contests are rigidly observed. Each air-craft is sent aloft by its inventor or owner. The start must be made from a mark, and of course each boy must toe the mark exactly. There must be three judges for each event. One stands at the starting-line and gives the word of command for the start of the race or



A MODEL TO BE PROUD OF.

flight, as the case may be. A second judge stands midway down the course, and the third at or near the finishing-line. Each young aviator winds up his craft, adjusts the power with his own hands, and sets the rudder for the flight.

The miniature air-craft must act in flight exactly the same as the great working air-craft which carry men aloft. A toy air-ship must make its flight in a horizontal position, and if it turns over in flight, even though it flies farther and faster than any other, it is disqualified. The craft must also fly in a reasonably straight line toward the goal, and should it be deflected for any reason and go off at a tangent, the flight, no matter how successful otherwise, will not be counted. In case of a collision between air-craft, the race is repeated. The responsibility for adjusting the power, arranging the steering-gear, and giving direction to the flight at the start is entirely in the hands of the young engineer himself.

In measuring the length of the flights, again, the point at which the air-ship first touches the ground is fixed arbitrarily as the end. Often the little craft merely grazes the ground to rise and

skid for many feet, but in the official count this secondary flight is not considered. First and last, no one but the owner of the little craft is permitted to touch it. The grace with which the ship lands is also taken into consideration in granting the prizes. Each boy is permitted three trials. The present national record for distance in the United States is 140 feet for the adult record and 109 feet as the boys' record. As in the regular aviation world, these records rarely stand for more than a few days at a time.

These air-ships are driven by ropes of rubber bands which are turned on themselves until they are tightly knotted, when in unwinding they serve to drive the propeller around some hundreds of times. The rubber is so light that it adds little to the weight of the craft. The motor is of course a makeshift and at best only serves to keep the propeller in motion for a fraction of a minute. Experiments have been made in driving the propeller with compressed air, which is carried in an aluminium rod fastened beneath the planes. But the force of thousands of youthful inventive geniuses is certain to bring forth some satisfactory motive power.

It is characteristic of the American boy that our young aviators should feel themselves disgraced to fly a model not of their own make. As a result, miniature craft of amazing ingenuity and workmanship are being turned out by the amateur aviators all over the country. The ma-

terials employed, such as rattan, bamboo, or light lath, and the silk for covering the planes, or the wires for bracing the frame, cost but a few pennies. Toy aviation is one of the most democratic of sports.

The Junior Aéro Club numbers 200 in New York alone, while its seven branches throughout the country boast more than 1000 members. The Junior Aëronaut, under the auspices of the Aéro Society, has 250 members in New York and some 800 in the other cities. New York has probably the largest of these clubs, but the movement is very active elsewhere. In Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, and on the Pacific coast such clubs are growing rapidly.

The event of the year in the amateur world of aëronautics promises to be the grand international meet contest between the boy aviators of America and Great Britain. By a series of elimination contests five boys will be selected as an all-American team who will compete with five boys selected in Great Britain. The American team will act under the direction of Mr. A. E. Horn, one of the pioneers of the movement in America, while the English boys will be selected by Lady O'Hagan, the directress of the Aëronautical League of Great Britain. On the day of the great tournament the two teams will meet, one in New York, the other in London, and make their flights, while the results will be cabled back and forth until supremacy has been established.



AT THE CHILDREN'S MASQUERADE.





From the engraving of the painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

# BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

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# KINGSFORD, QUARTER

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Author of "The Crimson Sweater," "Tom, Dick, and Harriet," "Captain Chub," etc.

## CHAPTER VII

### ROB PLAYS A TRUMP

MEANWHILE the foot-ball situation remained practically unchanged. The team was still occupied with the rudiments, and day after day the candidates were falling on the ball, tackling, blocking, breaking through, passing, kicking, and catching. Had there been any system apparent, Evan and some of the other dissatisfied ones might have commended so thorough a schooling in preliminary work. But, as it was, the work was gone through with in a perfunctory way, and no one seemed to understand the reason for anything. Hopkins took a hand now and then, but for the most part was content to superintend practice from the side-lines, leaving the brunt of the instruction to his three lieutenants, Carter and Ward and Connor. The Second Team had organized, and Gus Devens was captain, and Evan, after four homeless days, found himself playing substitute end on that team. It was a new position to him, and truth compels me to state that so far he had n't covered himself with glory. It is possible that in the course of time, had he had any one to coach him, he might have developed into a good end. As it was, however, he had to teach himself by watching the other ends and reading what he could find regarding the duties of his position. The School Team's first game was only a week away, and while it was n't an important one, Evan, for his part, could n't see that the team was any nearer being a team than it had been the first day of practice. He confided as much to Jelly one afternoon when they were changing their togs after practice. Jelly was strenuously trying for a guard position on the Second and was plumb full of enthusiasm.

"Why, they don't know a thing yet," he replied ecstatically, referring to the members of the First Team. "You wait until they get into a scrimmage with us!"

Perhaps Jelly's prediction came to the captain's ear. At all events, the following afternoon the First, or School, Team began signal practice, and two days later the first scrimmage of the year took place. Devens had done his work pretty well, and the Second was successful in standing off the First during two ten-minute periods. Evan played at left end for a few minutes toward the finish of the last half and made rather

a mess of it. He recognized the fact and wished that some one might tell him where his mistakes were. But there was no one to do it save Captain Devens, and Devens had too much on his hands already. The quota of candidates had swollen to over forty, and just before the first contest, that with Cardiff High School, Hopkins made his final cut, retaining seventeen candidates. Devens went over what was left and retained fifteen in all. The School Team, as it lined up against Cardiff on Wednesday afternoon, contained five of last year's veterans, while the rest had played on the Second.

The game was not exciting, Cardiff proving to be weak in every department. On the other hand, Riverport carried off few honors.

On Thursday Evan was tried at end again on the Second. He did a trifle better, but Devens soon took him out in favor of Abbott, and he spent the rest of the scrimmage sitting disgruntled on the side-line. Later, in the gymnasium, Devens came over to him.

"You don't seem to fit in at end, Kingsford," he began kindly enough. "You never played there much, eh?"

"Never until the other day," answered Evan, soberly. "I told you, when I started in, that quarter or half was my line."

Devens nodded. "I remember, but we have pretty good halves and a good quarter. So I thought maybe I could make an end of you. What do you think? Want to try it some more?"

Evan considered a minute. Then, "I don't believe so," he said frankly. "If there were some one to coach me a bit, I think I could get the hang of it, but there is n't. I'd like to get a show at quarter, Devens; I think I could make good there."

"Well, we'll see. There's lots of time yet. You hang on, Kingsford."

The following week the team was put through hard practice in preparation for the Mountfort contest. On Tuesday Evan had his first chance at quarter, Devens sending him in with the Second for signal practice and later putting him into the scrimmage for some ten minutes. He did well enough, considering that he had not played the position before for a year, and got speed out of the Second. But he was a little uncertain on signals. Devens found no fault and would doubtless have given him other chances in the position



had not Evan made that impossible for the time by falling on the steps of the gymnasium the next afternoon and turning his ankle. It was a bad twist, and for the next week he was out of togs, limping around at first with bandages and later with a rubber anklet.

He gave up his last hope then and accepted the inevitable as cheerfully as he could. Devens was honestly sorry for him and told him so, but Evan noticed that he did n't say anything about staying in training and coming back to the team. So he nursed his injury and looked forward to the middle of October, when the dormitory teams would be formed to fight for the School Championship. Mountfort came along on Saturday with a big, well-drilled, confident team. Hopkins put his best line-up against it. But his best was n't nearly good enough. That fact was evident almost from the kick-off. Mountfort took chances and opened up a bag of tricks that utterly confused and overwhelmed her adversary. There were forward passes galore: short ones, long ones, expected ones, unexpected ones; forward passes from close formation, forward passes from kick formation; forward passes at the most unlikely times. And they worked time and again, worked because Riverport had not been taught a proper defense against them; and Riverport, outplayed and out-generated, weary, sore, and dazed, went down in defeat to the final overwhelming score of 25 to 0!

It was a silent and disgusted throng of spectators that straggled back up the slope to the school. Of course there were all sorts of theories advanced to account for the day's Waterloo, and fellows who did n't know a touch-back from a nose-guard explained the whole trouble beautifully. In 32 Holden there was little discussion, for the reason that Rob would n't discuss, while Malcolm, as he had never played foot-ball, modestly refrained from offering opinions. All Rob would say, and he said it in an exasperatingly mysterious manner, was:

"Wait! The hour is at hand!"

With Malcolm's assistance Evan got Rob down on his bed and buried him under pillows—and then sat on the pillows. But all his reward was a stifled, "Wait! The hour is at hand!"

The school was pretty well disgusted with the foot-ball situation, and the disgust increased when, on the following Monday, the Second Team tore up the First and scored a touch-down and a field-goal. Certainly the fact that the First's line-up contained five substitutes had something to do with the Second's easy conquest, but did n't account for it entirely. The fact is that the First Team was suffering from something very much like nervous prostration. On Tuesday

the feeling against the team was manifested on the field. Some forty boys marched down in procession and shouted derisive, unkind remarks during practice. Hopkins came in for more attention than he relished, while Prentiss lost his temper on several occasions. The Second held the First to a no-score tie throughout the two periods of scrimmaging, in spite of the fact that the First had all its best players back. Whenever the Second gained a yard, the audience cheered wildly; when the First gained, it was accorded hoots of derision. Nothing of the sort had ever happened before at Riverport, and the school that evening was in a state of unwonted excitement. There was talk of a mass-meeting to protest against the present conduct of foot-ball affairs, but the project fell through because none of the upper-class fellows would consent to issue the call. They took the stand that, while the situation was pretty discouraging, it was the school's duty to stand by the team; that only harm could result from embarrassing the management. So the mass-meeting degenerated into a procession which marched through the yard at nine o'clock, hooting derisively.

Neither Evan nor Rob took part in the demonstration, while as for Malcolm, he studied calmly through it all. When Evan dropped off to sleep that night, Rob was writing busily at the table, and although Evan did n't know what he was up to, he was fairly certain from the concentration displayed that it had nothing to do with studies. And Evan was right. The result of Rob's labor appeared on the notice-ball in Academy Hall the next morning.

A meeting will be held this evening at 7:15 in 8 First House to consider the formation of an Independent Football Eleven. All are asked to attend, whether players or not.

HOWARD WELLINGTON.  
ROBERT LANGTON.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE INDEPENDENTS ORGANIZE

HOWARD WELLINGTON was a senior, a quiet fellow, much respected by the rest of the school, with a positive passion for reforming things. Rob was well aware of this passion and had counted on it to secure Wellington's coöperation in his plan. Rob had a persuasive tongue, and it had n't been difficult for him to convince Wellington that if anything ever needed reformation it was the foot-ball situation at Riverport School. Wellington had held off at first, viewing Rob's scheme as merely a revolt on the part of disappointed candidates; but Rob had soon persuaded him that the



"IT WAS A SILENT AND DISGUSTED THROUG THAT STRAGGLED BACK TO SCHOOL."



movement was purely patriotic, and Wellington had enthusiastically pledged himself to the cause.

The rooms in First House are fairly good-sized, but none of them will hold a hundred-odd boys, and so by a quarter past seven the audience was overflowing through the door into the corridor. Neither Hopkins nor Prentiss was there, but they were represented by two of their ablest lieutenants, Carter and Connor. Besides these there were at least a half-dozen of the First Team present, probably out of mere curiosity. The Second Team was much better represented. In fact, Riverport School, with the exceptions already indicated and save for the absence of a handful of older fellows who looked on the thing as utter nonsense, was on hand when Wellington, jammed tightly against the window-ledge, called the meeting to order.

"Fellows," he announced, "for some time, in fact for something over a year, there has been a general feeling of dissatisfaction over the condition of athletics here at Riverport." (Loud applause greeted this.) "I'm not prepared to say where the trouble lies, but there is trouble." ("There's going to be more!" cried an irrepressible prep.) "We have not won, either in base-ball, rowing, hockey, or foot-ball, a fair proportion of our contests. Just at present foot-ball is the—er—dominant issue, and we will

confine our attention to that. Last year out of nine games played we won—" he referred to a paper here—"we won five. The five, however, were all early games with weaker teams. Of the remaining games we tied one and lost three, among them that with our chief rival, Adams Academy. This year we have so far played only three games, but the showing of our team has not been satisfactory. I think we most of us agree to

that." ("You bet we do!" shouted a voice, and there was much laughter and applause.) "Langton, who will speak to you next, has something to say as to the reasons for our ill success. Meanwhile I think I have said enough to show you



"SEE IF WE DON'T MAKE HOP AND PRENTISS SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE BEFORE THE SEASON'S OVER," SAID ROB."

that there is sufficient reason for this meeting."

"Fellows," said Rob, when the meeting had quieted down again, "I can't talk like Wellington. He's got me beat. But what I want to say is this: you know and I know that for the last two or three years the foot-ball teams we've turned out have n't represented—have n't—hang it! they have n't been the best teams we could turn out, not by a long shot! And I challenge any one to

deny it. Adams has beaten us four games out of five in the last five years, and she will do it again this year. That is n't right, and it is n't necessary. Now is it?"

"No!"

"You're right it is n't! Why, we've got plenty of good material here at Riverport, just as good, every bit as good, as Adams has. But something's wrong. Wellington said I was going to give my opinions as to what the matter is. Well, I'm not. I've got them, all right, but this meeting is n't called to find out what the trouble with the foot-ball team is. It's called to decide whether it won't be a good idea to have an independent eleven that shall be representative of the school, to form an association for that purpose. I don't want you to think I'm trying to be the whole thing here to-night, but I've been kind of thinking it out, and if you don't mind, I'll tell you my ideas. Then you can say what you think of them."

"Go ahead!"

"You're all right, Lanky!"

"Let's hear them!"

"Well, now suppose we form an association to be called the Independent Foot-ball Association. We elect officers. Then we issue a call for candidates for a foot-ball team and appoint a temporary captain—"

"I suppose that'll be you—eh?" called Carter.

"Keep still, Carter—or get out!"

"It'll be 'me,' as you say, if you want 'me,'" responded Rob, good-naturedly; "but I think you can find some one a lot better. We want a manager, too. Once we've got going the manager will make some dates for us. It is n't too late to get in, say, four or five games with other schools. There'll be no favoritism—"

He was interrupted by loud and prolonged applause.

"And every fellow who comes out for the team will get a fair show. We'll make the team up of the best players we can find, no matter whether they're personally known to the captain or man—"

But Rob did n't get any further, being drowned out by the howl of laughter which arose.

"We'll have a coach, too. I know a fellow who will come up here for a month, and be glad to do it, and not charge a cent beyond his board. And he knows foot-ball, too, a whole lot more than any of the rest of us ever will know. I'll tell you who he is when the time comes. We've been to see Dr. Farren, and he says we can go ahead. And we've consulted Tom—I mean Mr. Osgood—and he thinks the idea is a good one. We can use the scrub gridiron for practice, and

when the School Team goes away to play, we can use theirs. I don't say we can turn out a finished team this fall, because it's already the tenth of October; but we can have some mighty good sport, and perhaps next year we'll be able to give the School Team something to think about. Now, then, what do you say, Fellows?"

The project took the meeting by storm, and confusion reigned supreme. But the sense of the meeting was evident, and Rob shot a satisfied glance toward Evan and Malcolm as he edged back to his seat on the window-ledge. Joe Law demanded recognition and finally got it. Joe was indignant and declared that he had never before witnessed the appalling spectacle of a school deliberately deserting its foot-ball team. Joe waxed eloquent, and a good many foot-ball fellows present applauded.

"What happened the other day?" he demanded. "Why, a lot of you chumps stood down there on the field and hooted us. That's no way to do! What if we did get licked badly by Mountfort? That game was n't an important one. Why don't you stand by us and help us find our pace and knock spots out of Adams? What good is it going to do to go and get up another team? What will the other schools think of us? They'll think we're a lot of—of—"

"Who wrote your speech, Law?" piped up a voice that sounded like Mr. George Washington Jell's. "Hopkins or Prentiss?"

"I'm not trying to make a speech," cried Joe, exasperatedly, above the laughter. "I'm just trying to show you fellows what a lot of idiots you're trying to be. Why, you can't get up a foot-ball team, anyway! There are n't eleven fellows to be had!"

"We can get up a better team than the First with six fellows," growled Harry Pierce.

Wellington interfered.

"I think we'd better get back to business," he said. "Is it the wish of the meeting that the plan outlined by Langton be proceeded with?"

"Sure thing!"

"'Rah for Lanky!"

"Order! Order!"

"Then I suggest that you appoint a committee of, say, three fellows to take charge for the present and draw up a plan of organization. And since we have n't any time to lose, I think we had better meet again to-morrow evening at the same time."

"Meet somewhere where we can all get in," demanded a voice from the corridor.

"That's so. Maybe we can get the use of the rowing-room in the gym. The committee will post a notice in the forenoon and announce the



meeting-place. Now if you 'll nominate three fellows to—"

"Langton!" called a voice, and there was a general roar of approval.

"Wellington," called some one else, and again the choice was unanimous.

"Prentiss!" suggested some one from the depths of the crowd about the doorway, and received his reward of hoots and laughter. The third member was finally found in Harry Pierce, and as it was by that time close on eight o'clock, the meeting broke up. Rob went over to Wellington and Pierce, and the three arranged to get together in Pierce's room after study hour. Rob and Malcolm walked back to Holden with Evan.

"Well, so far so good," said Rob, with satisfaction. "I knew it would go all right, though, as soon as Wellington agreed to take a hand. The fellows think anything he goes in for is all to the good. At this rate we ought to have our first practice day after to-morrow."

"But can we get enough fellows to make a team?" asked Evan, doubtfully.

"Enough for two teams," replied Rob. "You wait and see."

The next evening there was a second meeting in the gymnasium, and the Independent Foot-ball Association came into existence. Wellington was elected president, Malcolm Warne secretary and manager, Pierce treasurer, and Rob temporary captain. It was voted to collect an entrance fee of fifty cents from each member, the proceeds to be used in the interests of the team. Fifty-four fellows joined. Rob was called on to tell about the coach he had spoken of the evening before.

"His name is Duffield," said Rob, "and he played with Brown last year and the year before that. He graduated last June. Some of you may have heard of him, although, as he was a tackle, he never got into the papers much, I think. He was a good player, and he 's a good fellow and knows a whole lot about the game. He lives in Providence, and he can come down every day and go home again; it would only take him forty minutes on the train. He used to live in my town, and I knew him when I was a kid. All he wants, in case he does come, are his expenses, that is, room and board and fares. As there are only about five weeks more of the season, he would n't cost us much."

Rob sat down, and one after another half a dozen fellows had their say. Two of them thought a coach unnecessary, but as a whole the association was heartily in favor of hiring Mr. Duffield. Finally the manager and captain were empowered to enter into negotiations with him

and secure his services if in their judgment the association could afford them. It was decided that fellows who made the team were to supply their own uniforms, and that gray shirts and sweaters with the letters R. I., in green, signifying Riverport Independents, should be worn. The manager was instructed to arrange for as many games as possible for the remaining Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

"I think," said Pierce, "that, as we won't have much money after we 've bought foot-balls and arranged for the coach, it would be well to schedule games only with teams that are willing to come here and play. Because I don't see how we can pay carfares to visit other schools."

"We might have one game away from school," suggested Malcolm, "if it was n't too far and the fellows could pay their own expenses."

This produced a laugh, but it won applause as well, and Rob got the floor and declared that, for his part, he was willing to pay his expenses and one other fellow's in a case of that sort. So it was decided that Malcolm was to induce teams to visit Riverport when possible, and when not possible to make dates with them anyhow. Candidates were called for the following afternoon at four o'clock, and the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the president, with every one feeling very well satisfied.

"And now," declared Rob, on his way back to his room, "if we can get Walter Duffield we 're all right. And if we don't make Hop and Prentiss sit up and take notice before the season 's over, I 'll eat my hat!"

## CHAPTER IX

### DUFFIELD TAKES HOLD

"TALK about Falstaff's army!" exclaimed Malcolm to Evan the next afternoon. "Did you ever see such an assortment?"

And Evan, rubbing his injured ankle reflectively and wondering whether it would stand an afternoon's work, had to acknowledge, as he looked about him, that he never had. Practically every fellow who had joined the Independent Foot-ball Association had reported for practice. About half owned foot-ball togs and had donned them; the rest appeared in old clothes and sweaters. There were 'old boys and young boys, big boys and little boys, tall boys and short boys, fat boys and slim boys. But, big or little, fat or slim, each was dominated by a splendid enthusiasm.

"Who 's the fat kid over there?" asked Malcolm. "It is n't Jelly, is it? I thought he was on the Second."

"He is—or was," Evan replied. "That 's Jelly,

though. Oh, Jelly!" And when Mr. George Washington Jell had ambled across, grinning radiantly, "What are you doing here with the insurgents?" Evan demanded. "You're a traitor or a spy, Jelly; which is it?"

"I'm a brand from the burning," answered Jelly, dramatically.

"Have you left the Second?" Malcolm asked.

"Sure! Think I'm going to stay there and work for Hopkins? Not much! I handed in my resignation this morning to Gus."

"What did he say?" asked Evan, with a smile.

Jelly's round face reflected the smile.

"I'd rather not tell you," he said. "He tried to make out that I was deserting him, but that's nonsense, is n't it? When you're on the Second you're working for Hop and Prentiss. That's why I quit."

"The Second will never be the same without you," said Evan, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Oh, you fade away," answered Jelly. "Where's Rob?"

"Somewhere about. There he is. I guess he's looking for you, Mal."

"Every one this way, please!" called Rob. "Get into line and give your names to Warne. Got your book, Mal?"

Malcolm, with Rob at his elbow, passed down the line, taking the candidates' names and entering them, with particulars as to age, class, and experience, in his red memorandum-book. After each name was entered Rob whispered "One," "Two," or "Three" into Malcolm's ear, and the manager set down the fateful number opposite the entry. As fast as a fellow gave his name he was sent into the field to make one of a ring of candidates whose duty it was for the present to pass the ball around. Afterward the candidates were divided into three squads, and for the rest of the afternoon they practised the rudiments of the game. Rob took the first squad himself, the second fell to Evan, and the third to a middle-class fellow named Brimmer. Enthusiasm began to wane among the inexperienced long before the hour was up. This was to be expected, since passing and falling on the ball and sprinting soon grow monotonous and tiresome. But every one stuck it out until, at shortly after five, Rob let them go.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Rob, when, later, the three friends were skirting the school gridiron on their way back to Holden.

"I don't know," said Evan, doubtfully. "I don't think there were many stars in my squad, while as for Brimmer, I thought he was going to throw up the sponge once or twice—I really did."

"Well, it's too early to tell much yet," said Rob. "There's some good material in my squad, though."

"I don't think it will be hard to get eleven fellows out of the lot," said Malcolm. "Of course I don't know much about foot-ball, but I saw a good many chaps who seemed to know what to do and how to do it."

"That's right. I could pick a dozen to-morrow quite as good as the Second Team men. You wait until we've had a week's practice, Evan, and you'll feel more cheerful."

"Oh, I'm cheerful enough. After all, we're doing it for the fun of the thing."

"H'm, yes, I suppose so," answered Rob. "But—well, I've got more in view than just fun. I'm going to teach Hopkins and Prentiss a lesson; the whole school, too, for that matter. I'm going to show folks that if you want a good foot-ball team or a good base-ball team you've got to give every fellow a chance and not run the show for the benefit of a few of your particular chums."

"How about that coach?" asked Evan.

"Coming. I got him on the telephone this afternoon. He is n't going to cost us a cent, either. He says he's just bought an automobile—a run-about—and he will come over every afternoon. Says it will only take him about thirty minutes. I told him all about it, just what we were trying to do, and he thought it was a great joke, and says he will fix us so we can knock spots out of the School Team! I'm afraid he won't be so cheerful when he sees the material, but—well, never mind."

"When is he coming over?" asked Malcolm.

"Monday. Come on in and let's look over your list, Mal; there's half an hour to supper yet. By the way, Evan, remind me to get Pierce up there this evening, will you? We've got to get the fellows to pay their money into the exchequer before we begin cutting down the candidates. There's going to be a howl from some of them when they find they're not going to get on the team, and they might want to keep their half-dollars. And that would n't do, for we need the money, my friends. We'll have to have that scrub gridiron marked out, Mal; we can't play without the lines. We'll talk about that later. By the way, have you written for any games yet?"

"I'm going to do that to-night," answered Malcolm, "and I wanted to ask you where I'd better write."

"We'll go over that, then, after study. Now let's see those names. Pull up a chair. Evan, turn on the light like a good chap. It certainly is getting late early these days!"



# JINGLES

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS

## CONTENTED LITTLE LAZYBONES



THERE was a  
little pony  
Whose name  
was Lazy-  
bones.

He never could  
be hurried  
O'er pave-  
ments,  
boards, or  
stones.

If passed by  
horse or  
wagon,  
By cart or  
open rig,

He trotted more than gladly  
Behind a thing so big.

He cared not what would pass him,  
And ever poked along,  
His motto: "Take things easy,"  
Contentment was his song.

## THE SUN AND THE ICICLE

AN icicle stationed on top of a mountain  
Was laughing aloud in great pride and high  
glee.

"Oh, nothing can touch me, can possibly harm me;  
I'm free from all danger as ever can be."

The sun heard his bragging and smiled just a  
little,

Then threw out a ray o'er the top of his head.  
"You'll make a nice puddle for children to play  
in;

Run fast as you can down the mountain," he  
said.



## MAKE-BELIEVES

MAKE-BELIEVE houses are nicest,  
Make-believe stories are best;  
Make-believe rides last the longest,  
Make-believe folk are all dressed  
In make-believe garb of the finest;  
Make-believe boys never tease,  
Make-believe girls are politest,  
And ! Make-believe children say "please."



# BETTY'S PRACTICAL JOKE

(More "Betty" Stories)\*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

ONE evening, soon after the bazaar, the McGuires were dining with the Irvings, and naturally were discussing the very successful entertainment.

"And I think," Mr. Irving remarked, "that the young chap who took the part of 'April Fool' was one of the hits of the evening. He was so merry and good-natured, and yet so full of quips and pranks, why, he nearly fooled me two or three times!"

"Oh, pshaw, Grandpa," said Betty, saucily, "it would be easy enough to fool you; you're so—so honest and good-natured, you know."

Mr. Irving looked at the roguish, smiling face with pretended severity.

"Indeed, Miss Curlyhead! So you think it easy to fool your simple-minded old grandfather, do you? Well, little lady, you're greatly mistaken! In fact, you're quite wrong! Fool me! Humph! Why, when I was in college, the boys said I was the only one they could never play a practical joke on!"

Mr. Irving looked very proud of his record for shrewdness, but his eyes twinkled as he saw Betty's incredulous smile.

"All right, Miss Mischief," he went on, "if you doubt my word, try it. I'll wager you a hat you can't get off a joke upon your unsuspecting old grandfather that I don't see through before it reaches its climax. Fool me, indeed!"

"I don't want to fool you, Grandpa," said Betty, demurely, "only I think I could—that's all."

"You little rogue, you do, do you? Well, the burden of proof rests with you."

"You know you wagered a hat," said Betty, smiling; "did you mean it?"

"Well, my child, I'll own up that I said 'wager a hat,' because that's a slang phrase—or at least it was in my youth—that does n't mean anything in particular, and I said it without thinking. But I'll stand by it. You shall have the prettiest hat in Boston if you succeed in playing even the mildest little joke on your old grandfather."

"Now, Father," said Mrs. McGuire, "I don't

think practical jokes are nice at all; and I don't think you ought to put Betty up to such nonsense."

"As a rule, my dear, I agree with you; and I don't want Betty to get the habit of doing such things. But this is an exceptional case. And, too, a good-natured joke does no harm, especially if the victim invites it himself."

"I think you're safe, Grandfather," said Jack. "I don't believe Betty or anybody else could fool you. You're too quick."

"Thank you for that compliment, my boy," said Mr. Irving; "and then, too, remember that I am forewarned."

"Yes," said Mrs. Irving, laughing at the conversation; "I think your chances for a new hat from Grandfather are slim, Betty dear."

"I really don't need a new hat—just now," said Betty, thoughtfully, "but, all the same, I'd like to win that one, and I'm going to try."

Betty's dark head wagged in a determined fashion, and, after a little further chaff, the subject was dropped.

But next day Betty took it up again with Jack.

"I want to play a perfectly splendid joke on Grandpa," she said, "one that he will remember all his life."

"Well," returned Jack, "you're modest in your desires, are n't you?"

"But I do want to, Jack. Think what fun it would be! Now, help me think of something, do!"

"Let me see; I can't think of things in a minute, you know. But here's one thing: next Friday is the first of April—you might play an April Fool joke."

"Oh, yes," cried Betty, gleefully, "that's just the thing! Anything is allowable on April Fools' Day. Now, what shall it be?"

"Betty, if you want a really fine affair, we must give some thought to it. Neither do we want any simple joke that we'd make up ourselves. But let's try something classic. Now there's an old story called 'Trajan's Jest,' or somebody's,

A CONDENSED OUTLINE OF "THE STORY OF BETTY" AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN ST. NICHOLAS.

\* Betty McGuire, a waif from an orphan-asylum, is an under-servant in a boarding-house.

Suddenly she comes into a large fortune, which she inherits from her grandfather who died in Australia. Somewhat bewildered by her good luck, but quite sure of what she wants, Betty buys a home, and then proceeds to "buy a family," as she expresses it.

She engages a lovely old lady as housekeeper, but adopts her as a grandma, and calls her so. She takes Jack, a newsboy, for her brother, and she selects a dear little child from an infant orphan-asylum for her baby sister.

With this "family," and with some good, though lowly, friends who were kind to her when she was poor, for servants, Betty lives at her new home, Denniston Hall.

By reason of several circumstances Betty feels sure her relatives may be found, if she searches for them.

Her search results in finding her own mother, who is overjoyed at finding again the daughter who, she supposed, had died in infancy.



and I 'll look it up, and perhaps we can adapt it to modern times."

"Oh, Jack, I don't want any old Roman performance, with togas and sandals!"

"No, goosey, not that. But just wait till I think it all out. Oh, Betty, it 'll be fine! Just you wait!"

So Betty waited while Jack looked into some reference books, and when he found what he wanted, they soon had their heads together over the volume. After an hour of reading, chattering, laughing, and planning, Jack said:

"And so, you see, it 's all clear sailing, if you girls can only carry it out in the right way."

"Oh, we can!" cried Betty. "Dorothy is so very dramatic, and Jeanette will be lovely in her part. Mine is the hardest."

"Of course it is; but it 's your joke, you know. Shall we tell Mother about it?"

"I 'd rather not—till it 's over. It 's all right, you know; she would n't disapprove, but she 'd think we could n't do it."

"It seems as if you ought to tell her."

"Oh, I 'll tell her that we 're going to play the joke. Here she comes now. Come in, Mother!"

Mrs. McGuire came into the library where the children were. "What is it, dear?" she said.

"Why, we 've planned the joke for Grandpa," said Betty, her eyes dancing with fun, "and it 's going to take a lot of acting. And, Mother, I don't want to tell you about it till it 's all over. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, child; that is—I suppose, of course, it 's nothing wrong or impolite."

"Oh, no; it 's all perfectly correct and proper. Dorothy and Jeanette and I are to do it, but Jack planned it all. And, Mother, we 'll want the big carriage on Friday afternoon."

"All right, deary; now, mind, you are quite sure, are n't you, I would n't disapprove?"

"Yes, Mother," and Betty's honest eyes were clear and frank. "It 's a jolly joke, but there 's nothing wrong about it, is there, Jack?"

"Not a thing," said Jack, chuckling. "I 'll look out for the girls, Mother. The whole affair won't take an hour."

"Very well, then; go on. Your grandfather will be as pleased as yourselves if it succeeds."

There was much more planning, and then, when the whole affair was explained to Dorothy and Jeanette, they entered into the scheme with glee.

"It 'll be just like amateur theatricals!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands. "We must rehearse our parts. Oh, won't it be fun?"

"Can you dress up to look like a young lady?" said Jack. "Not a disguise, you know, but just

make yourself look as if you were eighteen or twenty years old?"

"Oh, yes," declared Dorothy. "I 'm almost sixteen, anyhow. And I 'll wear one of sister Ethel's dresses, and do my hair up high. I 'll wear a hat of hers, too, one of her prettiest ones."

"Oh, not too fancy, you know," warned Jack. "You must dress plainly."

"All right; I 'll wear a small hat and a dotted veil. Oh, I 'll look grown up; never fear."

"Jeanette will, too," said Betty; "she looks older than she is, anyhow. What 'll you wear, Jean?"

"I 'll wear one of Mother's gowns," said Jeanette, smiling. "She 's so small and slender, her things just about fit me. Black, I think, with white collar and cuffs."

"I 'll wear a long cloak," said Betty, "and a thick, dark veil, so Grandpa can scarcely see my face at all."

"And glasses," said Jack. "I 'll get you a pair of dark spectacles, so he won't see your eyes at all. Now let 's write the letter."

Then, all suggesting, but Jack doing most of it, the following letter was composed, and was copied by Jeanette:

MR. WILLIAM IRVING,

Dear Sir: Although I have been in more fortunate circumstances, I am now quite poor. I desire a position as secretary, and I apply to you, because my great-uncle Roger Arundel used to be in your class at college, and I have often heard him speak of your kind heart and generous disposition. I will call at your office, to see you about the matter, this afternoon at three o'clock. Please let me speak to you, even if you cannot give me a position.

Yours truly,

FRANCES ARUNDEL.

"Was there a Roger Arundel in Grandpa's class?" asked Betty, looking admiringly at the letter.

"I don't know of any," said Jack; "I made up the name."

"Then of course there was n't," said Betty. "Why did n't you choose a name from his class list?"

"Oh, I did n't quite like to do that. It did n't seem right. But it won't matter. You girls will have to manage the Roger Arundel item. Now, are you sure you understand your parts? Come on, let 's rehearse. I 'll be Grandpa."

They rehearsed for an hour or more, and declared they understood their parts perfectly.

"But you must disguise your voice more, Betty," said Jack. "Talk as if you had a cold in your throat."

So Betty tried again and succeeded in achieving a hoarse, harsh whisper.

"That 'll do," said Jack, approvingly. "Talk like that and you 'll be all right."

At last the first of April came, and the other girls came over to Betty's to start off together on their escapade.

Mrs. McGuire had been taken into the secret at

It was of dark-blue cloth and somewhat worn, an old one having been chosen on purpose. A small blue straw hat, with a few roses, was very becoming, and the effect of it, with its carefully adjusted veil, was to make her look fully nineteen or twenty years old.



"THESE TWO YOUNG WOMEN SAT BEHIND ME IN THE STREET-CAR AND OVERHEARD MY CONVERSATION WITH A FRIEND," SAID BETTY IN A HOARSE WHISPER."  
(SEE PAGE 522.)

the last moment, thus having had no chance inadvertently to give a hint to the unsuspecting victim.

She helped the three girls to make themselves look as much as possible like full-grown young ladies. And, indeed, the fact that they all wore long dresses and had their hair done up high so changed their appearance that little further disguise was necessary.

Dorothy wore a tailor-made suit of her sister's.

Jeanette, in a plain little black suit and white shirt-waist, looked a very demure young lady. Her trim black hat showed no touch of color, and her sad little face assumed a pathetic expression that made Jack laugh.

"You 'll do, Jeanette!" he exclaimed; "you 're just a picture of 'a young lady in reduced circumstances.'"

But Betty was the most disguised of all. This



was necessary, for Mr. Irving scarcely knew the other two girls, anyhow, and the success of the scheme all depended on his not recognizing Betty.

She wore a plain, dark dress borrowed from Dorothy's sister. Over this was a long coat, rather loose and full, of tan-colored cloth.

Her hair was drawn tightly back and done in a knot, and she wore large, dark spectacles. Already there was no resemblance left to Betty, but Mrs. McGuire added a thick, dark-brown veil, which was draped loosely over her face in old-fashioned style, and tied bunchily around her neck.

"He 'll never know you in the world, Betty!" declared Jack. "You 're just all right! Now let 's hear your voice."

"Is this Mr. Irving?" said Betty, in such hoarse, raucous tones that they all shrieked with laughter.

"That 'll do," said Jack, critically; "but don't overdo it. Remember, you don't want Grandfather to suspect you. Now come on."

Jack and the three girls got into the carriage and were driven to Mr. Irving's office in the city.

It was half-past two when they reached the building. "Just right time to a dot," said Jack, looking at his watch. "Go on up, Dorothy; are you nervous?"

"Not a bit," returned Dorothy, smiling, as she left the carriage. "Be sure to send the others in time."

"Trust me!" said Jack, and Dorothy entered the big building and went up in the elevator.

She went to Mr. Irving's offices, and was admitted by a clerk, who said Mr. Irving was in his private office, and asked the visitor's name.

"No name is necessary," said Dorothy, in very grown-up tones. "I am expected."

She walked past the clerk and into the inner office. Mr. Irving looked at her in perplexity as she entered.

"Miss Frances Arundel," said Dorothy, looking a little shy, as she approached the desk. "Did n't you get my note?"

"Oh—'m—yes," said Mr. Irving, hastily turning over some notes and letters before him.

"I am a bit early," went on Dorothy; "I wrote I would be here at three o'clock, but I was so anxious to secure a position, I came earlier. Can you employ me, sir?"

She looked imploringly at Mr. Irving, who, to tell the truth, had quite forgotten the note he had received an hour or so before. He had read it hastily and intended, when the writer came, to turn her over to his clerk; but Dorothy's earnest face arrested his attention, and he paused as he was about to ring the bell for his attendant.

"You speak of Roger Arundel," he said, glancing at the note he held in his hand. "I never knew any one by that name."

"You did n't, sir?" Dorothy exclaimed, looking greatly surprised. "Why, was n't he in your class at college?"

"No, he was not," said Mr. Irving, decidedly. "What college did he attend?"

"I don't know," faltered Dorothy, "but—it must have been some other William Irving, then. But, please, can't you find me some employment? I am greatly in need of it!"

Mr. Irving looked at the agitated girl, and felt sorry for her.

"What can you do?" he said, not unkindly. "Have you had any experience in clerical work?"

"Clerical work?" said Dorothy, opening her eyes. "Do you mean church work? I belong to the Sunday-school."

It chanced that Dorothy had never heard the word "clerical" used before, and she imagined it referred to the clergy.

Mr. Irving bit his lips to keep from smiling.

"I mean office work," he said; "have you ever been in an office?"

"Oh, no, sir; you see, we just lost our money lately. But I 'm sure I could learn."

"Are you a stenographer? Can you type-write?"

"No, not either. But I can write a good hand, and I 'm quick at figures. Could n't I copy letters for you? I 'm very tidy about my papers."

"H'm, well, we don't have our letters copied by hand. I 'm afraid, Miss Arundel, I can't give you a position."

"Oh, please, sir,"—Dorothy's lip quivered a little,—"*we 're quite poor.* Mother tried to take in sewing, but she 's ill now, and—and I 'm the only support of the family. Do let me address envelopes or something!"

Mr. Irving was very much embarrassed. He had never had an experience just like this before. Clearly, the girl was a refined little gentlewoman, and all unused to the business world.

He judged her to be about eighteen or twenty, and wondered what he could do for her.

He looked over the letter again.

"You say your great-uncle spoke of me? Where is your uncle now?"

"He 's—he 's not living, sir," said Dorothy, looking down. "And I 'm sure you 're the Mr. Irving he meant, because he said you were so kind-hearted."

Naturally this touched the old gentleman's heart, and he truly wanted to help the girl. But in his office he employed only skilled workers, and there was no place for Dorothy.

"Bless my soul, child," he exclaimed, "I don't know what to do with you! Arundel—Roger

Arundel. No, he was not in my class, but he may have been in the college while I was there. However, I'd be glad to help you if I could,—but I can't think of a thing for you to do."

"No?" said Dorothy, but with a hopeful inflection in her tone, as if perhaps he might yet think of something.

"You see," she went on, "I simply *must* get work. So of course I came here first, I felt so sure you'd help me if you could."

"Yes—yes; of course. Now, let me see—let me see. You say you're good at figures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, suppose you *try* adding up these columns."

Mr. Irving took down a book of accounts, and opened it at random.

"Here now, here now," he said, "don't put your figures on the page; they may be wrong. Add these columns on a separate sheet of paper—so—and let me think what I can do for you."

Dorothy took the pad of paper and the pencil he gave her, and going to a seat at a side-table, she began to add. So excited was she over the way the plan was working, she could scarcely see the figures at all, but she added away industriously, now and then peeping at Mr. Irving.

He was intently studying the note, and occasionally he would look off into space, as if trying to recall Mr. Roger Arundel!

In a few moments the door opened, and the office boy said: "A lady to see you, sir."

"What name?" said Mr. Irving.

"Here it is, sir; she just wrote it on this paper."

Mr. Irving took the paper from the boy, and read on it, "Miss Frances Arundel." He gave a start and glanced at Dorothy. She was looking at him with horror-stricken face, and just then Jeanette came in at the door, closing it behind her, and leaving the office boy outside.

Jeanette looked quietly at Mr. Irving, and said:

"Did you get my letter?"

"I got a letter from Frances Arundel, yes," said the old gentleman, who was fast getting bewildered.

"I wrote it," said Jeanette, calmly. "I hope you can give me some work to do."

"You wrote it!" said Mr. Irving. "Then who is that lady there?"

Jeanette turned a casual glance at Dorothy.

"I don't understand you, sir," she said; "are you asking me who that lady is? Is n't she your secretary or something?"

"She says she's Frances Arundel," said Mr. Irving, grimly.

"What!" cried Jeanette; "what nonsense! I am Frances Arundel. I wrote that letter you

hold in your hand, and I have called to see if you can give me a position."

"You wrote this letter?"

"Of course I did. I also wrote on the paper which I just gave to your office boy. If you will compare the two, you'll find them the same penmanship."

This seemed sensible enough, and Mr. Irving looked at both papers, and as Jeanette had written the letter, a glance was sufficient to show that they were indeed by the same hand.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Irving, looking sternly at Dorothy.

"Forgive me," pleaded the little rogue, looking very sad and remorseful; "I ought n't to have done it, I know, but I overheard this lady in the street-car saying she was coming to see you to-day, to ask you for a position, so I thought I'd come ahead of her, and—and—maybe I could get it. I need it more than she does."

Dorothy cast a beseeching glance at Jeanette, who returned it with a haughty look.

"I can't help what she needs," said Jeanette, turning away from Dorothy, who was pretending to be almost weeping. "I came to ask you for a position, not out of charity, but because my uncle was your chum at college, and—"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Irving; "I never heard of Roger Arundel."

"Oh, you must have forgotten him, then," said Jeanette, tossing her head, as if it were a matter of no moment. "But I'd like a position all the same. I'm a competent secretary, and can give satisfaction, I'm sure."

Mr. Irving was at his wits' end. He looked at the two young ladies—Dorothy crumpling her handkerchief into her eyes, and looking very forlorn and pathetic; Jeanette rather haughty and dignified, with an air of standing her ground in spite of the impostor who was trying to take her place.

"You are experienced, you say?" he said, turning to Jeanette, and thinking that, if she were indeed competent, he might find a place for her.

"Yes, sir," she replied, taking off her gloves; "shall I go right to work?"

"Oh, bless my soul, no!" cried the flurried old gentleman. "I have n't engaged you yet. I don't do things on the jump like that. Look here, Miss—you first one—what's your name?"

"Mary Crane," said Dorothy, saying the first name that came into her head, and feeling that she could n't keep up the game much longer.

"Well, Miss Mary Crane, you go on with your adding, and I'll look into your case later. It seems to me you were pretty sharp to pick up information on a street-car and put it to use so



quickly! Did you overhear all that Arundel business, too?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Dorothy, who was, in truth, nearly choking with laughter.

"Well, you 're a quick-witted young person, whatever else you may be. Now you go on and add. Miss Arundel, I'll talk with you. You say you 've had experience. Where have you worked?"

Jeanette looked blank. This question had not been in her rehearsals, and she was not as quick at invention as Dorothy. While she hesitated, the door opened again, and Betty walked in unannounced. She closed the door behind her, and said, in her hoarse whisper:

"Mr. Irving, I am Miss Arundel. I called to see you in hopes you could give me employment of some sort."

"Three of 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Irving. "Bless my soul!" And he sat helplessly looking at the three girls.

He had no suspicion of Betty's identity, for her long garments and thick veil and dark glasses were a complete disguise.

The other two he had seen but once or twice, and of course did not recognize them in grown-up attire.

Not a notion of a "joke" entered his mind, but he was mystified by what appeared to be a most extraordinary situation.

"You are Miss Frances Arundel?" he said, looking directly at Betty.

"Yes, sir," she replied hoarsely, but steadily. "I came to see you about—"

"I have your note," said Mr. Irving, the paper being still in his hand.

"I did n't write you any note," said Betty, in well-feigned surprise. "I just came in now, hoping I'd find you in, because I wanted to ask you—"

"For employment, because I used to know your Uncle Roger!" Mr. Irving almost shouted.

"Yes," said Betty, seemingly pleased, "but how did you know about Uncle Roger?"

"I tell you I have your note."

"And I tell you I wrote no note. Let me see it, please."

Betty scanned the letter, and then said, very gravely:

"Mr. Irving, I did n't write that. Some impostor must have represented me."

"Two of them, in fact," said Mr. Irving; "here they are."

Betty looked at Dorothy and Jeanette, seeming to notice them for the first time.

"Oh, I understand," she said angrily; "these two young women sat behind me in the street-

car, and they must have overheard my conversation with a friend to whom I confided my plan of coming to you. Did they claim to be Miss Arundel? Which of them did?"

"Both!" said Mr. Irving, who had grown deeply interested in the queer affair. "They must have deceived each other as well as yourself."

Dorothy and Jeanette were the personification of discovered culprits.

Dorothy's face was buried in her handkerchief, and she shook convulsively, apparently with sobs, but really with suppressed laughter. Jeanette looked crestfallen, but still haughty and independent. Her manner seemed to say that she had been discovered, but she was ready to face the consequences.

"I own up," she said, as Mr. Irving seemed to want an explanation. "This other young lady and myself overheard Miss Arundel, and we both tried to get the position ahead of her. I'm sorry we failed."

Jeanette's high and mighty air was almost too much for Betty, but, as a spasm of laughter seized her, she managed to turn it into a fit of coughing.

"I have a fearful cold," she said, still whispering hoarsely, "but it will be better soon. Did you say you had a position for me? I need money very much and I know you'll help me, won't you?"

"Bless my soul! I don't know!" exclaimed poor Mr. Irving, who was totally bewildered now by the trio of poverty-stricken girls. "I don't give out positions. My assistants do that. What do you want, anyhow?"

A short pause followed this sentence, and then, throwing off her veil with one hand, and pulling off her glasses with the other, Betty cried:

"I want a hat, Grandpa! I want a hat!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Irving, dropping back into his chair. "*Betty!* bless my soul!" and then, as the other girls took off their veils and broke into bursts of laughter, Betty snatched up the desk calendar, which stood at April 1, and held it before her grandfather's dazed eyes.

Rapidly, then, it dawned upon him. The laughing girls, the date of April 1, and Betty's demand for a hat, were the missing links to a full understanding of it all.

"A perfect success, Betty!" cried Jack, coming up to the jolly group when he heard the laughter.

"Was it!" cried Betty; "*was* it, Grandpa?"

"You scamp!" he cried; "you rogue! you mischief!" and seizing Betty, he kissed her rosy cheeks in hearty appreciation of her clever practical joke.

"Well, I should say it was!" exclaimed Mr. Irving, who was, as Mrs. McGuire had prophe-

sied, quite as much pleased with the whole thing as were the jokers themselves. Then Dorothy and Jeanette were greatly complimented on their pretty acting; and Jack, as his share of the per-

"You little witch! Nobody ever tricked me before! Now, you, each of you, and Jack too, can get the very best hats you can find in Boston and send the bill to me."



"BETTY SNATCHED UP THE DESK CALENDAR AND HELD IT BEFORE HER GRANDFATHER'S EYES." (SEE PAGE 522.)

formance was explained, also received commendation from the old gentleman.

"The very best joke ever!" Mr. Irving exclaimed, going off again and again in peals of laughter. "How did you get in, Betty? I've given orders to admit no one when I'm busy."

"Oh, I just told them I was Betty," she replied. "The boy looked at me suspiciously at first, but when I spoke without my 'cold,' of course he knew me!"

"Oh, goody, Grandpa, that will be great fun!" cried Betty. "But you go with us, won't you, to pick them out?"

"Yes, I'll go right now."

"No; we can't go in these rigs. But we'll hurry home and put on our own frocks; then we'll come back here for you, and we'll all go hatting."

"Very well; don't be long."

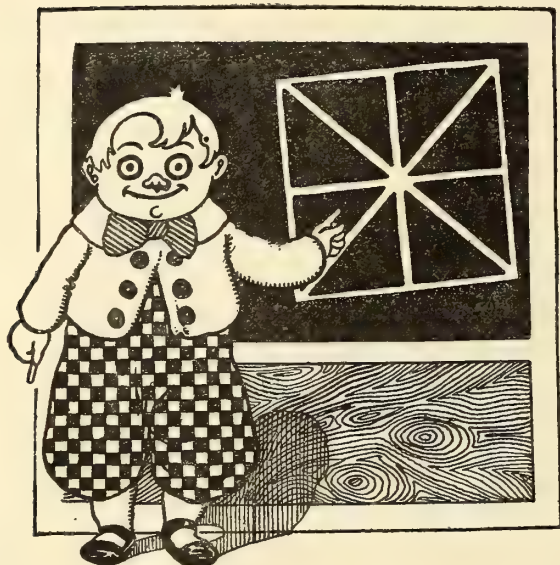
"No, sir; we'll be back in half an hour."

And so they were.



# JOHNNY SMART'S CONDENSED ALPHABET

BY PAUL WEST



"Now, Johnny, write the alphabet,"  
Said Teacher, "then you may  
Your tasks and lessons all forget,  
And just run out and play."

Then Johnny's chalk, it raced and sped,  
Until he 'd drawn a square  
With crisscross lines, and then he said:  
"All right! It 's done! See there!"

And there it was, the alphabet  
From A right down to Z!  
Each letter 's very plain, and yet  
At first they 're hard to see.

To help you as you try to trace  
The letters lurking there,  
I 'll write them; then you find the place  
Where each fits in the square.

A B C D E F G H I J  
K L M N O P Q R S T  
U V W X Y Z

"But wait," cried Johnny, "that 's not all;  
I 've something else to show.  
My square holds every numeral,  
As you can see below!"

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

# THE YOUNG WIZARD OF MOROCCO

BY BRADLEY GILMAN

Author of "A Son of the Desert"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE SPY BAFFLED

THE *portier* at that ancient hostelry, the Fonda Española, was glad to receive our three friends; he gave Ted a choice between two rooms not quite adjoining, and one large room; and Ted took the one room. Somehow he felt uneasy about being separated from Achmed; and as for Mr. Malloly (or Mall'y, as the warm-hearted American lad had come to call him often when he petted him), Ted was determined that he should not again be stolen or be in any way neglected.

They were to remain only a few days longer in Gibraltar. Achmed was to see the surgeon once more; Ted had an invitation to dine with the Thorntons; and there were several purchases to be made ere they set out on their journey across the strait and into Morocco.

The old Fonda Española is the hotel where most of the Moors stay when they come over from Tangier and Ceuta for purposes of trade; always you meet a few of them on Waterport Street, and always they glide along, silently, watchfully, like the aliens they feel themselves to be on British territory. They come over from the African coast to trade, usually bringing dried beans, oranges, figs, dates, chickens, rugs, and embroideries. These they display for sale in a market set apart for them near the Old Mole. But occasionally one of them wanders up through the town, in peddler fashion, offering his wares to any one who will buy.

The two lads went out of their room at about five o'clock, leaving Mr. Malloly quite content with a piece of sugar-cane which Achmed had bought of a Moor. Ted had gotten into the habit of going to the post-office at this hour, because the northern mail, from Madrid and London by way of Algeciras, came in at this time. This custom of Ted's must have been noted and made use of, as will presently appear. Achmed had gone over to Trafalgar Road, where was a Moorish bazaar, in which the young Bedouin desired to purchase a full Moorish costume (and did purchase two).

Ted started down Waterport Street, proceeded a few rods, then remembered that he had written a letter to Bob Lawrie and had left it on his mantel. He turned about and walked rapidly

back to the Fonda Española. Ascending the flight of stairs which led to the second story, where was his room, he drew his key from his pocket and thrust it into the lock.

It was a big, clumsy key, and made considerable noise in the lock; and at that moment Ted noticed muffled noises within the room. He thought, at first, that the sounds were caused by the chambermaid (who, by the way, was a man), although it was not the time of day when that person usually appeared. But, the instant he stepped foot inside of the room, he saw that something was wrong; very much so.

The room was in confusion: drawers of bureaux were pulled out, and their contents lay strewn upon the floor; a trunk and valise had been overturned and emptied, and added to the chaos of the scene. All this Ted's quick glance grasped in a second; and he also thought he caught a glimpse—he was not quite sure—of a man's leg just disappearing outside the window, which opened in two leaves, like a double glass door, upon a narrow balustrade.

But, startled as Ted was by his entrance upon this unexpected confusion, his heart gave a great throb of deeper anxiety as he glanced around the room, seeking the familiar furry form of his dear little pet, Mr. Malloly. For nowhere could he see him; not on the mantel, nor on the chandelier, nor on the headboard of the bed. All was still.

"Mall'y! Mall'y!" called Ted, and ran across to the open window, which he recalled having shut when he left the room a quarter of an hour before.

As Ted thrust his head out of the window, and noted the balustrade, and the height of the window above the floor of the *patio*, or court, he heard a faint reply to his call. It was a thin, wavering tone on a high key, such as the monkey used when in trouble or in fear of harm.

Then came the sound again, and not from outside the room, but inside.

Perplexed and anxious, Ted drew back into the room, shut the double window quickly, opened a closet which was on one side of the room, glanced through it, but in vain, then stood still and called again, his heart beating more and more anxiously. "Mall'y! Mall'y! Where are you, little man?"

At once came the reply, almost before the call



had ceased on Ted's lips; it came in that quick, responsive way so characteristic of the intelligent little monkey.

Ted suddenly bethought him of the chimney. A smoldering fire was in the grate. Ted had not lighted it; who had? The faint cry of the monkey seemed to come from that chimney.

To seize a water-pitcher from the wash-stand, and dash water on the smoldering contents of the grate, occupied only a moment. Then Ted leaned down toward the opening above the grate, and called again: "Mall'y! Mall'y! are you there? *Tala henah, tala henah, wahled!* (Come here, come here, boy!)"

Promptly sounded the reply, faintly, yet distinctly, down from the chimney. Yes, it was Mr. Malloly himself. And his tone of nervous anxiety quickly changed to the light, vivacious chatter so familiar and so dear to Ted's ear.

The cry came nearer, and the next moment the cautious, clever little monkey peered out from under the iron plate of the fireplace, leaped to the floor, over the edge of the steaming grate, and, with one agile bound, came flying up Ted's coat to his shoulder.

There he clung, with both arms about the lad's neck, and poured out a torrent of exclamations, which were evidently intended to explain his own flight up the chimney, and the confusion of the room. "Yes, yes, I know, I understand," was Ted's soothing reply. And he now discovered that his pet used one of his arms not very freely, as if it had been injured.

Injured, lamed, it certainly had been; and there was a slight stain of blood on the sooty fore-shoulder. Evidently the little fellow had been struck by some person or thing. "Poor little Mall'y," crooned the tender-hearted American lad, caressing the quivering little creature, "you need n't try so hard to explain it all. I understand, I understand." After a little he put Mr. Malloly on the bureau, and started to pick up the articles strewn around the room, all the time framing a theory about this daring invasion. But the monkey was so agitated that he sprang to Ted's shoulder again and again; and he seemed in such a fright that his young master could not bear to put him back on the bureau, but sat down in a chair, and devoted himself to calming his little pet's excitement.

By this time Achmed returned, and the two friends debated the mysterious affair fully. There was, however, but one conclusion to be drawn. They agreed that somebody must have come into the room through the window; probably some man. Ted was almost sure that he had seen a man's leg and boot vanish just outside the

window as he opened the hall door. Still, the hour was late in the afternoon, and the light from the court was not abundant; so he might have been mistaken. Already it was almost dark in the room, and Ted now lighted the lamp.



"TED CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A MAN'S LEG, JUST DISAPPEARING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW."

Yes, some man had entered the room; and for what purpose? As they asked each other this question, they had only one answer to give. It must have been the spy, the Russian, who was hovering about their path like some evil bird of prey. Mere theft had not been the intruder's aim, for some gold cuff-buttons and a turquoise pin of Ted's still lay on the top of the bureau. No, the villain had passed them by; he had a deeper design. Both the boys knew what that design was; both knew that the stealthy, daring spy was seeking to possess himself of the message which Achmed bore from Lord Seymour, British governor of Egypt; and that important

secret was securely imprinted on the parchment girdle which Achmed, son of Abou-Kader, carried, bound about his body, and would guard with his life.

Ted pictured the affair to Achmed as he felt more and more sure it must have happened. The spy knew Ted's accustomed ways, and expected him to be gone twice or three times as long as he was to the post-office. He entered the hotel; perhaps he already had a room in it; who could say? He passed out from some room or hallway upon the balustrade; he glided along to the room which he had made sure was occupied by the two young men. He pushed open the window, and began a hurried yet skilful search for some document or packet or paper which might contain the secret. At this point the monkey had probably leaped upon him, and very likely had bitten—at this point Ted sprang up, carried the lamp over to the window, and scanned its surface closely.

"Aha!" he cried, under his breath. "I thought so, I suspected it." And Achmed also went across the room, and saw plainly a smear of blood on the edge of the window-frame.

"That was done as he went out," said Ted, confidently, feeling almost like a second Sherlock Holmes. "I have no doubt we shall find traces of blood on some of these articles scattered about by him. But, to resume; I figure it that the knave was bitten by our valiant little mate here, who has always held himself ready to protect either himself or his friends."

Achmed smiled his faint, silent smile, and caressed the monkey, who had now become warmly and trustingly his friend.

"The man then struck the monkey with something," continued Ted, describing the scene as if he were now gazing at it; "that blow was what lamed our little man and drew that drop of blood on his shoulder; but the arm is not seriously injured."

Here Mr. Malloly began to chatter like a telegraph keyboard; but whether he meant to say that he was or was not seriously hurt Ted could not affirm.

"Now be silent," Ted admonished, "and let me tell the rest of it. Well, the man saw that he must silence the little animal, or he could not go on with his search; and a chase began around the room; there is a mark of a muddy boot on that bedspread. And he threw things at my little man, also. The broken pitcher over in the corner shows that. But he could not catch him; yet the space was so small, here, that Mall'y grew anxious; so he darted up the chimney. By this time his pursuer was thoroughly enraged;

and he thrust some papers into the grate and lighted them, of course hoping to kill the little animal. At that moment I came in, and the man fled; I extinguished the fire, as I told you, when I entered.

"So that is the way it happened, as I think. My entrance frightened him off, and probably saved brave little Mall'y's life."

There was silence in the room as Ted finished his graphic description. Achmed was silently and thoughtfully nodding his assent to his American friend's theory. At that moment the clerk came to the door, knocked, and handed Ted a telegram. The lad tore it open with haste and anxiety; but he gave an exclamation of delight as he read the following:

LONDON, HOTEL CECIL.

Go with caution; join caravan.

(Signed) FATHER.

"Hurrah!" shouted the delighted young American lad. "He wished me to see Tangier; and he's awfully good to let me go farther into the country." Then he grew more quiet, as he reflected upon the serious nature of the expedition which was to be undertaken.

After they had sat thus a few moments, Achmed said: "Best it is, my brother, that we pass over the strait to Morocco as soon as we can, and as secretly. We had named the day after to-morrow for our start; but to-morrow will be better. Are you ready, my brother?"

And Ted Leslie put out his hand, and took a firm grasp of the young Bedouin's hand; then he said: "We will go, Achmed, to-morrow."

## CHAPTER VII

### FROM CONTINENT TO CONTINENT

PROMPTLY at six o'clock the next morning the porter of the Fonda Española pounded loudly, as agreed, on the door of our young friends' room. But such a signal was little needed; Ted and Achmed had been awake a half-hour, thanks to Mr. Malloly (or Mall'y, as we must now frequently call him), who had delicately yet persistently pulled open their eyelids when he thought they had slept long enough.

As for that remarkable creature himself, nobody ever could tell how much he slept; for, at night, if one of the boys happened to light a candle for any purpose, there were Mall'y's little black eyes always wide open, and he was watchful of all that occurred; yet in the daytime he often sat with closed eyes; but was he really asleep at such times? Nobody could say. For, at the slightest disturbance, his eyes always



opened brightly, and he looked keenly about him and at the boys as if to say, "Did you suppose I was asleep?" Well, you were mistaken; I was only thinking." There was never a sleepy look in the little fellow's eyes; either those eyes were wide open, or wholly shut; there was never any half-way dozing.

At half-past seven, as appointed, our three friends were on the pier, the Old Mole, waiting for the start. Like most matters in Spain—the land of *mañana* (to-morrow)—there was much delay. They were to cross the strait on the *Jeebel Moussa*, a small, low-lying steamer, commanded by an Irish captain, and manned by a dozen men of almost a dozen different races; but the barge with the coal was late, and there was also some delay about the signing of papers, and an important package had been forgotten at the office on Waterport Street, and so on; delay after delay; but Ted made good use of the time in watching the people about him.

There were many persons on and near the Old Mole, and all kinds of small boats were conveying them to larger craft out in the roadstead: some of these persons were tourists; some were bent on business along the Spanish coast; and some were only idlers, mere driftwood gathered in this little eddy of the great ocean of life, just as you find similar driftwood in similar eddies all over the inhabited world.

At last the *Jeebel Moussa* was ready, and proudly blew long, loud notes of warning, like some noisy barn-yard fowl crowing his challenge in pride and defiance. The delayed passengers ceased their questioning and complaining, and hurried on board; a man, with much gold braid on his collar and sleeves, gave orders in several languages; and the sturdy little steamer, turning her back on Spain and Europe, pushed her nose out toward Africa, and the voyage began.

A brief voyage it was, of only three or four hours, but often a rough one, with the accompaniment of seasickness. The Strait of Gibraltar, at its narrowest point, is about eight miles wide; but our young voyagers saw how the steamer was creeping along the Spanish coast several miles toward Tarifa (to avoid cross-currents), and then directly over to Tangier, thus considerably lengthening the voyage.

Behind them, Gibraltar, the massive mountain of rock, seemed to crouch like a British bulldog, silently watching all that passed below it, and ceaselessly guarding this portal of the great inland sea, vigilant not only for the interests of England, the "Mistress of the Seas," but for the interests of all nations that observe the laws of justice and right.

After the steamer had left Tarifa—that old-time nest of smugglers and pirates—on the starboard, and headed straight across toward Tangier, she was obliged to allow for the strong surface-current which always sets in from the Atlantic—an undercurrent setting always in the opposite direction. The distant tops of the Atlas Mountains of Morocco could be dimly seen, snow-capped, while, in the foreground, at the left, the Riffian range stood like a barrier along the coast.

Smooth water was found under the lee of the African shore, and Ted was eager to get a first glimpse of this wild land, Morocco. The town itself, Tangier, was now becoming clearer and clearer; square-looking, flat-topped houses, built of rough stone and much mortar—and colored, some yellow, some blue, and some a dingy white—nestled together at the inner end of a shallow bay, with yellowish sand-dunes stretching away on each side along the shore. Here and there, over the tops of the box-like houses, clusters of date-palms lifted their heads, and gave, as they always do, that Oriental flavor to the landscape which is so delightful to European and American travelers.

It was low tide; and, as soon as the little steamer hove to, in shallow water, she was surrounded by Moorish watermen, wearing very little clothing, who yelled at one another, and beckoned to the passengers, and acted like frantic monkeys just out of the jungle. In fact, they were not half as well behaved as was our little friend Mr. Malloly, who sat quietly perched on his young master's shoulder, with his long tail curled about Ted's neck, and one hand clutched firmly in Ted's hair.

There was no other way to land; so Ted and Achmed made ready their luggage, and Achmed—still dressed in European clothes—called to one of the most promising-looking Moors; and this man pushed his flat-bottomed boat—it was barely more than a raft with a gunwale around it—close up to the steamer's side.

Achmed's speech was a purer Arabic than that of most uneducated Moors; and, at this first meeting with them, as also later, throughout his journey in Morocco, he was often taken to be a learned Moor or Arab who had traveled and studied—a *Thaleb*, in short.

Of course Ted and Achmed, active and strong and light in weight, found no great difficulty in accommodating themselves to the tiny, cranky boats and to the backs of the watermen. But not all the passengers were so fortunate. One carefully dressed man, who must have weighed over two hundred pounds, stood confused among the



"TED SWUNG SHARPLY AROUND AND WAS IN TIME TO SEE THE SLIDING PANEL CLOSE."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



noisy, jostling Moors, and finally, without using much judgment, allowed himself to be taken in charge by a voluble, persistent little fellow who had neither weight nor strength; and when the stout passenger settled down on his small porter's back, the fellow staggered and nearly fell over; but he at once pluckily began picking his way among the rocks and around the pools; he made hard work of it, however, and his passenger freely addressed harsh commands to him, telling him where to go and where not to go. Ted had not yet left the steamer, and laughed and laughed to see the stout passenger's anxiety about his new clothes; for the water could have done him personally no serious harm.

The overloaded and tottering Moor now tottered more than ever; and the next moment he gave out entirely, not pitching forward or slipping, but simply sinking down exhausted in a pool of water about two feet deep. If the now wrathful passenger had been content to get off with only wet trouser-legs, he could have stepped down and waded ashore; but he foolishly tried, as his man sank under him, to clamber up on his back; with this result of his clumsy efforts, that he slipped utterly off, and sprawled flat in the water, with dire results to his entire suit of Piccadilly clothes.

Since Achmed and Ted had arisen in the morning, and once or twice during the voyage, they had recurred guardedly to a subject which was a cause of anxiety to them both. "We must try to get away on that steamer," Ted had said, soon after they rose from bed, "as quietly as possible, and without letting that spy—if he is a spy—know what we are about." And on the steamer they had glanced cautiously about, looking for the fellow, yet hoping not to see him. That Achmed had been followed and his life attempted there could be little doubt; his mission must also be, at least in part, known to that evil-minded

man; but both the lads hoped that in coming onto the steamer they had thrown their enemy off their track.

They were not sure of this, however; and one thing which deepened their doubt was this: just as the lads were about getting into one of the largest of the boats—Mr. Malloly being still perched upon Ted's shoulder—they were obliged to pass a sort of galley on the forward deck, among some heaps of merchandise; and Ted suddenly heard the watchful, intelligent monkey emit a low gr-r-rh sound, which always signified defiance and war, and felt his tiny paw tighten its grasp on his hair.

At once the lad swung sharply around on his heel, following the animal's gaze, and was in time to see the sliding panel in the galley close quickly; but he could not see the person who had closed it. He at once crossed over toward it—the monkey shrinking around onto his back as he did this—and tried to open the panel; but he could not move it.

Achmed had of course noted Ted's action, and now their eyes met and interlocked, so to speak, yet with not the slightest change of expression on their faces, as men learn to do after they have passed through perils together, and understand and trust each other.

A glance through a single pane of glass in the side of the galley showed Ted a narrow stairway within, leading down into the hold of the steamer. He therefore saw that inquiry would probably be futile and search fruitless; such efforts would only draw attention to them, and that they wished to avoid. But Ted had great confidence in Mr. Malloly's memory and intelligence; and he was confident that the little creature had caught sight of somebody who had previously done him harm, and probably—or at least possibly—it was the person who had attacked and wounded him in the room of the hotel.

*(To be continued.)*

## TOWARD SPRING

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Long have we tracked with heavy pace  
The valley of the Wintry Year;  
At last, an upward path we trace,  
And all things speak of vernal cheer.

Even the frost, that on the pane  
Still spreads its garden silver-white,

Foretells that soon will spring again  
The living flowers that drink the light.

And the wind that by the casement sweeps,—  
It lapses with a summer-close;  
The brook through icy lattice peeps,  
And on, toward freedom, singing, goes!

# THE ENCHANTED ISLE

BY ANNA MOORE

I

THE beautiful way to Fairy-land  
Is always within your reach.  
It leads to the happy Enchanted Isle,  
With shining shells on its beach.

III

There fairies, giants, and dwarfs and gnomes  
Disport in a friendly way;  
There mermaids lovely arise to view,  
Engaging in graceful play.



II

It leads to the fairy grottoes there,  
And the caves where the treasures lie;  
And never were breezes so soft and sweet,  
And never so blue the sky.

IV

And when you are lost in enchanted woods,  
Each bird and beast is a friend;  
You never suffer a pang of fear,  
For you know 't will happily end.



# THE REFUGEE

THE STRANGE STORY OF NETHER HALL

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GILSON

Author of "The Lost Column," "The Lost Empire," etc.

## CHAPTER XI

### TREACHERY

YATES, as usual, was seated before his bacon. He rose to his feet when the Vicomte entered the room.

"Where 's Abershaw?" the Vicomte asked.

"Gone back," said Yates; "back to The Bald-faced Stag on the Lunnon-Kingston road."

The Vicomte took snuff.

"We want him," said he "I have work for Master Jerry; and you, my friend, must get off and bring him here."

Placing his hands on the edge of the table, Mr. Yates balanced his chair on its hindmost legs, so that more than once he was in danger of falling backward. But he looked at the Vicomte all the time.

"Well, this here 's a rum 'un," said he, "sink me if it ain't! Why, less 'n a week ago you told Jerry he could get back to The Bald-faced Stag, and when you wanted him you 'd send for him, which would be in about a couple of months!"

"Since I gave those orders to Abershaw," said the Vicomte, "circumstances are changed."

Yates drew near to the Vicomte, and spoke in a husky whisper:

"Is everything ready?" he asked "Are the furriners ready to cross?"

"Not yet," said the Vicomte. "Not yet. Listen: I will tell you. The French Republic has made peace with the Dutch. It is now possible, nay, probable, that the plans of my very good friends in Paris may be carried out. This shore, of all the English coast, is most open to attack. The invading fleet will lie hidden in the Texel. They will cross in a fog. Upon the Essex coast there are three pivots of defense, of which the most northerly is Ramsey Height. As you know, I have selected that point because it is the farthest from London. Ramsey Height, within the course of the next few months, is to play an important part in the history of England; and so, my friend, is a certain very trusty fellow who rejoices in the name of Yates." He laid both his hands on Yates's shoulders. "I leave you in charge," he went on, "in sole charge of Ramsey Height. I must return to France, to those who are my masters. You will keep watch

upon the Harwich fleet. I will take good care that there is always some craft at sea on the lookout for your signals. I need not enjoin you to secrecy and diligence; you know well enough how exceedingly well you are paid. I leave you, as it were, the man of the moment. You will be acquainted when the Invasion is prepared; you will be in readiness to signal for us to advance, to welcome the friends of liberty to English shores."

"Werry eloquent and comfortin'," observed Yates. "And you want Abershaw for final instructions afore you goes?"

"Not so," said the Vicomte. "The Invasion is not yet prepared; but my own affairs have progressed, have reached a climax, as it were. If the truth be told, my hand has been forced; and that being so, I am the less likely to stop at half-measures or any sort of a compromise. I am a man," said he, striking the table a blow, "whom it is dangerous to cross; and that, these country loons have yet to learn."

He broke off and stood looking out of the cottage window, his hands trembling and the shadows passing across his face.

"But we want Abershaw," he went on, with lowered voice, and turning again to Yates; "you will bring him to me, my dear, good fellow, will you not? You must be on the road to-night."

Yates gave a grunt of dissatisfaction and muttered something about a man not getting much time for "hissself in the bosom of his family."

"You 're well paid," said the Vicomte. And Yates could not deny it.

Whereupon Monsieur des Ormeaux, waving his cambric handkerchief and strutting to and fro in the room, conjured up golden visions of what Mr. Yates would be worth when the Dutch fleet had landed the French army upon the Essex coast, and Hoche had given "the richest country in the world" up to "courageous citizens" to be plundered.

So now we are brought face to face with the full perfidy of the man, with treachery mingled with base ingratitude; and we see him for what he was. He had, of course, made his peace with the new government—the Directory. Undoubtedly, had he wished it, he could long since have returned to France. He had found, however, more profitable employment in England—as a

spy. He had also, as we know, certain prospects that held him to the valley of the Stour.

As for the Invasion, it was then, and for many years to come, a source of national alarm. It was from this year that the "Great Terror," which for nine years was suspended over England like a cloud, may be said to date. Des Ormeaux was evidently employed by those who favored a descent upon England from Holland.

thought it possible that any one could be capable of practising such complete hypocrisy. For the Vicomte was continually storming against the Directory; in his eyes, or rather according to his words, Jacobins, Girondists, and all sections of the Republican party were equally vile. They had murdered a king. They had robbed France of its noblest and its best. It was his custom to tell the story with tears in his eyes, after which



"THE VICOMTE SEATED HIMSELF ON A FALLEN TREE, OPENED THE LETTER, AND READ IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The French general Humbert entered Holland with six thousand Republican soldiers to reinforce the Dutch army under General Daendels, the originator of the scheme. Beyond a doubt, des Ormeaux and Yates had established a direct line of communication by means of signals from Ramsey Height to Admiral De Winter's squadron, which was lying in readiness to embark the army of invasion.

From this the reader may be inclined to wonder how it was that Anthony Packe, when he found the Vicomte signaling out to sea from Ramsey Height, did not immediately suspect the man of more base designs than smuggling contraband. The truth is, the idea did enter his mind, but he dismissed it; he little doubted the man was a villain, but he never for a moment

he would vow that all he had now to live for was to see these wrongs avenged and to put back the Bourbon on the throne.

Little wonder if Anthony Packe thought the man sincere, and could not believe that he was a turncoat who had joined that same body of men who had dethroned the King of France. Then, again, my lord was forever expressing his gratitude to the Squire for his hospitality; he never tired of protesting his love of England and the English—yet all the time he was a spy.

That evening Louis des Ormeaux rode back to Nether Hall with a light heart, while Gipsy Yates, in his own nautical fashion, pounded the London highroad on his way to The Bald-faced Stag Inn, to bring Jerry Abershaw east again to assist the Frenchman's plans.



Yes, the Vicomte's heart was light. He saw the future very clearly. He told himself that he had done everything exceedingly well. He depended, to a very large extent, upon Abershaw and Yates; but he could trust them; they were rogues, but reliable rogues, and, whatever happened, were never likely to show the white feather.

During the days that intervened between the meeting on the Bergholt road and the Friday in the following week, when the bulk of the man's villainy came to a head, it was a strange party, indeed, that daily sat down to dinner in Nether Hall. Anthony and the Vicomte were all but openly foes. Cicely feared him more than ever; for there was something in the man's manner that threatened immediate danger. The old Squire alone was blind; he was still effusive toward his guest, and called him "Moosure," and talked continually of the French revolutionists.

Louis des Ormeaux had a monstrous scheme in his head; but in that selfsame week there happened a thing which neither he nor any one else had foreseen. The unexpected took place when a brig dropped anchor in St. Helen's Roads, and Captain Roland Hood was put ashore in Portsmouth, with Admiral Hotham's despatches upon the combat of La Spezia.

Hood made up to London on the mail-coach, where he was some days about his business with the Admiralty. But, upon his first arrival at Old Slaughter's, in St. Martin's Lane, where he lodged, he wrote two letters, which he himself gave in charge of the conductor of a flying coach that started for Ipswich within an hour: the one of these, to his mother, to be left at the Bentley Tankard for Thomas Timms; the second was to be handed in at the Gun Inn, next before the county turnpike, for any one of the household of Sir Michael Packe, Justice of the Peace.

And now Fate stepped into this matter very unkindly. For it so happened that the first member of the household of Nether Hall to call at the Gun Inn after the passing of the flying coach was none other than Monsieur des Ormeaux himself.

"A letter, my lord," said the landlord, twisting the same in his hands.

"For whom?" asked the Vicomte.

"For any one of the household of Sir Michael Packe, J.P."

"Give it to me, then."

So he took it, and went down the hill, singing very softly, with a quick and boyish step.

When he got to the turnpike, instead of going on along the Dedham road, he turned to the

right, into the wood, and seated himself on a fallen tree. There he opened the letter and read it, and from time to time out came his pet ejaculation: "Ma foi!"

The letter began with an account of the battle of La Spezia, and of how the French had been beaten off; but there was no mention of the fact that Roland Hood's own gallantry on that occasion had brought him under the notice of Nelson. He merely stated that he had been selected to convey the commander-in-chief's despatches to the Admiralty, going on to say that he was leaving London by the mail-coach and would arrive in Suffolk on Friday evening.

When the Vicomte had got to the end of the letter, with a thoughtful expression he folded it in his hands.

"*Morbleu!*" said he. "Another day—but one day later—and all would have been well! As it is, this young popinjay appears upon the scene upon the very night when I could wish him farthest away." He looked about him as if he sought something with his eyes; he was impatient and restless in manner. He quieted himself with snuff; and then, with a screwed face and his eyes half closed, spoke very quietly to himself: "If he were to take it into his head," he ruminated, "to ride over to Dedham on Friday night—ma foi, he would ruin all!" And here the Vicomte threw up his hands. "No, no," he rapped out. "We must stop it. We know a trick as good as that."

Thereupon he walked briskly to the road, and a few minutes afterward entered the Hall gates.

This happened on the Tuesday; and all that day, in spite of his self-assurance, Monsieur des Ormeaux was clearly not at his ease. He could not stay still for a minute, but wandered about the house; when spoken to by the Squire, he started, a very unusual thing in one whose manners, as a rule, were those of a man always self-possessed and calm.

At midday on the following day he took horse and rode Londonward upon the highroad. Near Stanway he had the good fortune to meet with the very men he wanted: Gipsy Yates, in his fisherman's kersey, and Jerry Abershaw, without his mask, and a handsome fellow he was.

The Vicomte was genuinely relieved to see them. And without doubt it was then that he gave his final instructions, with the exception of certain details which he had not yet settled in his mind.

He returned to Nether Hall in the best of spirits, and that evening was almost hilarious. He kept the Squire in a constant fit of laughter, but both Anthony and Cicely saw the dissembler

under his jokes: they recognized, in the coldness of his eyes, the wolf in the jester's cap and bells; and they both felt a dread presentiment of danger fast drawing down upon them all. So much so that Cicely came to Anthony after the evening meal. Her face was white, and her hands were pressed together.

"Anthony," she cried almost breathlessly, "something dreadful is going to happen. I am sure of it!"

Anthony laughed weakly, and asked her, "Why?"

She did not know, and she could not say; but she was sure that some calamity was at hand.

The boy frowned.

"I wish he was gone," said he. "He 's a scoundrel!"

"Do you know it?" she asked quickly

"I 'm sure of it," said he.

"Oh," she muttered, half to herself, "I wish that Roland were here!"

That offended Master Anthony, and not unnaturally: he considered himself and the Squire sufficient protection for any one. He had the modesty not to say so; but he informed his sister that Captain Hood was a great many miles away, and would not be back in England for many months to come.

On Thursday the Vicomte held to his room. They heard him opening boxes, pulling out drawers, and continually closing the cupboard door. Also, it appears that that day he rearranged all the books he had got from the Squire's library and had kept in his bedroom for his own especial use—in the light of after events, an extraordinary thing for him, or, in fact, for any one, to have done.

At dinner he asked Sir Michael to put off dinner till eight on Friday. He had to go into Colchester, he said, on business, to meet this eternal friend of his who was always returning to France. The business was very important; they had arranged to talk it over in The Cups Hotel. He could not be back before eight at the earliest; he hoped it would not greatly disturb the house.

The Squire had no objection, appealing to Cicely, who, of course, was responsible for such domestic affairs.

She said that she would see to it.

"Ah," said the Vicomte, "you are *too* kind, Mademoiselle."

He was going on with his thanks—he was overflowing with gratitude—but she left him hurriedly, and went to her own room, where she sat and trembled before her glass, and looked at her own pale face.

## CHAPTER XII

### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS

Now, Thomas Timms was the stable-man at Bentley Hall, and his face was as round as the moon. Into the bargain, it was as red as a beet-root, and adorned on either side by a pair of bright red whiskers that completely concealed his ears. When Thomas was surprised, his round face became oval, and this change so affected his whiskers that his ears came out from behind them, like a couple of rabbits peeping out of their holes; and as no man in this world was ever more easily surprised than Thomas Timms, his ears were constantly on the move in and out. In fact, they were almost as active as his bandy legs, for Thomas had never been known to walk. He went at a quick trot, appearing to go so fast that his legs may be said to have twinkled. But, as a matter of fact, he went no faster than the average man could walk, for his legs were exceedingly fat and short.

On this particular Friday evening, in the yard of the Bentley Tankard, Thomas Timms could not stand still. He had brought a horse for Roland to ride and a cart to take his luggage back to Bentley Hall. He told every one that his young master, whom they had all known since the days of his childhood, was coming back from fighting the French—quite superfluous information, since thirty villagers, at least, were there assembled to give Roland Hood something of a home-coming and celebrate the occasion.

Talk in the inn ran high; and Timms expressed the opinion that, as soon as his mistress was married to old Sir Michael Packe, he himself was off to the wars; which brought forth a hearty peal of laughter. The idea of Timms carrying a musket as long as himself appealed to their rustic sense of humor; and little did any man among them dream that, that very night, Thomas Timms was to be of some service to his country.

They were in the midst of all this laughter, when they heard the coach lumbering heavily upon the road.

In a few minutes it drew up; and there on the box-seat was a young officer in the uniform of the Green Marjines, with a sword at his belt and finely powdered hair. There was neither rest nor change of horses; but down came Roland Hood and his boxes, and on went the coach again.

They gave him three cheers, and a fourth; and then three more for his widowed mother, who was the kindest-hearted lady in all the countryside. After that there was nothing for





"ROLAND HAD SEIZED HIS WRIST AND AGAIN THE SHOT WENT WIDE." (SEE PAGE 537.)

Roland to do but to make a little speech to them; which called forth more cheering, and sundry groans for the French.

In the meantime Timms had gone off with the luggage, in such haste to tell his mistress that her son was safely returned that he took the pony which was used for the garden roller, down and up the hills at a canter, till he pulled up before the front door of Bentley Hall.

Roland was no less anxious to be home; but it was by no means an easy matter to get away. One after the other, the villagers crowded around, to cheer him. And then nothing would please them but that Roland should get to the top of some mounting-steps in the stable-yard and give them another speech. This he did to the best of his poor ability; and the most that he said was drowned in repeated cheers.

At last, with promises to tell them more of the French, he managed to get away. He mounted his horse, and rode out from the stable-yard.

It was a starlit, but, as yet, a moonless night. From the Suffolk hills the lights of Harwich showed clear and bright at the valley mouth, and out at sea were the lights of passing ships. The trees stood out against the sky like coal-black monsters ranged to guard the road, that curled among the hills.

Roland was walking his horse up one of the steeper hills, when two horsemen came upon him so suddenly out of the darkness that he was taken completely unawares, and a voice rang out as clear as a bell above the drumming of the hoofs upon the road.

"Pull up, sir! Your money or your life!"

The three horses cannoned with a heavy thud. There was the sharp crack of a pistol-shot, a muffled exclamation, and a snort, as Roland's horse reared high into the air.

They were in the shadow of a clump of elms; and so dark was it, and so close were the three together, that Gipsy Yates, who came upon the rider from the right, had thrust his pistol over Roland's shoulder before he knew it. He fired as the horse rose; and the bullet flew high into the night. But Jerry Abershaw, from the other side, had taken hold upon the bridle, and, rising in his stirrups, pulled with all his might. The horse came down again; and Roland, adding the strength of his own right arm to the weight of the plunging beast, caught Gipsy Yates with his fist upon the angle of the chin. The man let out a grunt. Then he turned slowly over in his saddle, and came headlong to the ground, while his terrified horse galloped off along the road.

But Jerry, who had slipped from his mount, still clung to the bridle like a leech.

"Hands off!" cried Roland, struggling at his holster.

"Hands up!" was Jerry's answer, as he leveled his heavy pistol at the other's head.

But, as quick as thought, Roland had seized his wrist; and again the shot went wide.

Jerry struggled desperately; but Roland held his wrist in a grip of iron. The highwayman let go the horse's head and sprang violently backward, jerking his opponent bodily out of his saddle. Roland's weight came down upon his chest; and they went over together like a brace of ducks brought down upon the wing. But Jerry, by reason that he was underneath, took the full force of the fall; and the back of his head struck sharp against a stone.

It had all happened in less than a minute. The two shots had been so close upon one another that they might have come from a double-barreled gun.

Gipsy Yates was soon again upon his feet; and Jerry was only momentarily stunned. There was not a second to lose. Fortunately, Roland's horse had not made off after the other. With one spring he was again across its back. Yates closed instantly upon him. But Roland, bringing his foot against his shoulder, sent the man reeling backward; and in another second he was off at the gallop, with the stones flying beneath his horse's hoofs, and a second bullet whistling past his ear.

At that very moment the Vicomte himself, leading a horse by the rein, stepped forth out of the shadow of the trees.

"Messieurs," said he, "I never yet did see a more pitiful affair. You were two to one; and for a second he had you both upon the ground."

Then he laughed.

"You might have come to our help," growled the highwayman.

"Ah, indeed I might!" cried the Vicomte. "I never dreamt that he would get away. Without doubt I would have turned the tables."

"Another time," said Jerry, "you had best trust to me alone, for all the good a sheep-stealing fisherman is like to be to us."

"In very truth," said the Vicomte, "that is so. But, Mr. Yates, did you get my orders?"

"I did," said Yates. "Jim Leake—the man wot brought you over, me lud—will be waiting for us at Judas Gap, and the wherry's moored down-river, well below the bridge at Manningtree."

"Good!" said the Vicomte. "And now I must be off. Since you have let this man escape, there is not much time to spare."

He vaulted lightly into the saddle and waved his hand, exclaiming, "And now, my friends, au revoir!"



He was about to move off, when Gipsy Yates pulled him up with a shout.

"Here!" he cried. "Hold hard a bit, me lud! I ain't got a horse!"

"A horse! Pourquoi? Where is your horse?"

"Gorn off," answered Gipsy, with equal brevity and truth.

The Vicomte laughed again.

"Then, no doubt," said he, "our friend here will be so good as to find you another. Mr. Yates must have a horse within the hour. I leave that—and the rest—to you."

"I won't fail you," was Jerry's answer.

They heard the lid of the Vicomte's snuff-box snap in the darkness under the trees.

"Ma foi!" said he, "I know it."

And with that my lord was gone.

The finding of the horse was a matter of no importance. It does not stand out in the biography of Jerry Abershaw as one of his most audacious deeds. It was sadly lacking in both romantic and dramatic quality, though the Vicomte laughed very heartily when he heard the tale.

Jerry Abershaw, with his whip in his hand, sat on a mile-stone at a certain cross-roads, patiently sucking a straw. He had selected the place by reason of the fact that there no less than five roads met, and he was determined to relieve of his steed the first equestrian that came along. Whosoever this might be Jerry cared not a jot, even had it been a heavy dragoon with his curb-chain jangling and his saber in his hand. Therefore, on all accounts, it were nothing short of a dispensation that the first gentleman that passed the fatal mile-stone was no more harmful a person than the Rev. Mr. Applecorn, curate at East Bergholt, whom Jerry relieved of his sorrel mare. And since we are alone concerned with the sorrel mare, we will go back to Captain Roland Hood of the Green Marines, whom we left making the sparks fly from under his horse's shoes as he galloped toward his home, thanking his stars for such a narrow escape. It would have been hard, indeed, had he returned safely from out of the midst of so many dangers, only to be shot by a highwayman on the road.

When he had covered a mile, he drew rein upon a hilltop, for breath for horse and man. He looked back along the road, and listened, thinking that perhaps his assailants had taken up the pursuit. At first he could hear nothing but the blowing of his own beast. Then a sudden gust of wind stirred the leaves in the trees, and carried to his ear the clacking sound of the hoofs of a trotting horse.

It came from ahead; and hoping to find an able-bodied man with whom he might go back and attempt to capture his former assailants, he set off at a brisk canter, and very soon came within a stone's throw of the horse. It was riderless. The reins hung loose about its neck, and the stirrups jumped and capered at its sides. Then he remembered that one of the highwaymen's horses had made off during the scuffle. At his approach the beast took fright, and went off at a gallop, with Roland hard upon its track.

By a singular stroke of chance, he caught the animal not half a mile from his own house, and led it into the stable, at the very moment that Jerry Abershaw took the horse of Mr. Applecorn. This can be verified by the fact that it was the hour at which the moon rose upon that most eventful night. It was a full moon, as we know; for the tide was high in Judas Creek at midnight, where the bulk of all this mischief was yet to come to a head.

The same moon shone down upon the garden of Nether Hall, its tall cedars and its open lawns. Thither we will return, leaving Roland Hood receiving his mother's loving welcome home—and surely the reader's fancy will picture what joy and delight were theirs.

CICELY, full of gloomy forebodings, sought the privacy of her room. Anthony was in the stables, talking to Blunt, the groom, who was the only stable-man there. Sir Michael sat alone in the library, impatiently waiting for dinner.

The Vicomte had said that he would return from Colchester at eight o'clock. It was now ten minutes past; my lord was still absent; and the Squire was in none of the best of moods.

Cicely came down the stairs. She felt ill, though she could not say what ailed her. She went to her father in the library, and, without a word, seated herself on a footstool, with her elbow on his knee.

In a few minutes Anthony found them; and he, too, was unusually silent. They just sat together, the father and his children, with their own thoughts for company.

At last the sound of the mare's hoofs was heard on the gravel drive without; and a moment afterward the Vicomte burst hastily into the room.

"A thousand pardons!" he cried. "Once again my business was delayed."

THE memory of that dinner lived for years in the minds of them all. Not that the dinner itself was anything but a very ordinary affair; but it directly preceded an event of such startling di-

mensions that the little details of the evening became magnified in the eye of time, and they were afterward able to recall every word the Vicomte said; for it was he who held their ears in one incessant flood of talk.

When the servants had gone and the lights in the great silver candlesticks threw little golden pathways on the highly polished board, he told them a simple tale of a pair of robins whose eggs were robbed by a boy. He told it prettily indeed. He called them his "dear, sweet little redbreasts," and seemed so to sympathize with them in all their trials and troubles that they might for all the world have been human beings that he himself had known. Indeed, the monstrous part of the matter was that the man was almost moved to tears.

When he had ended, there was a silence; for no one knew where to look for the moral of the tale. Indeed, there was none. It was all unnecessarily sad.

The lights burned brightly on the table, and caught the silver salvers and the cut glass and the great gilt frames of the family portraits hung around the walls. Anthony, with his chin in his hand and his elbows on the table, regarded the Vicomte with widely opened eyes; he forgot for the moment that he hated the man. Cicely's thoughts were far away; and the Squire lay back in his chair, idly twisting his glass between his finger and thumb. As for the Vicomte, he got suddenly to his feet, and went to the large bay-window that opened on to the lawn.

"The room is hot," said he; and without so much as asking leave, he opened the window ajar.

When, at last, Cicely looked up and saw him, a great change was come upon his face. The man's complexion, which was by nature sallow, had turned to a paleness that was almost gray; his lips had parted, and his black eyes sparkled.

Not a word was spoken; and in the stillness the girl felt a cold fear of some invisible danger creeping upon them all.

The room was *too* silent. She felt that it was the Vicomte who was causing it. He seemed to have cast a spell of silence upon them all. If no one spoke, she knew that she must shriek. And then the key, from the other side, turned sharply in the door.

"What 's that?" rapped out Sir Michael, and somehow turned to the Vicomte for reply.

"Oh, what was it!" cried Cicely, now beside herself with alarm.

"Remain where you are," said the Vicomte, calmly, "and in a moment you shall see."

But the Squire had got to his feet.

"Some one has locked us in!" he cried.

"It is not so," said the Vicomte.

"I know I heard it!" answered Sir Michael; and he took a step to the door.

The Vicomte was there before him. He turned the handle, but it would not open. It had been locked from the other side.

"Ma foi!" said he, "you are right!" But there was about him not the vestige of surprise.

He leaned back against the door, his hands stretched out on either side and his chin held proudly in the air. He was dressed in black, and wore a white cravat; and he smiled.

Cicely felt sick with fear. She had turned snow-white, and was obliged to hold to the table for support. Without doubt it was she who first saw what it was that had befallen them; but the sight had frozen the words upon her lips, and she had not the power to speak.

Sir Michael and his son faced the Vicomte. They were not able to take their eyes from his face, for, as yet, it all was a mystery to them both. They had only guessed from the expression of the man that something was wrong. Then the Vicomte laughed aloud—the false, ringing laugh; and they saw that his eyes were fixed between them, on the other side of the room.

They turned together; and there, in the opened window, stood two men, in heavy, hooded coats, with masks upon their faces and with pistols in their hands.

(To be continued.)

## UMBRELLAS

BY MIRIAM S. CLARK

PEOPLE on a rainy day  
Look like mushrooms, strange to say,  
And their round umbrella-tops  
Gleam between the falling drops.

Little mushrooms grow in clumps  
Round the feet of mossy stumps;  
Large ones wander up and down  
Through the streets of Rainy Town.



# THE BROWNIES AND THE WATER FAMINE

BY PALMER COX

THE town was much in need of rain,  
That seemed to linger o'er the main,  
And leave the country, sad to see,  
With scarcely water for the tea.  
(And this says naught of bird or beast,  
Whose sufferings hardly were the least.)

That suits the sailor to a T,  
Providing he can hold his grip  
Upon the yard, and keep his ship.  
The wave no doubt this moment breaks  
Along the shores of upper lakes,  
And in the rivers, known as wide,



"THEY SOON WERE ON THE HOMEWARD TRACK, AND OF SUPPLY THERE WAS NO LACK."

The wells were deepened in the hope  
Of striking veins of greater scope,  
And pumps were rattled out of use  
For water they could not produce.  
When Brownies met, as day withdrew,  
The situation to review,  
Said one: "The land we love so dear  
Is passing through a test severe.  
There may be water in the sea

Some water may to ocean glide,  
But let me speak my feelings out:  
There's not much freshness hereabout;  
The grass no more is green and good;  
The forest stands like kindling-wood;  
A match ignited through mishap  
Might change the features of the map;  
And if a chance was ever nigh  
For work, it looks us in the eye."



"WHEN BROWNIES MET, AS DAY WITHDREW, THE SITUATION TO REVIEW."

"These people think they know it all,"  
Another said, "and yet they fall

To digging where, since Adam's day,  
A gill of water never lay.



"THEY TOOK THE HIGHWAY IN A STRING THAT LED THEM TO THAT HIDDEN SPRING."





"AND SOON THE SPLASHING WATER FELL  
INTO EACH DEEP AND EMPTY WELL."

They churn the pump for hours, and yet  
Bring nothing in return that's wet.  
We know where babbling springs are found  
Of which they ne'er got sight or sound;  
We'll bring from  
there a good supply  
Before the stars have  
left the sky.  
Though we for fields  
may nothing do,  
Nor cause the trees  
to leaf anew,  
We'll aid the people  
of the town  
That are in heart so  
broken down.  
Away to that clear  
spring we'll troop  
To bring them water  
for their soup,  
And raise their spirits  
with a sup  
Of something from  
their morning cup."

Within five minutes  
by the clock  
That overlooked the  
village block,  
They took the high-  
way in a string  
That led them to that  
hidden spring.  
Some had a cart or  
dray, and more

Pushed jolting barrows on before,  
With vessels new, or odd and old,  
That would the precious water hold.  
They carried churns, the whirling kind,  
And some for dasher-work designed,  
But, as they hoped, in proper trim  
To carry water to the brim.  
They soon were on the homeward track,



"WHERE, BURSTING FROM THE GRANITE RENT, THE TREASURE FOUND A GENEROUS VENT."

PALMER COX.

And of supply there was no lack,  
 For, let the reader bear in mind,  
 That which the Brownies seek they find.  
 They rode upon the water-cart  
 That took the liquid at the start  
 Where, bursting from the granite rent,  
 The treasure found a generous vent,  
 Though, guarded well by rocks and trees,  
 The place was not approached with ease,  
 And wheels ran high, and wheels ran low,

And old and young will bless the day  
 The Brownie band came round this way."

The fountain basin in the square,  
 So dry for weeks, received their care,  
 And soon the splashing water fell  
 Into each deep and empty well,  
 And pumps that oft were worked in vain  
 Now answered quickly, free as rain,  
 Till people drank a double share,



"THE FOUNTAIN BASIN IN THE SQUARE, SO DRY FOR WEEKS, RECEIVED THEIR CARE."

And called for many a "turn and go!"  
 Said one: "We've heard of floods that swept  
 The people seaward as they slept,  
 And buried homes in water quite  
 Until the town was out of sight;  
 But here's a midnight flood, I think,  
 That comes to save instead of sink,

While pots were boiling everywhere.  
 The bubbling kettle sang a tune  
 That lifted every spirit soon,  
 And joy was spread throughout the town  
 In every district, up and down,  
 For homes were all with plenty stored  
 Until the rain of autumn poured.



# METHODS OF MAGICIANS

BY HENRY HATTON AND ADRIAN PLATE

## PAPER TEARING

THE amateur conjurer of twenty-five years ago who was called upon to "do a trick" frequently responded by tearing up a sheet of cigarette-paper, rolling the pieces into a tiny ball, and then reproducing the sheet intact a few minutes later. This was done by substituting a whole piece that was concealed between the fingers, for the torn pieces, which, in turn, were hidden in the mouth when the performer pretended to wet his finger so as to open out the crumpled-up sheet.

The trick was almost forgotten, when it was revived a short time ago by a public performer, in a shape more suitable for stage presentation. Instead of a sheet of cigarette-paper a strip of red tissue-paper was used. This was about an inch in width and a yard or so in length. Baring his arms and opening wide his fingers, to show that nothing was concealed there, the performer in question tore the paper in two, then, folding the pieces together, tore them in four, and so continued until no one piece was more than two and a half inches in length. These were gathered together, rolled up, and finally pulled out in one entire piece, as it was at first. At no time had the performer's hands come near his body.

How the man who revived this trick did it I cannot say, positively, for he never told me. I have heard that he used what is known as a "hold out," a delicately constructed steel lazy-tongs which, concealed in the sleeve, enables the man who cheats at cards to introduce a desired card into the hand or take out an undesirable one.

It is worked by a lever controlled by the one who uses it and is an expensive affair. I have never tried this method, and cannot answer for it, but there is a way of doing the trick that I can recommend, and that is with a thimble. Not the ordinary sewing thimble, but one made of thin brass, modeled, and colored to represent the first joint of a thumb. When properly made and placed in position it is almost impossible to detect. It is in this thimble that a duplicate strip of tissue-paper is hidden, and it is there the torn pieces are stowed away before the close of the trick. It requires no little practice to do the trick neatly and properly, but it is worth the time spent on it. (See cut of the thimble on page 546.)

One objection to the above method is the difficulty of getting a well-made thimble, and a further objection is in the use of apparatus at all.

To meet these objections I would suggest another method of which every one may avail himself.

In this method two strips of tissue-paper are used; red is the better, if a red can be found that will not rub off when wet, but if that cannot be had, white will do. The size is that already mentioned. The duplicate piece is plaited, not rolled, and concealed in a little pocket made of the same paper as the strips. This pocket is pasted on the back of the strip that is to be torn about the center. In tearing the strip the performer tears off one end of the pocket and, securing the duplicate strip, holds it between the second and third fingers of the left hand. When the strip is torn into pieces about two and one quarter inches in length, the performer rolls them into a tiny wad, which he conceals between the tips of the index-finger and the second finger of the right hand.

Holding the left palm upward, the performer places between the tips of the first finger and thumb the duplicate strip and the wad of torn bits. With his right forefinger and thumb, which, without calling attention to it, he manages to show are empty, he seizes one end of the duplicate piece, and, as he draws it out a foot or so, blows on it. To do this the left hand naturally approaches the mouth, and into it, at the first opportunity, is popped the little wad. With this move the trick is done, but the performer continues to pull out the strip and blow on it, until its full length is revealed. This form of the trick which is explained now for the first time, has puzzled many professional magicians.

## YANK HOE'S PAPER TRICK

SOME years ago a dapper little Italian, who called himself Yank Hoe and assumed a Japanese "make-up," appeared in this country for a short time, and by his charming grace more than his dexterity captivated his audiences. One of his best tricks, since known under the above title, was particularly pleasing, and as it has been revived by some of our present-day conjurers, I have concluded to explain it to ST. NICHOLAS readers.

The performer begins by tearing a sheet of tissue-paper into little bits. These he throws into a goblet and pours water on them. Picking up his wand he fishes out the pieces, squeezes the water from them, and begins to fan them with an ordinary palm-leaf fan. Almost immediately the wet pieces disappear from his hand, and the air is

filled with tiny pieces of paper, flying about like snowflakes in a storm.

The trick, while brilliant, is simple. In a square of black tissue-paper the performer has wrapped a quantity of tiny, tiny bits of letter-paper, forming a ball about an inch in diameter (see next page). A piece of black thread ties the twisted mouth of the ball and prevents the contents scattering. This ball is placed under the performer's right armpit, where it is held in readiness. When the wet papers are taken from the goblet, the performer has his wand in his left hand; he takes the paper off with his right hand. Placing his wand under his right arm he gets hold of the ball. Then he squeezes out the wet papers and, apparently, puts them in his left hand, but really keeps

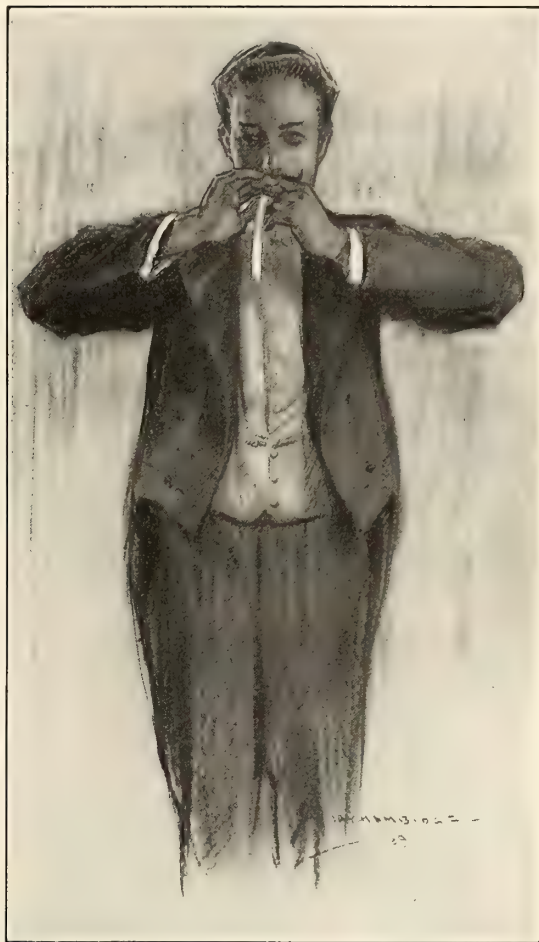
to hold the wet papers) he squeezes the ball, breaks it, and the action of the fan sends the tiny



TEARING THE PAPER.

them concealed in his right. As he picks up the fan he drops the wet papers on the table. As he begins to fan his left hand (which is supposed

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BLOWING THE PAPER.

bits of paper whirling through the air. The effect is decidedly *Japanese*.

#### THE EGG CHING CHING

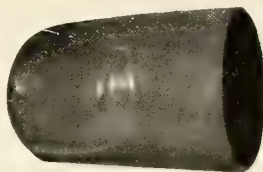
MANY years ago a professional magician in London who played under the stage name of "Colonel Stodare," introduced a trick with an egg and a handkerchief to which he gave the above title. It proved very successful, and Carl Herrmann exhibited it at, I think, his first performance in New York, and afterward Alexander Herrmann often included it in his program. In its first form, an egg was placed in a glass goblet, over which was thrown a large handkerchief. Standing at a distance, the performer picked up a piece of thin red silk, about ten and a half inches square, which he began to gather into his hands.



When it was completely within his hands they were opened, wher. it was seen that the silk square had disappeared—if that is not a bull—and in the hands was an egg—presumably the one placed in the goblet. On removing the handkerchief from the goblet, the silk square was seen in the glass, but the egg had gone.

The explanation of the trick is simple: the egg that is placed in the goblet has been blown, that is, it is nothing but an egg-shell, the egg itself having been cleaned out by means of two holes, one at each end. By blowing in one hole the contents of the egg comes out at the other. It is not a pleasant job to prepare such an egg, and for that reason many performers use a wooden egg or, what is much better, one of celluloid, which are made specially for conjurers' use. When the performer is about to place the egg into the goblet, it is lying on the large handkerchief, which is spread over his left hand. A fine black silk thread about four inches long attaches the egg to the center of the handkerchief (the most simple and the surest way to do this is to tie one end of the thread firmly to the middle of a bit of broken match; then make a tiny hole in the egg, push the

fold this properly it is plaited back and forth until it is one long strip, and then the strip is plaited



THE FLESH-TINTED CELLULOID THIMBLE.



THE PAPER BAG FILLED WITH SMALL PIECES OF PAPER.

in the same way until it is about an inch and one half square. Folded in this way, the natural resilience of the silk will cause it to open out when released.

As the performer is about to cover the goblet with the handkerchief after the egg is in, he relaxes his hold of the silk square and drops that in, also. Back of the second square of silk, which is on a table, is concealed a hollow metal egg, with an opening on one side. The silk square and this egg are picked up together, and as the square is drawn into the performer's hands, he works it into the hollow egg, which he finally shows to the audience, who suppose it to be the egg that was placed in the glass. Going to the goblet, the performer lifts up the handkerchief and with it the hollow egg, and shows the square of silk, which has, apparently, passed invisibly into the glass.

In place of a hollow *metal* egg, the performer often prepares a real egg. This can be done by painting an oval on the egg with strong vinegar. This must be left on for a moment and then be wiped off. Repeat this several times, always in the same place, and the shell will become so soft that it may be cut, without splintering, by driving a sharp pointed penknife in with gentle taps. When the piece is out, the egg must be washed out with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and then lined with a thin coat-

ing of plaster of paris. Prepared in this way, it is infinitely better than any imitation.

An improvement on this trick is to use a drinking-glass, the bottom of which has been cut out.



“WILL YOU, SIR, ACCOMMODATE ME WITH A FRESH EGG?”

match in, and there is little danger of it coming out), and between the two is the silk square which is folded into as small shape as possible and concealed in a half-fold of the handkerchief. To

This must be done, of course, by a glass-cutter or engraver. He should be instructed to leave a narrow rim around the bottom, that is, the bottom should not be cut close to the edge.

Provided with such a glass, the performer may use a real egg and dispense with the duplicate handkerchief, as only one is needed. Besides the egg and the handkerchief a piece of rather stiff letter-paper is required. This is rolled into a cylinder which will fit easily over the tumbler, as a cover, and is fastened together with a small pin.

This method of presenting the trick was planned out by Mr. Plate, and has long been a puzzle to many professional conjurers. It is now properly explained for the first time.

Everything being ready, the performer, with an egg concealed just under the lowest part of his waistcoat, advances to his audience, and begs for the loan of an egg. Addressing one of the company, he asks, "Will you, sir, accommodate me with a fresh egg?" extending his open left hand at the same time. "Thank you; lay it here, please." As the performer leans forward to receive it, his right hand goes, naturally, to the bottom of his waistcoat and gets hold of the egg. At the same time the closed hand moves to the gentleman's mouth, and the concealed egg is allowed to show itself at the tip of the fingers. It appears as if the egg were taken from the mouth. The egg is placed on the table alongside a goblet.

In the next move the performer obtains the handkerchief. This he produces "magically," by any one of the ways already described.

He now inverts the glass goblet, placing it mouth down on the table, and on the bottom of this he stands the bottomless tumbler. "I place this here," he says, "so that it may be seen easily, and in it I put the egg which the gentleman has lent me." In putting this in, the performer is careful to have it rest on the rim which is left at the bottom of the glass. "I hope you all can see the egg." As he says this, he picks up the tumbler with his right hand and places it on the extended palm of his left hand. "I will shake the glass so that you may hear the egg as well as see it. Listen." In shaking it thus the egg is dislodged and rests on his hand. With the paper cylinder, which is ready, he covers the tumbler and in front of it, on his fingers, he throws the handkerchief; then picking up with his right hand the empty tumbler, still covered, he replaces it on the bottom of the inverted goblet. The egg is in his left palm, but the handkerchief conceals it. He turns the hand with its back toward the audience, and bringing his two hands together begins to roll the handkerchief into a compact ball, which he presses into his right palm and holds it there con-

cealed. He then brings the egg to the tip of his fingers and shows it. "See!" he exclaims, "here is the egg, and in its place in the glass we find the handkerchief." As he says this the performer allows his right palm to come over the top opening of the cylinder, into which he drops the handkerchief, which passes into the tumbler. At the same moment he lifts the tumbler cover, showing that an actual change has taken place.



A MAGICIAN'S NIGHTMARE.

RABBIT PRESTIDIGITATOR: "Presto! Ladies and Gentlemen, I take a cute little human out of the hat!"



# THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BY ADELE BILDERSEE



Little Girl Next Door (Dorothy thought she *must* be disagreeable). As she hastily swallowed the last spoonful of oatmeal, she solemnly resolved that she would run away from home. She saw visions of herself stretched out, cold and numbed, in the snow, while a sorrowing, repentant

It was all the fault of the Little Girl Next Door. She it was who made Dorothy's life a burden to her. And it was just because the Little Girl Next Door was such a very nice little girl that she caused the trouble in Dorothy's heart. Every morning when Katie, Dorothy's nurse, insisted on smartly brushing the little girl's tangled hair, and Dorothy scowled and squirmed, Katie aggravatingly praised the Little Girl Next Door, who actually enjoyed having her hair brushed and braided. When the soapy water splashed into Dorothy's eyes and Dorothy whimpered, Nursie sighed and spoke enthusiastically of the Little Girl Next Door, whose face always shone with soap-and-water and good nature. Then when Dorothy "fidgeted" at breakfast, and just a very little of the messy yellow egg unluckily dropped upon the clean table-cloth, even Mama was sure that the Little Girl Next Door always sat nicely in her chair.

This bright March morning things were even worse than usual. The dazzlingly white world that Dorothy saw through the frosty panes of her bedroom window so excited the little girl that her curly brown hair was "spunkier" than ever. She danced excitedly through the whole tedious performance of being dressed. At the breakfast-table her round eyes were so fixed on the snow-clad street that peeped enticingly through the curtained windows, that her table manners caused first griefed, then indignant, comparison with "Miss Perfection" in the house next door.

It was then that Dorothy decided that no roof was big enough to hold her and that disagreeable

family recounted her merits, without a thought of the Little Girl Next Door. "Then they will be sorry," thought Dorothy, and a great, self-pitying tear slid down her chubby cheek and over her tip-tilted nose. She stealthily wiped away the tear, finished her milk, and took a farewell look at the familiar room, with an unsuspecting mother smiling at her from across the table, and a soon-to-be-humbled Nursie bustling about.

Dorothy put on her blue sailor-coat with the anchor embroidered on the sleeve, as somehow appropriate for an exciting adventure, and tied her warm cap over her ears. Then she slipped into her overshoes without assistance, and pulled on her mittens. And here she remembered, bitterly, that the Little Girl Next Door never came home from play with one red mitten, the other gone forever. Strengthened in her purpose by this thought, Dorothy tucked her youngest doll into her big coat pocket for company, and stole out into the wide, cold world.

It *was* a cold world, a snowy, sparkling world. It looked strangely white to Dorothy as she blinked at it from the door-step. The trees along the street had glistening jackets of brittle ice. The wind playfully knocked their branches together until they clapped hands. Gay little bells tinkled when the bits of ice fell down on the frosty pavement. As far as Dorothy's eye could see, great banks of snow lined the street. What little girl could be angry in such a clean, jolly-looking world? Dorothy could not, yet she was a little girl who had just left home forever, without saying good-by. As she danced along on her

sturdy little legs, her grieved, angry spirit passed out of her, out into the winter world, on her frosty breath, perhaps. She had scarcely reached the end of the long suburban street when, with one lingering regret for her fascinating dreams of the awful misery her loss would cause in her family, she turned squarely about and trudged resolutely toward home.

there was no one to dispute her title, no one to friendly battle with her for the possession of the fort. Her lonely "running away from home" had lost its charm.

As she looked about for enemies to conquer, she saw, close at hand, another little girl, building another fort. Dorothy hopefully went a little nearer. The other little girl raised her head and



"IT WAS THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR!"

Generous resolutions quickened her footsteps. She would surprise Nursie by packing neatly into their box the building-blocks she had tumbled sleepily into a corner the night before. She would—but here in a snow-pile, where she had left it the day before when she was called in from play, she spied her snow-shovel, lying beside her unfinished snow-fort. The poor fort cried out to Dorothy to make it high and beautiful. She would do that before she made peace with disloyal Nursie.

Dorothy soon built up the wall of her castle. Now her fort was ready for a garrison, and with cheeks aglow she proudly manned the walls. But

looked up. Dorothy stood stock-still. There was no mistaking that oft-seen, familiar face. It was the Little Girl Next Door!

Dorothy stared at the Little Girl, and the Little Girl stared at Dorothy.

"I should like to play with you," said the Little Girl, slowly, "but—"

"But what?" asked Dorothy, belligerently.

"But you are so awf'ly good. You are just like what I ought to be."

For a moment Dorothy was speechless. Then, "Goodness!" she cried. "Katie, my nurse, wants *me* to be like *you*. She's all the time praising you up, and says you're *terribly* good!"







BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

THE OLD HUNTER

WHEN we were children we had the good fortune to have for our intimate friend a man who had lived many years of his life with the Indians, or hunting and trapping by himself on the Great Plains or amid the passes of the Rocky Mountains. In the long evenings of winter, after we had had our supper, we would group ourselves around him before the fire, which he loved to tend, and wait for him to tell us stories of his life under the open sky or in the smoky tepees of his red-skinned friends. He had a banjo, without which he never traveled, and before beginning his stories he would sit looking dreamingly into the fire, strumming slow chords on the resonant strings, singing one quaint darky melody after another, or half crooning a chant interspersed with sharp exclamations.

He had nicknames for us all, names of the wilderness, names of which we were proud and fond, and he himself we called the Old Hunter. Of the banjo he always spoke as though it were a girl whom he loved, and he would pat and talk to her, and consider her moods, until she was a real person to us, too. We loved her very much, but nevertheless our happiest moment was when she was laid aside and the story begun.

Sometimes these stories were of the different animals he had hunted: tales of grim old grizzlies with which he had come face to face, and from whose grisly ferocity he had more than one hairbreadth escape; tales of the bighorn, the bold and beautiful Rocky Mountain sheep, and of the solemn mountains where the Old Hunter had stalked him hour after hour; tales, too, of desperate thirst in the alkali deserts, of long glaring days rimmed with the dusty circle of the horizon, of nights when the howl of the coyote filled the darkness with clamor—and here he would throw back his head and give a marvelous imitation of

their mournful, yapping, nervous bark—of hours when death and he rode together as comrades. One story there was of a hand-to-hand encounter with a gray wolf, a terrible fight in the dimness of a cave, where the man had won, but was found later by his companions insensible beside the dead body of his fierce adversary—a fight that had made the Old Hunter famous throughout that portion of the wilderness, and which had caused the Indians to give him for his totem, or sign, a wolf's head.

Unforgettable hours! None of the children who sat beside him wide-eyed and silent but treasure their memory above anything else belonging to their childhood; not one who can sit at the evening hour before a fire, watching the crumbling wood and leaping flame, without recalling the lean, athletic figure, the fine head, the low, musical voice and slight, graceful gestures, or the old banjo. The life of the trapper and Indian was to us as familiar as our own. We were forever playing it. We could follow a trail with noble success and dance the war-dance of the Sioux in truly intimidating fashion. We had our caches, where we buried various priceless articles, our signs, and we could build a real woodsman's fire. Moreover, since our great friend was also a naturalist and an eager student of animal life in its special environment, we acquired a somewhat extensive knowledge of such matters, a knowledge that has always proved a delight, and even, when occasion demanded, of no small service.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

THIS life with which we came into so close a touch has passed, or is at least swiftly passing away. The men who lived or saw it have one by one crossed the Great Divide, and sit by remoter camp-fires than any they ever told of. The banjo



that won the approving grunt of many an Indian brave has been silent this many a year, and where the tepees stood under the quiet stars, watched by the bright, shifty eyes of wolf and coyote, cities keep their crowded ways or cornfields stretch undisturbed as far as the horizon. The old order changeth.

Few can have the good fortune we had in hearing the stories of this passing life at first hand. But luckily a number of books have been written telling more or less about it, and girls as well as boys enjoy reading them. None of us are quite tamed, even after all the work in that direction undertaken by the centuries, and we each have our moments when it seems that the only life worth living is that of the wide spaces and simple wants in "The Inn of the Silver Moon."

#### THE LIVES WE LIVE

Now, of all the good things we can get out of books, the best is the number of lives we get by reading them. When a story really takes us out of ourselves, as we say, it naturally puts us into some one else. And no transformation wand of the fairy tales did it better for prince or seventh son than a really good writer can do it if we will only let him. Space nor time are barriers, and we may ride with the knights-errant of the fifteenth century, or follow the trail through the morning mists with the leather-clad plainsman or backwoodsman of the past generation by simply turning the pages of a book.

#### "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!"

It is truly wonderful, when you stop to think of it, this power of words—just words printed in black on white, without even the help of the voice, without any appeal at all except to our imagination. Here they are, grouped in various ways, and as our eye travels over them all sorts of pictures arise before us. Our hearts grow sick with pain and sorrow, or we break out into laughter. We toss about on high seas or languish in fetid prisons, we are old or young, poor or rich, as the words choose. And we have only to rearrange these words to produce a quite opposite impression. Surely it is an amazing thing, more so perhaps than anything the words succeed in telling us.

There are two chief methods of telling things by means of words. One of these is by the simple placing of facts before us, by a direct appeal to our reasoning faculty, our mind. The other is by throwing a veil of unreality over the real, and thereby, in a mysterious sort of way, making it more real than before. This way

reaches our heart. We not only get the fact, but we are made to feel by it as were the people to whom it happened, or who discovered it. Here is where literature begins and where its great value lies. For life and feeling are much the same thing; where we have feeling we have life. If, for instance, we are made to feel like a lonely trapper, we are, for the time being, that trapper, and a life has been added to our own life which is as real in its way as the taste of salt on our lips when the wind blows the sea-spray into our faces.

#### INDIAN STORY-TELLERS

MANY of the books written by Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid are concerned with the life of the red man, and of the paleface who came into direct contact with him. The Leather-Stocking Tales are among the most enchanting a boy or girl can read. Their hero, Natty Bumpo, is a man as gentle, simple, brave, and modest as was ever put into the pages of a book. From the first moment when, young and sturdy, he comes into our view, not yet recognized for the mighty hunter and marvelous marksman whose fame should be known to all the border people, to the last, when, far from the forests he loved, he slips beyond it, we love him as we love a dear and intimate friend. And though Cooper is said to have made mistakes in regard to the life and character of the Indian, we need not bother too much about them; for he gave us the true spirit of the real border type in its finest expression, and he drew for us picture after picture of the hardship and the charm of the wilderness life. What is more, he told us the tragedy of the passing of the Indian with a sympathy that makes it as touching to us to-day as ever it was to the Indian brave and his white scout friend in the long-ago. "The Last of the Mohicans," possibly the best of the series, is not only intensely interesting, but it is beautiful. Such parts of it as are not the best slip out of the mind; but its true and lovely scenes and emotions remain forever.

Mayne Reid was quite a different kind of writer from Cooper. He wrote real boys' stories with boys for heroes, and he laid his scenes in any of the wild parts of the globe, be it Africa, South America, or our own West. Our friend the Old Hunter liked best his stories of the West and used to read them quite as eagerly as did any of us. He knew the life, and he found that the stories depicted it truly, for the captain was also familiar with the Rockies and the prairies. The writers who have come after Cap-

tain Reid are not so good as he was. The stories he wrote were simpler and had in them a distinct quality of the life out there, which he knew and understood, and the boys, with the old trappers and Indians who are associated with them, are very natural and likable.

Reid was not, like Cooper, writing of a past or dying condition, but of a living present, full of the fun and excitement of the new and the

with one of the Boy Hunters, or paddled a silent canoe up a forest stream with the careful eyes of Leather-Stocking searching the dangerous dark for us, then we possess for all time something of the wilderness, a green branch as it were, that cannot wither.

Spring is at hand, and with the spring the old, roving, Gipsy strain wakes up and draws us along by its wild music, just as the Pied Piper is sup-



COW-BOY FUN.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

young. It is a pity not to read these books while you are young yourself. Having so read them, the crackle of a camp-fire, the gallop of horses' feet across the fields, the mere glimpse of an Indian or a cow-boy, will be enough to take you right back into that world, which will always be yours because of the pages you read in winter evenings, or up in the boughs of an apple-tree in May, or rocking in a rowboat of summer afternoons. The life in each of us that has been handed down from who knows what wild ancestors, finds delight in these and kindred books, and we certainly don't want to miss its joy and beauty. If we have ever ridden hot on a trail

posed to have bewitched all the little children into following him when he played on his pipes. We long for the boundless West, but we have to be content with such fields and woods as are at hand. But fortunately there is nothing to stop our imagination from taking part in all the great adventures of pioneer days, and though there are some disadvantages in this method, it is yet the best that remains to most of us, and it cannot be denied that it also has its advantages, such, for example, as the surety of having supper when we get home, and of keeping our scalps on our heads, matters not always to be expected in those days we love to read about.





## THE "CUDDLE-DE-WEES"

OUR hen has a flock of "cuddle-de-wees"  
That follow her round all day ;  
Some are yellow, and one is black,  
And two are a pretty gray ;  
And at evening time, when the sunset  
light

Is shining between the trees,  
Our hen picks out a shady spot  
And calls to her "cuddle-de-wees."  
And there in the shadow, beneath the trees,  
They run to her gladly, the "cuddle-  
de-wees."

# GOOD MANNERS



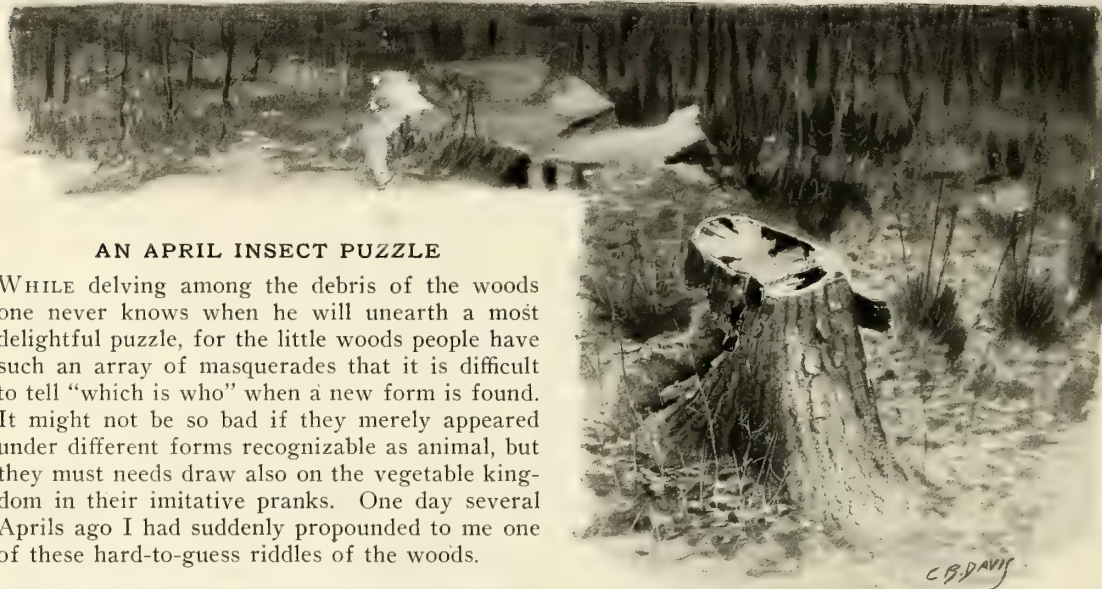
Katharine  
Maynadier  
Brown  
1909

SIT UP QUITE STRAIGHT AND DO NOT TEASE  
AS ILL-BRED DOGGIES DO;  
NOW IF YOU'LL SAY POLITELY, "PLEASE!"  
I'LL GIVE THE CAKE TO YOU.



# Nature and Science for Young Folks

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



## AN APRIL INSECT PUZZLE

WHILE delving among the debris of the woods one never knows when he will unearth a most delightful puzzle, for the little woods people have such an array of masquerades that it is difficult to tell "which is who" when a new form is found. It might not be so bad if they merely appeared under different forms recognizable as animal, but they must needs draw also on the vegetable kingdom in their imitative pranks. One day several Aprils ago I had suddenly propounded to me one of these hard-to-guess riddles of the woods.

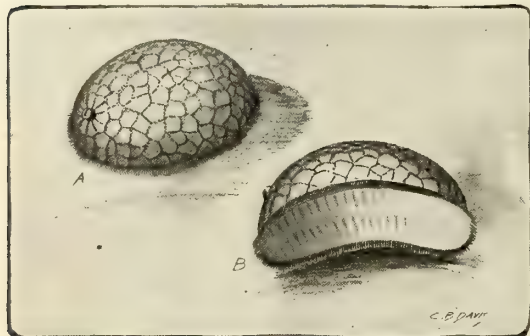


FIG. 1. A, UPPER SIDE; B, UNDER SIDE OF THE PUZZLE. (ENLARGED.)



FIG. 2. C, APPEARANCE FROM THE TOP; D, FROM UNDER SIDE. (CLOSE VIEW.)

While prowling about among the soft red mass of a decayed stump, filling my collecting-cases

THE APRIL INSECT PUZZLE WAS FOUND IN THE POWDERED, DECAYING WOOD AT THE LOWER LEFT SIDE OF THE STUMP.

with all sorts of queer things dear to the heart of a naturalist, I found what seemed to be a single fruit from a two-seeded capsule or pod. What first attracted my attention was its general "queerness," so I "collected" it and decided to put it in my sketch-book. A good representation of it is shown in Fig. 1, where A shows the upper side of it and B the under side. Before the sketch was finished I noticed that the object had moved. I thought I had jostled it, so replaced it in position and continued at work. On again looking at it, I saw that it was once more "out of pose." Special interest at once flamed up, for I knew that I had found, not a mere seed, but a prize and a puzzle. The question now was whether this was an adult or an immature creature. Hours were spent at my books with no success, and the attempt at identification was temporarily postponed to give the creature a chance to show if he were larva or if he were full-grown. Referring to my note-book, I find:

April 2. Found in decayed stump a queer affair about the size and shape of "sow-bug." Leathery in feeling with convex side covered with dark-brown, bead-like net work (A, Fig. 1). Fine, bristly fringe all around edge. At one end is what seems like a short stub of a stem, from

which network radiates. Under side is softer and more moist. Returned to stump and secured some of the decayed wood for the little creature to develop in.

April 7. The queer animal is a poser. I have not the slightest idea as to what he may be.

April 16. "Queer bug" has changed from light brownish yellow to deep brown all over and is apparently dead. At opposite end to the stub of stem are two light spots almost like a pair of eyes.

April 18. A short horn protrudes from each of the eyespots on "queer bug."

April 19. No apparent change in "queer bug." Microscope shows shadowy form inside, about as *C* in Fig. 2 when seen from top, and *D* when seen from below. What seems to be the head is directly under the horns.

April 29. Apparently no change in "queer bug."

May 7. The enigma has emerged from its case and appears to be either a fly or a bee. Do not know which yet, as wings are badly crumpled.

This was later identified as *Microdon*, one of the syrphid flies, whose portrait appears in Fig. 3.



FIG. 3. THE FULL-GROWN FLY CALLED *MICRODON*. (ENLARGED.)

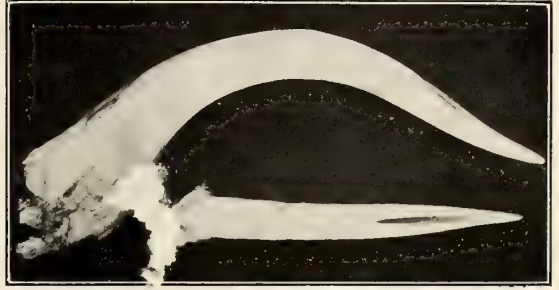
These larvæ of the *Microdon*, a genus of the family of *Syrphus* flies, live in ant-nests, and, when first found, were actually described as new genera of the mollusks or shell-fish. They are now recognized, however, as the larvæ of the *Syrphus* or flower-flies, so called from their food, which is the nectar and pollen of flowers. Perhaps the most common of the syrphids are those bee-like little fellows you may see any frosty fall morning benumbed on the chrysanthemums, but which soon buzz merrily about in the warm sunshine.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

#### THE FANGS OF A RATTLESNAKE

MR. JOHN F. SCHALER of Stamford, Connecticut, recently lent me two rattlesnake's fangs, which show distinctly the channel through which the poison is injected. The fangs are curved. I placed one of them on its side on a piece of black card, so as to emphasize the curvature, and pushed the other through the card so that it stands with the edge upward; then I photo-

graphed both, as shown in the illustration, under some magnification, their actual length being not



THE FANG OF A RATTLESNAKE. (ENLARGED.)

more than three quarters of an inch. It will be observed that they do not come to a sharp point, but are, when compared with the sting of a bee, comparatively blunt.

#### CLAMS WASHED OUT ON THE BEACH

ON Rockaway Beach, Long Island, after an unusually high tide with an inshore wind that caused the breakers to dash high and strong on the beach, thousands of clams were uncovered by the waves. After the tide had receded, the clam-diggers had no trouble in filling barrels



"THOUSANDS OF CLAMS WERE UNCOVERED BY THE WAVES."

with clams in about as many minutes as hours are usually required by ordinary digging.

Photograph by Mr. Arthur H. Kiewitz.



### THE CHILDREN'S LOG-CABIN

At Mr. John Crosby Brown's beautiful summer home, called "Brighthurst," on top of Orange Mountain, West Orange, New Jersey, there has



FOR ENTERTAINING CHILDREN FROM THE CITY.  
Photograph by Frank P. Jewett.

been erected a children's log-cabin for the entertainment of very poor children from the tenement-houses of New York City. Mr. and Mrs. Brown frequently introduce many children to nature at this cabin and in the near-by woods.

### A WELL-ANCHORED TREE

IN this singular picture one has a good example of Nature's wisdom in directing her forest-trees



"THE TREE GREW UP AT THE SIDE OF AN  
IMMENSE BOULDER."

to seek a firm foothold under disadvantageous surroundings. The great pine-tree here depicted

grew up at the side of an immense boulder that had fallen from the heights above, sometime in the remote past, and the roots of the pine, seeking stronger anchorage, had climbed up and over the rock, reaching down into the soil on the farther side, and also gaining a firm hold on the boulder itself.

This freakish tree is growing in the side of a range of hills in the eastern part of Kentucky.

H. C. Wood

### A HAWAIIAN GRASS HOUSE

THE grass house, once the common dwelling of the native Hawaiian, is now becoming so scarce in the Hawaiian Islands that it is said that there are not half a dozen of them now left in Honolulu, and these are curiosities in the grounds of rich men.

They are oblong buildings with steep roofs, and are carpeted inside with finely braided mats.

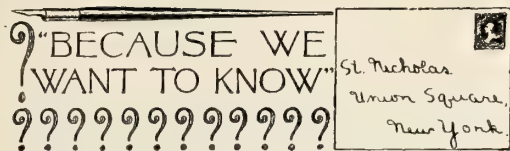


A GRASS HOUSE.

Half of the interior is taken up by a raised platform covered with rushes, on which are laid several mattings of Pandanus leaves and grass. This is the bed, roomy enough for a dozen persons. The seats used are cocoanut stumps, and often the walls are decorated with weapons. The grass house required careful construction to render it impervious to rain, which at times falls very heavily in the islands.

It was open to serious objections. It furnished shelter for mosquitos, centipeds, and scorpions, which were introduced by foreign ships, and was exceedingly inflammable. Grass houses have now been almost entirely abandoned, and the natives live in less picturesque, but more comfortable, wooden houses with roofs of corrugated iron.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



### HOW TO MAKE A WET BATTERY

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know how I can make a wet battery. I am very much interested in electricity and chemistry.

Yours truly,  
EUGENE SCHOONMAKER.

The simplest form of wet battery is a ten-cent piece and a piece of zinc of about the same size. Put one above and the other under your tongue. Bring the edges together at the end of the tongue. A distinct current can be felt, and a metallic taste will demonstrate the fact that a particle of the zinc has been dissolved. For a current that may be used, there are various ways of making a wet battery, some of which are quite complicated. The general principle, however, is practically the same in all of them, and depends on the different degrees in which two metals are attacked by the solution composing the battery.

One of the simplest of these batteries is merely an ordinary tumbler containing very dilute sulphuric acid (one part acid to ten parts of water), in which a strip of zinc and a strip of copper are placed as shown in Fig. 1. The zinc is the positive plate and the copper is the negative plate. Wires fastened tightly to the tops of the two strips of metal conduct the electricity generated by the action of the solution on the two strips of metal, which must not touch each other in the



FIG. 1. THE TUMBLER, THE SIMPLEST BATTERY.

glass. No current flows until the wires are connected, when the acid solution attacking the zinc

produces zinc sulphate and hydrogen gas. This gas, by a process too difficult for you to under-

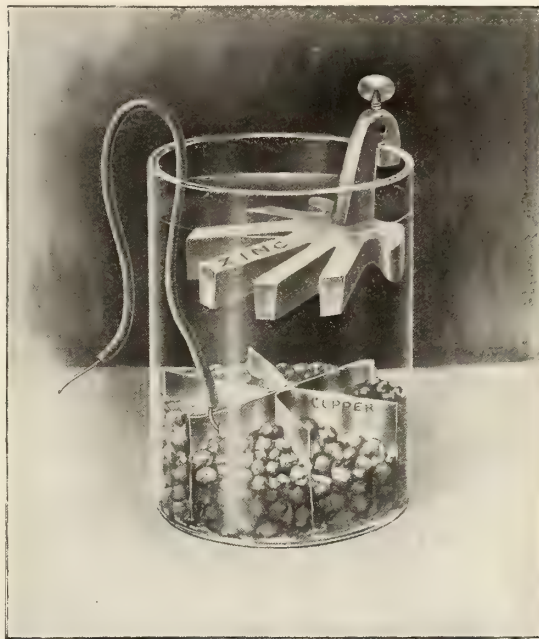


FIG. 2. THE "CROWFOOT" BATTERY.

stand, collects on the copper strip, which you will soon notice to be covered with bubbles. Hydrogen gas is not a conductor of electricity, and as the copper plate becomes covered with bubbles there is less and less of its surface left exposed to carry off the electricity, and, of course, the current naturally grows weaker on account of the resistance these bubbles of hydrogen gas present to the passage of the electric current from the zinc plate through the liquid to the copper plate. Electricity will flow more easily through a large wire than it will through a small one, for the same reason that water flows more readily through a large pipe than it does through a small one, and this is because it is bigger and causes less resistance. Aside from the size of the wire, some metals conduct electricity more readily than do others, and among these silver is the best conductor. The price of this metal, however, prevents its general use, so the next best metal, copper, is used for wires in electrical work for conducting the current.

Of course the current from the tumbler battery is feeble, but a stronger current can be obtained by using a number of "cells," as each tumbler with its two strips of metal is called. These, for ordinary experiments, should be connected with the zinc strip of one cell fastened to the copper strip of the next one, and so on for



all the cells. This will leave the loose wire from the copper of the first cell and the loose wire from the zinc of the last cell. These wires may now be connected with small motors and will run them. When the bubbles collect on the copper strip they may be brushed off with a small brush, or the wires may be disconnected from the motor, when the gas will be absorbed by the liquid in the batteries.

If a small piece of carbon is used in place of the copper, a solution of sal ammoniac may be used instead of the sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid should be used with great care. When not diluted, it will injure flesh or clothing with which it comes in contact.

The "crowfoot" battery (Fig. 2), so called from the shape of the zinc which is suspended from the top of the jar, with the solution just covering it, is almost exactly the same kind of battery as the one made with the tumbler and the strips of zinc and copper. The copper of this battery you will see spread out on the bottom of the jar. The small, pebble-like substance around it is blue-stone—sulphate of copper. The solution poured in is merely clean water. Sometimes sulphate of zinc is added to hasten the action. The liquid soon dissolves the blue-stone, which supplies the sulphuric acid necessary to attack the zinc suspended in the top of the fluid. By using this

it can get to the copper plate. There is a sort of trade, so to speak, in which the hydrogen atoms

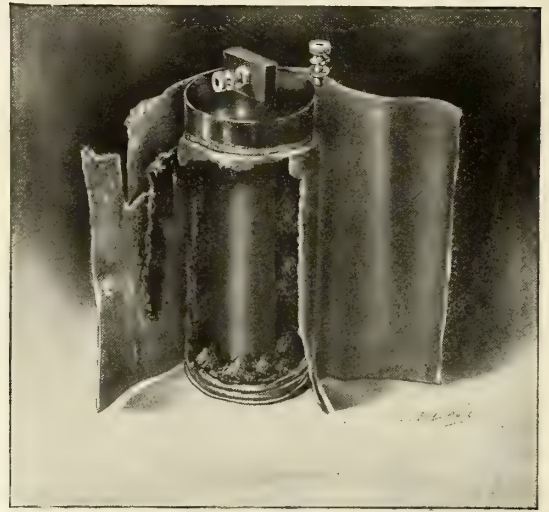


FIG. 4. A "DRY" BATTERY OPENED UP.

are "swapped" for copper atoms, which in turn are deposited on the copper plate. You can see this in any of the batteries in a telegraph office, for this battery is used extensively by telegraph and railroad companies.

The tumbler battery, with its strips of copper and zinc in the sulphuric-acid solution, is not the only combination that may be used. The same result may be secured by using a zinc strip and a carbon rod or strip immersed in a weak solution of sal ammoniac; say, fill the glass about one quarter full of the salt and then nearly fill with water. These cells may be connected with zinc to carbon, as many as you wish. In this case the more cells you use, the stronger will be the current.

The next battery (Fig. 3) is commonly called a carbon-cylinder battery, from the shape of the carbon, which is a hollow cylinder, as you may see from the picture. Through a hole in the center of the top of this carbon cylinder projects the top of a small rod of zinc about the size of a lead-pencil, which is prevented from slipping through by the little wings on its sides. The zinc extends nearly to the bottom of the jar. The white ring this zinc rests upon is porcelain and is to keep the zinc from touching the carbon--insulates it, as the electricians say. This carbon-cylinder battery is the type largely used for door-bells, etc. It cannot run long at a time, because the hydrogen bubbles will collect on the carbon and cause the current to get too weak for use. The collection of these bubbles on the negative



FIG. 3. A CARBON-CYLINDER BATTERY.

blue-stone in place of sulphuric acid the hydrogen gas liberated by the zinc is gotten rid of before

plate is called polarizing the plate or simply as polarization. In the gravity battery (Fig. 2) we have seen that this polarization is prevented by chemical means, so the battery continues at full strength.

The so-called "dry" batteries are really not dry at all, since moisture is absolutely needed to produce a flow of current, for unless moisture be present no chemical action can occur, and without this action no current can result.

Fig. 4 shows a "dry" battery opened up, and it is almost exactly the same as the carbon-cylinder battery reversed, as you will soon see.

The outside shell is the zinc plate, to which is soldered a binding-post to hold the wire. Next, inside of this, is a porous paper lining for insulation. Extending down into this is a solid carbon cylinder—any shape will do—surrounded by powdered carbon wet with sal-ammoniac solution. Sawdust would do in place of the carbon powder, but would not be quite so good. The pitch is poured into the top of the battery to prevent the evaporation of the moisture. These batteries come in a paper box, so they can be placed together, but do not let the metal parts come in contact, which would soon ruin them.

CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

#### CURIOUS "STRINGY" EFFECTS ON A NEGATIVE

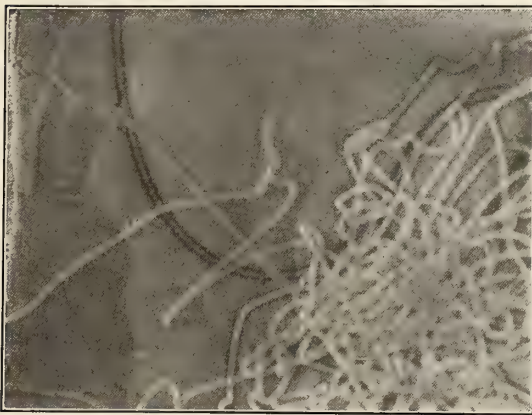
OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a piece of a film which has not been exposed. I opened the film to see what it was like and found these funny lines on it. Will you please tell me what has caused them?

Your interested reader,

ALMA R. LAVENSON.

The markings on the film submitted are traceable to the shutter on the camera having "leaked"



LINES ON A PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM.

and a bright light, such as sunlight, lamplight, or electric light, shining through the aperture and  
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striking on the sensitive film. The irregularity of the lines is due to the camera having been moved about while the shutter was open. We are inclosing another negative showing markings of the same kind but more plainly.—EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY.

#### THE CURIOUS NEGATIVE APPEARANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPH

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been wondering if you can tell us how it happened that this picture, instead of



A "POSITIVE" PRINT THAT TURNED INTO A "NEGATIVE."

being like a finished picture, is like a negative. We had never seen one like it before, and could think of no explanation. It was printed from a plate and was treated in the same way that others had been. If you would be so kind as to tell us, we would be greatly obliged.

VERA LEIGHTON.

The reversal is undoubtedly due to an exposure of the film to a strong light immediately after development and previous to rinsing the developer from the surface and fixing. A negative in such a condition may be exposed to a subdued light, one that would not affect a sheet of printing-out paper, the action of the light upon the silver when in combination with the developer causing a reversal of all objects as to their density.—EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY.

#### A SNAKE TURNS ITS SKIN INSIDE OUT

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days ago my brother found a snake-skin in our field. After we had looked at the skin we found that it was turned inside out. Will you please tell me if snakes always shed their skins wrong side out and how they do it? I have never noticed any snake-skins before, and so I do not know.

Your loving reader,

GERTRUDE STEELE (age 12).

When a snake sheds its skin it turns it back from the chin and over the top of the head, thence wrong side out the entire length of the body.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.



**A BABY MUSK-OX**

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am quite proud to be the first American girl to have her photograph taken along with the cute and tiny baby musk-ox just come from the far-away,



THE BABY MUSK-OX IN NEW YORK CITY.

Photograph by Walter L. Beasley.

frozen regions of Greenland. My papa was taking me through the Zoölogical Park when a gentleman with a picture-machine asked me to come inside and stand by the side of the dear, funny-looking animal, just to show how big it was. At first I was afraid, but the keeper told me it was as tame as a kitten, so I went in then and put my hands on the white patch of hair on its back, and my hands sank away down above my mittens, so long and deep was the dark-brown fur. I wish I had a winter coat made from it, as I know I would never get cold when I wore it. Just to coax the musk-ox to keep still for the picture man, I held out an apple. It was the first one, I believe, it had ever seen, for in the snow-home where the musk-ox came from, the keeper said there was no such nice fruit, and the baby musk-ox had to live on such poor food as grass, twigs, and moss, which had to be dug out from beneath the snow. The baby did not bite the apple, so I left it on the ground, and the keeper said he would chop it up along with some carrots, oats, and clover hay, which the musk-ox now enjoys for dinner. The musk-ox is named "Miss Melville," from the island where it was captured, and is a little over six months old and cost seven hundred dollars. As it is the only live one, they say, to be seen in any zoo in the world, I hope all the boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS in New York will go out to the Zoölogical Park and see strange and curious "Miss Melville."

BERNEDETTA WILSON (age 8).

The above letter is in every way a very satisfactory contribution to the life-history of the musk-ox in captivity. The facts are all correct as stated.—W. T. HORNADAY, Director New York Zoölogical Park.

**SPARKS AFTER LIGHTNING**

LAWRENCE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day at the beach I noticed what, to me, was a very curious thing. We were caught in a thunder-storm, and my chum and I were much interested in watching its progress and the changing color of the ocean. The lightning was much more easily seen over the water than inland, and at one time we were much surprised to see what appeared to be sparks floating in the air after a particularly vivid flash. These sparks remained

visible for several seconds. My father never heard of such a thing, and there is not much that he does not know about thunder-storms. Several of my friends also noticed the sparks, so I do not think I can be mistaken. If you can explain this strange happening, I should be very pleased if you would.

Your interested reader,

CONSTANCE MERRALL.

We have never before heard of any one that observed sparks floating for several seconds in the air after a vivid flash of lightning. We can conceive of inflammable substances, such as paper, leaves, spider-webs, carried up by the wind and set on fire by the flash, or that insects or birds were flying high up and were singed; but in all such cases the "floating" sparks should have appeared to be falling and not floating. We have thrice seen a special form of lightning discharge on the under side of a cloud, in which fiery points simultaneously pursued serpentine paths for a second or two outward from a central region, exactly counterfeiting the so-called globular or ball lightning. These sparks looked very much like the fiery serpents sent out from exploding sky-rockets. Possibly Miss Constance Merrall has observed this same phenomenon.—C.A.

**A DOUBLE PRUNE, DOUBLE GRAPES, AND A DOUBLE LEAF**

A DOUBLE PRUNE

CAMP VERDE, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a double prune which I found on one of our prune-trees. It mismatches



THE DOUBLE PRUNE.

at the bottom, and at the top it has only one stem. Can you tell why this is?

Yours truly,

MARIE BRISTOW (age 11).

DOUBLE GRAPES

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed you will find two grapes growing together. Please tell me if this is a frequent occurrence and the cause of their growing in this way.

Your interested reader,

BEULAH FRANCES PACK (age 13).

The double grapes were practically alike in appearance, only one was smaller than the other, as the double prune, so no photograph was taken of those.—E. F. B.

#### A DOUBLE LEAF

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending to you in this letter a double leaf which I found growing by the steps of an old



THE DOUBLE LEAF.

house. I don't know what kind of a bush it was, but I think it must be common. Will you please tell me what made the leaf grow in this way? There were two such leaves on the bush.

Most sincerely yours,  
FRANCES H. BATES (age 13).

This immature and somewhat malformed leaf is insufficient to tell the name of the shrub from which it came. If you will send bloom and perfect leaves, we will identify the shrub.—E. F. B.

"Double fruits may originate in either of two ways. Sometimes, when the fruits are very young, they may become accidentally pressed together so tightly that they crush together, as it were, and may then, as they become older, grow into one mass at the junction. This is a kind of grafting. This, however, is not the common origin of double structures. All fruits, like buds and the beginnings of leaves, originate in a mass of very soft cells which are easily affected by mechanical influences. If one of these soft young structures, which tends to grow as a unit, becomes injured at its very tip, which is the place of most active growth, the growth ceases at that point, but continues on both sides of it, and it continues to grow without making an effort to reunite the two parts. The injury may be caused by the bite of an insect, or by some other external cause; or it may be some one of the various influences we call 'internal,' although there is probably no real difference be-

tween external injuries and internal influences. In this way originate not only double fruits, but double leaves."

#### TIDES IN LAKES AND RIVERS

CHEBOYGAN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me whether tides are felt on the Great Lakes or on the rivers?

Yours truly,

CARY GLOVER.

Tides are felt on lakes to a very, very small extent and not at all on rivers (unless the rivers, like the Hudson, run into the ocean, when the ocean tide is felt), for the reason that it needs both great depth and large expanse to allow the tidal wave to roll itself up.—S. A. MITCHELL.

#### COTTON-SEED PLANTED IN APRIL IN THE NORTH

HERE is a suggestion from one of our older readers:

Herewith is a photograph of cotton which was raised in a back yard in the city of Chicago. The seed was from cotton cultivated in Oklahoma, and was planted early in April. The yellow and pink blossoms remained but a day or so, dropping off to reveal the small green bolls. These steadily developed and, as the frost was late this year, attained something like maturity. The accompanying photograph was taken late in October. The cotton measured two inches across. This is the first time, out of several trials, that the cotton has matured, as the early frost has



COTTON GROWN IN CHICAGO.

heretofore always killed the plant before it could fully develop.—R. PHILLIPS, Pullman, Ill.

I suggest that our Northern readers try planting cotton-seed in earth in a box or a flower-pot in the house early in April, and then transplanting to the garden about the middle of May. Let us see how far north cotton may be grown.



THERE were not a few surprises among the contributions this month. In the first place there was considerable ingenuity displayed by many contributors in adapting their drawings to the subject "Something Round," as is shown at a glance by the three clever designs upon this page. The entire row of little pictures at the top of page 570 exhibits the many different views of "Something Round" that can be taken in very simple drawings. There was not a little humor, too, in the selection of a simple circle among these! It suggests the



"HEADING." BY HUGO GRFENBAUM, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

prank of the mischievous scholars Agnes Miall tells of in her "School-room Incident," on page 569, where a blank sheet of paper was made to serve as a composition on the subject "The Result of Laziness." The prose contributions, by the way, were unusually interesting this month—good-natured "tales out of school" that tell of odd or amusing happenings in school.

"Winter Scenes" was a popular subject for the young camera-lovers, and their success speaks for itself in the many excellent photographs printed this month.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 122

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Silver badges, **Helen Dirks** (age 16), Dresden, Germany; **Dorothy H. Hoskins** (age 11), Toronto, Can.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Katharine Norton** (age 17), Newton Center, Mass.

Silver badges, **Catharine H. Straker** (age 17), Shorncliffe, England; **Lois E. Sandison** (age 14), Terre Haute, Ind.

**DRAWING.** Silver badges, **L. William Quanchi** (age 17), New York City; **Margaret Osborne** (age 16), Bour-nemouth, England; **Marian E. Case** (age 16), Winnetka, Ill.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.** Silver badges, **Dorothy K. Marsh** (age 14), New York City; **Kathryn Southgate** (age 16), Chicago, Ill.; **William Foerster** (age 14), New York; **Elise Sage** (age 14), New York City; **Frank E. Harris** (age 16), Grand Pré, N. S.

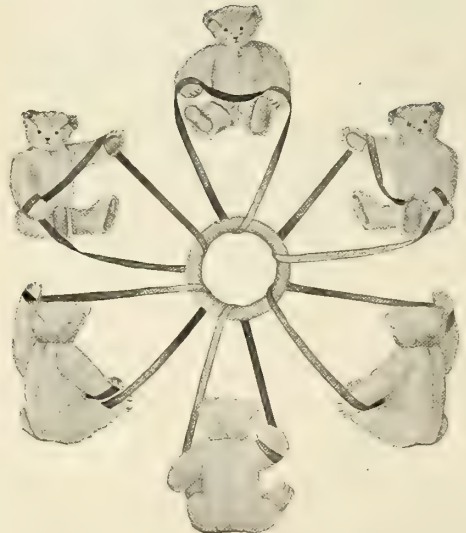
**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "D" prize, **Franklin V. Bush** (age 13), Freeport, Pa.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Mary L. Boomer** (age 13), Concepcion, Chili; **Glenn C. Smith** (age 14), Joliet, Ill.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, **Eleanor W. Parker** (age 12), Brooklyn, N. Y.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY L. WILLIAM QUANCHI, AGE 17.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY MARGARET OSBORNE, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



"A WINTER SCENE." BY DOROTHY K. MARSH, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

### HOPE

BY KATHARINE NORTON (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

MEN call me Hope. I come when dawn  
Spreads its faint flush along the east;  
In the calm hush of the new morn,  
Ere yet the dim starlight has ceased.

A mantle wrought with gold I wear;  
Deep are my eyes, of dusk's soft gray;  
With scarlet flowers in my hair,  
Like sunset at the close of day.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY WILLIAM FOERSTER, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY HELEN DIRKS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WHENEVER I turn over the leaves of my diary, a certain date which is underscored with thick black ink always strikes my eye.

This date is May 4, 1908, the day that King Frederick Augustus III of Saxony paid his official visit to our town. This, of course, was a great incident for our little town, and one not at all of small meaning, for every one was aware that this was the day to evince his whole gratitude to their Monarch.

A particularly great incident it was also to our school, or, rather, school-room, for our King had also intended to visit our institution, as this had been placed under the special protection of his Majesty the King. Well, our school-room was, of course, decorated as nicely as possible, with flags, palms, and chains of green leaves, and the bust of his Majesty was adorned with the Saxon standard: a wreath made of leaves of the rue.



"A WINTER SCENE." BY KATHRYN SOUTHGATE, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Unseen, I steal o'er sea and land;  
And over Sorrow's bitter trace,  
At soft touch of my loving hand,  
Fades from dull heart and care-worn face.

Where Death's grim shadow lurking lies,  
Lo, as I pass, it shrinks away;  
Hearts cease to ache, and tired eyes  
Grow brave to meet the light of day.

At nightfall, when the somber sky  
Is streaked with crimson in the west,  
I croon a drowsy lullaby,  
And soothe the weary souls to rest.

Then homeward toward the evening star,  
Through shadowland I take my flight;  
Watching earth's people from afar,  
Under the spell of sleep and night.



"A HEADING." BY ROBERT GIFFORD, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Punctually at ten o'clock, the King entered, followed by his adjutant. We courtesied, and our King greeted in military fashion. As soon as his Majesty had taken place, our organ was played and we all sang "God save the



King." And I believe we never did sing with greater enthusiasm and patriotism than in this moment, while our Monarch, whom we adored and esteemed so highly, was sitting but a few feet in front of us. When we had finished singing, our head-master made a grand speech, thanking



"A WINTER SCENE IN HAWAII." BY DOROTHY M. HOOGS, AGE 12.

his Majesty for the kindness of visiting our school, etc. At the end of this speech we all called out, "Three cheers for his Majesty King Frederick Augustus III of Saxony." And so loudly did we shout it that the walls of our school-room must

have trembled. Then one of our schoolmates advanced, recited a proper poem, and presented a lovely bouquet to the King, whereupon he thanked her and the whole school for the cordial reception we had given him. He encouraged us to do well, and always to remain such faithful subjects as we had proved to be this hour. Then another patriotic hymn was sung, and the end of it was also the end of this festivity, which was, indeed, the greatest incident that ever occurred in our school-room.



"DEER." BY FRANKLIN V. BUSH, AGE 13. (PRIZE, CLASS "D," WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.)

### A LONELY HOPE

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

Do you call yourself an alien, cry the world has used you badly?  
From another's laugh and chatter turn away in silence, sadly?  
Do you feel a lonely creature where the crowds are bustling madly?

Leave those others to their pleasure since you were not made as they;  
To the distant woods and meadows turn your solitary way,  
Where the great winds sound their trumpets, and the little breezes play.

Go to where the dusky forests far their broad array have spread;

Where the brown leaves beckon gently, when they hear your ling'ring tread,  
And the friendly, fragile branches, gay in foliage, touch your head.

These have lived for half a lifetime ere those mocking men were born;

Here will not your pensive silence meet with such a scathing scorn,

And you need not feel a stranger in a careless world forlorn.

As you wander slowly onward, thoughtful, silent, too, as these,

There will seem a gentle kindness in the whisper of the breeze,  
And your heart feel warm in friendship to the stalwart stately trees.



"AN UNUSUAL WINTER SCENE IN NAPLES." BY CHARLES I. MORTON, AGE 13.

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY DOROTHY H. HOSKINS (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

It was a dull afternoon, and the master found the occupation of scolding a crowd of boys and girls bent on mischief a rather troublesome job. At length, for about the twentieth time, Milly's hand shot up.

"Well, Milly?" he inquired wearily.

"May we have a spelling-match?" The eagerness in her voice was not to be withstood, and all hands went up in delight.

"Milly Porter and John Roberts may be choosers."

"Julia Craigie," called Milly.

"Stephen Stonefield," growled John. And so on, till, with sixteen on John's side and fifteen on Milly's side, the war began.

"Stenographer," challenged John to Milly. She met it easily.

"S-t-e-n-o-g-r-a-p-h-e-r," she spelled; then, in answer, "Photography," and so on, till they passed on to the more difficult words. John was beginning to quake, for fear he should be left alone, until, at last, "microscopical," one of Milly's deadly bullets, "bowed over" his one remaining warrior, Harry Johnston. Milly's flushed cheeks paled, and she clenched her hands. She was alone, absolutely alone, on her side, and so was John.

"Encyclopedia," challenged John. She spelled it slowly and distinctly. At last, a bright red spot appearing on either cheek, Milly produced the word that they had had some months before, in reading, but which the master, anxious to avoid long explanations, had rapidly passed over.

"Kaleidoscope," she said in a low voice. John raised his head, and met Milly's earnest gaze with a light, disdainful glance.

"K-a-l-i-e-d-o-s-c-o-p-e," he said easily.

"E-i!" screamed his antagonist. For a moment John stood defiant, and then, a crimson blush rising to the roots of his hair, he retired, rather shamefacedly, while the rafters "rang again" with cheers for Milly, who went to her seat in a daze of amazement and delight. She had won the spelling-match.

## "WINTER SCENES"



BY VIOLET W. HOFF, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY EMILY K. HOAGLAND, AGE 16



BY ROBERT G. WOODLEY, AGE 12.



BY J. W. STORROW, AGE 16.



BY KENNETH BAKER, AGE 11.



BY DONNA V. JONES, AGE 16.



BY RUTH ARNOLD, AGE 15.



BY PATTY RICHARDS, AGE 9.



BY ELISE SAGE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

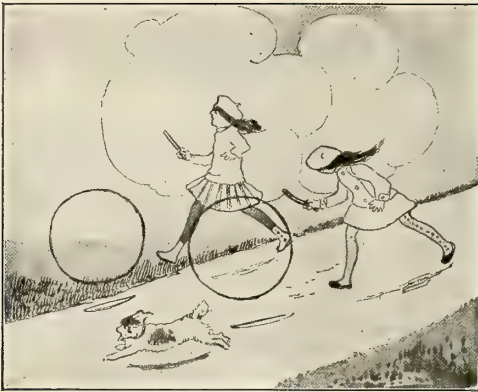


BY FRANK E. HARRIS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY EDMUND JACOBEN, AGE 16.





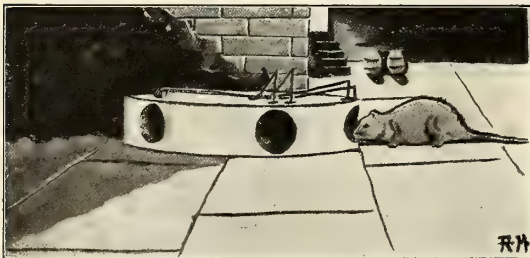
"SOMETHING ROUND." BY DORA GUY, AGE 15.

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY LILLIAN KAHAN (AGE 11)

As it was All Fools' day, the girls wanted to play a joke on some one, and chose as their targets two girls sitting at opposite ends of the room. A ball of twine was passed to the girl who sat near one of the victims. She unwound it and sent it over to a girl who sat near the other victim. The appointed girls tied the ends of the twine on the other girls' hair in such a manner, that, if they tried to move, they would pull at each other's hair. It happened at that moment that the professor called on a number of girls to go to the board, and these two girls were among the number.

They got up and tried to walk to the board, but, of course, could not, because their hair was tied together. Of course they did not know that their hair was tied together, and there they stood, pulling for all they were worth, with such bewilderment on their faces that we could do nothing but laugh. Suddenly one happened to look around and knew why her hair behaved in such a manner. The absurdity of the whole affair overcame her, and she laughed. The other girl turned around and laughed. The professor, who had been reading, suddenly looked up, and when he took in the situation he laughed. Of course he would have liked to punish the chief conspirators, but he could n't, for we have extra privileges on All Fools' day.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY ROBERT MAC LEAN, AGE 15.

### THE MAID CALLED HOPE

BY MARY DE LORME VAN ROSSEM (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE sky was dark and the rain poured down,  
A marsh was the country, a puddle the town;  
'T was a day that seemed made for a miserable mope.  
'T is only a shower," said the maid called Hope.

Something was lost, and the searcher, in tears,  
Came in haste to the others, to tell of his fears,  
To beg them, with him, in all corners to grope.  
"We shall find it, I'm sure," said the maid called Hope.

The work had been hard, the acknowledgment chill,  
And the road to success seemed forever uphill;  
The tired heart refused with its troubles to cope.  
"The morrow brings strength," said the maid called Hope.

### HOPE

BY WILLIAM MC BRIDE (AGE 14)

THOU fair Aurora, thou dost put to flight  
The mists of doubt, the damps of fear — these dews  
Of early morning; thou dost, routing night,  
Arm us with confidence and strength to choose  
The right; the world swings with thy will — on thee  
Dependent. Or a skylark, rising high  
Above earth's level plain, thou seem'st to me;  
With heav'n's wide arch before thee, where the eye  
Delights in distance, and where Fancy's wells  
Of thought lie open at thy touch, where, in  
The vastness of the future, thy soul dwells,  
To past oblivious and to earth's din.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY BERYL H. MARGETSON, AGE 10.

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY CATHERINE MANNASSAN (AGE 13)

WE had given our teacher a "fruit shower," and she was speaking to the pupils when a dark object flitted through the window and lighted on a basket of cherries. Mrs. J—— raised her finger to her lips, and though every one noticed it, there was absolute silence in the room. On the edge of the basket was perched a robin. Pick, pick, went his tiny beak. After enjoying the fruit for a short time, he flew out of the window, only to return with another robin. Chatter, chatter, chatter! They seemed to be unconscious of the fact that one hundred eyes were eagerly watching them.

Suddenly a pupil sneezed! Both birds were startled, and after circling in the air, they flew out of the window.

Of course we all laughed, and when our teacher showed us the basket of cherries, we saw pits, stems, and half-eaten fruit on the top, but agreed it was a rare incident, even if it spoiled something nice.

### HOPE

BY LOIS E. SANDISON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN fair Pandora, years and years ago,  
Let forth upon the gentle Grecian wind  
The band of winged troubles, in her woe  
She dropped the lid — and Hope was left behind.

Hope, who at once set out with purpose strong  
And high resolve to aid us in the fight  
With those small foes who first had taught us wrong;  
'Gainst bitter odds she led us back to right.

But what if there had been no bitter odds?  
 Without her foes, the troubles, surely, then  
 She could have made us perfect as the gods  
 Instead of merely godlier mortal men!

"Hope is not needed," soft the answer rose,  
 "If from all pitfalls the ascent be free.  
 'T is on the rocky pass, beset by foes,  
 She lends a hand, and leads to victory!"

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY AGNES MACKENZIE MIALL (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

WE were a class of girls and boys together (for it was a co-educational school), and for that reason, perhaps, readier for fun than most. Every Friday we had a composition to write for home work, and the master often allowed us to choose our subject.

One day during a French lesson we had a story to translate about some school-boys who were told to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness." One naughty youngster brought his master a blank sheet of paper the next day. "The result of laziness!" he explained.

We were very much tickled with this ingenious idea, and resolved to try it ourselves. On the following Friday, we easily obtained permission to write compositions on "The Result of Laziness," and went home chuckling.

On Monday morning we eagerly compared notes. Most of us had simply written the title at the head of the page; some had not even done that; while one artistic girl had painted a beautiful heading and tail-piece.

Well, we placed our books on the table, and waited for the lesson to begin. Now that the trick was played, we were all a little nervous, and I, for one, was heartily glad that my book was not at the top of the pile. I shall not soon forget the master's astonishment as he opened the one that *was* uppermost and beheld the neatly written title at the top of the otherwise blank page.

"Oswald!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean?"

"Please, sir, it's the result of laziness," answered the boy addressed, struggling with his laughter.

The master looked round at the grinning class, and understood the joke, that had been played on him. Happily for us—and on this we had counted—he had a strong sense of humor, and laughed till he was purple in the face, which I think not many teachers would have done.

All the same, he made us write the evaded compositions then and there. But as we had had our fun, not one of us minded that in the least.

### JIMMY

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS (AGE 12)

THERE was a tame crow at our school who was a favorite with every one. We used to feed him with our hands every recess with crackers and bread. Often during a recitation I would see him fly past the window and alight on a neighboring tree, from which he would watch us, thus distracting my mind from my studies. Once or twice he alighted on the window-sill. He would always visit the foot-ball field, and very often some one would photograph him during a game.

A funny incident happened one day. I was studying at my desk in the school-room, when Jimmy alighted on the window-sill. After peering around with his funny, blinking eyes, he flew into the room. Everybody's attention was at once turned on him, and we all wondered what he would do next. He flew straight to one of the desks, with his beak took off the cover of the ink-well, and, lifting the well from the desk, flew with it out of the window.

VOL. XXXVII.—72.

He was not very careful how he carried it, for he spilled most of the ink. The ink-well has not been heard of since.

Our pet has not been seen for a fortnight, and I have learned that some one smothered him. We are all very sorry, as we had grown very fond of this amusing favorite.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY MARIAN E. CASE, AGE 16.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

### HOPE

BY THODA STANCLIFFE COCKROFT (AGE 17)

HOPE! it moves the world along;  
 Hope! it makes the weakest strong;  
 Hope, that battles with all fears,  
 Building for the future years  
 Palaces of joy and fame,  
 Mighty castles great in name.  
 Hope! great corner-stone of life,  
 Beacon-light in toil and strife;  
 Not controlled by earthly ban,  
 Hope! the greatest boon of man!

### A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY TENCH FRANCIS (AGE 12)

IT was a very rainy day, and some of the children had a long walk to the country school-house. Every child had umbrella, overshoes, and rubber rain-coat. Maude, who was well-equipped, put her things in the cloak-room. She took her place in the first seat of the third line.

The teacher called the class to attention. He glanced quickly over the room, and something drew his attention to Maude. "Maude," he said kindly, "why do you not take off your rubbers?"

"I do not want to, sir," she said.

"It is not good for the health to have rubbers on in a house," the teacher said.

"But I have holes in my shoes," Maude answered.

"You did not come to school to show your clothes," said he.

"I did not come to school to show my toes, either," said she quickly, amidst the laughter of the whole class.

But she took them off.

This is a true story.

ANY regular reader of ST. NICHOLAS may become a League member. Send for instruction leaflet.





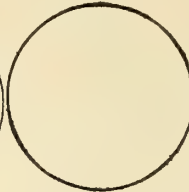
CECILIA A. L. KELLY,  
AGE 16.



LILLY SWENSK,  
AGE 17.



MARGARET K. TURNBULL,  
AGE 13.



F. CLEMENS MOFFETT,  
AGE 14.



JOHN R. MEANS,  
AGE 9.



ISABEL BERNHEIMER,  
AGE 13.

"SOMETHING ROUND."

## A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT

BY AILEEN M. LE BLANC (AGE 13)

IN our class of last year, American history formed one of our most important studies. And as the twenty-second of February drew near, we thought we would give a Washington tea, in honor of that great man who was one of the leading characters in our history.

We sent invitations inclosed in envelops with an American flag painted in the left-hand corner, to the girls of the higher classes, to which, the following morning, we received answers of acceptance.

Then we had to set about our preparations. First of all we decorated our classroom with American flags, leaving, of course, an honorable place for our own Canadian one. On the walls we hung pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and other famous American statesmen who were the particular favorites of our class. We also made little hatchets of paper, tying them with red, white, and blue ribbon, on the backs of which we wrote questions for our guests to answer with a word ending in a T. One question was, for instance, "In what T do we resemble Washington today?" and the answer, "Hospitality."

In the center of the room was placed a large-enough table to seat our guests, and on the table was a cake made by one of my classmates and decorated with an American flag with a row of candles around it.

You may imagine our guests' surprise when they entered the room to see it all decorated, and the cake with lighted candles, for all this had been kept a secret. We passed a very pleasant hour, which otherwise would have been spent in reciting difficult lessons; and, in all, our tea proved a most interesting entertainment.

## HOPE

BY LILLIE GARMANY MENARY (AGE 15)

PROFITIOUS Hope, in thy sweet garden grow

Soft roses that bloom when others are decayed;

And the rude storm king

O'er their dead stems parade.

When the zephyr so soft

Has long ceased to blow,

And the rippling brooklets

Have ceased to flow;

When the trees in the wild-wood

Stand bleak, stark, and bare,

When the songsters are mute,

And burdened with care;

When the sun has long sunk

Behind yonder hills,

When the soul is oppressed

With foreboding ills,

Then wafts a soft fragrance,

From thy roses that bloom,

That changes the scene,

And drives away gloom.

## HOPE

BY CONSTANCE WILCOX (AGE 14)

WHEN in that wondrous garden long ago,

When yet the sad, old world was young

And the pale moon shed her mellow light

O'er youth and love and laughter,

Pandora ope'd that mystic box

And let the sprites of evil loose;

Lo! in that band of misery,

There flew one spirit pure and true,

And with her coming in the hearts

Of men was born a courage new:

They blessed it then and called it Hope.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

### PROSE, 1

Helen Garham  
Fritz Korb  
Alexander Miller  
Lois W. Kellogg  
Marjorie Winrod  
Ione Cocke  
Dorothy Ross  
Evelyn A. F. Buck  
Margaret Roberts  
Gladys Wannamaker  
Gayrite Garner  
Dorothy Peters  
Kathleen Evans  
Evelyn Grace Husted  
Frank Stuern  
Edwin A. Marsh  
Margaret Million  
Doris Knight  
Carrie Venturini  
Ellen Lee Hoffman  
Mazie E. Prim  
Elizabeth Horne  
Gertrude K. Esslinger  
Alice H. Forbes  
Ralph W. Peters  
Margaret Ritscher  
Alice Sweeney  
Josephine P. Keene  
Katherine R. Dawson  
Marion A. Evans  
Adelenie Graham  
Henry Kaestner  
Jeannette Parritt  
Florence Davis  
Marian S. Case  
Dorothy Speare  
Lillian A. Cole  
Aida Sands

Elizabeth Taliaferro  
Pincus Sohmer  
Florence Ballou  
Mary Catharine Shafer  
Jean Fenton  
Lorraine Ransom  
Henrietta Rodenberg  
Helen M. Shoop  
Mary Whelan  
Douglas R. Gray  
Emily Blackham  
Mary Botsford  
Katharine Barry  
Josephine Daniels  
Hazel Reid  
Victoria Lambert  
Eva Lien  
Beulah Stewart  
Louis Volchok  
Helen Wilberding  
Marie E. Bovniol  
Richard T. Cox  
Edward Weinstein  
Margaret Broad  
Thelma Stillson  
Marie G. Griffin  
Dorothy Yates  
Iva M. Ward  
Evelyn Marshall  
Walter W. Cox  
Ellen W. Warren  
Dora Iddings  
Lilian Davis

Esther Vroman Peters  
May Bowers  
Lois Donovan  
Rosamond Ritchie  
Eleanor Maria Sickels  
Jessie Bogen  
E. Vincent Millay  
Flora Thomas  
Isabel D. Weaver  
Beatrice C. Schwartz  
Helen R. Janeway  
Eleanor Freer  
Juliet Ford  
Marion F. Hayden  
Mabel E. Edwards  
Anna B. Stearns  
Catherine Van Cook  
Agnus Smith  
Doris E. Campbell  
Ruth Starr  
Lois B. Perley  
Dorothy Haight  
Louise M. Rose  
Anna Rimington  
Ruth Livingston  
Eleanor Johnson  
Hazel M. Chapman

### VERSE, 2

Anne Page  
Helen Wilkie  
James P. McQuaide  
Yara Mikol  
Taylor Morris  
Marjorie Paret  
Ruth M. Peters  
Lillian Wollitz  
John L. Hogge  
Miriam V. Cope  
Lucy Hoover  
Anita G. Lynch  
Gladys Vezey

### VERSE, 1

Lily K. Westervelt  
Kate Griffin  
Thérèse McDonnell  
Margaret Tildsley  
Grace Cowell  
Dorothy Stockbridge  
Julia W. Hall  
James Boyd Hunter, Jr.  
Rosabelle Hollander  
Caroline C. Roe  
Elizabeth Page James  
Caroline Werner  
Beulah Elizabeth  
Amidon  
Winifred Sackville  
Stoner

### PROSE, 2

Elizabeth Born  
Celeste Daw  
Emelia Cavagione  
Frances Schang  
Katharine B. Beach  
Ethel Feuerlicht  
Una V. Whipple  
Elsa Frohman  
Catherine C. Robie

### DRAWINGS, 1

Dorothy Barnes Loye  
Shirley Swallow  
Audrey Hargreaves  
Margaret Reed  
Helen Thérèse  
Damrosch

Marjorie S. Harrington  
Edith M. E. Rynand  
Helen Dorothy Baker  
Francis Lathrop  
Miriam Wilson  
Clara Patterson  
Nellie Hagan  
Bodil Hornemann  
Marion Bullwinkle  
B. F. Brummer  
Agnes I. Prizer  
Margaret Lambe  
Helen Roeth  
Neuville O. Fanning,  
Jr.  
Beatrice L. Jenkins  
Minnie Collins  
Martha Seeley  
Mary Horne  
S. Hutton Wendover  
Barry E. Thompson  
Margaret Foster

## DRAWINGS, 2

Dorothy Gurney  
Isabel B. Huston  
Alfa Davis  
Phyllis Blackburn  
Ralph H. Jellé  
Margaret W. Paine  
Raymond M.  
Humphreys  
Ruth Streatfield  
Ethel Knowlson Caster  
Frances Kostal

Rudolph Diethelm  
Sallie P. Wood  
Lena Duncan  
Jack Hopkins  
Genevieve K. Hamlin  
Frances Martin  
Harold Austin

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Betty Comstock  
Sylvia Atwater  
Lydia M. Scott  
Katharine L. Olcott  
A. Forest Ranger  
Florence Greene  
James M. Thornton  
Fanny Juda  
Fritz V. Hartman  
Helen T. Nesbitt  
Reginald Smith  
Laurence S. Taylor  
Ruggles Holbert, Jr.  
Minnie Skud  
Douglas Benet  
Cecilia Vroom  
Marjorie Mix  
H. Ernest Bell  
Adeline MacTier  
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.  
Gillelan Tangye  
Katharine G. Cuyler  
Bertram W. Smith  
Mary Harrison  
Charles W. Hoff, Jr.  
Louisa Hoffmann

Mildred H. Penney  
Ely Whitehead  
Roger R. Haring  
Everette Holmes  
Caryl H. Newell  
Theresa R. Robbins  
Arthur Nelson Ferris  
Margaret Rountree  
Mildred Winters  
Hugo Bohl  
Esther Ransohoff  
Dorothy G. Pownall  
Dorothy Southam  
Martha Robinson  
Thomas R. Wilkins  
John O. Palmer  
Clarissa E. Horton  
F. Hortense Barcalo  
Alice H. Newlin  
Donald Blake  
Emmet Mueller  
Gordon R. Lyman  
Louise Wiggernhorn  
Harriet Hopkins  
Clarence V. Opper  
Marian Howard  
Emily Sterz  
Sarah Lansing  
Pauline Flack  
Florence Mears  
Carolyn P. Kidd  
Harold M. Norton  
Ruth Rumrill  
Esther L. Sheldon  
Betty Lukens  
Ina Gilbert

LATE. Audrey Hargreaves, J. Noonan, Charles Gregory, Louis Greenwald, Beatrice Rossire, Dorothy E. Hall, Marguerite Levy, Muriel Colgate, Marjorie Louise Maher, John C. Wells.

NOT INDORSED. Jennie Louise Steindorf, Francis B. Ward, Dorothy Louise Mix, W. Ernest Hetzel, Jr., Selma Preston.

NO AGE. Emma Beaudig, Elizabeth Handschin, Josephine Nelson, Marie D. Agassiz, Mary W. Owen, Dorothy Joline, Julia T. Ramsbrook, Eric Brunnaw, Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

IN PENCIL. Edna Vinton, Alice Roulo, Mary T. Bradley, Joseph F. Paul, John Curry, Elizabeth Clarke Kieffer, Helen Potter, Janet MacMartin.

WRONG SUBJECT. Robert Sherman Holt, Irene Myers, Rodman de Kay.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. Dorothy Candee, Edith I. Simonds.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 126

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to a gold-badge winner who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 126** will close **April 10** (for foreign members **April 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Growth" or "Growing Things."

**Prose.** Story or article of not more than three hundred and fifty words. Subject, "My Choice—Motoring, Driving, or Walking?"

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Keeping Cool."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Morning Work" or a Heading or Tail-piece for **August**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

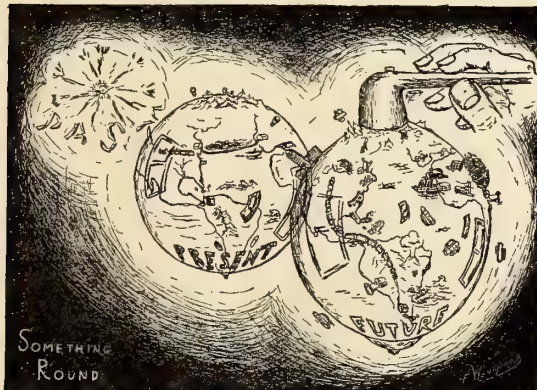
## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may enter the competitions.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.



"SOMETHING ROUND." BY LLOYD F. WENINGER, AGE 16.

Norman L. Hely  
Katharine H. Seligman  
Frances Hale Burt  
Frank Paulus  
Cecilia M. Smith  
Helen de F. Griffin  
Dorothy M. Beard  
Sara F. Miel  
Joseph Sendeki  
Marie O. Totten  
Bab Woodworth  
Kathleen Murphy  
Philip Franklin  
Jack Berrian  
Carol Hoffman  
Henry Herzog  
Jack Newlin  
Marjorie Irvine  
Ethel F. Frank  
Wilmarth Thompson  
Ruth Lamarche  
Rose A. Bradley  
Emily Case  
Isidore Ross

Marjorie E. Chase  
Burnham Yung Kwai  
Janet Ackerman  
Eleanor Whiteley  
Mary Comstock  
Florence Emery  
Priscilla Kimball  
Freda Frapp  
Olive Sheldon  
Sully Hartman  
Helen Spaulding  
Havey Childs III  
Edward P. Warner  
Allan Lincoln  
Langley  
Emma Marcole

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Florence M. Seward  
Constance Ayer  
Marjorie O. Calkin  
John M. Hartman  
Frederick A. Brooks

## PUZZLES, 1

Broderick Haskell  
Emile Kostal  
Dorothy Stablier  
Joseph Trombetti  
Mildred MacGowan  
E. Adelaide Hahn

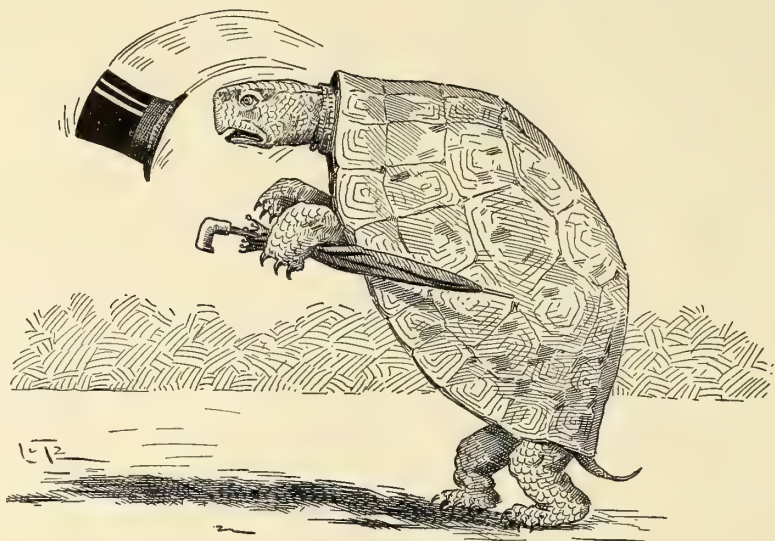
## PUZZLES, 2

John Alden Chapman  
Frederica B. Howell  
Agnes Ethel  
Rondebush  
George M. Enos  
Graham Heiner  
Helen M. Mack  
David Berman  
Marion Hussey  
William W. Smith  
Marjorie K. Gibbons  
Robert Angell  
Minerva Dickerman

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

NO ADDRESS. Helen Clark, Waldron Faulkner, Cecilia A. Kelly, W. George Johnson, Catherine H. Livermore, Charles Fatout.





MR. TORTOISE: "IT'S MOST ANNOYING! EVERY TIME I DRAW IN MY HEAD MY HAT TUMBLES OFF!"



MR. FROG: "'DANGER,' EH? IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME WHETHER THE ICE IS THICK OR THIN!"

# THE LETTER-BOX

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the clever rhyme by Ellen Manly, in our Christmas number, entitled "Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be!"

And they will be equally amused by a heart-felt response to those verses, written by the original "Benjamin B." Though now a grown-up man himself, he recognized certain touches in the picture of the occasionally naughty boy that he once had been, and sent the following lines to his mother when he had read the verses in ST. NICHOLAS.

His name *may* be Benjamin Bennington Brooks,  
But I'm sure that in days of yore  
He differed not only in name, but in looks —  
As he "pounded and kicked on the floor" —  
From the wee lad so aptly described in your verse,  
The original 's thankful you made him no worse!

He acknowledges he was as bad as the bad,  
That he smashed his toy soldiers to bits;  
Also roared like a lion whene'er he was mad  
And incited a kitten to fits;  
But it's *very* bad form to write up your own people,  
And cry out their faults from the top of the steeple!

There's just one big error he finds in the tale —  
For throughout all those troublesome times —  
No matter how long or how loud he would wail,  
Or what the extent of his crimes —  
His own little mother could instantly see  
Just what was the matter with Benjamin B.!

STRESA, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been away from the States almost two years, but in a few days will sail for our dear home. We have been to the Philippines, Hawaii, Japan, China, and India, and all along the many places en route through the great Suez Canal. Then we have been in England, Scotland, and Ireland; almost a year at school at Aix-la-Chapelle, and this summer in Holland, Belgium, and France, and now came here from Switzerland. As regularly as the mail could bring it we have had our dear ST. NICHOLAS. Now we are sailing home from Genoa and will live in New York, and we want to say that we shall be so glad to be in America again.

JACK and JEANNE SCHROEDS (twins) (age 10).

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I usually spend my summers on my uncle's island in the Great Lakes. It is a mile long and half a mile wide. The nearest town, Hessel, three miles away, is chiefly inhabited by Indians. One night my uncle, who is a doctor, was called over to the mainland to see a very sick Indian, and he started in his launch with his wife and Joe, the Indian who ran the launch engine. I went to bed early and about twelve o'clock was awakened by yelling. There was a bright light, then all was silent and dark. We started in a rowboat, but were met half-way by my aunt, uncle, and Joe in a canoe paddled by two Indians.

When we reached land my uncle explained: "We saw the patient, and about twelve o'clock started home. We were almost half-way across when the engine stopped, and we all smelled gasoline strongly. As it was very dark Joe lit a match, although we warned him not to, but it was too late. With a mighty explosion that threw him into the water, the gasoline caught fire, and began steadily to

burn toward the gasoline tank at the farther end of the boat. We tried to put it out, using our coats and dipping water from the lake, but it was in vain, so we began calling for help. The Indians on the mainland heard us, but they thought we were just a lot of drunken men. When the fire was within a foot of the tank we were in despair, and started to take off our clothes so that we could swim better. Just then we heard a soft paddle; through the darkness stole a canoe to the side of our boat. We jumped in, and one minute later there was a terrible explosion that sank the boat." The next morning Joe found the hull of the boat that had drifted to shore.

Your devoted reader,  
KATHARINE FIREY (age 14).

HERE are a little letter and drawing from a devoted reader in the Philippines. It is not our rule to print pictures received too late for the League, but we make an exception this time, and take the occasion to express our regret that on account of the remoteness of the homes of readers living in such places as the Philippine Islands, India, China, Australia, and South Africa, it is not possible to receive in time for the League contributions sent from those distant countries.



WHAT LAURA PRIZED  
MOST.

CORREGIDOR ISLAND, P. I.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years.

I have tried a great many times to draw things for the magazine, but I never have sent them, so this year I drew a picture of "The Thing I Prize Most," and as I don't get my ST. NICHOLAS until about the twentieth, my drawing will be very late, but I will inclose it in this letter.

Your interested reader,  
LAURA LYON WARD (age 10).

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just came back from Europe and I certainly must tell your young readers about it. I will begin with Paris, where I was first, but I only stayed there four weeks. What most interested me was to see all the big towers and buildings. My mother and father took me to see the Eiffel Tower, which is the biggest tower in the world, even bigger than our Metropolitan Building. Then in the evening I went on the Boulevard and saw all the big shows and moving pictures. The next few weeks I saw Champs-Élysées and all other places, but best of all I liked was when I was up the Eiffel Tower and saw all France as a tiny dot.

After this I went to Vienna to see my grandparents, and, as I could not stay very long, they took me to see all the beautiful things there. First, I went to Vienna's Coney Island, which you call the Prater, and enjoyed myself there. Then I went to see the wonderful churches, the Stephens' and Votive church, and was up Vienna's highest mountains, Frahlenberg and Leopoldsberg. And then I saw the Emperor's castle in Schönbrunn and saw him going out of the castle. The time I was there was his sixtieth anniversary as Emperor of Austria, and all Austria was full of flags and decorations.

Hamburg was the third city of Europe I visited,



and saw Hamburg's Central Park with even more interesting and peculiar animals than in New York. Then we went out driving on the Elbchaussee and saw the most beautiful scenery. Then I saw Berlin, Italy, Spain, and Russia. So after this we again crossed the Atlantic and saw in the fog the lights of old New York.

Yours truly,

ROBERT TARLAN.

#### PERPLEXITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

If the plural of house is houses,  
Why should n't the plural of mouse be mouses;  
But if the plural of mouse is mice  
Why should n't the plural of house be hices?  
And if the plural of ox is oxen  
Why should n't the plural of fox be foxen;  
But if the plural of fox is foxes  
Why should n't the plural of ox be oxes?

J. BROOKS FENNO, JR.

TUNGEHO, PEKIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about the Empress Dowager of China's funeral procession. We live about thirteen miles from Peking, and as the procession did not leave Peking until about eight o'clock, we started for the great road about noon. They had made a new road of yellow earth over which no one else had ever ridden, all the way from Peking to the Imperial tombs. Crowds and crowds of people had come from all the country round. They had been waiting since early morning for the procession.

We found a little graveyard near the road and watched things from there. There was n't very much order for a long time. A great many baggage carts came along and men on all sorts of horses. These were whipping their horses, talking and laughing, and evidently having a good time. After a while there came along about twenty carts that belonged to official ladies. These were followed by a whole lot of outriders.

After another long wait during which there was nothing but a mixed-up lot of people and carts, there came a company of foot-soldiers, and they looked fine. Then came



PAPER "MONEY" DISTRIBUTED IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE EMPRESS OF CHINA. REDUCED ABOUT ONE FIFTH.

the present Empress Dowager's sedan-chair. It was all covered with yellow silk and very fancifully trimmed. Her chair was followed by several plain silk sedan-chairs, which probably held high officials and the highest ladies of the court. These were followed by a company of cavalry. Their horses were all white. After this there was nothing but carts and men dressed in long red silk garments.

These were bearers of the coffin, whose turn had n't come yet.

After a while there came another company of soldiers and some more princesses' yellow chairs, followed by another company of cavalry, all on beautiful brown horses. After another long space we heard people saying, "It's coming; it's coming," and looking down the road we could just see the top of the enormous catafalque. Before it came into full view we could see the paper money that those who marched before it were throwing up in the air every once in a while. The catafalque was covered with heavily embroidered yellow satin, and it was carried by one hundred and twenty-eight bearers. The bearers were dressed in red with a little red hat, and a yellow feather sticking straight up out of the crown. This came at the very end of the procession.

There were thirty-two relays of one hundred and twenty-eight each, so that it took four thousand and ninety-six men to carry the coffin.

I inclose some of the paper money that was used.

Your faithful reader,

MARGARET WILDER.

TSINGTAU, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy twelve years old, living in China (Tsingtau). Tsingtau is a city in the Kiaochow district which the Germans took because of the murder of two German Catholic missionaries. We have fine bathing and boating.

I go to the German school and can speak English, German, and Chinese. I like ST. NICHOLAS very much.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES HOLT LEAGUE.

BURLINGTON, VT.

I KNOW a little boy

Who could not think what to do,  
So he pitched a little tent  
Beneath the sky so blue.

He put some cushions in,  
And, by a little trick,  
He wrested from his sis'  
Their magazine — ST. NICK.

He lay down in his tent,  
Upon his cushion bed;  
And was happy and content  
While he read, and read, and read.

DOROTHY W. LORD (age 14).

CARBONDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading what Miss Pauline Tate has written about the first air-ship, in the Christmas number, I thought it would interest the readers to hear about the first locomotive on the American continent, the "Stourbridge Lion." It was imported from England by the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company, and on August 8, 1829, made the trial trip. This locomotive was built at Stourbridge, England, and named the Stourbridge Lion. Its first engineer was Horatio Allen. The bridges and trestlework of the road proving too frail for the great weight of the steam horse, it was abandoned and for several years lay rusting by the roadside. The boiler was finally sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., where I saw it when I was there with my mother and father, about two years ago. Papa said he remembered playing hide-and-seek in it when he was a boy. He has now part of the original boiler manhole cover, given to him by the final owner of the boiler.

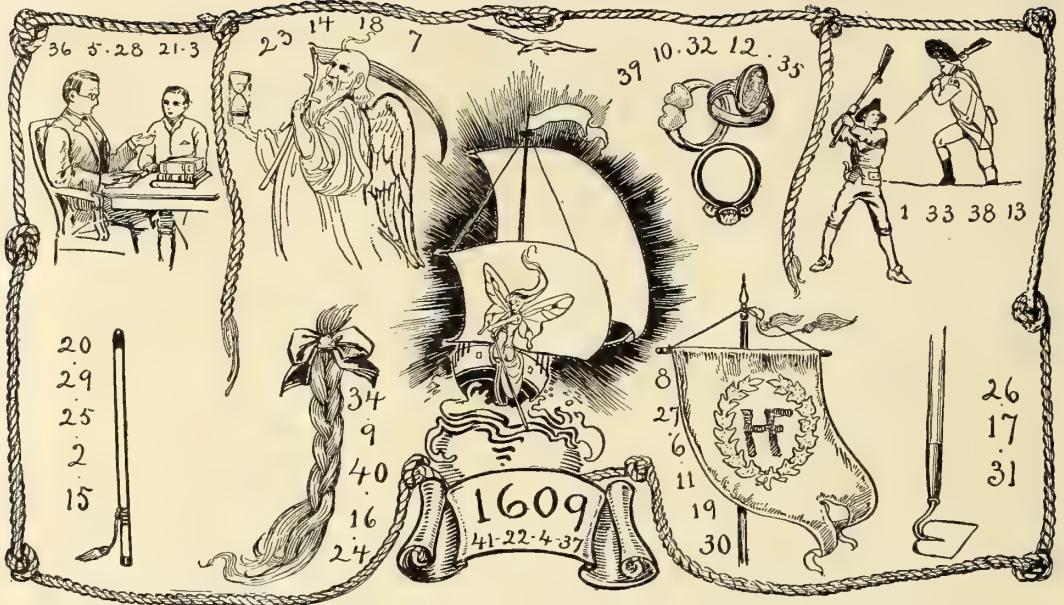
I am very truly yours,

THOMAS M. ORCHARD (age 13).

# THE RIDDLE BOX







### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this numerical enigma the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-one letters, is a quotation from "Cymbeline."

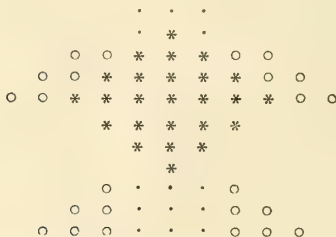
### DIAGONAL AND WORD-SQUARE

IN the following word-square the diagonal, beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, spells the name of a month.

1. Particles remaining after combustion. 2. A grain cultivated in Switzerland. 3. A kind of portcullis. 4. A feminine name. 5. A combination of iron with carbon.
- E. ADELAIDE HAHN (Honor Member).

### LAMP PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



UPPER, THREE-LETTER SQUARE: 1. Also. 2. Over. 3. Crude metal.

CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In silver. 2. Crude metal. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. Obliteration. 5. A study. 6. Before. 7. In badge.

LOWER, THREE-LETTER SQUARE: 1. A border. 2. A feminine name. 3. A human being.

UPPER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. An exclamation. 2. A number. 3. To bind. Downward: 1. In toned. 2. Two thirds of a low shoe. 3. To be in debt. 4. An exclamation. 5. In toned.

UPPER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. Age. 2. Antiquity. 3. A sea eagle. Downward: 1. In toned. 2.

A musical note. 3. A beverage. 4. A familiar abbreviation. 5. In toned.

LOWER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. A pronoun. 2. Sheltered. 3. A tiny spot. Downward: 1. In toned. 2. An exclamation. 3. To place. 4. A pronoun. 5. In toned.

LOWER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBOID: 1. A large Australian bird. 2. Skill. 3. To bow. Downward: 1. In toned. 2. A near relative. 3. A kind of vase. 4. A preposition. 5. In toned.

MARY L. BOOMER.

### A MUSICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the subject of my drawing, had I entered the drawing competition asking for "The Thing I Like Best."

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. A musical instrument consisting of a single string stretched between two bridges. 2. To utter a sound peculiar to Swiss mountaineers. 3. An instrument similar to the violin, but larger. 4. An artificial body constructed for yielding harmonious sounds. 5. A band of instrumental musicians performing in a theater, concert hall, or other place of public amusement. 6. A kind of harp much used by the ancients. 7. The country which has produced the greatest violin makers. 8. The surname of two famous musical publishers, a father and son.

ROSE EDITH DES ANGES (Honor Member).

### DOUBLE DIAGONAL



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A mount mentioned in the Bible. 2. Malice. 3. A person who is held in bondage by another. 4. To demand as due. 5. To long for.

The diagonals, from 1 to 2, and from 3 to 4, each name a country of Europe.

GRACE E. KENNEDY (League Member).

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

*W. K. Kellogg*



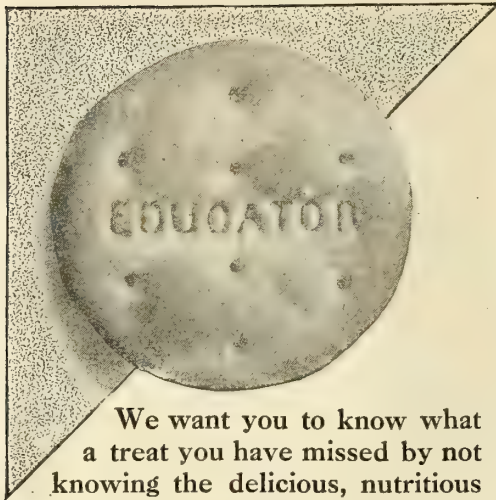
“I Love  
my Jam —  
But  
O You  
Toasted  
Corn  
Flakes”



Copyright, 1909, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.

THE KIND WITH THE FLAVOR—MADE OF THE BEST WHITE CORN.





We want you to know what  
a treat you have missed by not  
knowing the delicious, nutritious

## EDUCATOR CRACKERS

And just as soon as we receive your  
name and address (and your grocer's  
name, if convenient) with two two-  
cent stamps we are going to send you

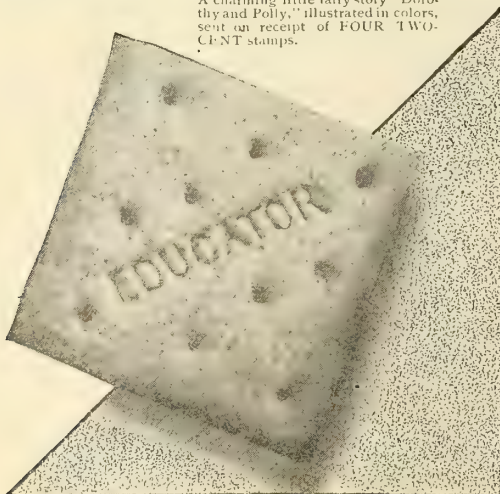
### A TRIAL BOX

Educator Crackers are made with flour that  
is milled from the choicest selections of *entire*  
grains, ground by old-fashioned mill-stones.

Ask your grocer for Educator Crackers and you'll be  
certain not to accept a substitute. If your grocer hasn't  
Educators, and won't get them for you, order direct  
from us. But be sure to send to-day for the trial box.

Johnson Educator Food Co., 233 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A charming little fairy story "Doro-  
thy and Polly," illustrated in colors,  
sent on receipt of FOUR TWO-  
CENT stamps.



# DAISY AIR RIFLE

## Boys Will Be Boys

Every American Boy wants a gun, and it is his right to  
have it.

Generations of American Boys, ever since the days of our  
great-grandfathers, have known how to handle a gun, and  
to shoot to hit the bull's-eye. Nowadays parents like their  
boys to have the DAISY AIR RIFLE, because, while it has the  
handsome lines of the finest hunting rifle, and shoots just as  
accurately, the boys can play with it without danger to them-  
selves or others.

The boy who has a DAISY has bright eyes, rosy cheeks and  
steady nerves. It keeps him out-of-doors and develops  
that independent, manly spirit that makes hustling, alert men.

Boys, go to your nearest sporting goods or hardware dealer,  
and ask to see these DAISY models. Be sure you ask for  
the DAISY, or you will not get the best air rifle made.

The Daisy Special, 1,000-Shot Repeater, the  
finest air rifle made - - - - - \$2.50  
1,000-Shot Daisy Automatic Magazine Rifle 2.00  
Other Daisy Models - - - - - 50c. to 1.75  
The Little Daisy, the new popgun for children .25

If your dealer does not handle the DAISY line, we will send any  
model, prepaid to any part of the U. S., on receipt of price.

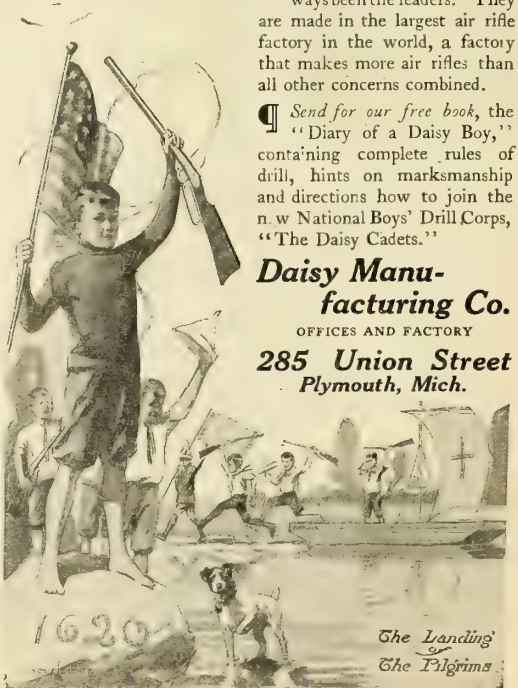
DAISY AIR RIFLES have al-  
ways been the leaders. They  
are made in the largest air rifle  
factory in the world, a factory  
that makes more air rifles than  
all other concerns combined.

Send for our free book, the  
"Diary of a Daisy Boy,"  
containing complete rules of  
drill, hints on marksmanship  
and directions how to join the  
n. w. National Boys' Drill Corps,  
"The Daisy Cadets."

**Daisy Manu-  
facturing Co.**

OFFICES AND FACTORY

**285 Union Street  
Plymouth, Mich.**





## Before You Try

To make the first cup of

# POSTUM

read directions on the package carefully. They are simple and easily followed. **Postum must be boiled**—not simply steeped.

**Postum** contains no coffee or other harmful substance; is made of clean, hard wheat, including the bran-coat which is Nature's Storehouse for the Phosphate of Potash, the "cell-salt" for rebuilding brain and nerve tissue.

Coffee ails disappear when **Postum** is the daily beverage.

## "There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.



*Time to hand in answers is up April 10. Prizes awarded in June number.*

### COMPETITION NO. 100

Oh, think of it! One hundred competitions! As you have discovered in making up your ninety-ninth, we have had all kinds—all shapes and all sizes of competitions—and a great deal of fun, haven't we? Competitions do not *sound* funny, but they are *sometimes*, are n't they?

Now for the one hundredth competition. I want you to write the very best story you know how on the following subject:

**"What I would do if I woke up some morning and found myself 'put back' one hundred years."**

I want you to tell how you, of course, would look for this or that toilet article, say a tooth-brush or a tooth-powder, exactly what kind of substitutes you would have to put up with, how they would differ from those now in use, and I want you to carry the story right through the day, showing how largely advertised articles affect your comfort, your health, and your needs. One of the Judges, who is not eighty yet, says that he does n't feel very old, but that in fact he is older than any railway company or steamship company, any telephone or telegraph company, electric light or power company, and you know how closely these things affect our daily lives, and you also know that they are most of them advertisers.

I want you to go to your grandmothers and get from them an idea as correct as possible, of what their grandmothers' lives were like. Ask them how they got along, and find out what they had to do that we do not,—in other words, collect as many facts as you can of the life of the "comfortably off," or the "very rich," if you desire, of one hundred years ago, and then put yourself back in that condition by pretending that you are suddenly transported there overnight, and write your

story of what you asked for, and what you got, and what you did.

This will require some investigation on your part. Don't use too much imagination regarding facts; use a great deal regarding your feelings. It will make a "splendid" competition paper, and maybe if yours is good enough it will be printed.

While this is a children's magazine, there is no limit to the *age* of competitors, for there are *children*, you know, of *all ages*; but of course a clever paper written by a little sister of twelve will receive more attention than an *equally* clever paper written by a little older sister of eighty-two. All lovers of ST. NICHOLAS, whether subscribers or not, are invited to take part in Competition No. 100.

The prizes and conditions are as follows:

One First Prize, \$5.00.  
Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each.  
Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each.  
Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each.

**1. This competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete, without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers for St. Nicholas in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

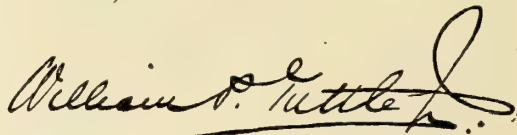
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (100). Judges prefer that the sheet be not larger than  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10$  inches.

3. Submit answers by April 10, 1910. Use ink. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

6. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 100, St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York, N. Y.



Advertising Editor.

(See also page 10.)

# Old Dresses Made New and Handsome

## By the Work of Diamond Dyes



Don't think that because last year's dress has become faded and lost its freshness that you will have to have another now.

Don't think that because the shade is not in fashion that you'll have to put it away.

With Diamond Dyes you can dye it any of the new colors, restore its beauty, and you can wear it over and over again.

You may have tried dyeing some old material before and were not satisfied. But it was n't Diamond Dyes you used. Diamond Dyes are far superior to any in the world and give perfectly splendid results.

After trying them once, you'll use them with pleasure on many things you have in the home that seem too good to throw away.

There are a thousand uses for Diamond Dyes—and each one will save you money.

### You Take No Risk With Diamond Dyes

You can use Diamond Dyes and be sure of the results. You can use them with safety on the most expensive piece of goods—and there is no danger of the goods becoming spotted or streaked or harmed in any way.

Faded hosiery, silk gloves, veils and feathers can be made like new with their use.

Portières, couch covers, table covers, ribbons, sashes and trimmings of all kinds are given new life and added beauty.

And for dyeing dress goods, faded garments, skirts, waists and suits—Diamond Dyes are invaluable, both in economy and usefulness.

There is no other dye made that will do the work of Diamond Dyes. There is no other dye that you can use with safety to the material.

Diamond Dyes are "The Standard of the World" and the only dyes *perfect* in formula, *positive* in action, *certain* in result.

### The Truth About the Use of Dyes

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the world and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk or other animal fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool should not be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, as they are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods" also known as "Union Goods" are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

### Diamond Dye Annual—FREE

Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all **FREE**. *Address*

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT



## REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 98

This is about the Limerick Competition, one of the very jolliest we have had in a long time. There is a great deal to tell you—all about how the Judges met to decide the question, how all your papers had to be sent up to the house of one of them, where they all spent Lincoln's Birthday—yes, and all about the fine time they had on his beautiful old place with the horses and the two small ponies and the four dogs—a royal Great Dane, a romping, friendly Airedale, a sleek Gordon Setter, and a jolly little curly Cocker Spaniel. All the Judges are very fond of dogs and so they got on beautifully with these. In fact, the Judges like all animals, so the animals on the Judge's place delighted them "terribly much," as his little daughter would say. For this Judge, besides his out-of-door friends, has two very nice children, and they both took part in this competition. What do you think of that? Although they did very well, they did n't get a prize. They were very good, however, and did not ask whether they had or had not received one—in fact, they won't know anything about it until they read this magazine that you are reading.

There were many papers submitted, and some were very, very good, and some were just good, and some were nearly as good, but there was only one best, and every Judge agreed to that at once.

Here are three or four of the amusing ones:

Her husband once telephoned "Hello,  
May I bring home a royal good fellow  
To dinner to-night?"

She answered, "All right,  
But bring also a package of 'Jell-O.'"

At breakfast the children could not  
Contrive to get down on the dot;  
But with rapture they greet  
Toasted Corn Flakes to eat,  
And then they are there on the spot.

A thief in the city of Macon  
Was found from a store to have taken,  
Not ten-dollar bills,  
Which were right in the tills,  
But all the Swift's Premium Bacon.

A splinter distressed little Jane,  
Which deep in her hand did remain;  
But old Doctor Winter  
Extracted the splinter,  
And "Pond's Extract" extracted the pain.

## LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS

*One First Prize of \$5.00:*

Elisabeth R. Bevier, 16 years, New Jersey.

*Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each:*

Frank MacDonald Sleeper, 15 years, Mass.

Webb Mellin Siemens, 16 years, Mo.

*Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each:*

Dorothy M. Ewing, 13 years, N. B., Canada.

Annie Wilson, 13 years, New Jersey.

William McBride, 15 years, New Jersey.

*Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each:*

(In alphabetical order)

Mary K. Culkan (15), Pa.

Dorothea Davison (10), N. Y.

Morris A. Doane (35), Ill.

Mia E. Jacques (15), Fla.

W. E. Keyes (47), Mass.

Barbara Lincoln (13), Conn.

Evelyn Irene Pedeu (30), Mass.

Dorothy E. Smith (14), Va.

Aletta L. Stout (10), N. J.

Alice Wilkinson (14), Mass.

(See also page 8.)



## Who Likes JELL-O?

**The Children.**—Do you remember the dreadful disappointment it used to be in the old days at home when mother brought on for dessert some baked apples or pie-plant pie, or something else that was “common,” and you wanted shortcake or pudding?

Now the little folks want

# JELL-O

Every child loves Jell-O, which is so delicious and refreshing, so full of nutriment, so pure and wholesome, so economical and so easily prepared, that there is no reason why the little tots or anybody else should be disappointed in dessert.

The whole family like it just as well as the youngest member.



A Jell-O dessert costs ten cents and can be made in a minute. It sounds almost too good to be true, but it is n't.

- All grocers sell it in seven flavors.

Illustrated Recipe Book free on request.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y., and BRIDGEBURG, CAN.



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## A CHANCE FOR A FIND

IN 1909 it was noticed that certain issues of United States stamps were being printed upon a new style of paper which was very different from that ordinarily in use. Nor was this difference strictly confined to the feel and texture of the paper itself, but showed also in the color. Whereas the older paper was white or slightly gray in color, the new paper was of a distinctly bluish cast. Hence collectors call it "bluish" or "experimental" paper. It has been commonly supposed that only three stamps were printed and issued upon this "bluish" paper; namely, the one-cent and two-cent of the current design, and also the two-cent bearing the head of Lincoln. These were common, and doubtless were offered the readers of this magazine by our advertisers. It is rumored, however, that the issue of stamps upon this bluish paper was by no means confined to the three types mentioned. Probably all of the other values as high as the fifteen-cent were so issued. But where are they? Apparently no dealers have these stamps, and they are almost sure to be scarce. It would be well to watch out for them everywhere. Any of our readers having access to the stock of stamps in the post-offices of the smaller towns, who should find a sheet of these higher values in unused condition, would be well repaid for their trouble.

## KING EDWARD'S REIGN

WILL the tenth anniversary of the reign of his Majesty, King Edward VII, be commemorated by a new issue of postage-stamps for the mother country and all her colonies, is the question now agitating the collectors of Great Britain. It is an open secret that his Majesty has never been favorably impressed with the present issue. Neither the design nor the portrait have met with his approval, and the tenth anniversary of his accession to the throne, which will occur in 1911, seems a peculiarly appropriate time for a new issue. It has been suggested that prominent artists be invited to submit competitive designs which will be more in accord with the taste and desires of his Majesty. King Edward is said, according to an English Journal, to wish to be portrayed wearing his crown, and this will probably be done. It is also said that he called the attention of some of the chief officers of his court to the new Austrian stamps, and expressed a desire that something equally free and dignified might shortly be adopted for the stamps of Great Britain.

## NEW UNITED STATES STAMPS

WHEN stamps of the current design were first issued, the one- and two-cent stamps were severely criticized because they did not bear the value in numerals. The United States is one of the leading nations in the Postal Congress, and the fact that this great nation should be the one to break one of the cardinal rules laid down for the guidance of all members of the Congress called for much comment. We understand, however, that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing now has in preparation new plates for these two values whereon the value will appear in numerals.

The color of the fifteen-cent, fifty-cent, and one dollar stamps, also, will soon be changed. I believe it would be the part of wisdom to fill in these spaces in your collection as soon as possible, for they never will be offered at a less price than they are now.

All collectors are familiar with the color scheme of Great Britain and her colonies. A little bird is whispering the rumor that the Post-office authorities in the United States are making experiments with colored paper; while it is not probable that this country will follow the English scheme in its entirety, yet it is quite within the realm of possibilities that we will soon have a ten-cent stamp printed on yellow paper.

## GROWTH OF STAMP-COLLECTING

IN the catalogue of an auction sale soon to be held in New York, appears this item: "No. 757, Copy of the catalogue of the first auction sale of stamps ever held, being a selection from the collection of J. W. Scott, sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, 13 Wellington Street, Strand, London. The prices realized are printed in the catalogue. Extremely interesting, and very rare." The year in which this original sale took place is not given, but it must have been away back in the early days of stamp-collecting, at a time when each and every boy's collection boasted as its proudest possession a complete set of Hamburg Locals. In those days a collection of three thousand stamps was a fairly representative collection, and included many stamps which are to-day practically unobtainable. Not only has there been a great increase in the number and variety of stamps issued, but there has been a large growth in the number of firms dealing in stamps, and in their financial responsibility as well. In those early days no one would have dreamed of corporations capitalized at \$500,000, and devoted entirely to dealing in postage-stamps. Such growth signifies security and a ready market for stamp collectors.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

THE letter B which you find printed on a stamp of Straits Settlements is not a cancellation, but a surcharge, indicating that the stamp was for use in Bangkok, the capital city of Siam. These stamps were soon superseded by the issue in 1883 of a set of five stamps by the Siamese government. The round holes punched in Spanish stamps do not indicate that stamps so canceled were used as postage. On the contrary, these are stamps which remained in the Post-office when a new issue came out, and were defaced with a hole to prevent their use. In the Paraguay stamp, however, the case is different. Here the hole punched did not prevent the stamp from doing legitimate stamp duty, but did prevent its being fraudulently surcharged in imitation of the Commemorative stamp issued just previously. The Spanish word "Correos" which appears on Cuban stamps and Spanish colonies, as well as on those of many South American countries, signifies "Postage." About 1891, a Mr. N. F. Seebeck, acting in behalf of the Hamilton Bank Note Company, made a contract with several Central American States to print their stamps. There was to be a new issue every year, and one clause in the contract gave the Bank Note Company the right to use the plates to make such reprints as it might desire. The contract covered about nine years, and all stamps issued under it are called "Seebecks." A trial printing of a stamp in the approved design and in the approved color is called a proof; while a printing of the approved design in other colors, and all printings from tentative designs are called essays.

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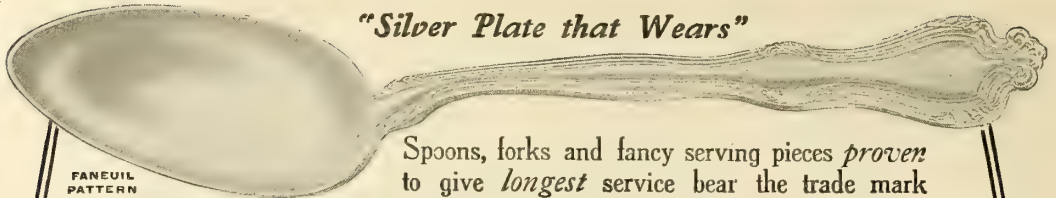
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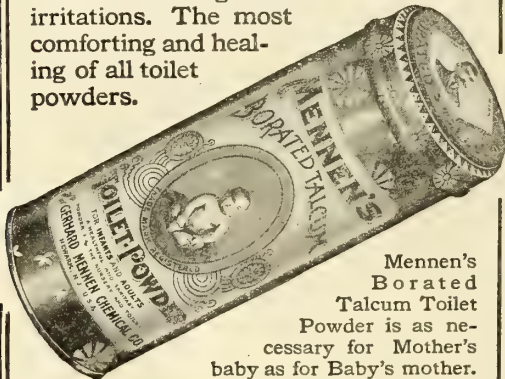
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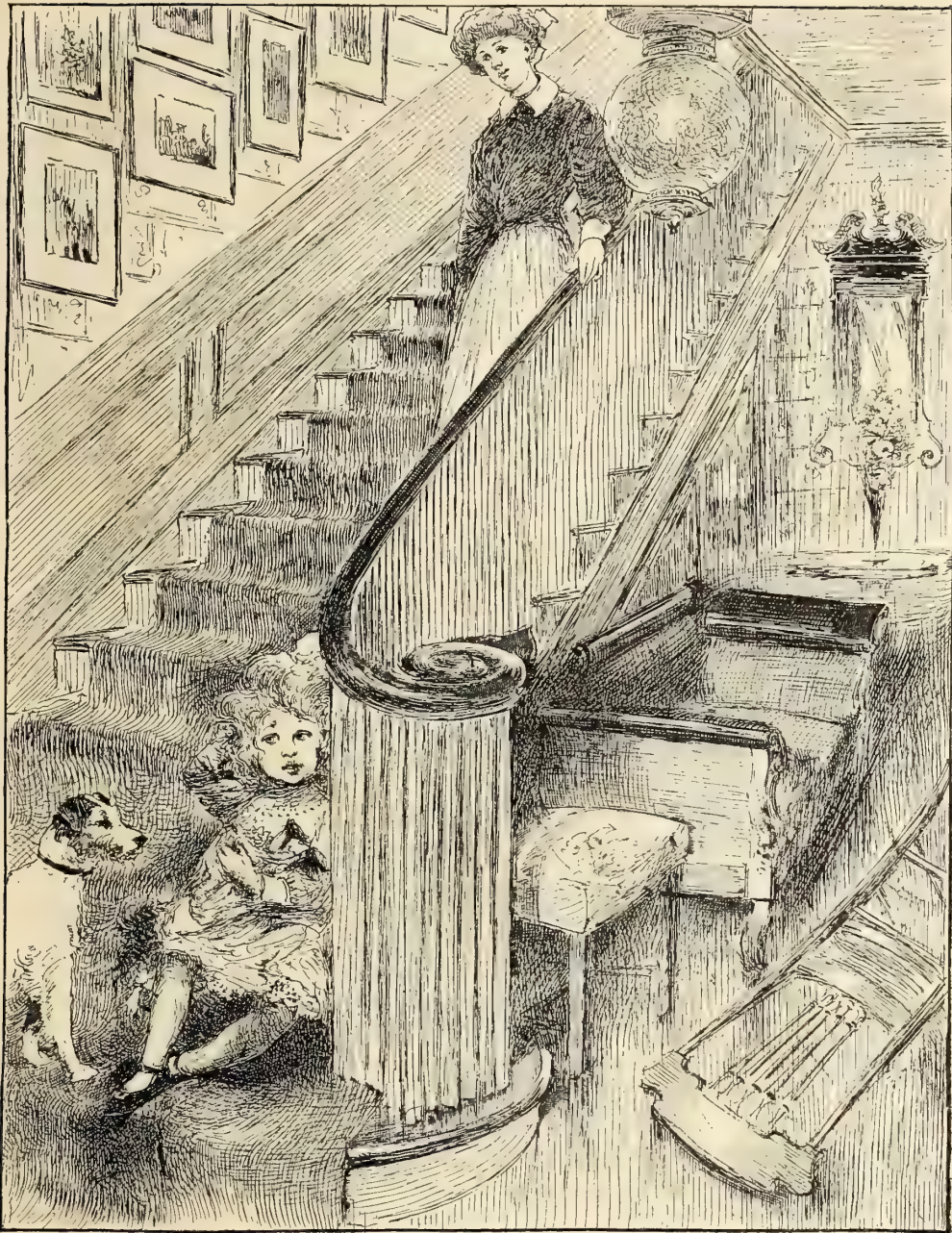
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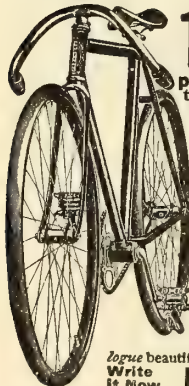
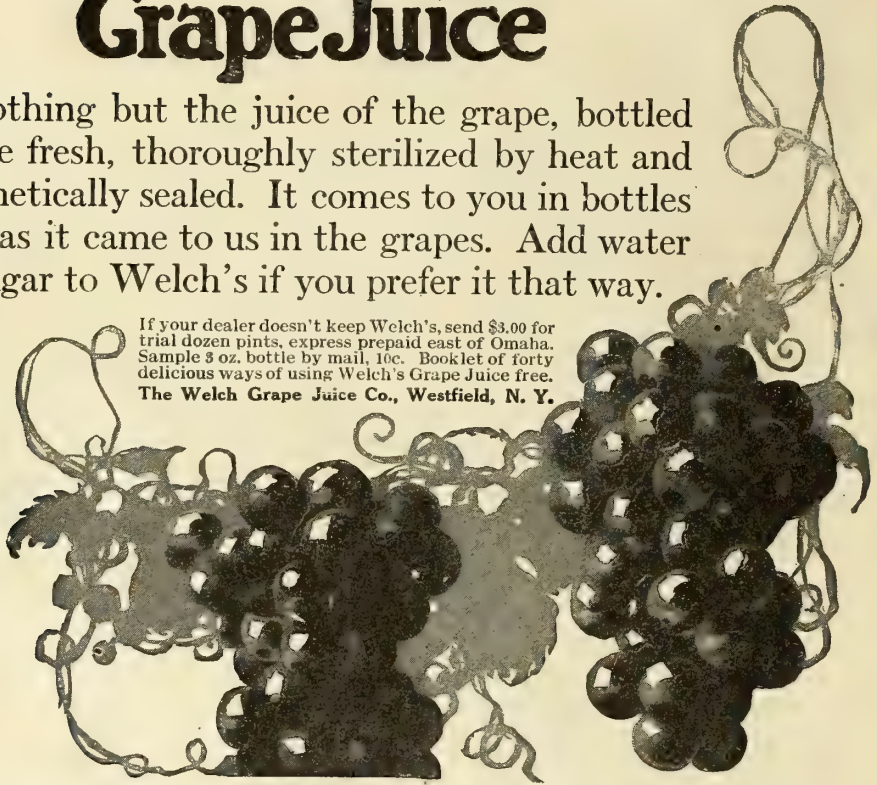


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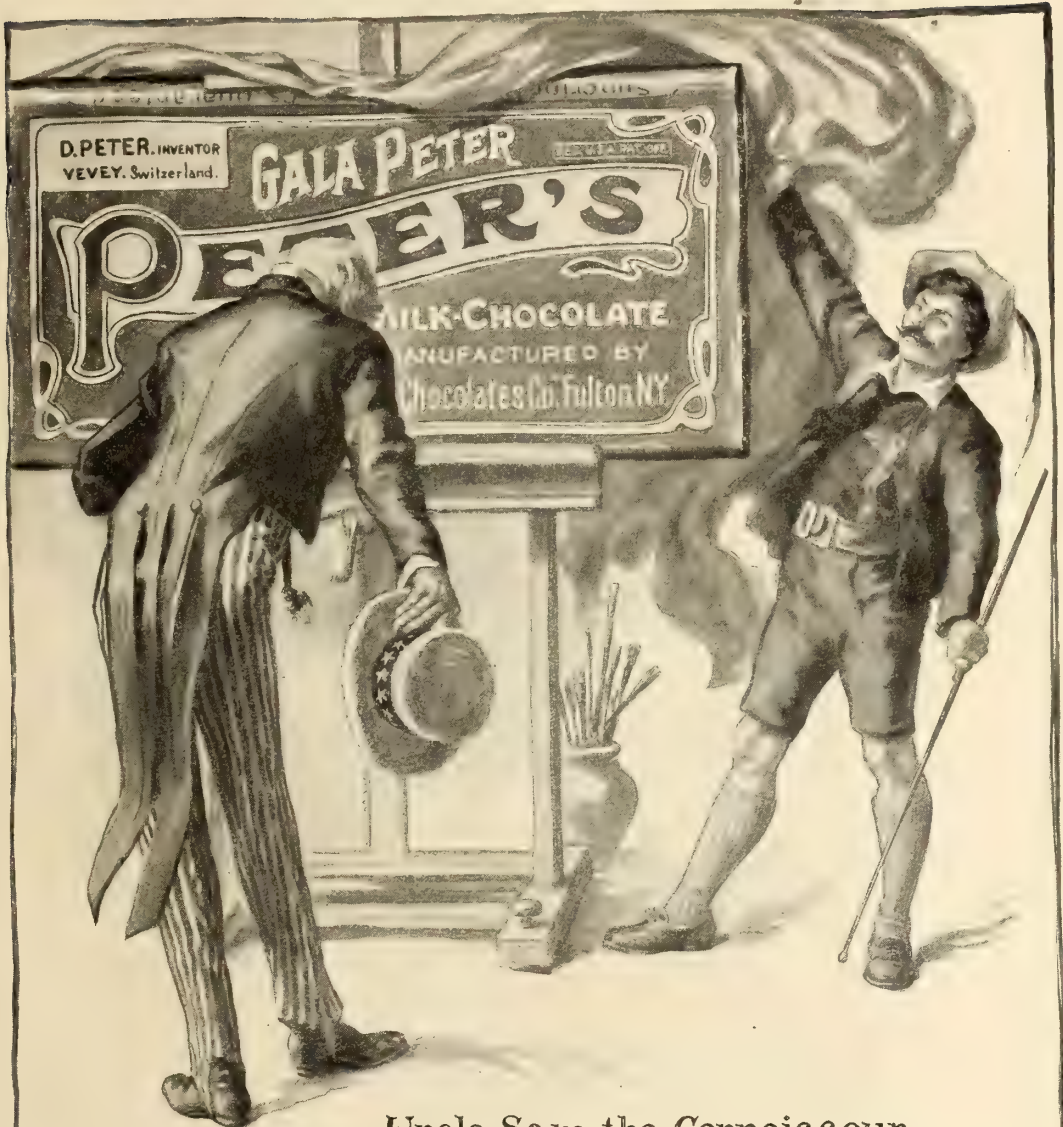
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